

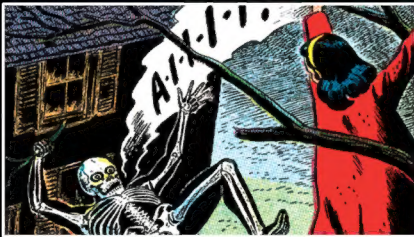
ATLAS COMICS LIBRARY NO. 7

GIRL

COMICS

ONLY
GIRL COMICS
CAN GIVE YOU
STORIES LIKE
THESE:

"THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS!"



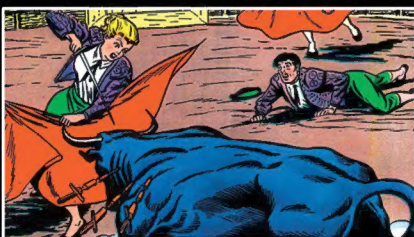
"THE OTHER WOMAN!"



"THE CONFLICT!"



"HORNS OF HORROR!"



**REAL ADVENTURES
OF REAL GIRLS!**



GIRL

COMICS

FANTAGRAPHICS
Editor: DR. MICHAEL J. VASSALLO
Fantagraphics Editors: GARY GROTH and DR. MICHAEL DEAN
Series Designer: RYAN MCCARDLE; Volume Designer: IAN CHALGREN
Restoration: ALLAN HARVEY, PAUL BARESH, and BEN HORAK
VP/Associate Publisher: ERIC REYNOLDS
President/Publisher: GARY GROTH

Introduction is copyright © 2025 Dr. Michael J. Vassallo. All rights reserved.

MARVEL PUBLISHING
VP, Production and Special Projects: JEFF YOUNGQUIST
Manager, Special Projects: BRIAN OVERTON
Editor, Special Projects: SARAH SINGER
Manager, Licensed Publishing: JEREMY WEST
VP, Licensed Publishing: SVEN LARSEN
VP, Print & Digital Publishing: DAVID GABRIEL
Editor in Chief: C.B. CEBULSKI



© 2025 MARVEL

Fantagraphics Books, Inc.
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle WA 98115
(800) 657-1100

Fantagraphics.com
facebook.com/fantagraphics
@fantagraphics.com

First Fantagraphics Books edition: August 2025
ISBN: 979-8-8750-0107-9
Library of Congress Control Number: 2024949898
Printed in Malaysia

This previously published content includes negative depictions and/or mistreatment of people or cultures.
These stereotypes were wrong then and are wrong now. Rather than remove this content,
we want to acknowledge its harmful impact, learn from it and spark conversation
to create a more inclusive future together.

ATLAS COMICS LIBRARY NO. 7

GIRL

COMICS

COMPRISING *GIRL COMICS* 1-12
OCTOBER 1949 - JANUARY 1952



SEATTLE



GIRL COMICS VOLUME 1

(Published by Cornell Publishing Corp.)

**Question marks that follow a name indicate that the credit is an educated guess.
Words and art for text stories and features are unknown except where noted.*

xi GIRL COMICS

Introduction: Dr. Michael J. Vassallo

1 GIRL COMICS #1 (OCT/49)

Cover: Photo



3 "THE OTHER WOMAN!"

Words: Unknown; Pencils: Pete Tumlinson, Inks: George Klein (?)

11 "LOVE IS WHERE THE HEART IS!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Al Hartley

17 LETTERS PAGE: *CUPID'S COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT*

18 "DEATH BE MY DESTINY!"

Words: Unknown; Pencils: Jerry Fasano, Inks: Jerry Fasano (?)

26 TEXT STORY: "LOVE COMES FIRST"

28 "I LOST MY HEART!"

Words: Unknown; Pencils: Bill Williams, Inks: Bill Williams (?)

36 LETTERS PAGE: *DAN CUPID AND YOU*

38 "NO ESCAPE!"

Words: Unknown, Pencils: John Buscema

Contents

45 GIRL COMICS #2 (JAN/50)

Cover: Photo



47 "TILL DEATH DO US PART!"

Words: Unknown; Pencils: Mike Sekowsky, Inks: Christopher Rule

55 *DAN CUPID AND YOU*

Art: Gene Colan panel from *Lovers* #33 (Nov/49)

57 "BLIND DATE"

Words: Unknown; Pencils: Hy Rosen, Inks: Joe Hubert

65 TEXT STORY: "I FOUGHT FOR MY LOVE"

66 TEXT STORY: "THE MOST WONDERFUL THING ON SKIS"

67 "I CHOSE LOVE!"

Unknown; (Splash Al Hartley?) Pencils: Sam Cooper (?), Inks: Unknown

75 ADVICE COMICS FEATURE: "DID I MAKE A MISTAKE?"

76 "SHAME IS A TRAGIC THING!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Unknown

82 "ROMANCE WAS MY MISTAKE!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Al Hartley

89 GIRL COMICS #3 (APRIL/50)

Cover: Photo (Elizabeth Taylor starring in MGM's *The Conspirator*)



91 "I LOVED A HE-MAN!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Bob Brown

102 *DID I MAKE A MISTAKE?*

103 "SECOND FIDDLE!"

Words: Unknown; Art: (Splash: Joe Maneely) Chu Hing (?), Christopher Rule, Syd Shores (?), Unknown

112 TEXT STORY: "NO RIGHT TO LOVE"

115 "DESIGNING FEMALE!"

Words: Unknown; (Splash: Pencils: Mike Sekowsky, inks: Christopher Rule) Pencils: Unknown, Inks: Mike Becker

124 "ONCE IN A LOVE-TIME"

Words: Unknown; Pencils: Marion Sitton (?), Inks: Bill Everett



133 **GIRL COMICS #4 (JUNE/50)**

Cover: Photo



135 **"FOOL'S PARADISE!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: (Splash: Christopher Rule) George Klein and Christopher Rule

145 **"STRICTLY SMALL TIME!"**

Words: Unknown; (Splash: Werner Roth) Pencils: Marion Sitton (?), Inks: Werner Roth (?)

154 **TEXT STORY: "A CHANCE FOR LOVE"**

Art: "Joan"

156 **"MOTHER KNOWS BEST!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: (Splash: Bob Brown) Unknown and Bill Walsh (?)

165 **"BORROWED LOVE"**

Words: Unknown; Art: George Klein

175 **GIRL COMICS #5 (OCT/50)**

Cover: Sol Brodsky (?) and Carl Burgos (?)



177 **"THE MAN WHO FOLLOWED!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Vern Henkel

184 **THE DEATH PLUNGE"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Joe Maneely

190 **TEXT STORY: "THE GAG"**

192 **"THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Russ Heath

196 **"CONFLICT!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Bill LaCava (?)



201 **GIRL COMICS #6 (JAN/51)**

Cover: Sol Brodsky (?) and Carl Burgos (?); Cover boxes: Mike Sekowsky



203 **"THE HORNS"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Mike Esposito

208 **TURNING POINT"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Ken Rice

212 **TEXT STORY: "FEAR WAS MY PLAYMATE"**

214 **"THE VICTIM WAS ME!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Ann Brewster

221 **"I WAS A MURDERER'S DAUGHTER"**

Words: Unknown; Pencils: Hy Rosen, Inks: John Tartaglione (?)

227 **GIRL COMICS #7 (MAR/51)**

Cover: Mike Sekowsky (?) and Unknown



229 **"IF A GIRL BE MAD"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Sol Brodsky

236 **"THEY CALLED ME A SPY"**

Words: Hank Chapman; Art: Bill LaCava

240 **"HIDEOUT"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Allen Bellman

245 **TEXT STORY: "THE ENDLESS GAME"**

247 **"THE SILVER SHIELD"**

Words: Unknown; Art: George Klein

Contents

253 **GIRL COMICS #8 (MAY/51)**

Mike Sekowsky (?) and Unknown



255 **"EACH PASSING SHADOW"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Dick Rockwell

262 **"WINGS OF DEATH"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Ann Brewster

267 **TEXT STORY: "CRESCENDO!"**

269 **"THE LONELY ONE"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Unknown

273 **"THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Mike Esposito

279 **GIRL COMICS #9 (JULY/51)**

Cover: Mike Sekowsky (?) and Unknown



281 **"HOUSE OF SHADOWS"**

Words: Carl Wessler; Art: Warren Broderick

287 **"ONE IS GUILTY"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Nina Albright

291 **TEXT STORY: "THE PHONY RUBIES"**

Art: Al Hartley panel from *Girl Comics* #2 (Jan/50)

293 **"BLACK-OUT!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Cal Massey

299 **"DOWNFALL"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Chic Stone

307 **GIRL COMICS #10 (SEPT/51)**

Cover: Cover: Pencils: Mike Sekowsky (?), Inks: Christopher Rule



309 **"THE DEADLY DOUBLE-CROSS"**

Words: Carl Wessler; Art: Morris Weiss

316 **TEXT STORY: "DOUBLE TROUBLE"**

319 **"THE WOMAN-HATER!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: George Klein

324 **"THE OUTSIDER"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Unknown

328 **"THE DEAD HANDS AT THE CONTROLS!"**

Words: Unknown; Art: Allen Bellman



335 GIRL COMICS #11 (NOV/51)

Cover: Cover: Pencils: Mike Sekowsky (?); Inks: Christopher Rule (?)



337 "BREAKING POINT!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Frank R. Sieminski

342 TEXT STORY: "MURDER ON THE MESA"

344 "TILL DEATH DO US PART"

Words: Unknown; Art: Dan LoPrieno

350 "I HATE JANET BRIGGS"

Words: Unknown; Art: Christopher Rule and George Klein

357 "UNWANTED!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Bill Savage

363 GIRL COMICS #12 (JAN/52)

Cover: Al Hartley



365 "THE DARK HALLWAY!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Bernard Krigstein

372 TEXT STORY: "ADVENTURE ROUND-UP"

Art: Russ Heath

374 "DESERTED"

Words: Unknown; Art: Morris Weiss

380 "AFTERMATH!"

Words: Unknown; Art: Chic Stone

384 "NONE ARE SO BLIND"

Words: Unknown; Art: Warren Broderick

392 THE CREATORS

Writer: Michael Dean



THE NEW GIRL

DR. MICHAEL J. VASSALLO

After a pre-Code horror launch for the Fantagraphics/Marvel Atlas Library, the series has explored the genres by releasing in succession, a supernatural fantasy hero, space opera, war, and crime titles, before circling back to pre-Code horror once again. And now we have reached one of the largest genres imaginable: romance — a trend that took the newsstands by storm in 1947-49, causing a Cambrian explosion of titles in quantities previously unseen in the industry.



The Goodman antecedents of his romance comics line are extremely interesting and it's a story I'd like to tell in a bit of detail. As nearly all things in early comic history, we start in the pulps of the 1920s. Street & Smith's *Love Story Magazine* was by far, not only the most successful romance pulp, but quite possibly the most successful pulp of all time in any genre, spanning twenty-six years and nearly 1,200 issues from 1921 to 1947, and published *weekly* for most of the run. Edited by Daisy Bacon, its sales topped 600,000 weekly copies in the 1930s, a figure never surpassed in the pulp industry! Another giant of the genre was the hybrid

Ranch Romances, published for 47 years and reaching close to 900 issues following its debut by Clayton and editor Harold Hersey in 1924. Fanny Ellsworth would edit it up to 1953 (while also editing the popular *Black Mask* from 1936-1940).

The rest of the 1920s and early 1930s saw titles blossoming, highlights including *Romance* (1914, 1919, 1937), *I Confess* (1922), *True Confessions* (1922), *Lovers Lane* (1923), *Real Life Stories* (1923), *Marriage Stories* (1924), *Sweetheart Stories* (1925), *Love Romances* (1926), *Heart Throbs* (1928), *Live Girl Stories* (1928), *Love Affairs* (1928), *Western Romances* (1929), *Thrilling Love* (1931), *Modern Romances* (1931), and *Underworld Romances* (1931). And this doesn't take into account romance magazines among the "slicks" (like Macfadden's *Love and Romance*) — or the spicy pulps often kept under the counter from a litany of publishers and editors (Frank Armer, Harold Hersey, Henry Marcus, and George Shade, including Harry Donenfeld's Irwin, Merwil, Detinuer, and D.M Publishing Companies, and later his Trojan Publishing Corp. and Culture Publications) with titles like *Breezy Stories*, *Snappy Stories*, *Paris Nights*, *Ginger Stories*, *Gay Parisienne*, *Pep Stories*, *Hollywood Nights*, *Love Revels*, and *Spicy Stories*. (The definitive history of the spicy pulps can be found in



OPPOSITE: Array of Martin Goodman's romance pulp titles: *Romantic Love Secrets* Vol. 3, #2 [Feb. 14, 1934], Graham Publications; *Best Love Magazine* Vol. 1, #1 [Dec/36], Manvis Publications, Inc.; *Best Love Magazine* Vol. 1, #3 [July/43], Western Fiction Pub. Co., Inc.; *Modern Love Magazine* Vol. 1, #1 [Jan/37], Western Fiction Pub. Co., Inc.; *Modern Love Magazine* Vol. 1, #35 [Apr/38], Western Fiction Pub. Co., Inc.; *Modern Love Magazine* Vol. 2, #1 [Oct/38], Western Fiction Pub. Co., Inc.; *Real Love Magazine* Vol. 1, #5 [Jan/39], Western Fiction Pub. Co., Inc., cover art by J.W. Scott; 2 *Daring Love Novels* Vol. 1, #1 [Jan/48], Zenith Publishing Corp., cover art by Peter Driben; *Ranch Love Stories* Vol. 1, #1 [Mar/50], Interstate Publishing Corp.

ABOVE: House ad: *Romantic Love Secrets* Vol. 3, #2 [Feb 14, 1934] p.2

RIGHT: *Romantic Love Secrets* Vol. 1, #1 [July/33], Graham Publications; debut Silberkleit/Goodman romance pulp issue.





Uncovered: The Hidden Art of the Girly Pulps by Douglas Ellis, Adventure House, 2003).

In August of 1929, Louis Silberkleit, formerly Circulation Manager of Hugo Gernsback's bankrupt Experimenter Publishing Company, joined the staff of the Eastern Distributing Corporation to be put in charge of circulation. When Paul Sampliner and Charles Dreyfus of Eastern filed for bankruptcy in October of 1932, Silberkleit and his Eastern protégé Martin Goodman along with the Philadelphia-based Shade brothers of the Shade Publishing Company started their own independent distribution network, Mutual Magazine Distributors. (Simultaneously, Harry Donenfeld and his brother Irving formed Independent News with Sampliner, with money borrowed from Sampliner's mother).

Silberkleit (with Goodman) then launched Newsstand Publications, Inc. out of 53 Park Place, releasing their first pulp magazine, *Western Supernovel* Vol. 1, #1 (May/33) (which changed to *Complete Western Book Magazine* with the very next issue). *Complete Western Book* would be Goodman's flagship pulp title, published pretty continuously until the Atlas implosion in 1957. With Goodman editing (soon to be joined by Dell's A. Lincoln Hoffman) the fortunes of these three would-be pulp barons began to rise. After the crime-focused *Black Book Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (June/33), Silberkleit and Goodman turned to the extremely popular romance genre, releasing their debut title, *Romantic Love Secrets* Vol. 1, #1 (July/33), published under a new corporate entity, Graham Publications, with a new address at 60 Murray Street (which was nothing more than the back-door service entrance of Newsstand's 53 Park Place, so essentially the same address).

A series of announcements culminated in a notice in the Aug/33 issue of *Writer's Digest* that tied Graham Publications and Newsstand Publications together:

"That new love magazine, previously announced, at 53 Park Place, has come out under the title *Romantic Love Secrets*. Mary Gnaedinger is editing, and there is a tie-up with the Newsstand Publishing

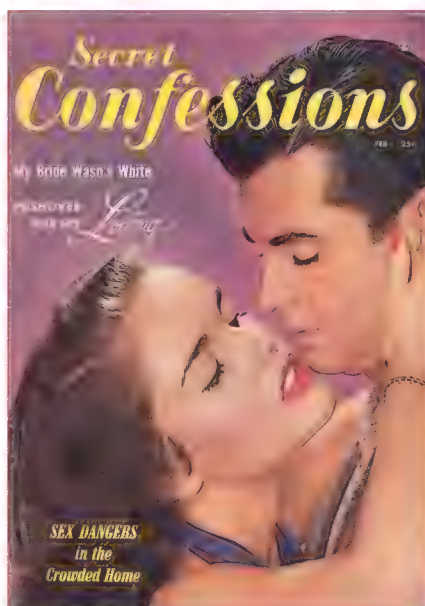
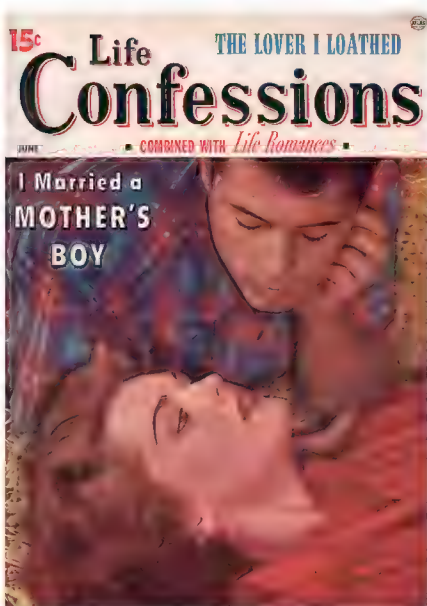
Group, though the company on record is the Graham Publications. Shorts up to four thousand words are especially desired. Real romance with emphasis on the city girl. The longer lengths are overstocked at present."

Romantic Love Secrets would go to publishing twice a month for a while, change its name to *Romantic Love Magazine*, before bowing out by the June/34 issue. By that time Mutual Magazine Distributors would file for bankruptcy and Silberkleit would leave Newsstand Publications to Goodman, regroup, and start anew as Winford Publications at 165 Franklin Street, launching *Double-Action Western* Vol. 1, #1 (Aug/34). *Romantic Love Secrets* would be re-started again in 1938 by Silberkleit's Blue Ribbon Magazines, Inc., with Abner Sundell editing.

Mary Gnaedinger would move over to Munsey, becoming an assistant on *All-Story Magazine*, and starting in 1940, would helm their *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* and *Fantastic Novels*. Munsey will be bought out by Popular Publications in 1942 and Gnaedinger will edit additionally *Love Novels*, *Detective Story*, *Rangeland Romances*, and *15 Range Romances* into the middle of the 1950s.

OPPOSITE: Array of romance and spicy pulp titles: *Snappy Stories* Vol. 17, #2 (March 4, 1916), The New Fiction Publishing Company [Clayton]; *Breezy Stories* Vol. 19, #4 (Oct. 1, 1924), C.H. Young Pub. Co., Inc.; *Love Revels* Vol. 1, #1 (Dec/33), Forward Publications [Frank Armour]; *Paris Gayety* Vol. 2, #4 (Mar/34), Shade Publishing Company; *Gayety* Vol. 1, #1 (Nov/32), Shade Publishing Company; *La Paree Stories* Vol. 5, #2 (Feb/34), Merwil Publishing Company [Donenfeld]; *Love Story Magazine* (Dec. 28, 1939), Street & Smith Publications; *Rangeland Romances* Vol. 25, #25 (Apr/45), Popular Publications; *The Modern Love Magazine* Vol. 1, #1 (1930), Syndicate Publishing Co., Inc.

ABOVE: *Miss America* Vol. 1, #3 (Dec/42), Rockley Publications, Inc. [Harold Hersey]; *Miss America Magazine* Vol. 1, #2 (Nov/44), Miss America Magazine Corp., photo model Dolores Conlon; *Miss America Special Edition* Vol. 1, #1 (Fall/49), Gem Publications.



Meanwhile, Martin Goodman, now solo, continued his meager efforts in the pulp romance market, with minimal success. In late 1936, he released *Best Love Magazine* Vol. 1, #1 (Dec/36) under Manvis Publications, Inc. and his newly formed "A Star Magazine" imprint. Martin's wife, Jean Davis, was the editor on the contents page. It was canceled after a single issue. Manvis Publications was the joining together of the "man" in Goodman and the "vis" in Davis.

Having cut his teeth in circulation and understanding that buzzwords and titles could make or break a magazine on the stands, Goodman wasn't dismayed and immediately tried another "title," this time *Modern Love Magazine*, the same title of the mildly successful earlier romance slick of the same name, or nearly same name, (*The Modern Love Magazine*), published by The Syndicate Publishing Company, Inc. in 1930. Goodman's *Modern Love Magazine* was marginally successful as a romance pulp, edited again by his wife Jean and published by his Western Fiction Publishing Company entity up into at least 1938 (see below), rebooting as a short-lived (possibly one-shot) digest in 1950.

A third romance title was *Real Confessions* Vol. 1, #1 (Mar/37), published under the better-known Red Circle imprint, and lasting at least four issues up into 1938, edited by Robert O. Erisman. A fourth title, *Real Love Magazine*, is a bit of an enigma. I have Vol. 1, #5 (Jan/39) and I have never seen another issue. Complicating matters is the Nov/38 issue of *Writer's Digest*, which stated:

"The Red Circle pulps are divided into several types: five detective magazines, five sports magazines, an air book called *Sky Devils*, *Complete Astrology*, thirteen Western action pulps, *Mystery Tales* and *Marvel Science Stories*, and a romantic love magazine. The latter is now titled *Real Love Magazine* (formerly known as *Modern Love*). *Real Confessions* has been discontinued and so no magazine of the confession type is included in the line-up at present."

Based on this notice, *Modern Love Magazine* apparently changed title to *Real Love Magazine*. The Jan/39 *Writer's Digest* reinforced this with this entry: "The Red Circle magazines, R.K.O. Building, have dropped two titles: *Real*

OPPOSITE: Array of Martin Goodman's romance magazine titles: *Life Romances* Vol. 1, #1 (Apr/46), Cornell Publishing Corp., debut Goodman romance magazine; *Life Romances* Vol. 1, #4 (Mar/47), Cornell Publishing Corp.; *My Romance* Vol. 1, #1 (Apr/49), U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp.; *My Romance* Vol. 9, #1 (Mar/57), Official Magazine Corp.; *I Confess* Vol. 1, #2 (Jan/50), Eye Publishing Corp.; *I Confess* Vol. 1, #7 (June/51), Mutual Magazine Corp.; *Life Confessions* Vol. 2, #1 (June/56), Cornell Publishing Corp.; *Secret Confessions* Vol. 2, #3 (Feb/53), Lion Books, Inc.; *My Confession* Vol. 2, #5 (Dec/53), Official Magazine Corp.

ABOVE RIGHT: *My Romance* #1 (Sept/48), Red Circle Magazines Corp., debut Timely/Atlas romance comic.

RIGHT: *Young Romance* Vol. 1, #1 (Sept-Oct/47), Feature Publications, Inc. [Prize], cover art: Jack Kirby with Joe Simon, industry's romance comic debut. [This started it all!]



to: Mr. Stan Lee, Editor
Timely Comics, Inc.
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

from: Burt Frohman
15 East Tremont Ave.
New York 53, New York
Ludlow 7-1270

"MY SISTER TAUGHT ME THE MEANING OF LOVE"

PAGE ONE:

Panel 1: Pleasant house party. In background have couples dancing, sitting around sipping drinks, monkeying around with records at the phonograph. Up close, dancing together are Susan (about 20) and Bud (about 24) smiling.

CAPTION: IT WAS A WONDERFUL PARTY...AND THOUGH I'D KNOWN BUD FOR YEARS, IT SEEMED THAT TONIGHT WAS THE FIRST TIME HE'D EVER NOTICED ME...

Bud: Susan, I can't believe it's you...you're so grown up and...and beautiful. I'm seeing you for the first time.

Susan: Don't be silly, Bud. We've both lived in Elm Corners for years.

Panel 2: Harriet is standing at the door (Susan's best friend) and is saying goodbye to a few couple just leaving. Bud and Susan are approaching the doorway together.

Bud: Can I take you home, Susan?

Susan: Well, I...you see, Bud...I sort of planned to spend the night here with Harriet.

Panel 3: Show Susan quickly walking the dark street alone.

Susan: (thought balloon) I hated to have to lie to Bud...but I just couldn't stand the thought of his meeting my sister, Daphne.

Panel 4: Inside her house, Susan is just closing the door as she looks up and sees older sister Daphne (very sophisticated) just breaking a kiss with a fellow and turning to Susan.

CAP: AS USUAL, I FOUND DAPHNE WITH ONE OF MY FORMER BOY-FRIENDS, WHEN I GOT HOME....

Daphne: Why, Susan...aren't you home early? Where's your escort?

Love Magazine (which was originally called *Modern Love*) and *Detective Mysteries*."

The only problem with this scenario is the numbering discrepancy, the fact that the earlier *Modern Love* Vol. 1, #6 (June/38) was published before *Real Love* Vol. 1, #5 (Jan/39). So my guess is the *Writer's Digest* notice may be mistaken, but I cannot say so for certain, as Goodman would occasionally play around with volume and issue numbers when playing the cancellation game. Additionally, both titles can be found in house-ad listings of Red Circle pulp titles as separate titles. Compounding this is just how scarce these Goodman romance pulps are. It has been nearly impossible to make a full accounting of their title's issues and extent of their runs, other than to rely on data from trade-journal entries.

As we get into the 1940s, pulp sales begin to fall. *Romantic Short Stories* published by Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc. appeared in 1940 for two short issues (and may have been reprint material). At the height of the Second World War, Goodman revived the failed *Best Love Magazine* from 1936 and released three more issues cover-dated Jan/43, Apr/43, and July/43, edited by Elizabeth Bruce. Also published by Western Fiction Publishing Co., Inc., these issues are notable for the story illustrations being mined from the Timely Comics staff, through Goodman magazine art director Mel Blum. George Klein is the artist most prominently featured,

often drawing double-page romance spreads to accompany the story title pages.

When I interviewed Timely staff artist Allen Bellman extensively two decades ago, he spoke about freelancing pulp illustrations:

I did illustrations for some of those pulps. I did them through Mel Blum. As Goodman's art director of the magazine line, he also secured artwork for the pulp magazines. I did these illustrations from home as a freelancer. It was extra money in addition to my staff salary. I remember one I did to accompany a boxing story in a sports pulp. I did some outside the sports pulps also. I did some detective pulp illustrations also. I was friendly with Mel Blum. He fed me those freelance assignments knowing I could use the extra money.

The postwar period saw Goodman nearly canceling his pulp line altogether as sales fell. Comic books and standard magazines took over in his priority. Only *Complete Western Book Magazine* continued publishing (and was actually momentarily canceled in Mar/45 before being restarted within a few months). In 1947-48 the line was rejuvenated with twelve new titles, all short-lived, under a slew of new publishing entities like Interstate Publishing Corp., Atlas News Company, Inc., Exclusive Detective Stories, Inc., Zenith Publishing Corp., and Stadium Publishing Corp.

Finishing off Goodman's romance pulps were three issues of 2 *Daring Love Novels* (Zenith Publishing Corp.) in 1948 (with illustrations by Lee Ames) and the single-issue mixed-genre *Ranch Love Stories* (Mar/50) (Interstate Publishing Corp.). The Western-romance genre was inordinately popular (see the aforementioned Clayton/Thrilling *Ranch Romances*) and Goodman would accommodate it in his comics line to the tune of six titles and eleven issues in 1949-50 (more about that later).

But just as his pulp line was tanking during the war, Goodman began his entry into traditional newsstand magazines. In my introduction "World War Atlas" in *Atlas Library* No. 4: *War Comics* Vol. 1, we already saw his low-rung cheesecake output (*Jest*, *Zest*, *Gayety*, *Snap*, *Zippy*) and humor magazines (*Joker*, *Comedy*) as well as his failed attempt to copy the upscale *Esquire* with the bedsheet-sized *Stag* (version 2, in 1942). Now Goodman was going all out. First, he launched a girl's comic/magazine hybrid *Miss America Magazine*, spun off his *Miss America* one-shot comic book (picking up the discarded title name from the short-lived Harold Hersey-edited Rockley Publications title from 1942). Pauline Loth, the artist on the *Miss America* feature, was the Fashion Editor as Pauline O'Sullivan and the first four issues featured the comics character *Miss America* by Loth and Christopher Rule, as well as the debut of *Patsy Walker* (created by Stuart Little, Bessie's husband). The rest of the magazine was filled with articles for young teen girls as well as romantic fiction. Bessie Little edited (also concurrently editing Goodman's debut Hollywood magazine, *Screen Stars*) and Martin's wife Jean was the Supervising Editor, providing an editorial on the contents page of each issue. A litany of

ABOVE: Atlas romance script p. 1 by Burt Frohman, "My Sister Taught Me The Meaning Of Love," re-titled for unknown Atlas romance comic.



ABOVE: Quartet of Goodman Elizabeth Taylor covers: *Miss America Magazine* Vol. 4, #3 (July/46), Miss America Publishing Corp.; *Girl Comics* #3 (Apr/50), Cornell Publishing Corp.; *Miss America Young Life* Vol. 1, #2 (Winter/49), Gem Publications, Inc.; *Screen Stars* Vol. 13, #2 (Mar/55), Margood Publishing Corp.



great artists provided illustrations for this monthly powerhouse, including Louise Altson, Peter Driben, and James Billmeyer, while Marion Gerrick filled borders with marginal cartoons. Mary Mann was the Hollywood Representative and film stars galore appeared in articles and interviews.

According to the Aug/44 *Writer's Digest*, "In order to have paper for the new magazine and not cut into his comics, which are doing very well indeed, the publisher has reduced the once-important Red Circle list of pulps to a single title, *Complete Western Book*. Robert O. Erisman, who continues to edit, says that he buys just one issue's copy at a time now. Red Circle pulps suspended for the duration include: *Detective Short Stories*, *Complete Sports*, *Best Western*, *Western Novel and Short Stories*, and *Western Short Stories*. Mr. Erisman keeps busy now editing some of Goodman's comics."

Miss America Magazine was a huge sales success featuring photo covers for most of the decade, eventually transitioning to a full comic book featuring *Patsy Walker* (dropping all the non-comic text features and romantic fiction) and lasting a total of 126 issues, past the Atlas implosion, until cover month Nov/58. Bessie Little, editor of *Miss America* through the end of 1946, advanced to editor in chief of these Goodman magazines and cover month of Apr/46 saw the debut of the first Goodman romance/confession magazine, *Life Romances* Vol. 1, #1. With the romance floodgates open, in succession we see *My Romance* (Apr/49), *I Confess* (Oct/49), *My Confession* (1950), *Actual Romance* (1950), *Secret Confessions* (1951) and *Life Confessions* (1955). The main editor on these magazines was Little and occasionally Dan Merrin. Late 1950s titles included *True Secrets* and *Intimate Confessions*, with Jean Robbins editing and the 1960s added *Secret Story* and *Romantic Confessions*, with Audrey Leech editing. (The magazine titles: *My Romance*, *Actual Romance*, and *True Secrets* shared names with comic books.)

While *Life Romances* was getting a foothold in the magazine market, "teen humor and girl's comics provided a bridge to romance comics," as Michelle Nolan has explained in *Love on the Racks*, her indispensable history of American romance comics (McFarland & Company, Inc., 2008). In 1947, Joe Simon and Jack Kirby inaugurated the romance-comics genre with *Young Romance* #1 (Sept/47), published by Crestwood. It was followed by a second title, *Young Love*, in 1949, and each sold more than a million copies a month. These stories are the actual high point of romance comics, featuring mature themes, occasional mixed-genre plots, dynamic storytelling, and fantastic Simon and Kirby artwork. Their immediate success sparked an industry-wide deluge of copycat titles. Never before in the history of the medium (not even during the superhero boom following the debut of Superman in *Action Comics*) had so many titles of the same genre rushed to the newsstands in such a short period of time. Michelle Nolan has dubbed these staggering numbers "the Love Glut."

LEFT: Cut from the same cloth, background and all! Photo covers for the romance-magazine and romance-comic glut of 1949: Magazine: *Life Romances* Vol. 3, #9 [Oct/52], Lion Books, Inc.; Comic Book: *Love Romances* #10 [Feb/50], Timely Comics, Inc.



As we don't have the room necessary to go into a detailed examination of the industry's romance comics, I refer readers to Michelle's book for that important history. Here I want to detail what Martin Goodman was doing. On July 15, 1948, Timely released the comic book *My Romance* #1 (Sept/48). With issue #4 (Mar/49), the title changed to *My Own Romance*. I mentioned above that Goodman's second romance magazine was *My Romance* (Apr/49), so apparently Goodman preferred the title on his magazine, rather than on his comic, so he simply retitled the comic to avoid the confusion of two same titled publications in differing formats. The third title was *Ideal Love and Romance* #5 (May/49), the number continuation of the eclectic four-issue *Ideal A Classical Comic*. This too changed title with the very next issue to *Love Romances* #6 (May/49) (which would ultimately go on to become Timely/Atlas/Marvel's longest running romance title). Simultaneously, *Lovers* #23 (May/49) and *Love Tales* #36 (May/49) started their numbering from existing and/or canceled titles. *Lovers* and *Love Tales*, along with *Love Romances* and *My Own Romance*, would become the main quartet of romance Timely/Atlas comic titles of the decade.

ABOVE: Re-use of cover photos on magazines and comics: *Screen Stars* Vol. 7, #1 (Apr/47), Interstate Publishing Corp., *Love Adventures* #2 (Jan/50), Interstate Publishing Corp. Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney "Prince of Foxes" (1949) film publicity photo.

But where was the glut? Right here! First, *Junior Miss*, featuring Ken Bald's *Cindy Smith*, changed from a teen title to romance stories with #34 (May/49). Then cover date July/49, it begins. Over the next seven months, twenty-seven more titles would appear! Three of these twenty-seven would change title at some point. Let's run them down: *My Love* (July/49); *Best Love* (Aug); *Venus* (Aug) (a change to romance content); *Molly Manton's Romances* (Sept), would change to *Romantic Affairs* (Mar/50); *Our Love* (Sept), would change to *True Secrets* (Mar/50); *Actual Romances* (Oct); *Cowboy Romances* (Oct); *Girl Comics* (Oct), would change to *Girl Confessions* (Mar/52); *Love Adventures* (Oct), would change to *Actual Confessions* (Oct/52); *Love Dramas* (Oct); *Love Secrets* (Oct); *Romance Tales* (Oct); *True Life Tales* (Oct); *Faithful* (Nov); *Love Classics* (Nov); *Loveland* (Nov); *Romances of the West* (Nov); *Young Hearts* (Nov); *Cupid* (Dec); *Love Trails* (Dec); *My Diary* (Dec); *Rangeland Love* (Dec); *Romance Diary* (Dec); *Western Life Romances* (Dec); *Cowgirl Romances* (Jan/50); *Honeymoon* (Jan/50); *Real Experiences* (Jan/50). *Junior Miss* #37 (Dec/49) featured four romance stories and changed back to humor for its final two issues.

And then it all collapsed. By cover month Apr/50, twenty-one of the above titles were canceled after two issues, the last three managing only a single issue. (*Romance Tales* lasted three issues). The newsstands could not sustain so many romance titles flooding from all publishers. The collapse was industry-wide. What survived at Timely were the initial quartet of *My Own Romance*, *Love Romances*, *Lovers*,



and *Love Tales*. Of the glut titles, *Venus* changed genre and continued; *True Secrets* restarted in 1951-52, went on hiatus, then published again from 1954-56; *Girl Comics* changed to a girl's adventure title (and changed again back to romance as *Girl Confessions* from 1952-1954); and *Love Adventures* restarted in 1951 and changed to *Actual Confessions* in 1952. The only new romance-comic titles of the 1950s would be *Secret Story Romances* (Nov/53), which became *True Tales of Love* (1956-57), *Stories of Romance* (1956-57), a new *My Love Story* (1956-57) and the one-shot *Romances of Nurse Helen Grant* (1957), published to take advantage of the "nurse" fad in romance-fiction publishing. Lastly, the long-running *My Own Romances* would change to *Teen-Age Romance* in 1960-62.

Here are the statistics: By my own count, between *My Romance* #1 (Sept/48) and *Love Romances* #106 (July/63), Timely-Atlas-Marvel published 493 individual romance issues spread around 44 different titles (including re-titles). This figure includes partial romance issues of *Venus* #5 through #10 (the back-up stories were romance stories), as well as a similar situation with *Junior Miss* #34 through #37, but does not include the mid-1940s teen girl/romance comic hybrid *Miss America Magazine*, nor the nine issues of *Linda Carter*, *Student Nurse* (1961-63), mostly because I don't know if they really qualify. Drawn in a cartoony *Patsy Walker* style by Al Hartley, the stories are fairly serious in tone, yet I'm giving them a pass. Your mileage may vary. This figure also does not include the "serious" *Millie the Model* stories by Stan Goldberg, Bill Williams, and Ogden Whitney that

spanned most of the mid 1960s, a style that reverted back to a humorous "Archie-ish" style in the 1970s. It also does not include Marvel's final attempt at romance comics in 1969, when *My Love* (Sept/69) and *Our Love Story* (Oct/69) were published with beautiful new stories by Marvel's top artists, including John Buscema, John Romita, Jim Steranko, Gene Colan, and Don Heck. Both of these titles changed to reprints of Atlas romance material mid-run (with hairstyles and fashion often ridiculously touched up for modern reader sensibilities) before being canceled at the end of 1975. And of course, not included is Marvel's second attempt to get the "nurse" market again, four issues of *Night Nurse* in 1972-73.

Among these 493 issues are 86 photo covers, encompassing nearly all covers published between cover date Mar/49 and July/50. Photo covers were quite common at Timely throughout the genres, appearing additionally on crime, Western and even the *Lassie* knock-off, *Blaze the Wonder Collie*. Nearly the entire 1940s run of *Miss America Magazine* pioneered the use of photo covers at Timely, appearing (with the exception of two issues) on the covers from the Nov/44 debut up to Sept/51 (73 issues!), long

ABOVE: Before and after! Original unused version later published on British *Secret Story Romances* #2 (1955), L. Miller & Son Ltd., art by Jay Scott Pike; published earlier as a toned cover on Atlas' *Secret Story Romances* #5 (Mar/54), Timely Comics, Inc., tones by Bill Everett.

after the content had turned back to *Patsy Walker* stories by Al Jaffee.

Timely's romance comics in the 1949-50 period also sported a distinctive heart-shaped colophon with the words "A Lovers Magazine" that ran on 61 covers between cover months Oct/49 and July/50.

Let's talk about the creators now. I own a complete Timely/Atlas romance collection and I have indexed the contents to every single issue, so my data will be sourced from right here, not unreliable online databases. The genre can be broken down into two parts, the Timely glut of 1948-50 and everything afterward up to the Atlas implosion and into 1963. The first part produced 35 titles and 86 issues in roughly two years. The most prolific artist of this period was Mike Sekowsky. The second part, from cover date July/50 onward, produced only 13 titles but yielded 403 issues. The most prolific artist in this period was Vince Colletta. In these 493 Timely/Atlas romance issues we have approximately 2,075 individual stories (my rough count). (Note: all totals to follow are my approximate count. They aren't all necessarily "exact," especially when determining guessed inking credits, but I'm convinced they're very accurate nonetheless).

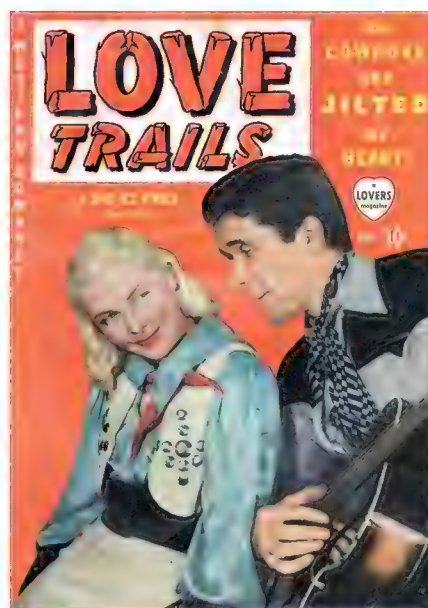
The largest contributor by volume was Vince Colletta, who made his debut in the Atlas romance titles cover-dated Feb/54. Providing either pencils and inks, or inks alone, his total number of stories is 397 and throughout the post-Code period, he basically had a story (and often two) in every romance issue published. His number is pumped up by his late 1950s "shop" providing an extraordinary amount of romance material in 1957-59, including stories he didn't necessarily pencil or completely ink, but contributed to in some capacity. The other big guns were: Jay Scott Pike (275 stories), Christopher Rule (199 stories either as a penciler, inker or splash panel artist), John Tartaglione (120 stories), Mike Sekowsky (119 stories, all but three are pre-Code), Al Hartley (89 stories), George Klein (84 stories either as a penciler or inker), Ann Brewster (69 stories), Matt Baker (63 stories, 31 solo, 32 as part of the Colletta studio penciling only), Morris Weiss (47 stories), Tom Scheuer (38 stories), Jack Kirby (37 stories), Alice Kirkpatrick (27 stories), Gene Colan (25 stories, 16 penciling on the Timely staff), John Buscema (24 stories, 23 penciling on the Timely staff), Bill Everett (22 stories), Pete Tumlinson (19 stories, all Timely staff pencils), Jerry Robinson (18 stories), Dick Giordano (16 stories, nearly all inked by Vince Colletta), and Russ Heath (16 stories, 11 on the Timely staff).

Lesser amounts included: Paul Reinman (15), Werner Roth (15), Don Heck (13), F.R. Sieminski (13), John Forte (12), John Romita (11), John Severin (10, primarily Timely), Bernard Krigstein (9), Bob Powell (8 + several in *Miss America Magazine*), Ben Brown and Dave Gantz (8), Joe

RIGHT TOP: Canadian edition of *Girl Comics* #6 (Jan/51), published as *Marvelous Adventure* #35 (1952), Bell Features & Publishing Co. Ltd.; cover image is story splash "The Horns," art by Mike Esposito.

RIGHT BOTTOM: Censored story title to "I Was A Murderer's Daughter" in *Marvelous Adventure* #35 (1952), the Canadian version of *Girl Comics* #6 (Jan/51), art by Hy Rosen.





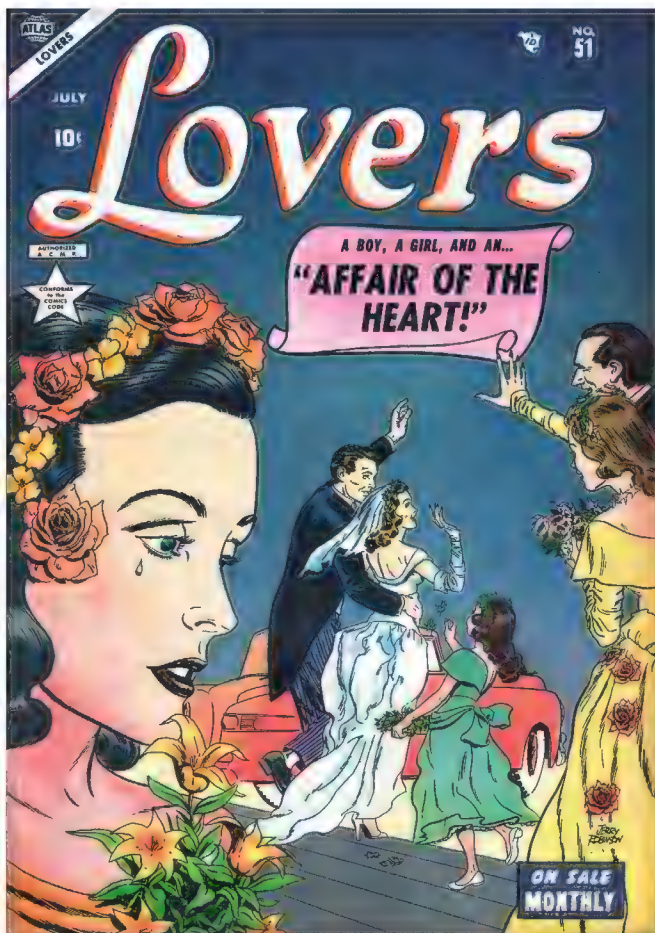
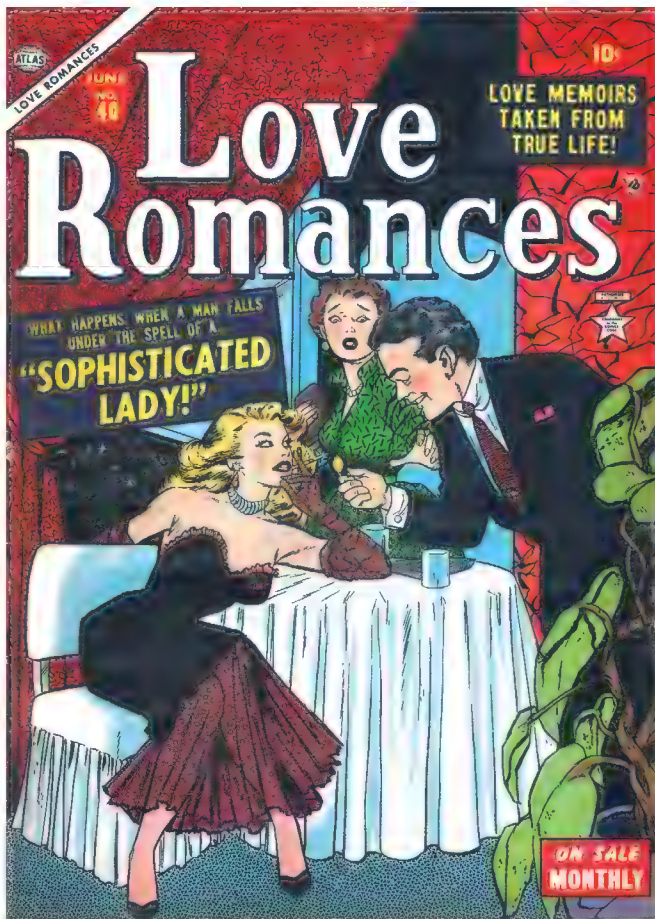
Maneely (7), Bob Brown (7), Syd Shores (7 plus numerous splash panels), Carmine Infantino (6), Art Peddy (6), Ogden Whitney (6), Fred Kida (5), Alex Toth (4), Joe Sinnott (4), Nina Albright (4), Bob Fujitani (3), George Tuska (2), Harry Anderson (2), and a litany of lesser knowns too numerous to list here. And of course (especially in the Timely era) there are a ton of unidentified one-off stories produced by both pencilers and inkers still unknown to us.

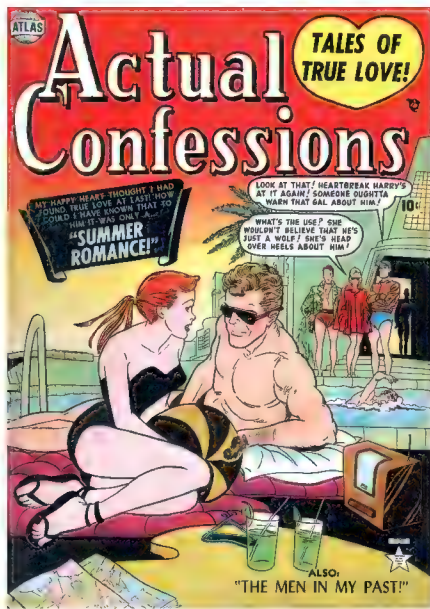
A total of 204 covers were either penciled or inked by

Vince Colletta, (all from 1954 onward, and most from 1957-59 are only inked). The rest break down this way: Al Hartley (63), Jack Kirby (23), Christopher Rule (13, either pencils or inks), Jay Scott Pike (12), Carmine Infantino (6), Tom Scheuer (5), Alice Kirkpatrick (4), Bill Everett (4), Joe Maneely (3), Matt Baker (3?), Russ Heath (2), Gene Colan (1), Jerry Robinson (1), and at least three score completely unknown. Many unknowns from 1950-51 may be Sekowsky. (And as mentioned, 88 were photo covers).

ABOVE: Timely/Atlas Western-Romance photo cover array: *Cowboy Romances* #1 (Oct/49), Interstate Publishing Corp.; *Cowgirl Romances* #28 (#1) (Jan/50), Comic Combine Corp.; *Love Trails* #1 (Dec/49), Classic Detective Stories, Inc.; *Rangeland Love* #1 (Dec/49), Classic Detective Stories, Inc.; *Romances of the West* #1 (Nov/49), Select Publications, Inc.; *Western Life Romances* #2 (Mar/50), Classic Detective Stories, Inc.

OPPOSITE: Atlas "Big 4" romance comic titles: *Love Romances* #40 (June/54), Timely Comics, Inc., art by Vince Colletta; *My Own Romance* #71 (Sept/59), Zenith Publishing Corp., art by Jack Kirby/Christopher Rule; *Lovers* #51 (July/53), Atlas News Company, Inc., art by Jerry Robinson; *Love Tales* #58 (Aug/52), Zenith Publishing Corp., unknown artist, possibly Al Hartley pencils, inks unknown.





Writer credits are even scarcer. Stan Lee has 39 known romance credits (7 from 1952-53, 32 from 1958-62). The rest known are: Paul S. Newman (26), Carl Wessler (24), Hank Chapman (14), Ed Jurist (2), Clayton Martin (2), Natalie Krigstein (2), Burt Frohman (1), and Don Rico (1). The likely scenario is there are many, many more by Chapman, Jurist, Frohman, and Rico that are unsigned and unidentified, as well as a slew of other unknown writers.

Which finally brings us to *Girl Comics*. In all honesty, I did a bit of a bait and switch here. *Girl Comics* presents a kind of dual scenario. The first four issues were part of the Timely romance glut, put together on an assembly line by Timely's postwar staff artists. Following the genre's collapse in the spring of 1950, *Girl Comics* was the "only" glut title to restart, joining the original "big four" titles (*My Own Romance*, *Love Romances*, *Lovers*, and *Love Tales*), but with a difference ... Gone was the heart-shaped "A Lovers Magazine" colophon, replaced with "Mystery-Adventure-Suspense" emblazoned across the top of the cover, and "Real Adventures of Real Girls!" blaring below the title. Yes, *Girl Comics* had changed to the female version of *Man Comics*!

Let's take a tour through this title. The first four romance issues all sport photo covers and are thick fifty-two-page prototypical Timely romance-glut product, produced by a postwar Timely bullpen engorged with new hires to help churn out romance stories for the torrent of new titles. New hires included green young artists (like Colan and Buscema) as well as journeymen of varying talent. (I'm not going to discuss story content of these four issues and will focus exclusively on the artistic creators).

The first two issues contained letter pages filled with letters coming from other titles (with some possibly coming from Goodman's confession magazines). Issue #1 has a photo cover and heart-shaped "A Lovers Magazine" branding. All stories sport the ugly postwar "Timely grid," which appears to be pre-ruled six-panel art boards. The story titles would appear in panel two and panel one would depict a climactic panel scene from later in the story. I loathed this grid, as it accentuated the fact that these 1948-49 stories were produced on an assembly line.

OPPOSITE: Atlas Romance comic array: *Actual Confessions* #14 (Dec/52), Manvis Publications, Inc., art by Carmine Infantino and Gil Kane; *Love Adventures* #10 (Apr/52), Manvis Publications, Inc., art by Al Hartley; *Girl Confessions* #22 (Jan/53), Cornell Publishing Corp., art by Al Hartley; *My Love Story* #5 (Dec/56), Gem Publications, Inc., art by Vince Colletta; *Stories of Romance* #8 (Sept/56), Leading Magazine Corp., art by Bill Everett and Vince Colletta; *Teen-Age Romance* #84 (Nov/61), Zenith Publishing Corp., art by Jack Kirby and George Klein (contemporaneous with *Fantastic Four* #1, also by Kirby/Klein); *The Romances of Nurse Helen Grant* #1 (Aug/57), Vista Publications, Inc., art by Vince Colletta; *True Secrets* #20 (July/52), Manvis Publications, art by Bill Everett; *True Tales of Love* #26 (Sept/56), Timely Comics, Inc., art by Jay Scott Pike and Vince Colletta [?].

RIGHT TOP: *Actual Romances* #1 (Oct/49), Interstate Publishing Corp., love-glut photo cover.

RIGHT BOTTOM: *Best Love* #36 (#4) (Apr/50), Manvis Publications, Inc., love-glut photo cover.



"The Other Woman!" is penciled by Pete Tumlinson and inked by George Klein. The Texas-born, Texas A&M-educated Tumlinson landed in Manhattan on Sept. 17, 1947, after a four-day cross-country drive. (At Texas A&M he created the definitive look of the now renowned school mascot, *Ol' Sarge*, first conceived as Magarkin in the school's *Battalion* humor magazine.) His first job was assisting Ray Bailey on the *Bruce Gentry* syndicated strip. He joined the Timely staff in 1948 as a penciler on every type of non-humor title published, including romance, crime, and even superhero (*Captain America*, *Blonde Phantom*). His primary inkers here were George Klein and Fred Eng. When the staff was let go, Tumlinson freelanced his best work, including a sterling run on *Kid Colt Outlaw* and beautiful S.F./fantasy. He returned to Texas in May of 1952 to produce commercial art but did occasionally freelance long-distance until 1955. All told, Tumlinson drew around seventy-five stories for Timely/Atlas in all genres.

"Love is Where the Heart is!" is notable for being Hartley's first story for the company, done as a freelancer. His early clean line is evident and he would go on to be one of the most prolific artists in the company's history, and celebrated as a romance and teen artist, including more *Patsy Walker* stories than any other artist. The one-page "Cupid's Complaint Department" is the first letters page of this issue, with letters having been sourced from the title *Lovers*. "Death Be My Destiny!" is Jerry Fasano and "I Lost My Heart!" is Bill Williams, a noted teen-comics artist (who also drew *Millie the Model* in 1967).

Following a full-page ad for the title *Junior Miss*, and a second two-page letters page, "Dan Cupid and You," the issue ends with the eight-page "No Escape!" penciled by Buscema. The inker is unknown. Buscema was hired in 1948 and immediately began penciling around 65 crime and romance stories through 1950. His finished work at Timely varied in quality depending on his inkers. Buscema's penciling and storytelling is strong and you can see the future promise here in embryonic form. Buscema often spoke of this work in derogatory terms, knowing it was raw and rough. In the Atlas period, he drew only three stories and he returned in the pre-hero period for six more. The rest of the decade was spent at ACG, Charlton, Dell, Hillman, and Ziff-Davis. For Orbit he did a series of fantastic crime stories and covers for *Wanted*, showing incredible improvement in a short period of time.

Issue #2 (another photo cover and "A Lovers Magazine" logo) shows the first veer away from the ugly Timely grid. Each story opens with a top-tier splash panel image. Sekowsky inked by Rule leads with "Till Death Do Us Part!" Sekowsky was the acknowledged fastest artist in Timely history, turning out an enormous amount of story art in all genres. His pencils were fluid, and bold and his storytelling strong, with panels of exciting, dynamic action. He used a lot of close-ups and his figures in the panels were large. When paired with an inker like Rule (a static former fashion artist who drew some of the prettiest women in the genre), the end result was the most striking romance art published by Timely. Sekowsky was the most prolific romance staff artist of the Timely era, penciling 119 romance stories with 70 in

1948-49 alone, including two thirty-page romance "novels" in *Love Classics* #1 (Nov/49) and #2 (Feb/50). To a man (and one woman), every Timely artist I ever spoke to or interviewed told me that Sekowsky was Timely's top staff artist.

A second two-page letters column, "Dan Cupid and You," returns with a reprinted Gene Colan panel at the top (from the previous month's *Lovers* #26, p. 2, panel 5). Hy Rosen inked by Joe Kubert is next on "Blind Date!" When I showed him photocopies of these stories in May of 1999, Kubert confirmed that, in 1949, he inked seven of Rosen's stories. Two separate one-page romance text stories follow, a very rare occurrence (as nearly all text stories are two pages long). "I Chose Love!" is a bit of guesswork. This could be Sam Cooper but I can say with certainty that the women's faces on page 6 only were redrawn by Rule!

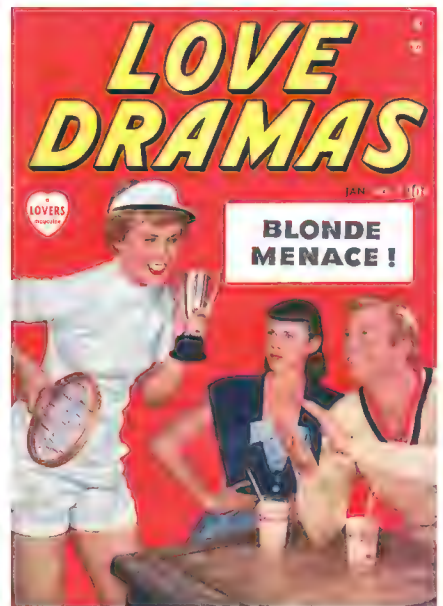
A one-page *Girl Comics* Special Feature, "Did I Make a Mistake?" is unidentified and two house ads for *Miss America Special Edition* are on the next page. *Miss America Special Edition* was a magazine spin-off of the *Miss America Magazine* comic book, continuing as a teen girl magazine while dropping all the comic content (Patsy Walker). It will last two additional issues, with a name change to *Miss America Young Life* (with an Elizabeth Taylor cover), before cancellation. "Shame" is unidentified and the issue ends with the seven-page "Romance Was My Mistake!" by Hartley. (Page 2, panel 1 will be used to illustrate the text story in issue #9).

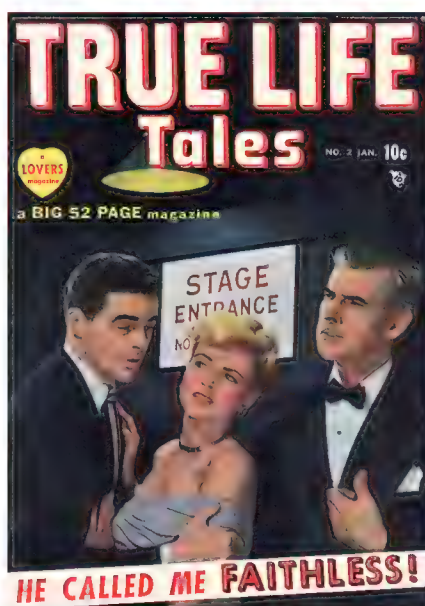
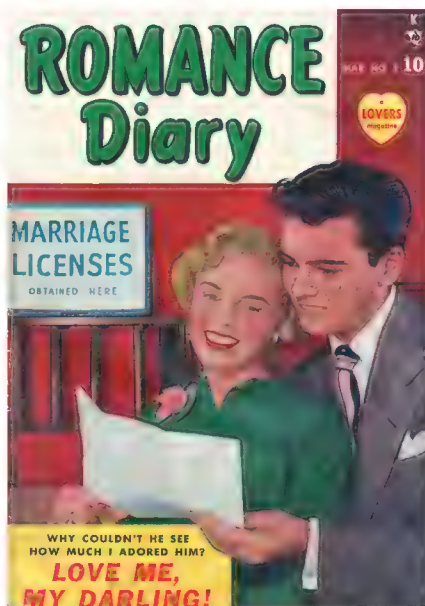
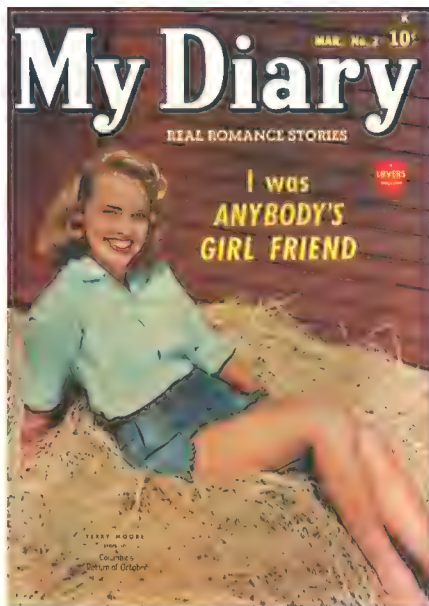
This brings us to issue #3, the single most valuable and desirable Timely/Atlas romance comic. It's not physically scarcer than #2 or #4, nor is there anything in its contents that makes it remarkable or special. No, the *only* reason non-romance collectors have made a run on this book (making it nearly impossible for actual romance collectors to find) is because the photo cover depicts a fetching teen-age Elizabeth Taylor (coinciding with the release of the MGM film *Conspirator* with Robert Taylor).

Western movie stars were often appearing on Timely's Western comics during this period. Virginia Mayo (from the film *White Heat*) was on the cover of Timely's *Love Classics* #2 (Feb/50) and (from the film *Red Light*) on *Real Experiences* #25 (Jan/50); Yvonne DeCarlo (from the film *The Gal Who Took the West*) appeared on the cover of *Rangeland Love* #2 (Mar/50) and *Romances of the West* #1 (Nov/49) (from the film *Calamity Jane and Sam Bass*); Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre (from the film *The Verdict*) were on the cover of *Suspense* #1 (Dec/49). And many more.

And movie stars were, of course, all over the covers of his film magazines. Heck, Elizabeth Taylor had already been seen on the cover of the July/46 *Miss America Magazine* and on the first issue of *Miss America Young Life*. Marilyn

OPPOSITE: Love-glut photo-cover array #1: *Cupid* #2 (Mar/50), U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp.; Model Maggi Long from *Miss America Magazine* Vol. 1, #4 (Jan/45) photo shoot [It's not Bettie Page!]; *Faithful* #1 (Nov/49), Postal Publications, Inc.; *Honeymoon* #41 (#1) (Jan/50), U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp.; *Ideal Love and Romance* #5 (Mar/49), Timely Comics, Inc.; *Love Classics* #2 (Feb/50), Classic Detective Stories, Inc.; Virginia Mayo in film *White Heat* (1949) photo still; *Love Dramas* #2 (Jan/50), Interstate Publishing





Monroe made the cover of at least ten Goodman film-magazine covers. So this *Girl Comics* #3 isn't really special at all, despite the value collectors have attached to it.

Bob Brown opens the issue, drawing the eleven-page "I Loved a He-Man!" its splash page featuring a man with one of the longest necks you'll ever see. The plot is a good one, as the disillusioned daughter of a wealthy shipping company owner falls for a shirtless construction foreman, much to the dismay of her father. After he nixes the budding relationship, he's forced to eat crow after the foreman (who has three degrees in engineering!) designs the bridge to help him land a lucrative contract, a contract offered by the father of the foreman. From 1949 to 1956 Brown drew about 45 stories for Timely/Atlas, seven of them romance stories. Most notably, he was the very first artist on *Rarehide Kid*, drawing the character in the first five issues (Joe Maneely drew the first splash panel and cover to launch the series).

Following the one-page romance feature "Did I Make a Mistake?" we get "Second Fiddle," which appears to be the work of diverse hands, with hints of Chu Hing, Christopher Rule, and maybe even a hint of Syd Shores. But what makes this story interesting is the fact that the splash panel across the top tier is by Joe Maneely. The time period here is at the exact moment that the Timely staff was fired, indicating that the stories now were coming from inventory (likely with the ugly six-panel Timely grid). New splashes were commissioned to "spruce" these stories up as new work going forward and it was to be done exclusively by freelancers with a more liberal, less rigid assembly-line approach. A handful of artists (seemingly Timely and nascent Atlas' fastest top-tier artists) provided these new splash panels: Maneely (newly arrived from Philadelphia), Sekowsky, Shores, Rule, and Klein.

"Designing Female" is by an unknown penciler but is inked by Mike Becker. The new splash panel is Sekowsky/Rule. The last story, "Once in a Love-Time," had long been an enigma to me. What you see here at first (and second) glance is Bill Everett, including the lettering, but for years something bothered me about the artwork. Something was off. The figure work was horrible, nothing like Everett's other contemporary stories, including other romance stories that possessed dynamic storytelling and a fluid, driving flow. This story art was completely flat and two-dimensional, filled with talking heads, although with an Everett ink sheen. About fifteen years ago, it hit me, I was looking at pencils by Marion Sitton, an artist I had tracked down in

the late 1990s and interviewed extensively (see *Alter Ego* #78, June/08). I had become extremely adept at spotting his pencils (under awful inks) in a score of Timely romance-glut stories and looking past the Everett inking, I believed this to be his pencil work. I sent a copy of the story to him and he reported back that he believed I was correct, he recognized the inexperienced way he told a story at his start, the talking heads, he believed, were all his and he never inked his own work on staff. Sitton would go on to be a Timely/Atlas crime specialist in 1951-52, with an easily recognized style. He worked around the industry at Avon, Ziff Davis, *et al.* and returned home to Texas in the mid 1950s to commercial art and portraiture using the medium of crayon, becoming known as "the world's greatest crayon artist."

Issue #4 is this title's last pure "romance" issue, sporting a photo cover and "A Lovers Magazine." The lead story, "Fool's Paradise!" has a large 2/3 page splash panel by Rule. The rest of the story is Rule and George Klein trading off panels and pages, both penciling and inking each other. Some pages appear to be all Klein. A house ad for the newly launched Western, *Reno Browne* follows on an ad page (it will last three issues). "Strictly Small Time!" has a new splash by Werner Roth. The rest of the story looks like Sitton-penciled inventory with perhaps Roth, but it's very tough to tell. It also has a diverse-hands look.

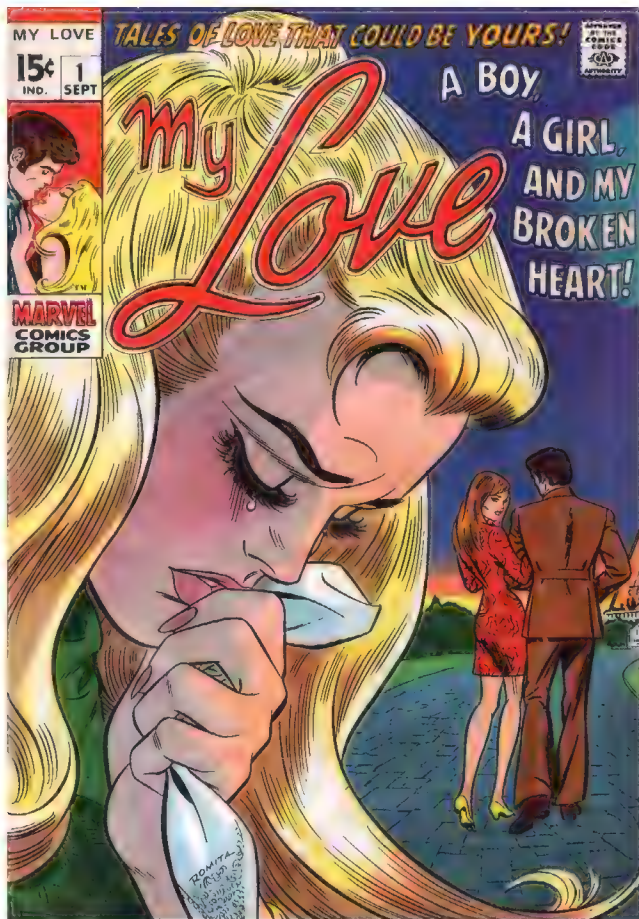
A half-page house ad advertising the heart-shaped "A Lovers Magazine" colophon is next, which is ironic as cover month July/50 is the last month it will ever appear, vanishing into the abyss of the love-glut implosion. The two-page text story has an illustration signed by "Joan," someone I've found on 15 text stories all cover-dated May and June/50. To this day, I haven't identified who this was. (It wasn't Joan Lee.) "Mother Knows Best!" has a new Brown-penciled splash (hmmm, another long neck!). The story art is unknown. A full-page house ad for the debut of Dan DeCarlo's *My Friend Irma* is followed by the last story, "Borrowed Love!," which is 100 percent penciled and inked by Klein.

Girl Comics #4 (June/50) was the last 52-page survivor of the love glut, with all titles except the big four (*My Own Romance*, *Love Romances*, *Lovers* and *Love Tales*) and *Venus*, canceled in a massive purge two and three months previously. The big four would continue publishing and cover-dated Oct/50 *Girl Comics* would return as something new, a girl's adventure comic book to rival *Man Comics*, *Men's Adventures*, and *Young Men*.

The remaining eight issues and thirty-two stories evoke familiar Atlas origins, with a few notable female exceptions. Only three stories have identified authors. Let's run through them.

Issue #5's cover is unknown but some sort of Sol Brodsky and Carl Burgos mix is the likeliest answer. "The Man Who Followed!" is by Vern Henkel, a thriller about a young woman pursued by spies after the information she's carrying. A former Timely staffer and veteran of Quality's 1940s comic line, Henkel was primarily a crime and war artist for Timely/Atlas, known for *Rocky Jordan*, *Private Eye* and *Casey Crime Photographer*, the latter licensed from CBS radio and television (as was *Suspense* and *My Friend Irma*). These licenses were secured for Goodman by Arthur Perles, the

OPPOSITE: Love-glut photo-cover array #2: *My Diary* #2 (Mar/50), U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp., Terry Moore in film *The Return of October* (1948) photo still; *My Love* #1 (July/49), Classic Detective Stories, Inc., *Our Love* #2 (Jan/50), Select Publications, Inc.; *Real Experiences* #25 (#1) (Jan/50), 20th Century Comic Corp., Virginia Mayo in film *Red Light* (1949) photo still; *Romance Diary* #2 (Mar/50), Classic Detective Stories, Inc., *Romance Tales* #9 (#3) (Apr/50), Current Detective Stories, Inc., June Haver, Lon McCallister film publicity still; *Romantic Affairs* #3 (Mar/50), Select Publications, Inc.; *True Life Tales* #2 (Jan/50), Official Comics, Inc.; *Young Hearts* #2 (Feb/50), Select Publications, Inc., Colleen Townsend publicity photo for a film called *Front and Center*, which apparently was the working title for John Ford's *Willie Comes Marching Home*.



brother of his business attorney Jerry Perles, the Assistant Director of CBS Publicity. Henkel was also a friend and neighbor of Joe Maneely in Bayside Queens. He drew a total of about ninety stories for Timely/Atlas up to early 1953.

Which, coincidentally, leads us to "The Death Plunge" by Maneely. I included this story in the curated *Atlas Artist Edition* No. 1: *Joe Maneely* last year, a very early story by the future Atlas giant, one of two stories by him (in the same time period) with circus themes (the other, "Laugh! Clown! Laugh!" in *Man Comics* #5, Dec/50). A trapeze thriller with excitement and death threats, Maneely's art has a sterling crispness, and his storytelling skills are remarkably strong.

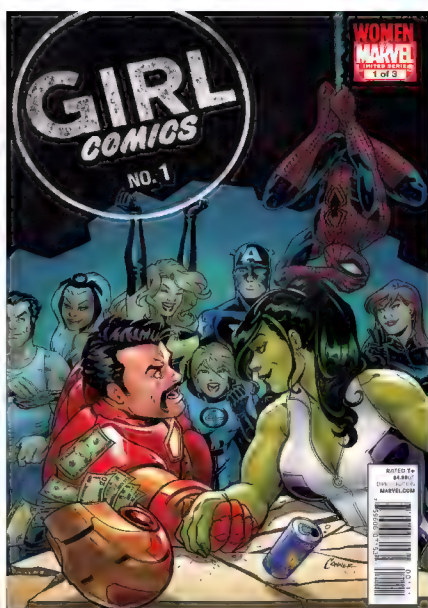
Russ Heath renders "House of Shadows!" next, a four-page haunted-house send-up. Of course, there are no real skeletal specters (this isn't a pre-Code horror comic), but the young girl in the house on a fraternity dare didn't know that! Lastly, what appears to be Bill LaCava, on "Conflict!" A young Irish woman from Delancy Street gets accepted into a fancy Connecticut finishing school, where a blue-blood daughter makes her life a living hell. At her breaking point, she falls back on her street toughness and gains the respect of her tormentor.

The action really kicks in with issue #6. The cover is again unknown but likely the usual Brodsky and Burgos mix. I can state that the cover boxes along the left side were penciled by Sekowsky. "The Horns" is by Mike Esposito, penciled and inked. A woman toreador and the threat of genetic blindness, this is a real melodrama! Crazily, the Canadian printing of this issue (*Marvelous Adventure* #35) uses the splash panel for the cover (see image). Esposito was a postwar Timely staffer, primarily an inker, who penciled a total of five stories contemporaneously for Atlas, going on to ink approximately 120 Ross Andru stories for Atlas, and innumerable stories beyond. Ken Rice follows, on "Turning Point." A young woman goes to work after high school and ends up running a company department, holding in her hands the employment fate of a classmate who had previously mocked her for not being able to afford college. A stalwart of the Ace comics line from 1949-1955, Rice drew only a tiny handful of Atlas stories. (The only other I've ever seen is in *Men's Adventures* #6, Feb/51).

Ann Brewster draws "The Victim was Me!" Now this is a weird one, a convoluted, seven-page, multi-pronged inheritance murder thriller, with a wind-up squeezed into the last panel. A couple things of note strike me: First, two different letterers are seen here, one lettering 95 percent of the story, the other only a panel or two. Second, unless I'm mistaken, the main letterer looks like Dick Ayers to me, who always lettered his own Atlas stories, as far as I know. Third, what may tie this together is the fact that, as he told me, he once dated Ann Brewster. I believe Ayers and his wife, Lindy, were already married at this point, but it's reasonable to assume he maintained a professional relationship with

LEFT TOP: *My Love* #1 (Sept/69), Magazine Management Co., Inc., art by John Romita.

LEFT BOTTOM: *Our Love Story* #1 (Oct/69), Magazine Management Co., Inc., art by John Romita.



Brewster. Am I 100 percent certain? No, but this is what I think I see. Brewster was a dean of the Atlas romance line, drawing sixty-five stories between 1955 and 1957 (plus three in 1951 and three non-romance tales). She was an excellent artist, but one of her quirks to me was the preponderance of characters appearing almost cross-eyed!

The last story, “I was a Murderer’s Daughter,” is by Hy Rosen, but my gut is telling me that John Tartagliano could be here also, which would place it as his earliest Timely/Atlas appearance. He shortly would be inking Pierce Rice then drawing almost 180 stories through 1957, 120 of them romance stories. Another Canadian novelty is that the splash for this story (in *Marvelous Adventures* #35) censors the word “Murderer,” leaving the title ridiculously as “I was ... Daughter!” (see image). A woman finds the true killer of her father’s partner, exonerating him, but losing her fiancé in the process.

Issue #7’s cover is unknown but Sekowsky is a guess, along with the usual Brodsky/Burgos mixture. Brodsky does draw the first story, “If a Girl Be Mad,” a cruise ship murder attempt by a newlywed criminal husband to get her money by trying to drive her insane. “They Call Me a Spy” is by LaCava and written by Hank Chapman, the champion of Timely/Atlas propaganda stories. A seemingly innocent woman landing a job in Washington D.C., is arrested as a spy. The story coincided with, and was influenced by, the arrest of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in mid-1950.

Bellman follows with “Hideout,” a tight little gem. From the off-kilter ‘through the window’ splash to the stylized figures, Bellman’s quirky artwork is a favorite of mine. Bellman is concurrently all over the pre-Code horror titles and will shortly take over the *Jet Dixon of the Space Squadron* feature (see *Atlas Library* Vol. 3: *In the Days of the Rockets*).

George Klein pencils and inks “The Silver Shield.” A young woman joins the police department against her father’s wishes. Law and order propaganda extolling the virtues of our men and women in blue.

The cover to issue #8, this time, I do believe is Sekowsky, and the word “Romance” is added to the banner at the top between ‘Mystery’ and ‘Suspense,’ replacing the word ‘Adventure.’ The first story, “Each Passing Shadow,” is drawn by Dick Rockwell, who drew a total of about fifteen stories for Timely/Atlas between 1949 and 1951. The nephew of American artist Norman Rockwell, Rockwell bounced around the industry (Lev Gleason, DC, Dell, Fawcett, Fiction House) but did the majority of his work in syndication, where he ghost-penciled substantial portions of the *Steve Canyon* strip from 1953 to 1988. In 1964 Rockwell was slated to take over the Giant-Man feature in *Tales to Astonish* before it was briefly assigned to Steve Ditko and Joe Orlando. Recently, the original art to the splash page surfaced and under the known splash was the original unfinished splash by Rockwell. No one knows, at this late date, why Rockwell was replaced.

Brewster returns on “Wings of Death.” These adventure stories are drawn in a slightly different style from her numerous later post-Code romance stories. The figures are smaller and the panels more numerous. “The Lonely One” is unknown and the issue ends with Esposito again on “The Wrong Side of the Tracks.” These last two stories are job-numbered consecutively, indicating they were likely written by the same unknown author. The issue also has a Statement of Ownership signed by Robert Solomon, Martin Goodman’s brother-in-law (married to his sister Sylvia) and Stan Lee’s uncle.

The cover to issue #9 is similar to #8 and I’m guessing Sekowsky with or without Sol Brodsky and/or Carl Burgos. “House of Shadows” is by Warren Broderick, an African American artist who did most of his known work for Timely/Atlas, drawing nine stories, all in 1951, and all but three were romance. Billed on the splash as “A Girl Comics Romantic

ABOVE: *Girl Comics* #1 (May/10), Marvel Worldwide, Inc., art by Amanda Conner and Laura Martin; *Girl Comics* #2 (July/10), Marvel Worldwide, Inc., art by Jill Thompson; *Girl Comics* #3 (Sept/10), Marvel Worldwide, Inc., art by Jo Chen.

Adventure!" the story was written by Wessler (on December 28, 1950). "One is Guilty" is by Nina Albright. A rash of nasty rumors hover about a school beauty queen, threatening to end a scholastic career before it even gets started. Albright had an extensive career all around the industry, including shop work at the Baily, Jacquet, Iger, and Jack Cole studios. She dipped her toes in at Timely/Atlas for about six stories, two in 1949 and four in 1951.

Cal Massey drew "Black-Out!" and Chic Stone "Downfall," the latter a boxing melodrama where a gold-digging girlfriend pushes her reluctant fiancé into the ring so she can reap the financial benefits of his career.

Issue #10 continues the tradition of unidentified cover art, possibly by Sekowsky or Brodsky and inked by Rule. Morrie Weiss draws "The Deadly Double-Cross," with a script by Wessler. This is Weiss' first appearance in this title (he was be a frequent contributor to its successor *Girl Confessions*), but he would draw about seventy-five non-humor stories for Atlas, fifty-seven of them romance and nearly all of them in 1952 alone. Weiss cut his teeth on teen humor titles, with his signature character being *Tessie the Typist*. He later drew the *Adventures of Pinky Lee* series and became the final main *Patsy Walker* artist (along with Al Hartley) after the departure of Al Jaffee.

George Klein is next on "The Woman-Hater!" A few panels look penciled by someone else but the story is overwhelmingly Klein pencils and inks. "The Outsider" is unknown to me and Bellman returns for a second story, "Dead Hands at the Control," a goofy melodrama with a text box on the splash stating that "readers will not be able to put this story down." An ill, dying, railroad engineer insists on bringing in his last train himself, even while at death's door. This story is a thrill a minute!

Issue #11 is the final unknown cover from this period of the title. Sekowsky (?) with Rule (likely), Sol Brodsky (?). It's frustrating. Frank R. Sieminski leads with "Breaking Point!" Sieminski had a cup of coffee in the industry with fourteen of his fifteen Timely/Atlas stories in the romance genre, solely in 1951. He strangely makes a 1958 appearance in the debut issue of the *Mad Magazine* copycat *Loco*, published by Satire Publications, Inc. Sieminski drew in a realistic, illustrative style, not unlike Weiss and Dick Rockwell of this period. Dan LoPrino follows with "Till Death do Us Part," a bit of a tear-jerker (ahem, I have something in my eye), as the sole survivor of a tragic bus crash refuses to leave the bus ferrying souls to the afterlife without her fiancé.

"I Hate Janet Briggs" appears to be nearly 100-percent Rule, with the exception of Klein panels on page 6. The former Hearst fashion artist and children's-book illustrator was a giant of the postwar Timely teen and romance line and the defacto *Patsy Walker* artist in *Miss America Magazine* before being replaced by Al Jaffee. I had the opportunity to ask Jaffee about the circumstances of this in 2013, and the response was that Stan Lee wanted the feature "spruced up." Rule's work was gorgeous but static. Jaffee's was dynamic, having trained on scores of rambunctiously animated funny-animal comics in the early 1940s. According to Jaffee, Rule was incensed but immediately moved over to the romance books and had his fill there. (Rule would return to teen comics briefly on

Wendy Parker in 1953.) Rule became Jack Kirby's primary inker in the early pre-hero period prior to being supplanted by Ayers. Finally, Bill Savage draws "Unwanted!" Savage on a romance story is a rarity, the only one among forty other stories he drew for Atlas between 1951 and 1954. His main forte was war and spy stories, including a run on *Doug Grant, Secret Agent* in *Spy Cases* in 1952-53.

And finally, issue #12, with the best cover of the series, a beautiful, melodramatic scene by the great Al Hartley, who drew some of the most beautiful women in comics. This cover is a perfect example of a cover drawing without knowledge of the story being depicted. In the Bernard Krigstein story it represents, "the dark hallway" is a metaphor for the girl's heart as she has to choose between duty to her country and the love of her life. The cover by Hartley depicts a couple walking down an actual dark hallway, with all manner of dangerous and evil things about to happen to them. Krigstein renders a Cold War spy thriller, and is an acknowledged master of sequential art. He drew 78 stories for Timely/Atlas, 47 pre-Code from 1950-1953, 2 while he was concurrently at E.C. in 1954, and 29 post-E.C. stories up through 1957. A total of 9 (including this story) were romance stories, 7 in 1952 alone. Weiss drew "Deserted," a tale of love and assumed betrayal. "Aftermath!" is by Chic Stone.

The book and the title ends with "None are so Blind," by the returning Warren Broderick. If this title sounds familiar, it's a partial derivation of an Old Testament proverb, used as an early episode title on *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, and later by Stan Lee in *Daredevil* #17 (June/66). A blind woman is stalked by her gold-digging new husband.

And with that last story, *Girl Comics* comes to an end, changing title to *Girl Confessions* without missing a beat, reverting back to a traditional romance comic book, one that will feature a stellar line-up of Atlas talent including Everett, Hartley, Roth, Jay Scott Pike, Harry Anderson, Jerry Robinson, and Joe Maneely. With a bit of luck maybe we'll present it in the future!

One last addendum: In 2010 Marvel published a series of empowered-women titles under the "Women of Marvel" banner. Among several limited series featuring top Marvel women characters (Black Widow, Sif, and a then new title called *Heralds*) by top women creators, was a wonderful three-issue series featuring modern vignettes of female characters called — you guessed it — *Girl Comics*! Issue #1 also included spotlight features on Flo Steinberg and Marie Severin, issue #2 covered Timely's June Tarpe Mills, Ruth Atkinson, "glamorous girl inker" Valerie Barclay, and Linda Fite, while issue #3 focused on Louise Simonson, Ann Nocenti and Glynis Oliver. All three issues were further collected into a *Girl Comics* hardcover. I recommend this series highly.

OPPOSITE: *My Own Romance* #41 (Dec/54), "No Date for the Dance!" p.2, original artwork. Artist is unknown but my interpretation is as follows: The women's faces hint at Dan DeCarlo (or Stan Goldberg). The large full head shot in panel 2 is a frequent hallmark of Valerie Barclay, so my credit guess is Barclay/DeCarlo or Barclay/Goldberg. Or not.



YOU COULD PASS YOURSELF OFF AS ONE OF THEM AND GET INTO THAT BALL AT THE WALDOLF TOWERS!

I COULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT! IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT!



WITH YOUR BEAUTY AND POISE, YOU COULD HOOK YOURSELF A SOCIETY HUSBAND, INSTEAD OF WORKING HERE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

I DON'T THINK I'D BE ABLE TO GET AWAY WITH IT!

BUT AS ANNETTE TALKED ON, TELLING ME OF THE WONDERFUL CHANCE I WAS PASSING BY, IT SEEMED TO MAKE SENSE! THE NEXT THING I KNEW, SHE WAS GETTING ME READY!!!

AFTER BEING COMPLETELY MADE UP, WE WENT TO THE DRESS SHOP, WHERE I TRIED ON MY FIRST FORMAL DRESS!!!

IT WAS ONLY AFTER WE LEFT THE SHOP THAT A SUDDEN THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ME!!!



YOU'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE YOURSELF WHEN MADAME ZAZA GETS THRU WITH YOU, JEAN! NEXT STOP IS ARMAND'S!



YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS! THIS SMALL INVESTMENT IS GOING TO NET YOU A RICH GUY!!! YOU WAIT AND SEE!

I WISH I FELT THE WAY YOU DO ABOUT IT!

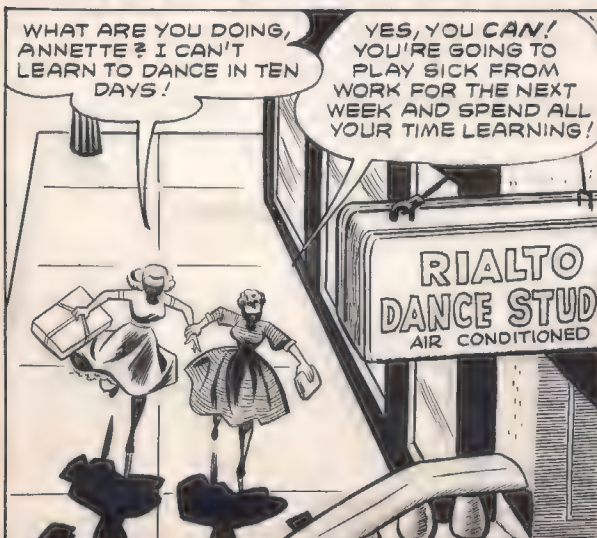


ANNETTE, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO AT THE BALL? I NEVER LEARNED HOW TO DANCE!

WHAT A TIME TO TELL ME, WITH THE BALL ONLY TEN DAYS OFF!

ANNETTE TOOK CHARGE AGAIN, AND LED ME DOWN THE STREET TO A DANCE STUDIO!!!

ANNETTE SENT ME UPSTAIRS ON MY OWN! I WALKED IN AND THAT WAS WHEN I FIRST SAW TOD!!!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, ANNETTE? I CAN'T LEARN TO DANCE IN TEN DAYS!

YES, YOU CAN! YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY SICK FROM WORK FOR THE NEXT WEEK AND SPEND ALL YOUR TIME LEARNING!



IS THIS THE PLACE WHERE I LEARN TO DANCE? I WANT TO LEARN IN A HURRY!

WELL... YES... AND I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU EVERY LESSON PERSONALLY!

TRUE-LIFE LOVE STORIES!

GIRL COMICS

10¢ OCT.



a BIG
52 PAGE
magazine

I COULDN'T
ESCAPE
from LOVE!



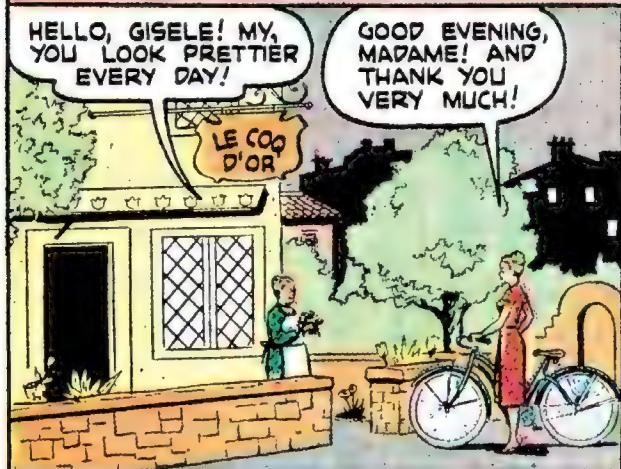


IT ISN'T EASY TO GIVE UP THE MAN YOU LOVE! I FOUND THAT OUT... BUT IT'S ESPECIALLY DIFFICULT WHEN SOMEONE LIKE MME. DEVREAU IS...

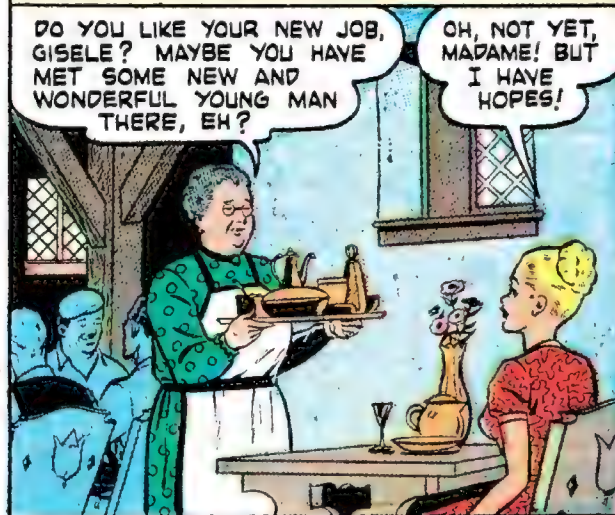
THE OTHER WOMAN!

5665

AT 11 I WAS AN ORPHAN... I HAD LIVED ALL MY LIFE IN THE LITTLE FRENCH VILLAGE OF PONT ROUGE-- NOW I HAD A ROOM AT THE TINY PONT ROUGE INN, WHERE MADAME COQUILLE, THE INNKEEPER, WAS VERY SWEET TO ME!



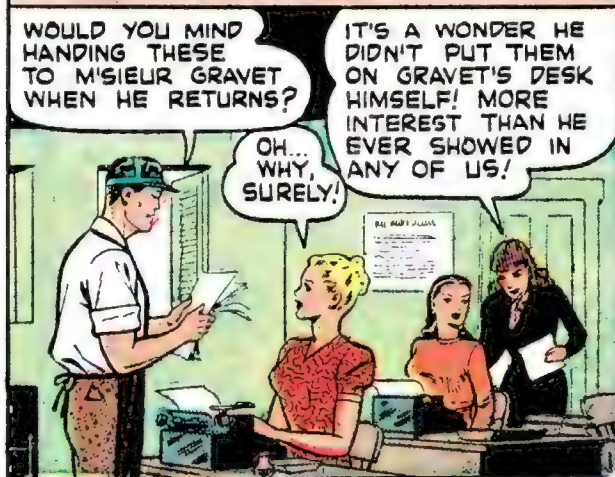
I WAS VERY HAPPY! I HAD NEVER THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT LOVE, EXCEPT AS EVERY GIRL DOES, IN VAGUE AND ROSY DREAMS! I HADN'T YET MET ANYONE I COULD PIN THEM ONTO!

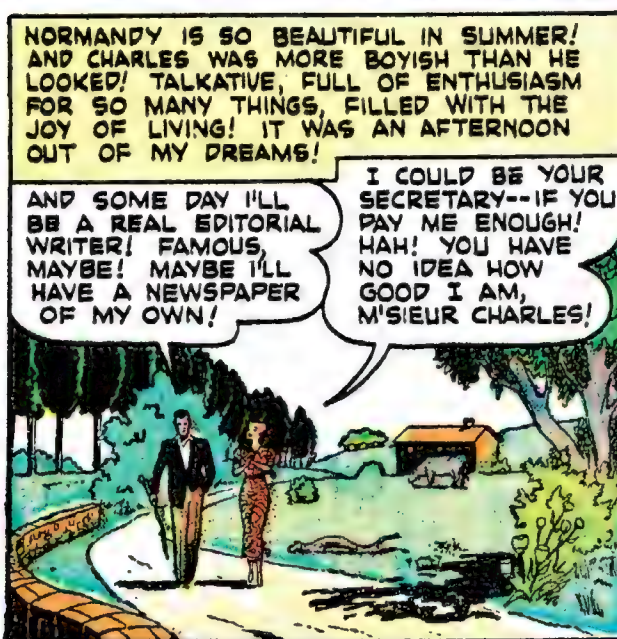
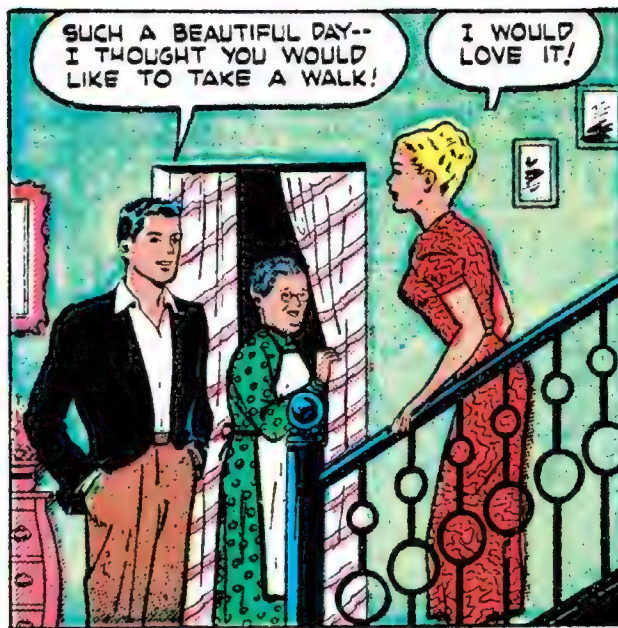
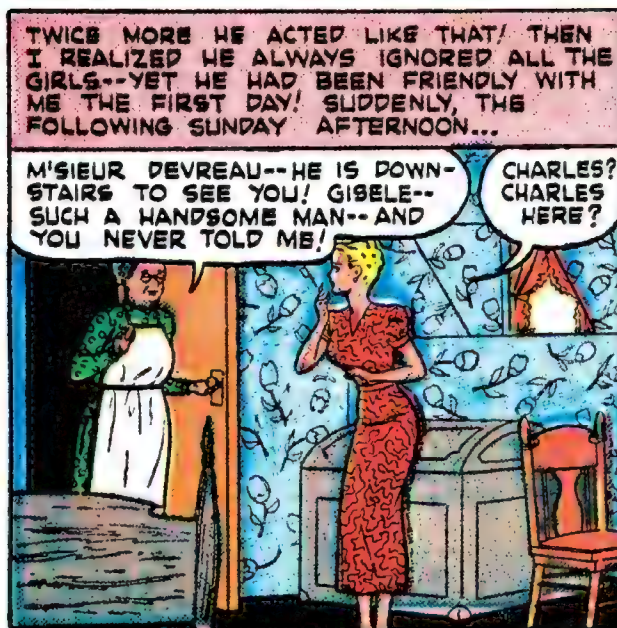
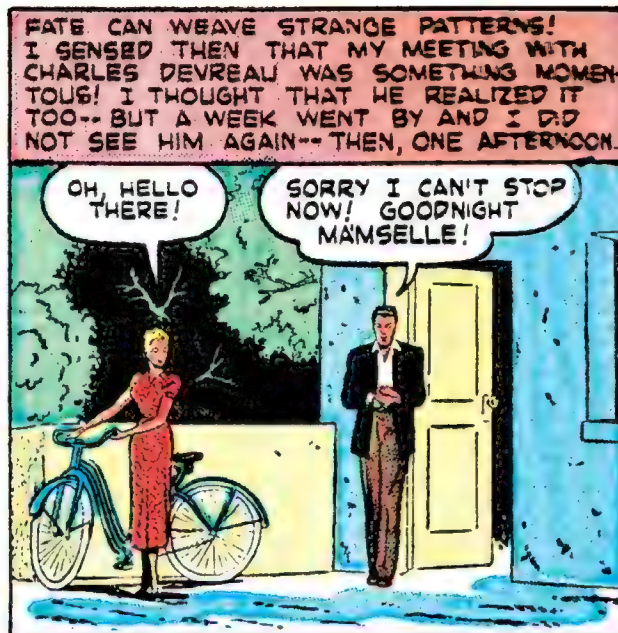
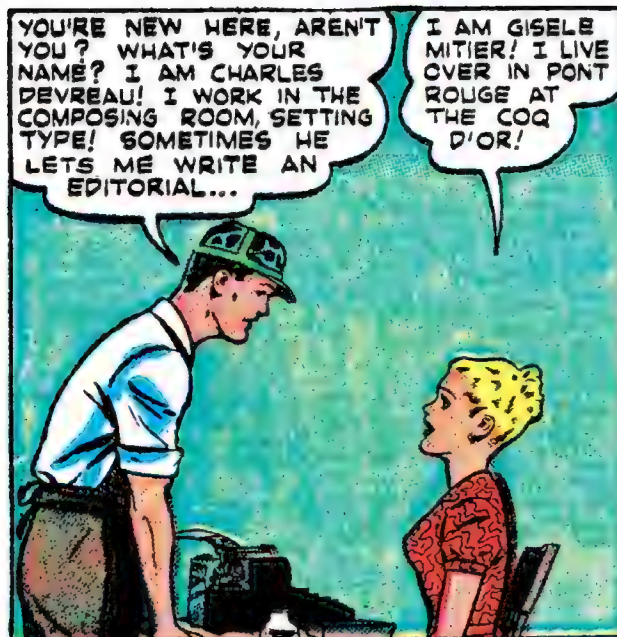


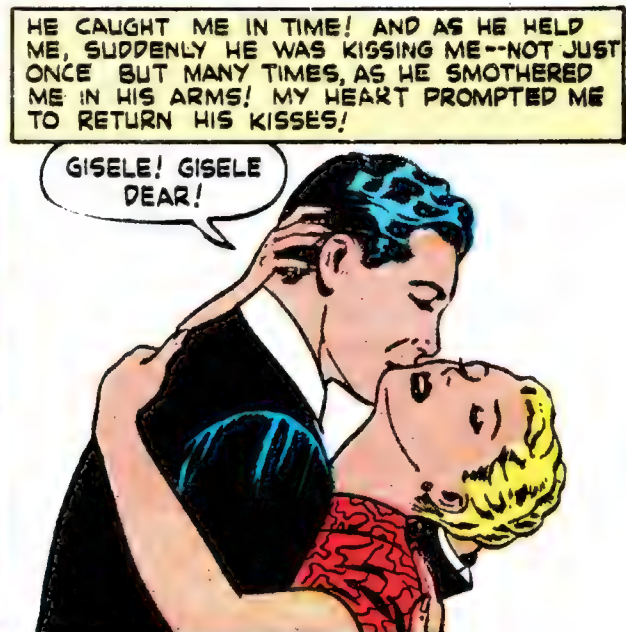
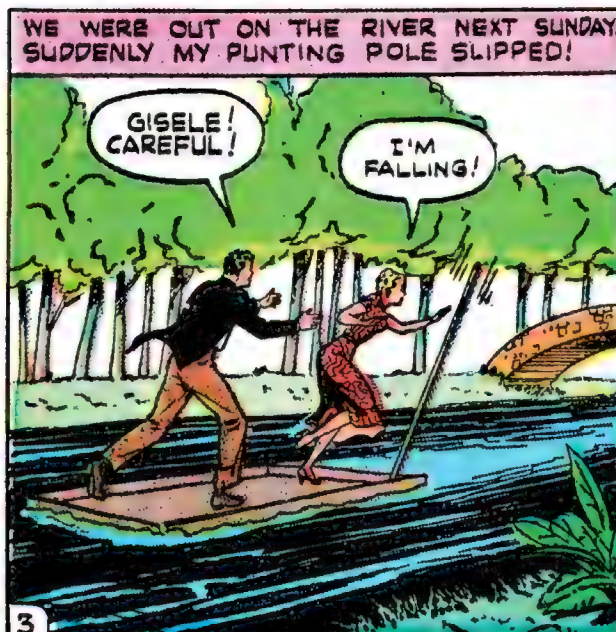
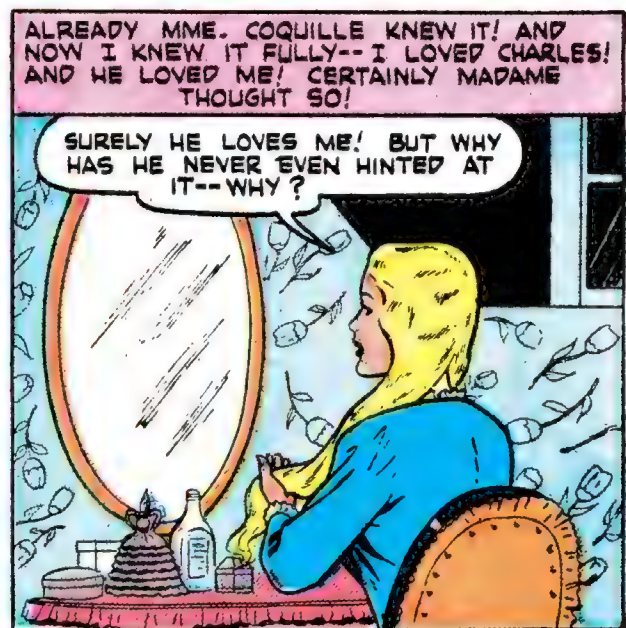
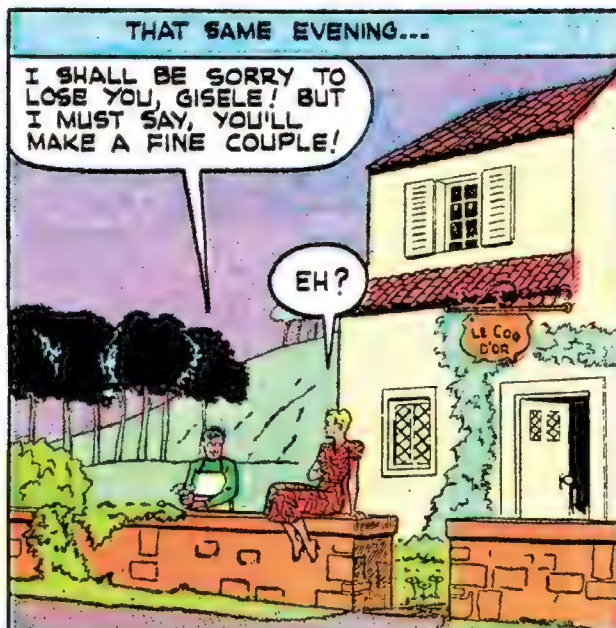
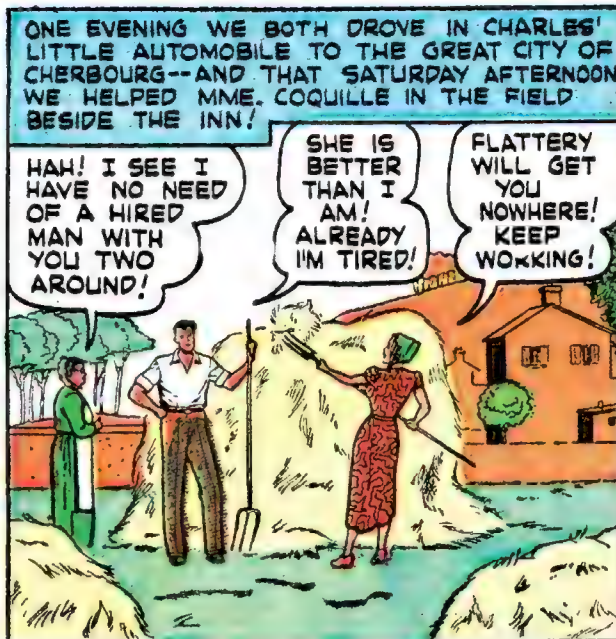
WE COULD GET AMERICAN BICYCLES AGAIN NOW! I RODE OVER TO BEAUVILLE TO MY WORK--IT WAS JUST A FEW MILES, AND THAT NEXT MORNING...



SURELY, EVEN THEN, WITH THAT FIRST GLANCE, MY INTEREST WAS STIRRED! I WANTED FERVENTLY TO MEET THIS CHARLES! I DID NOT HAVE TO WAIT LONG--THAT SAME AFTERNOON HE CAME INTO THE EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE LITTLE NEWSPAPER!



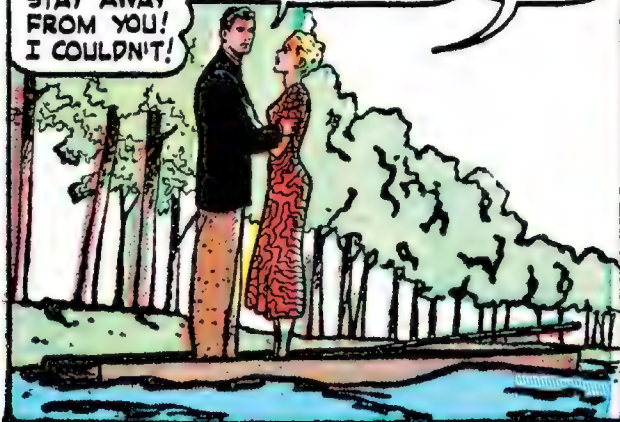




THEN HE SEEMED TO REALIZE WHAT HE WAS DOING AND HE PUSHED ME AWAY! HE SEEMED DESPERATELY HARASSED!

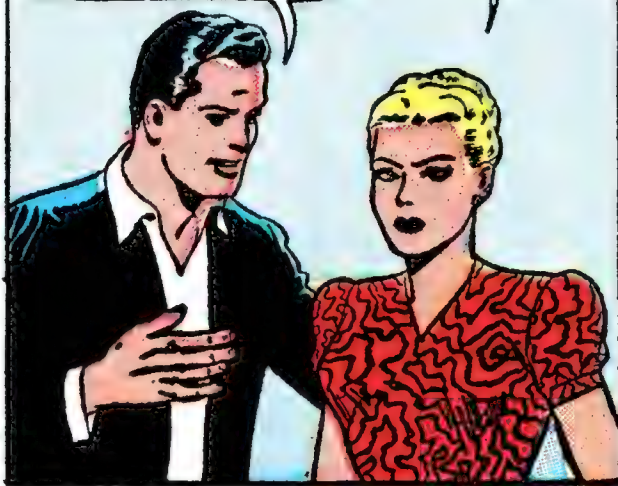
SO NOW YOU--YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, GISELE! I SHOULDN'T... I FOUGHT AGAINST IT SO HARD... YOU REMEMBER HOW I TRIED TO STAY AWAY FROM YOU! I COULDN'T!

WHY SHOULD YOU? AM I POISON OR SOMETHING?



NO! NO! IT ISN'T YOU, GISELE DEAR! I JUST CAN'T MARRY YOU! I CAN'T--MARRY ANYONE! DON'T ASK ME WHY!

SO YOU'RE ALREADY MARRIED OR ENGAGED-- IS THAT IT?



NO! NO! I HARDLY KNOW ANY GIRLS BUT YOU! I'VE KEPT AWAY FROM GIRLS! BUT YOU-- I COULDN'T KEEP AWAY FROM YOU! OH, I TRIED...

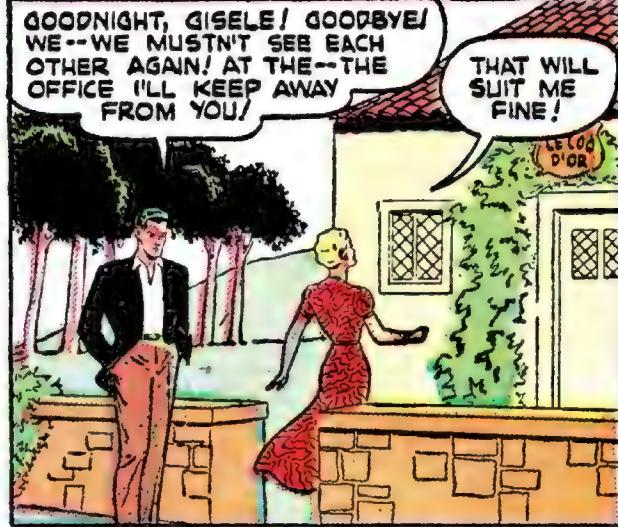
WELL, YOU'D BETTER GET ME HOME QUICKLY BEFORE I CONTAMINATE YOU ANY MORE!



WE WENT HOME IN SILENCE! NO ONE CAN SAY THAT A FRENCH GIRL HAS A PLACID TEMPER-- HIS SULLEN MANNER INFURIATED ME!

GOODNIGHT, GISELE! GOODBYE! WE--WE MUSTN'T SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN! AT THE--THE OFFICE I'LL KEEP AWAY FROM YOU!

THAT WILL SUIT ME FINE!



BUT THAT NIGHT, ALONE IN MY ROOM, MY ANGER SOON DISSOLVED INTO A FLOOD OF TEARS! I DECIDED THEN THAT I WOULD FIGHT FOR OUR LOVE-- CHARLES' AND MINE!

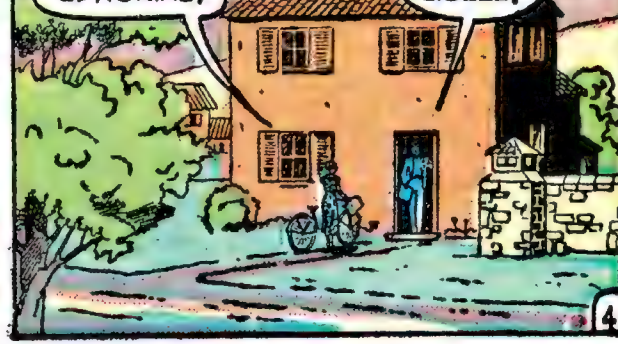
WHATEVER'S KEEPING US APART, I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS! AND I WILL!

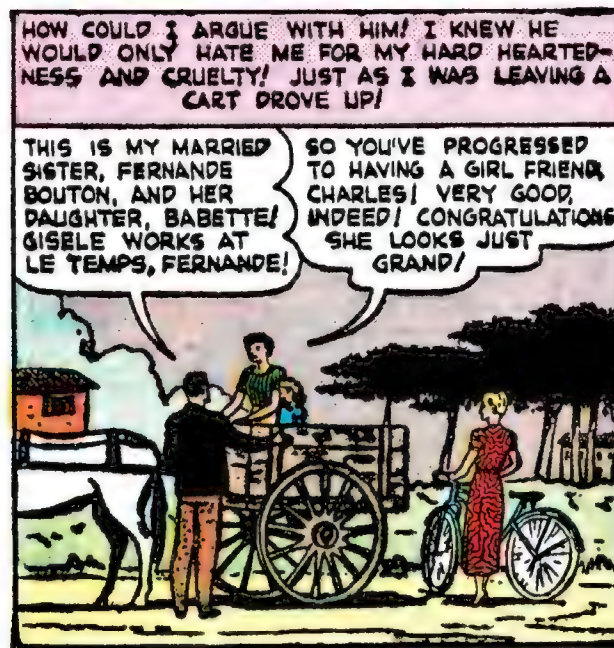
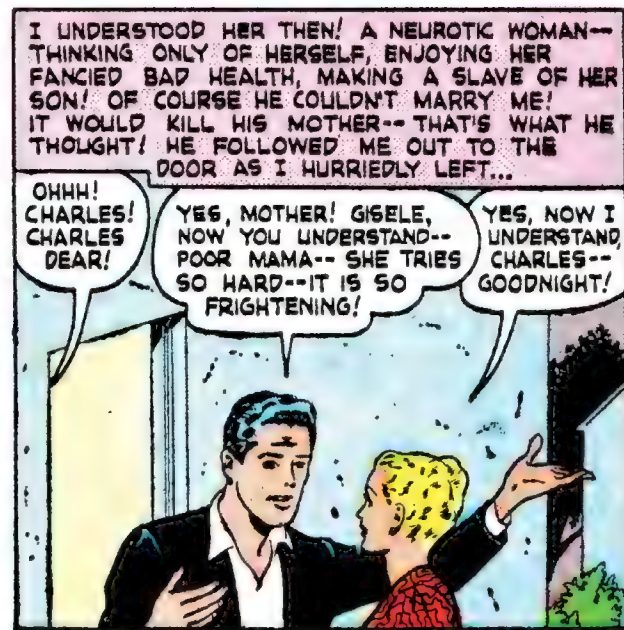
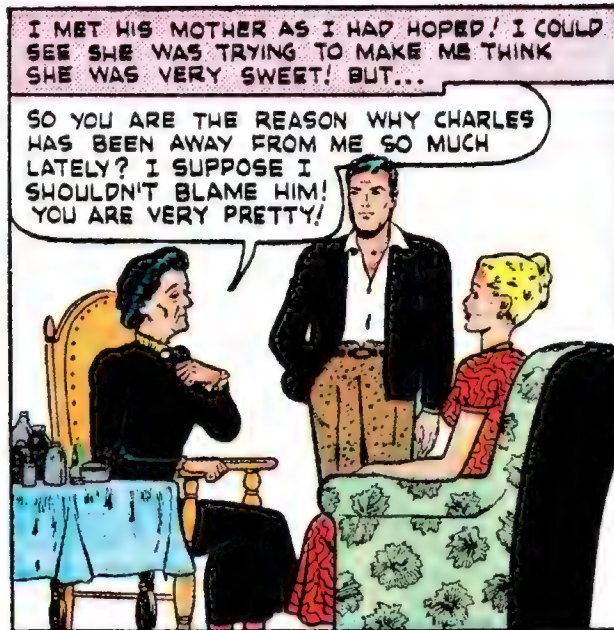


CHARLES, QUEERLY ENOUGH, HAD NEVER MENTIONED HIS FAMILY! I FOUND OUT NOW HE LIVED WITH HIS WIDOWED MOTHER IN BEAUVILLE... ON A TRUMPED-UP BUSINESS EXCUSE, I ROPE OVER THERE ONE EVENING TO SEE HIM!

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD WANT TO SEE M'SIEUR GRAVET'S COMMENTS ON YOUR LATEST EDITORIAL!

EH? WHY-- WHY--OH, ALL RIGHT! COME IN, GISELE!



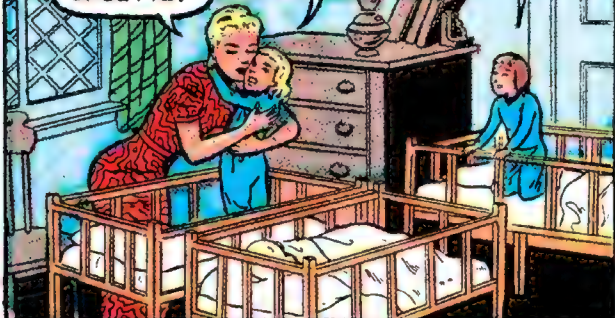


I COULD SEE THAT CHARLES' OLDER SISTER WAS ON TO THEIR MOTHER! WOULD I CALL ON HER? NOTHING COULD GIVE ME GREATER PLEASURE! I WENT DIRECTLY FROM WORK THE NEXT AFTERNOON! FERNANDE HAD THREE ADORABLE CHILDREN--I PLAYED WITH THEM AND THEY WANTED ME TO KISS THEM GOODNIGHT WHEN THEY WERE PUT TO BED!

NOW, YOU CHILDREN, BE GOOD! GO RIGHT TO SLEEP! GOODNIGHT, BABETTE!

GOOD-NIGHT, AUNT GISELE!

YOU PROMISED ME A PRESENT, AUNT GISELE!



"AUNT GISELE!" MY HEART ACHED TO HEAR THEM SAY IT! I TOLD FERNANDE FRANKLY HOW I WAS SURE CHARLES FELT ABOUT ME--AND MY LOVE FOR HIM! BUT IT SEEMED SO HOPELESS...

IS YOUR MOTHER'S HEART DANGER-POUSLY BAD, FERNANDE?

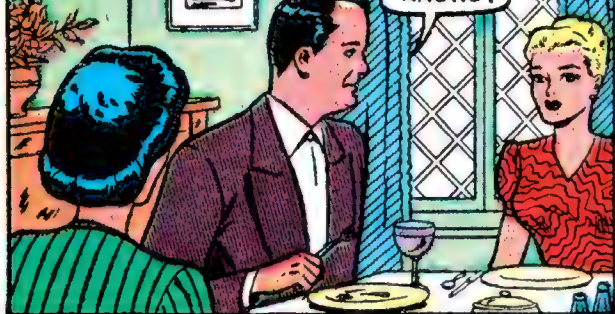
OF COURSE IT ISN'T! SHE'S JUST TERRIBLY NERVOUS-- BUT THE DOCTORS TAKE CHARLES' MONEY AND PANDER TO HER! WHY WOULDN'T THEY? SHE THINKS OF NOTHING BUT THE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN SHE EXPECTS TO HAVE!



THEN FERNANDE'S HUSBAND CAME IN FROM WORK AND WE HAD SUPPER...

NOBODY COULD TALK TO CHARLES! SHE KEEPS HIM TOO WORRIED!

SHE WAS THE SAME WITH FERNANDE, BUT WE TOOK A CHANCE AND GOT MARRIED! NOW ALL SHE'S GOT IS CHARLES! SHE'S WORSE NOW-- IF CHARLES MARRIED, MAYBE SHE COULD LASH HERSELF INTO A COLLAPSE! WHO KNOWS?



DESPERATELY I WAS TRYING TO THINK OF A WAY OUT! PUT HER IN A SANATORIUM? IMPOSSIBLE! THEY HAD MENTIONED IT TO HER AND SHE WOULDN'T GO!

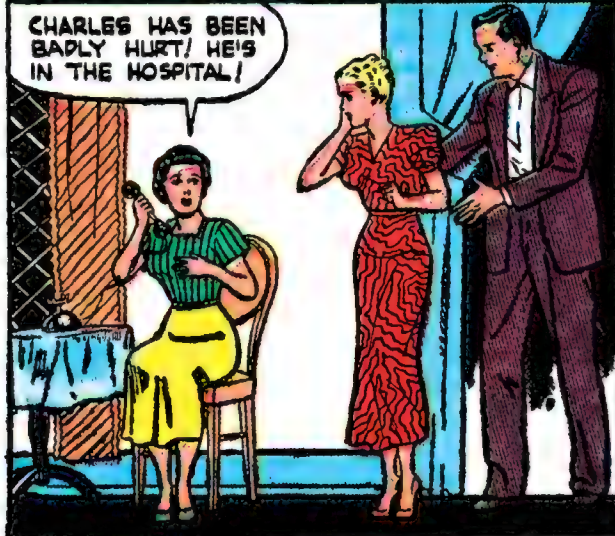
THIS BIG OLD HOUSE HERE-- THE THREE LITTLE ONES WOULD LOVE A GRANNY AROUND! IT WOULD BE GRAND IF SHE WAS A REGULAR HUMAN BEING-- WHICH SHE ISN'T!

HAVING HER HERE WOULD BE WORSE THAN HAVING THREE MORE CHILDREN-- AND ALL OF THEM SICK!



THE TELEPHONE RANG! FERNANDE ANSWERED IT-- FOR A LONG TIME SHE SAT THERE LISTENING, FROZEN WITH HORROR! AND THEN...

CHARLES HAS BEEN BADLY HURT! HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL!



A NEIGHBOR CAME IN TO STAY WITH THE CHILDREN... AND AS WE RACED TO THE HOSPITAL FERNANDE TOLD US WHAT HAD HAPPENED! IT WAS JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO... CHARLES' MOTHER HAD BEEN ALONE, WAITING FOR HIM TO ARRIVE FROM WORK...

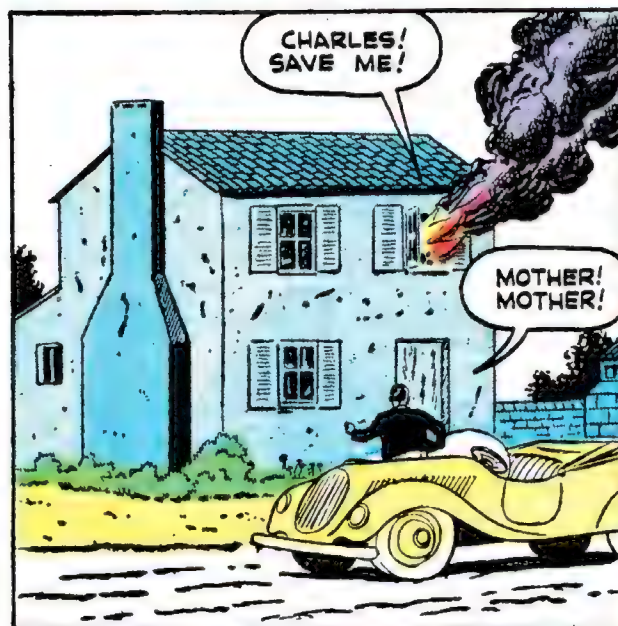
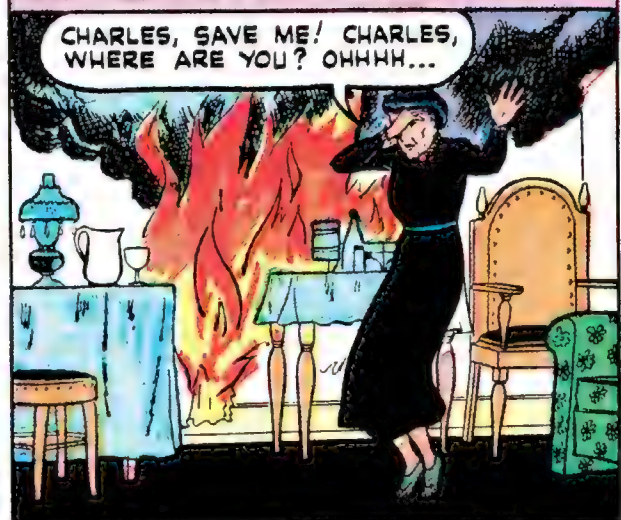
CHARLES SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE TEN MINUTES AGO GETTING OUR SUPPER! HE SHOULDN'T DO THIS TO ME-- HE SHOULD BE MORE CONSIDERATE!



SHE WAS LASHING HERSELF INTO A NERVOUS FURY!...AS SHE TOUCHED HER LITTLE ALCOHOL STOVE, SUDDENLY...



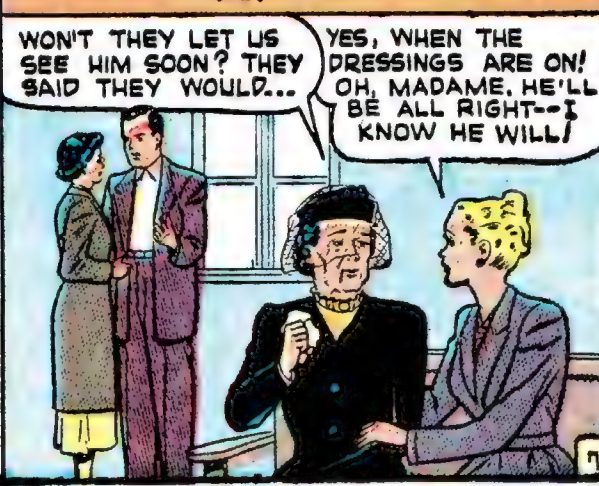
ALL IN A MOMENT THE FLIMSY ROOM WAS AN INFERNO OF FLAME! SHE COULD THINK OF NOTHING BUT TO SCREAM FOR CHARLES... AND THEN SHE PROMPTLY FAINTED!



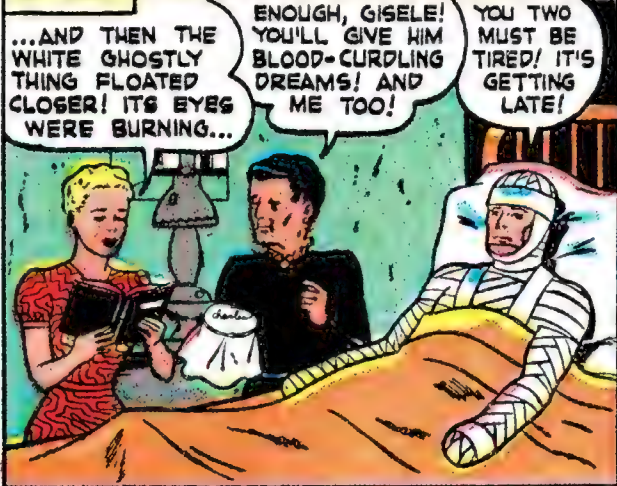
HE WAS ABLE TO WRAP HER IN A BLANKET TO PROTECT HER, AND HE FOUGHT HIS WAY OUT!



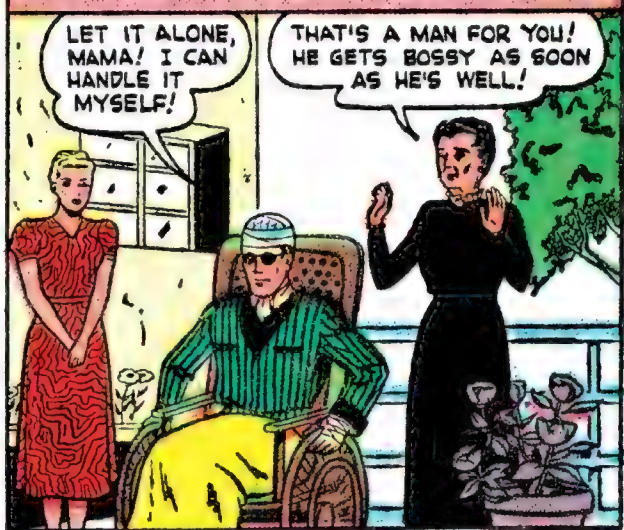
THE LITTLE COTTAGE WAS WHOLLY DESTROYED! CHARLES WAS VERY BADLY BURNED, BUT HIS MOTHER, WHEN SHE CAME OUT OF HER FAINT, WAS UNINJURED! FOR A TIME WE FEARED THAT CHARLES WOULD DIE!



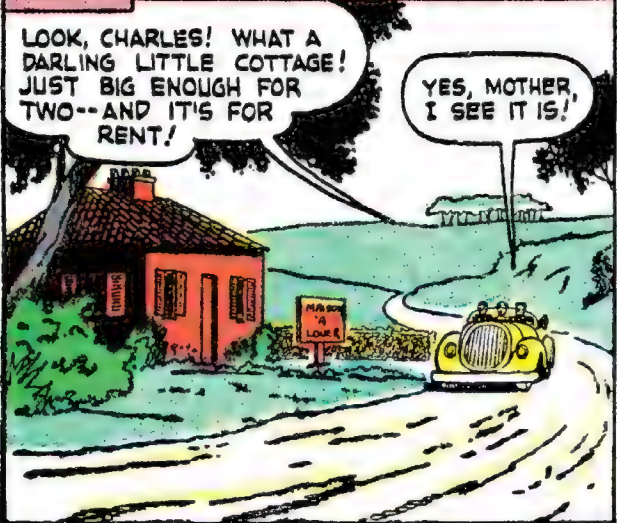
MME. DEVREAU WAS STAYING WITH FERNANDE NOW, AND SHE AND I WERE AT THE HOSPITAL EVERY DAY! I REALIZED SHE REALLY LOVED HER SON...THE ACCIDENT HAD SHOCKED HER INTO FORGETTING HERSELF...NOW SHE ONLY THOUGHT OF HIM!



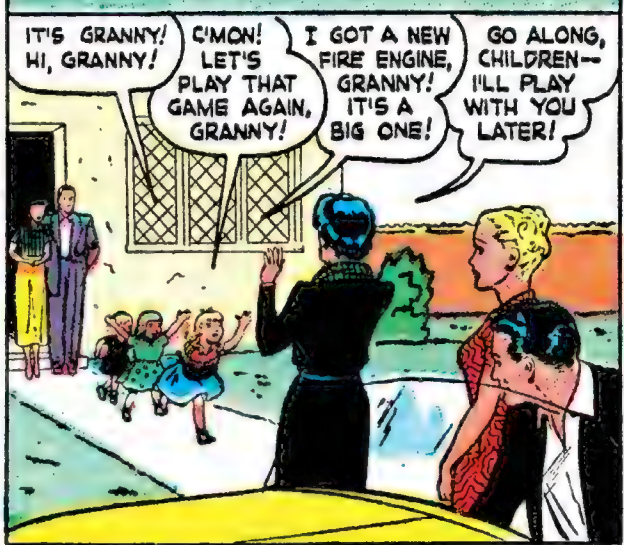
SOMETIMES CHARLES WAS WORRIED OVER HIS MOTHER! BUT HE NEEDN'T HAVE BEEN! MME. DEVREAU HADN'T BEEN SO WELL IN YEARS, AS IN THESE WEEKS WHILE CHARLES WAS RECOVERING...



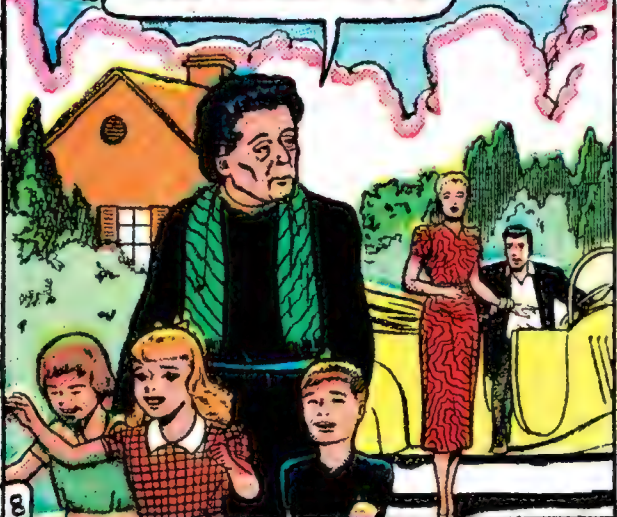
THEN AT LAST CHARLES LEFT THE HOSPITAL AND WENT TO FERNANDE'S! HE TOOK HIS MOTHER AND ME FOR A DRIVE THE NEXT DAY AND...



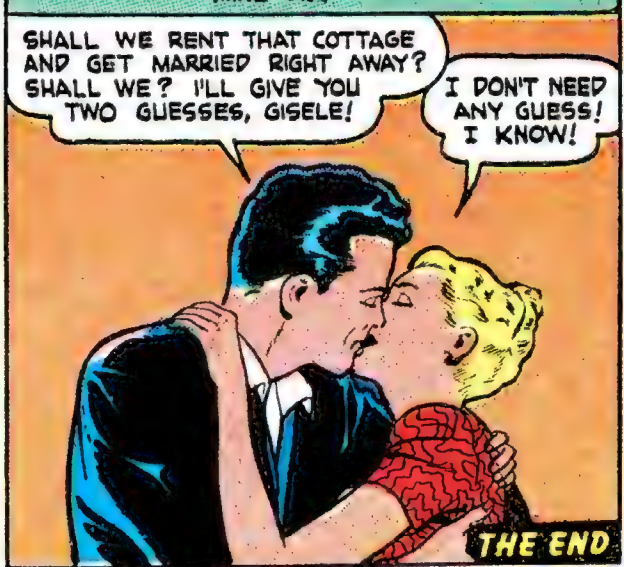
FOR A MOMENT I HAD A SINKING FEELING THAT THE SAME THING WAS STARTING UP ALL OVER AGAIN! BUT WHEN WE GOT BACK TO FERNANDE'S...

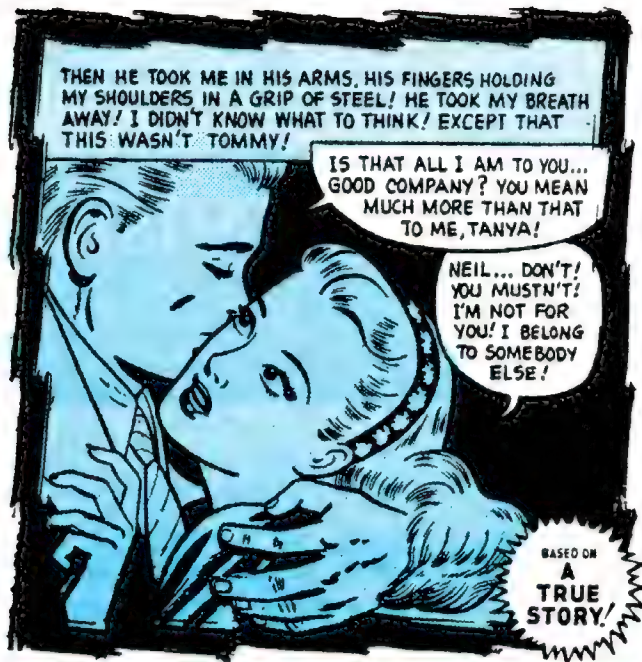


THAT LITTLE COTTAGE FOR RENT, CHARLES-- YOU'D BETTER SEE ABOUT THAT! IT'S JUST RIGHT FOR A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE!



DON'T THINK YOUR DREAMS WON'T COME TRUE! MINE DID!

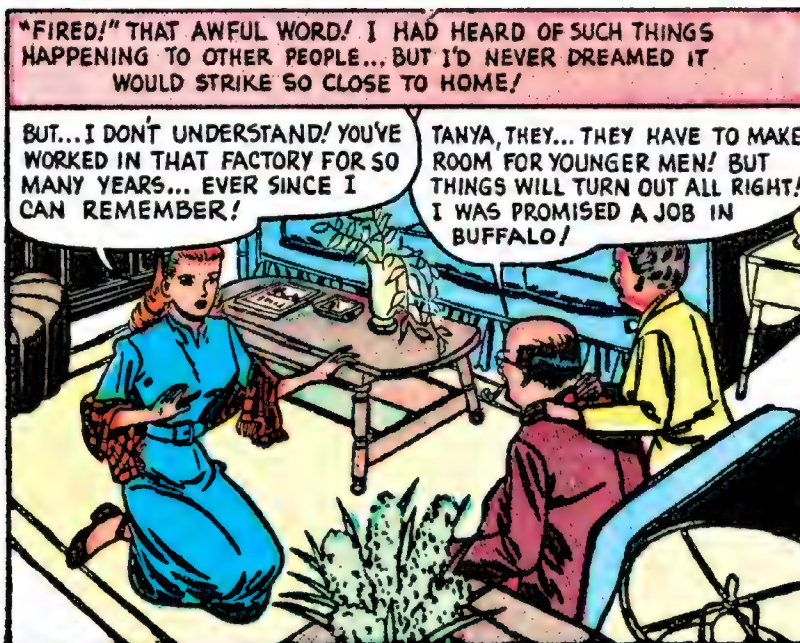
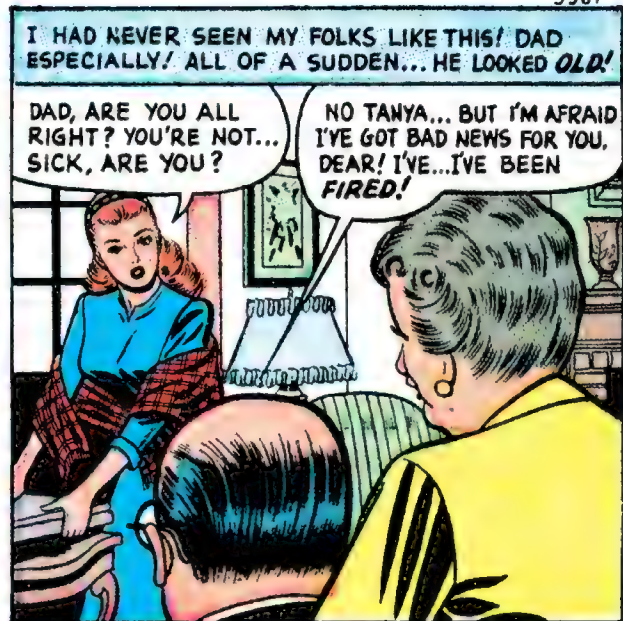
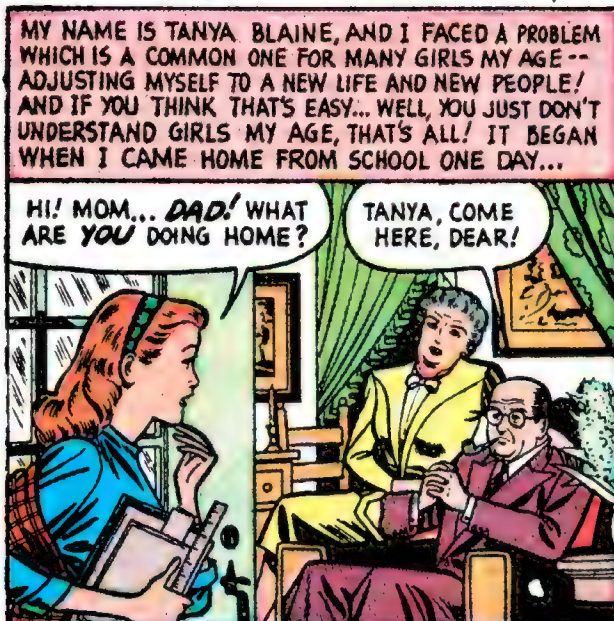




DID I HAVE TO LEARN THRU SHOCK AND DISILLUSIONMENT THE TRUTH OF THE OLD SAYING -

LOVE IS WHERE THE HEART *is!*

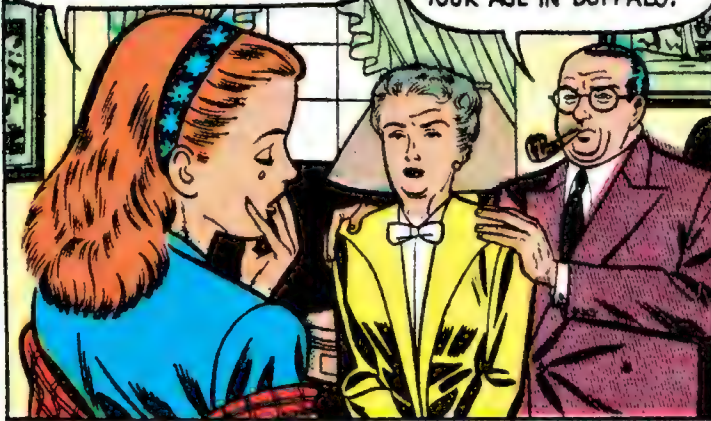
5967



I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS! I WAS STUNNED AT THE REALIZATION OF WHAT THIS MEANT TO ME!

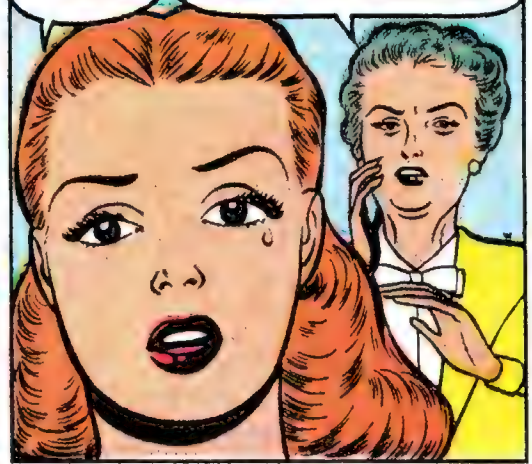
YOU...CAN'T MEAN IT! WE CAN'T MOVE! MY FRIENDS...THEY'RE ALL **HERE!** HOW CAN I LEAVE THEM? AND THEN... THERE'S TOMMY!

WE'RE SORRY, DEAR! BUT YOU'LL MAKE NEW FRIENDS! I ASSURE YOU THERE ARE PLENTY OF BOYS AND GIRLS YOUR AGE IN BUFFALO!



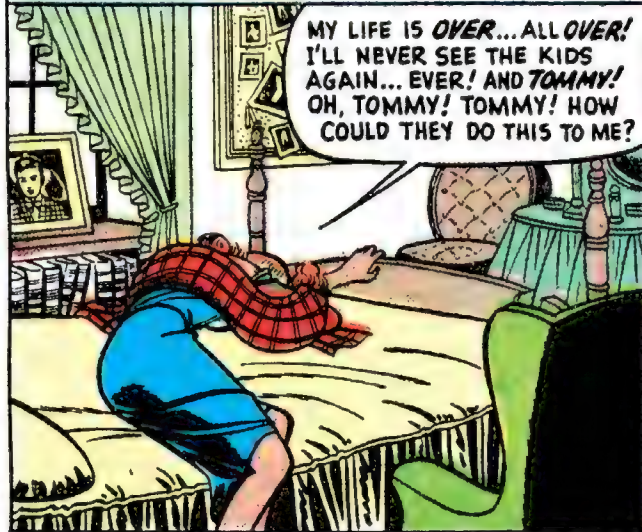
BUT I'M **GRADUATING** THIS JUNE! HOW **COULD** WE LEAVE TOWN?

LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS THE WAY WE WANT IT, DEAR! THAT'S ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS YOU MUST LEARN IN GROWING UP.. TO ADJUST YOURSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES! THIS IS NECESSARY!!



I RUSHED TO MY ROOM, BLINDED BY THE TEARS THAT FLOODED MY HEART! THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND! HOW **COULD** THEY UNDERSTAND? THEY...THEY WEREN'T YOUNG!

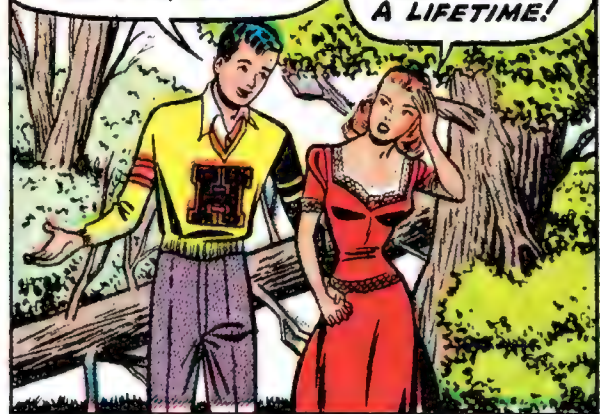
MY LIFE IS **OVER...ALL OVER!** I'LL NEVER SEE THE KIDS AGAIN... EVER! AND **TOMMY!** OH, TOMMY! TOMMY! HOW COULD THEY DO THIS TO ME?



TOMMY! WE HAD GROWN UP TOGETHER, TOMMY AND I! THERE HAD NEVER BEEN ANYONE ELSE BUT HIM! AND NOW... I WAS LEAVING HIM! WE SAID OUR GOODBYES A FEW DAYS LATER...

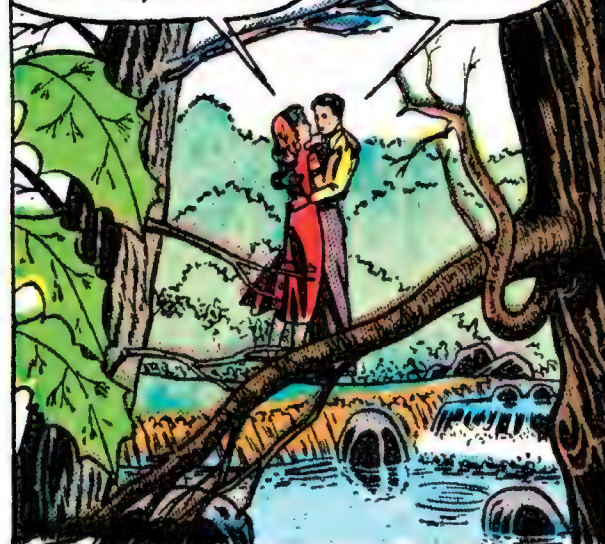
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, HONEY! AS SOON AS I FINISH COLLEGE I'LL GET A JOB, AND THEN...

BUT THAT'S SO FAR AWAY, TOMMY! **FOUR YEARS! A LIFETIME!**

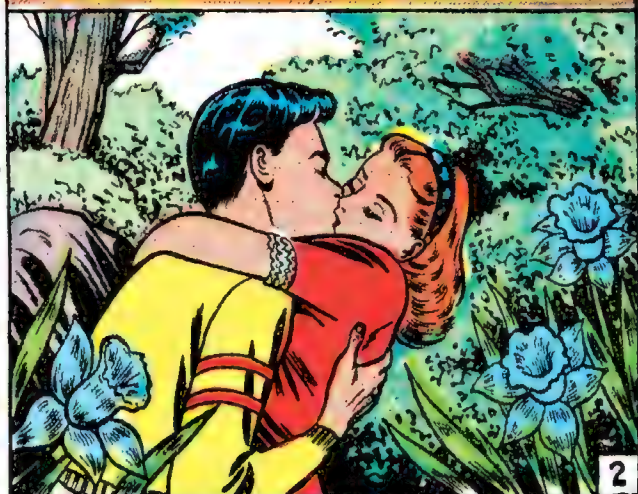


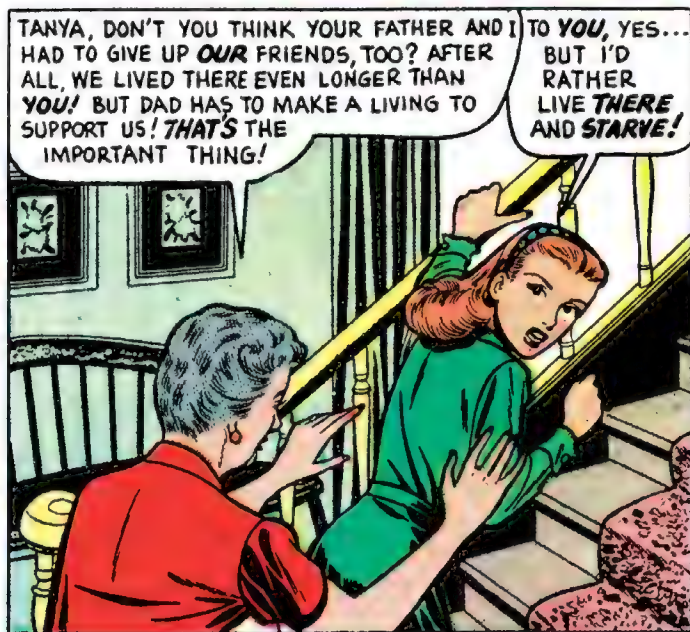
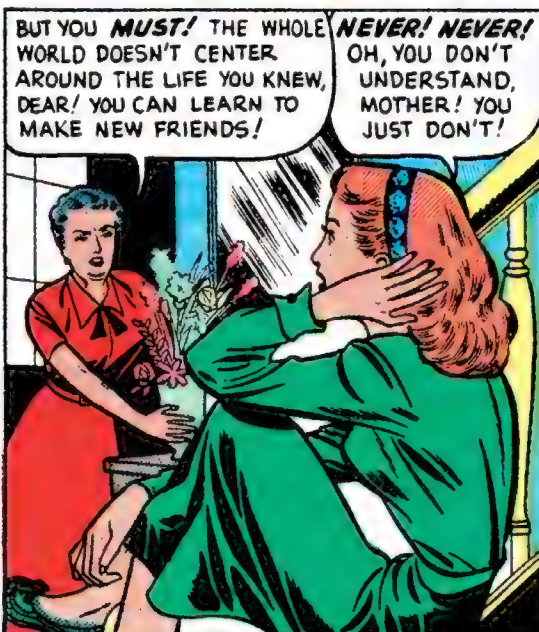
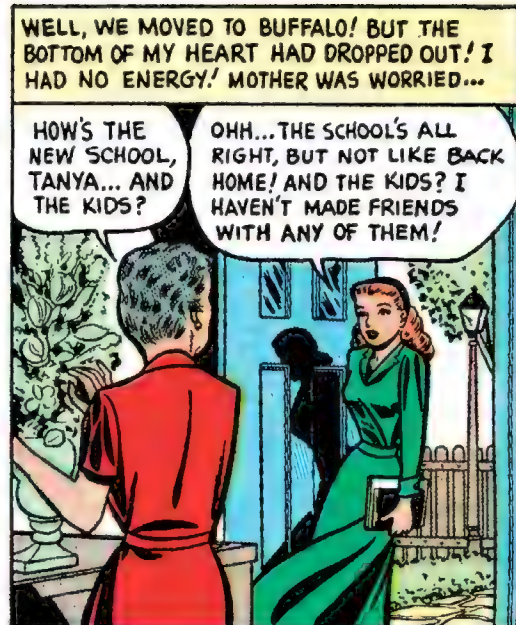
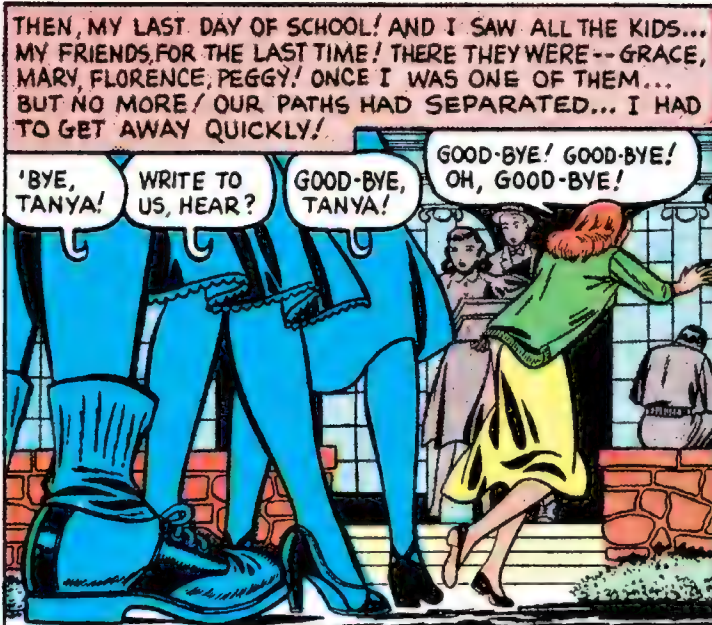
BUT I'LL WAIT, TOMMY! AND YOU WILL, TOO, WON'T YOU, DARLING?

SURE, BABY! HOW COULD I HELP IT?



AND WE KISSED...FOR THE LAST TIME! I LOCKED AND SEALED THE MEMORY OF THAT KISS IN THE DEEPEST PART OF MY HEART! BECAUSE THAT KISS WOULD BE ALL THAT I WOULD HAVE TO HOLD ME TO THE LIFE I HAD KNOWN, AND MY LOVE FOR TOMMY!

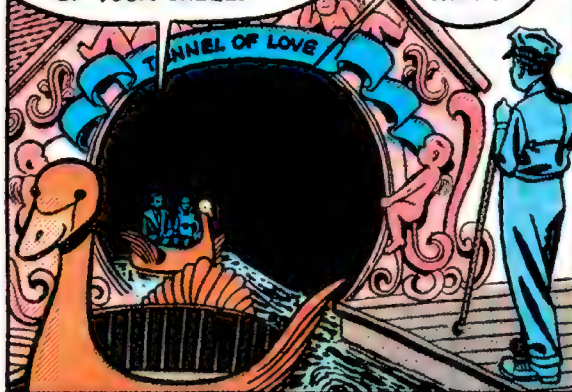




I DON'T KNOW WHY I WENT WITH HIM! HE COULDN'T COMPARE WITH TOMMY, BUT HE WAS VERY NICE TO ME! SOMEHOW I KIND OF GOT INTO THE HABIT OF GOING WITH HIM!

HMMM! THIS IS OUR SIXTH DATE, TANYA! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE BROKEN OUT OF YOUR SHELL!

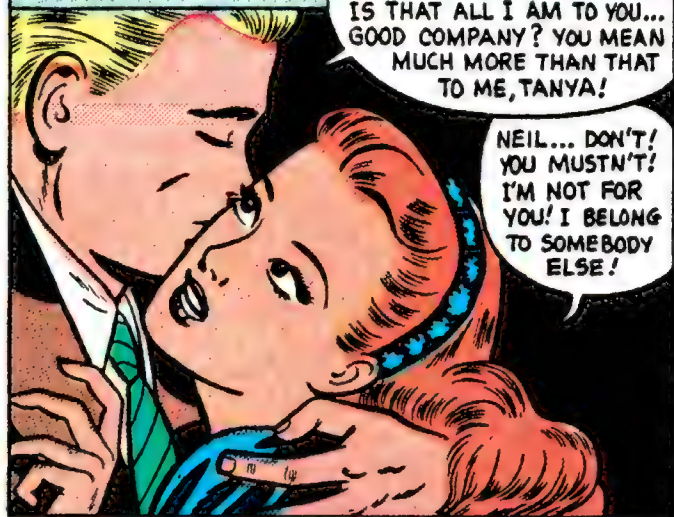
YOU'RE GOOD COMPANY, NEIL!



THEN HE TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS, HIS FINGERS HOLDING MY SHOULDERS IN A GRIP OF STEEL! HE TOOK MY BREATH AWAY! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! EXCEPT THAT THIS WASN'T TOMMY!

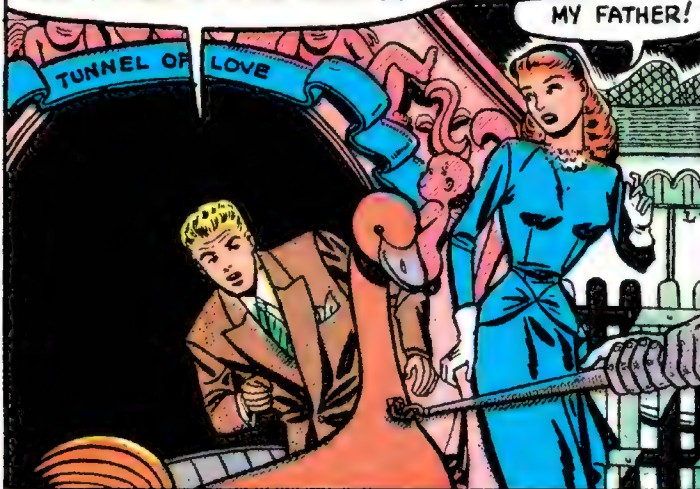
IS THAT ALL I AM TO YOU... GOOD COMPANY? YOU MEAN MUCH MORE THAN THAT TO ME, TANYA!

NEIL... DON'T! YOU MUSTN'T! I'M NOT FOR YOU! I BELONG TO SOMEBODY ELSE!



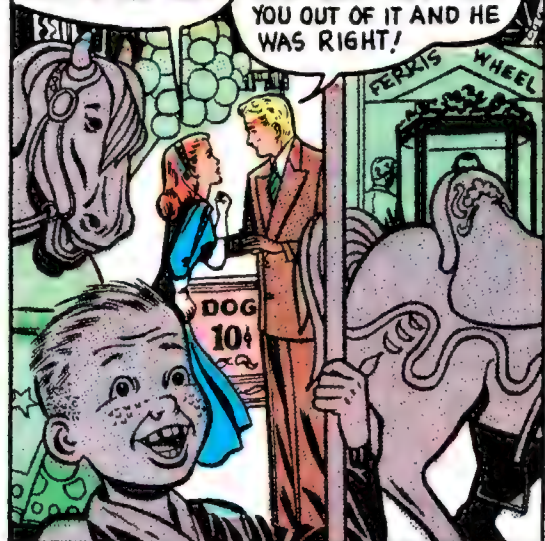
I KNOW... TO YOUR HOME TOWN! TO THE PAST! YOU WON'T GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE TO LIVE! YOU'VE CHAINED YOURSELF TO THE PEOPLE AND THINGS YOU USED TO KNOW AND YOU THINK THAT'S ALL THERE IS IN LIFE! YOUR FATHER TOLD ME ABOUT...

MY FATHER!



DID HE PUT YOU UP TO TAKING ME OUT? TELL ME **DID HE?**

YES, TANYA! HE THOUGHT SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT SNAPPING YOU OUT OF IT AND HE WAS RIGHT!



SO **THAT'S** WHY YOU TOOK ME OUT! **THAT'S** WHY YOU TRIED TO MAKE LOVE TO ME!

NO, TANYA! MY LOVE FOR YOU IS MY OWN IDEA! IT STARTED AS AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE YOU FORGET YOUR HOME TOWN, BUT IT'S DIFFERENT **NOW!** I **DO** LOVE YOU! THAT IS SOMETHING THAT CONCERNS ONLY YOU AND ME!



WORDS! WORDS! THAT'S ALL NEIL'S SPEECH WAS TO ME! I TORE MYSELF OUT OF HIS ARMS, HIS KISS STILL BURNING MY LIPS... AND RAN OFF!

TANYA! WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

HOME! HOME! HOME!

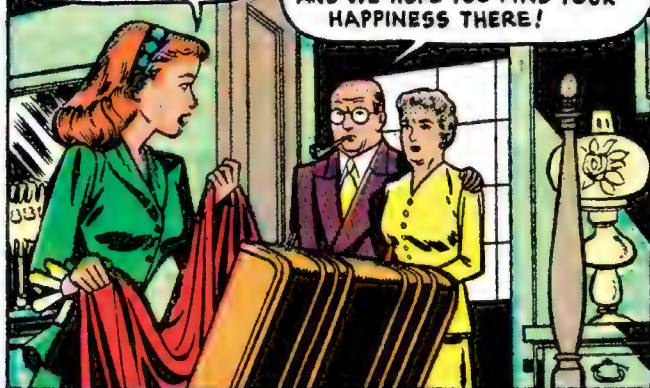


... AND 'HOME' MEANT ONLY ONE PLACE TO ME...

THIS WAS THE END OF BUFFALO, AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED! I HAD WAITED LONG ENOUGH AND NEIL WAS THE FINAL STRAW! I HAD A SHOWDOWN WITH MY PARENTS...

I'M GOING BACK! I CAN'T STAND THIS TOWN AND THE FRIENDS YOU PICK FOR ME, DAD!

ALL RIGHT, TANYA! WE THOUGHT YOU'D FORGET IN TIME, BUT I SEE IT'S NO USE! YOU CAN GO AND LIVE WITH AUNT MARY AND WE HOPE YOU FIND YOUR HAPPINESS THERE!



AT LAST! AT LAST! AFTER MORE THAN A YEAR OF DREAMING OF MY HOME TOWN I WAS BACK ONCE MORE! I DIDN'T EVEN WAIT TO UNPACK MY BAGS BEFORE I RUSHED OUT TO MEET THE GANG!

THERE THEY ARE! JUST LIKE ALWAYS... MEETING AT WILKIN'S DRUG STORE

HEY, GANG! HERE I AM!



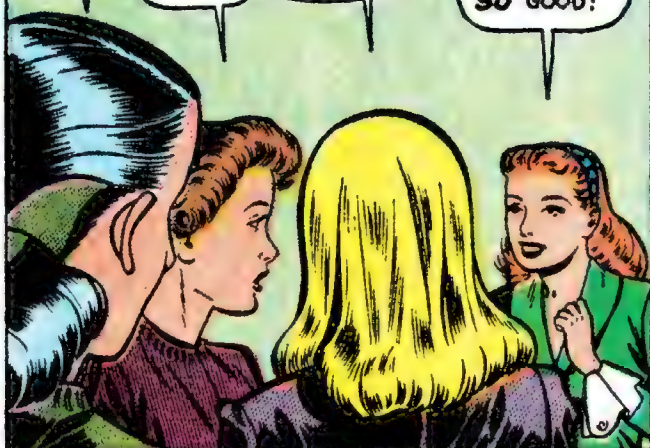
BUT... SOMEHOW... THEIR GREETINGS WEREN'T QUITE WHAT I EXPECTED... SOMETHING WAS LACKING!

OH--HI! TANYA!

HOW'VE YOU BEEN?

SAY, YOU'VE LOST WEIGHT, KID!

GEE! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU! SO GOOD!



GOOD TO SEE YOU, TOO, TANYA! ARE YOU HERE FOR A VISIT? STAYING LONG?

HOW'S THIS LITTLE DEAD BURG FEEL AFTER A BIG-TOWN LIKE... HEY! WHERE ARE YOU LIVING NOW... ROCHESTER?

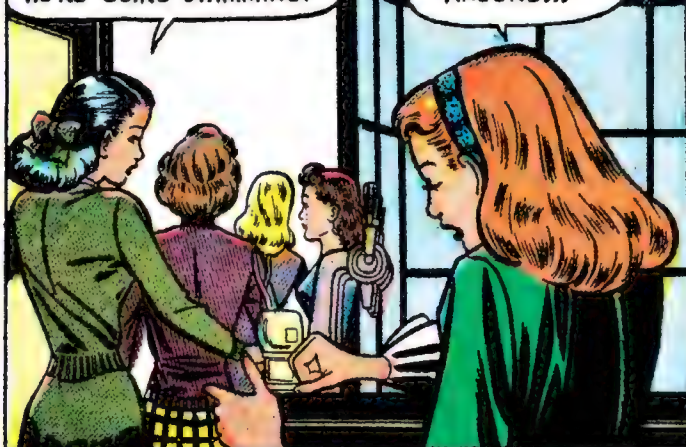
COME ON, GANG! WE'RE LATE!



OH, I COULDN'T BLAME THEM, OF COURSE! AFTER ALL, I HAD BEEN AWAY A LONG TIME, AND THEY HAD OTHER INTERESTS! BUT IT DID HURT, VERY MUCH, TO REALIZE I NO LONGER WAS AS IMPORTANT IN THEIR LIVES AS I HAD BEEN...

SEE YOU AROUND, TANYA! WE'RE GOING SWIMMING!

YES... SEE YOU... AROUND...



TOMMY! TOMMY! HE WAS THE IMPORTANT ONE TO ME, NOT THESE LIGHT-HEADED KIDS! HE SHOULD BE HOME FROM COLLEGE NOW! SO I CALLED HIS HOME!

TOMMY'S WORKING OUT WITH THE BALL TEAM! WHO'S THIS CALLING, PLEASE?

OH... JUST A FRIEND! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



OF COURSE! TOMMY COULDN'T RESIST WORKING OUT WITH HIS OLD TEAM! I RUSHED TO THE BALL PARK, MY HEART RACING AHEAD OF ME, BEATING FURIOUSLY...

TOMMY! OH, TOMMY! HERE I AM, MY DARLING!

THEN... I SAW HIM! BUT HE WASN'T PLAYING BALL! HE WAS LYING ON THE GRASS, HIS HEAD CRADLED ON THE LAP OF A GIRL I HAD NEVER SEEN...

TOMMY!

OH, HELLO, ER-TANYA! WHEN DID YOU GET BACK?

WHO'S SHE, HONEY?

TANYA'S ONE OF THE OLD GANG! TANYA, THIS IS HELENE! WE'VE... ER-- BEEN GOING STEADY!

YES! VERY MUCH SO! ARE YOU STAYING IN TOWN LONG?

NO! I COULDN'T BLAME HIM, EITHER! IN FACT, I COULD BLAME NO ONE BUT MYSELF! THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO DAWN ON ME, SLOWLY, BUT SURELY! WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG LIFE CHANGES... BUT QUICKLY!

NOT A MINUTE LONGER THAN IT TAKES ME TO GET TO THE RAILROAD STATION! SO LONG, TOMMY! IT WAS GOOD TO SEE YOU AND THE GANG AGAIN! YOU DON'T KNOW *HOW* GOOD!

ER-- SO LONG, TANYA!

BEHIND ME WAS MY OLD HOME TOWN, NOW *VERY* OLD TO ME! BEHIND ME WERE ALL THE THINGS I HAD THOUGHT WERE IMPORTANT... BUT ONLY BECAUSE I HAD BEEN A SELFISH, UNTHINKING AND SPOILED BRAT!

6

AHEAD OF ME, BEYOND THAT BLUE HORIZON, WAS MY *NEW LIFE*, THE LIFE I WOULD CREATE FOR MYSELF, WITH THE HELP OF SOMEONE WHOSE KISS STILL SEARED MY EAGER LIPS!

THE END

Cupid's Complaint Department

Dan Cupid's here to stay, all right! The bliss that he peddles is sure-fire stuff. But even cherubs misbehave . . .

Just listen to what our readers have to say on the sizzling subject of romantic gripes!

Girl Wants Bossy Boy Friend . . .

I've been going steady for about six months, and I like my boy friend very much. There's one gripe that I have, though, that knocks the glamour out of our friendship: I always have to make the decisions.

He never plans where we are going until he gets to my house, and then he'll say, "What would you like to do?" I wish he'd take the initiative just once, and call and tell me exactly what we are going to do. I never know what to wear, but more important, I don't like to be domineering.

Understand, I think it's wonderful for him to consider what I want to do. But it's *his* money, and he has more right than I to decide whether we'll go to a movie or a ball game or sit home and play records. Our romance would be perfect if he only would make some decisions!

N. S. R.
Lincoln, Nebraska

Girl Looking for Gentleman . . .

I like boys with manners, but I have met so few of them! My mother says it's because they think it's "sissy" to have good manners. I've noticed this especially on dates, and it has spoiled everything for me.

I like boys who are attentive—who take my arm when crossing a street, or open doors for me—but my dates act as if they had forgotten they asked me out! I don't think I'm wrong in griping about boys' bad manners, because several of my girl friends have said the same thing. What's

wrong with the boys today? I can only hope that someday I meet a man who is a gentleman and considers a girl's feelings.

J. A.
Terre Haute, Indiana

Flirts Are Boy's Pet Gripe . . .

Girls seem to do more griping than boys, but I've got a pip! How about girls who flirt with other fellows when they're on a date with you? That really makes me smoulder! I took a girl to a club party one night, and she didn't stay with me a minute. She even made dates with other fellows that night!

I don't think it's fair for a girl to use a boy as her in-between social man. I'm not running an escort service; I'm spending my own hard-earned money, and I object!

K. H. B.
Lynchburg, Virginia

Sloppy Clothes Irrk Fresno Gal . . .

I think it's awful to go out with a boy who doesn't care how he looks. When a girl gets all dressed up and spends hours grooming for a date, it seems to me that her escort should at least be presentable!

I know many boys do try to look their best, but there's one in particular who always looks as if he just finished cleaning the basement! He ignores my hints about how nice other boys look. Someday I'm going to dress as tacky as he does when we have a date, just to show him how awful it looks!

D. S. A.
Fresno, California

Open Letter to Show-Offs . . .

I like to have fun as well as anyone, but I think that some people go too far. Why, oh why, must there be exhibitionists who have to play practical jokes? It's embarrassing to be with fellows who try to be the center of attention in such obvious ways.

Practical jokers are my pet gripe, and I never date a boy twice who makes a spectacle of himself!

E. B.
Florence, Colorado

Clashing Colors Hard To Take . . .

Sometimes I wish I were color-blind, but I'm not. Some of the color combinations that girls wear are staggering! You surely don't have to be a famous designer to know that certain colors must never, never be worn together. I want to date girls—not circus clowns dressed in crazy quilts!

D. V. B.
Kingsport, Tennessee

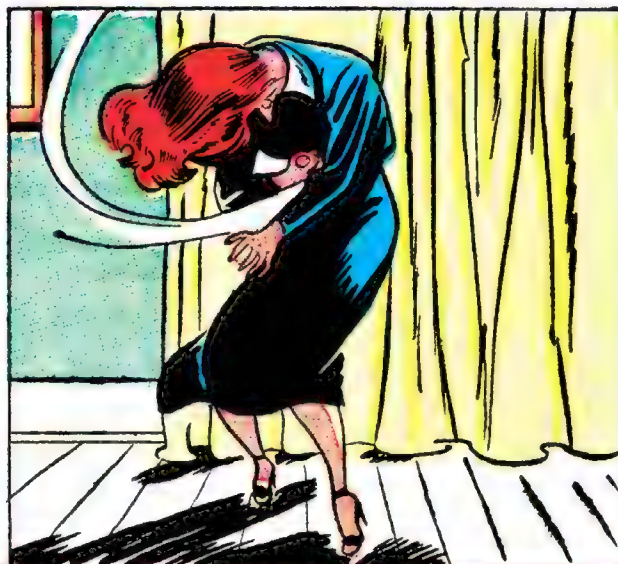
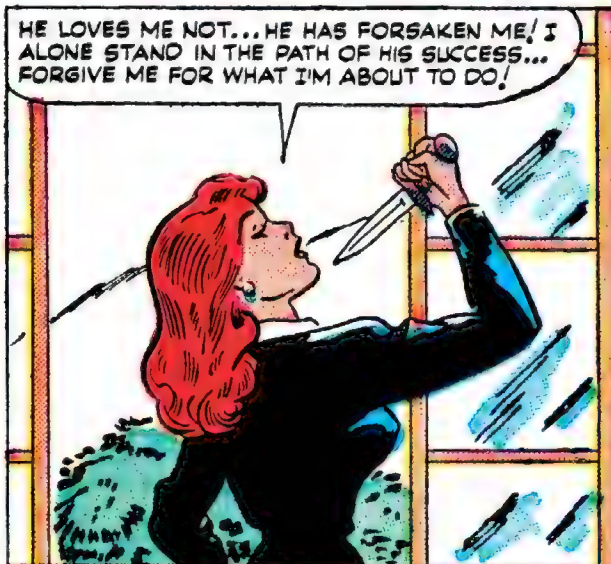
How do you feel about these letters? And what are your romantic gripes? Jot them down and send them to:

LOVERS
Suite 1404
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, New York
We can't print all of your letters, but we'll publish as many as we can!

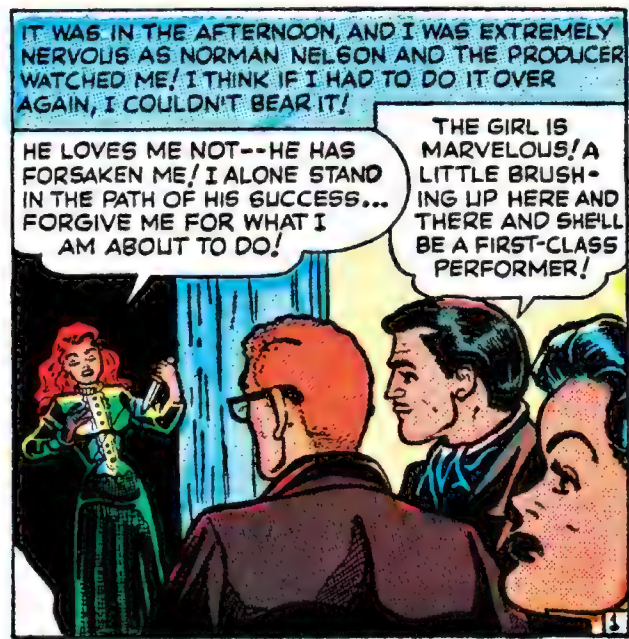
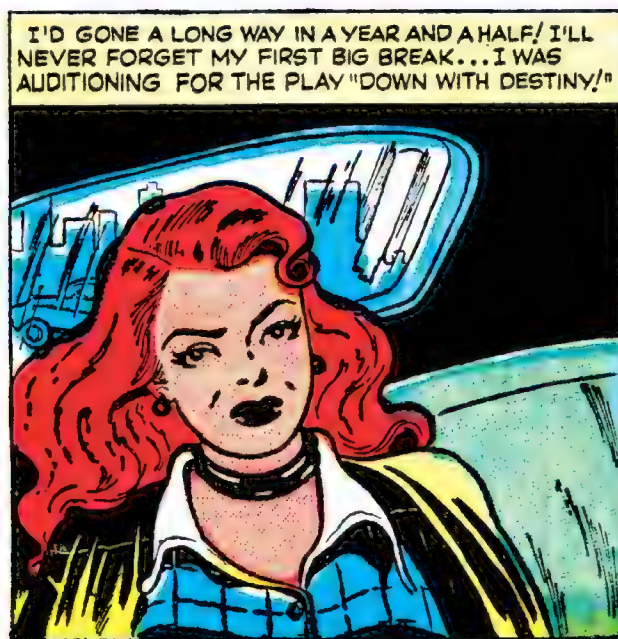


IF I COULDN'T HAVE THE MAN I LOVED, LIFE WAS MEANINGLESS TO ME! I LITTLE DREAMT OF THE TRAGEDY AND HEARTBREAK WHICH WOULD BE MINE BEFORE I WAS TO FINALLY FIND THE FUTURE I SO DESPERATELY SOUGHT!

DEATH BE MY DESTINY!



IT ALL STARTED WHEN I CLUTCHED THE DAGGER... IN THAT ONE BRIEF MOMENT I SEEMED TO RELIVE THE ENTIRE NIGHTMARISH PAST...





MISS REVERE, IT'S GOING TO BE AN HONOR TO APPEAR WITH YOU ON THE STAGE--NEVER IN MY EXPERIENCE HAVE I SEEN SUCH FINE ACTING!

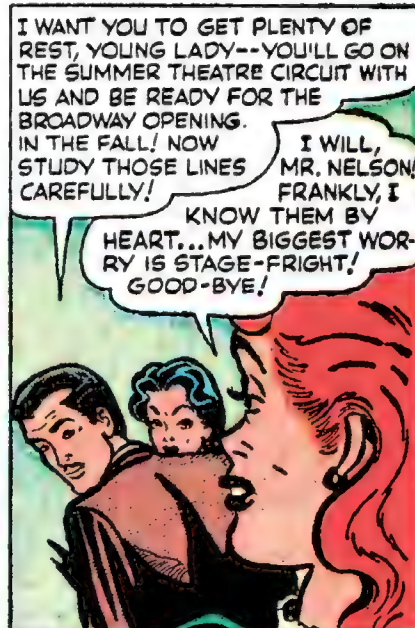
(SIGH!) WHY, MR. NELSON, THANK YOU! I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT I TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT--I WAS RATHER NERVOUS, YOU KNOW!



NOW, NOW, MISS REVERE, WE'RE ALL NERVOUS WHEN WE START OUT ON SOMETHING LIKE THIS! I'VE BIG THINGS PLANNED FOR YOU--UNDER MY COACHING YOU'LL BE FAMOUS IN NO TIME!

COME ON, NORMAN, WE'VE AN ENGAGEMENT! REMEMBER?

THANK YOU AGAIN, MR. NELSON!



I WANT YOU TO GET PLENTY OF REST, YOUNG LADY--YOU'LL GO ON THE SUMMER THEATRE CIRCUIT WITH US AND BE READY FOR THE BROADWAY OPENING. IN THE FALL! NOW STUDY THOSE LINES CAREFULLY!

I WILL, MR. NELSON! FRANKLY, I KNOW THEM BY HEART...MY BIGGEST WORRY IS STAGE-FRIGHT! GOOD-BYE!



THE WEEKS FLEW RAPIDLY, AND BEFORE I KNEW IT I WAS OFF WITH NORMAN AND HIS SUMMER THEATRE TROUPE, PLAYING SMALL TOWNS AND READJUSTING THE SCRIPT FOR THE BROADWAY OPENING!

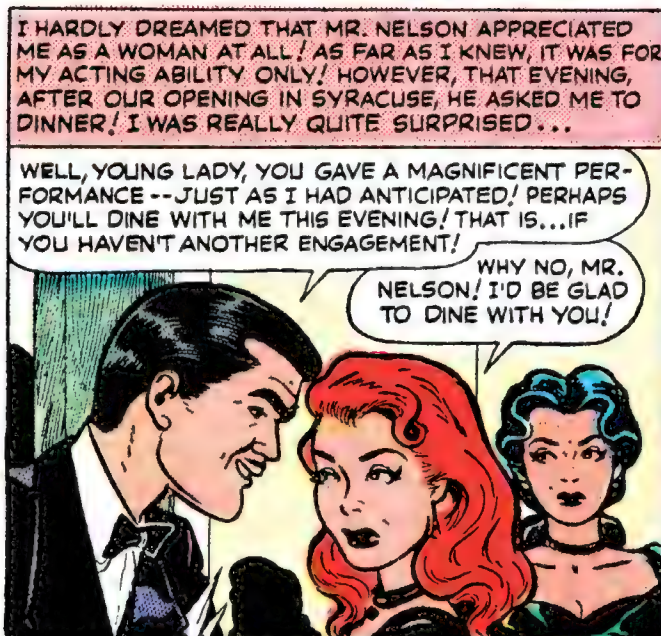
HE LOVES ME NOT--HE HAS FORSAKEN ME! I ALONE STAND IN THE PATH OF HIS SUCCESS...FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO!



THAT GIRL IS OUT OF THIS WORLD! WITH HER BESIDE ME ON THE STAGE, IT WILL BOOST MY REPUTATION TO GREAT HEIGHTS!



I WAS A GREAT SUCCESS! OF COURSE, WITHOUT MR. NELSON--WHOM I WAS BECOMING VERY FOND OF--THE SHOW WOULD HAVE FLOPPED! HE WAS WONDERFUL TO ME AND TREATED ME LIKE A GREAT ACTRESS!



I HARDLY DREAMED THAT MR. NELSON APPRECIATED ME AS A WOMAN AT ALL! AS FAR AS I KNEW, IT WAS FOR MY ACTING ABILITY ONLY! HOWEVER, THAT EVENING, AFTER OUR OPENING IN SYRACUSE, HE ASKED ME TO DINNER! I WAS REALLY QUITE SURPRISED...

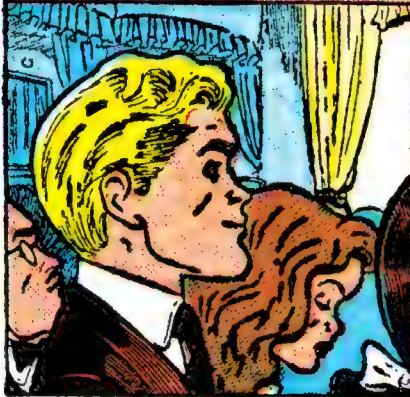
WELL, YOUNG LADY, YOU GAVE A MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE--JUST AS I HAD ANTICIPATED! PERHAPS YOU'LL DINE WITH ME THIS EVENING! THAT IS...IF YOU HAVEN'T ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT!

WHY NO, MR. NELSON! I'D BE GLAD TO DINE WITH YOU!

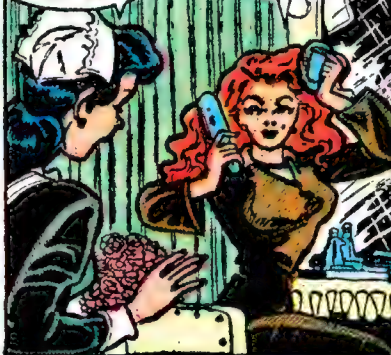


I KNEW THAT VICKI POWERS HAD A CRUSH ON NORMAN BUT, AFTER ALL, HE WAS STILL A FREE MAN AND HE DID HAVE A MIND OF HIS OWN! THE ICE-COLD GLARES THAT I RECEIVED FROM HER WERE DIFFICULT TO TAKE--I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE!

WE WENT FROM ONE TOWN TO ANOTHER, AND WITH EACH PERFORMANCE WE IMPROVED THE PLAY AND SHARPENED IT FOR BROADWAY! WE APPEARED AT PROVINCETOWN, AND WERE IN OUR SECOND WEEK OF THE PLAY, WHEN I MET DR. BILL JOHNSON WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING ME FROM THE AUDIENCE!



MISS JANE, THERE'S A YOUNG MAN OUTSIDE WHO WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU! I TOLD HIM IT COULD NOT BE DONE, BUT HE WANTS TO HEAR IT FROM YOUR LIPS!



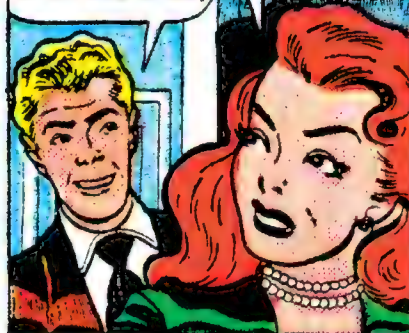
WHY, NANA, THAT'S NO WAY TO ACT! I'LL SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE, AND YOU MAY SHOW HIM IN!

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS REVERE! MY NAME IS JOHNSON...DR. BILL JOHNSON! IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU--I ENJOYED YOUR ACTING SO MUCH I JUST HAD TO COME BACKSTAGE AND CONGRATULATE YOU IN PERSON!



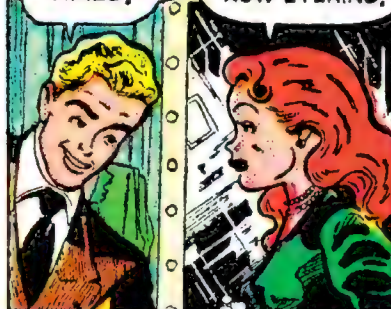
WHY, THANK YOU, DR. JOHNSON! I'M GLAD YOU ENJOYED THE PLAY!

I HOPE IT'S NOT OUT OF PLACE, BUT COULD YOU POSSIBLY HAVE DINNER WITH ME THIS EVENING? I CERTAINLY WOULD APPRECIATE IT! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO OUT WITH A FAMOUS STAR!



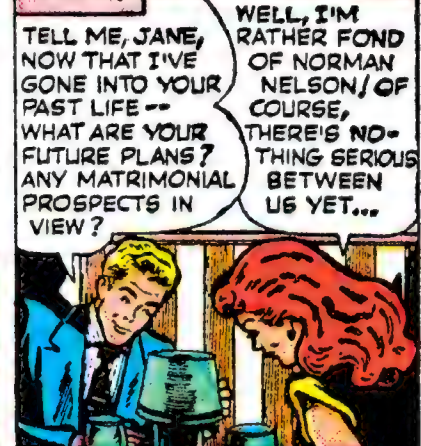
WHY, DOCTOR!-- THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU! UNFORTUNATELY, THIS EVENING I HAVE A DATE WITH NORMAN NELSON...PERHAPS WE COULD MAKE IT TOMORROW EVENING!

FINE! I'LL PICK YOU UP RIGHT AFTER THE SHOW! AND BELIEVE ME, THIS IS ONE DATE I'LL BE ON TIME FOR, BARRING ANY UNFORESEEN EMERGENCIES! YOU KNOW, WE DOCTORS ARE ON CALL AT ALL TIMES!



I REALIZE THAT, DOCTOR, SO DON'T WORRY IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT! WE'LL POSTPONE IT FOR A LATER DATE! AND NOW, GOOD-BYE...SEE YOU TOMORROW EVENING!

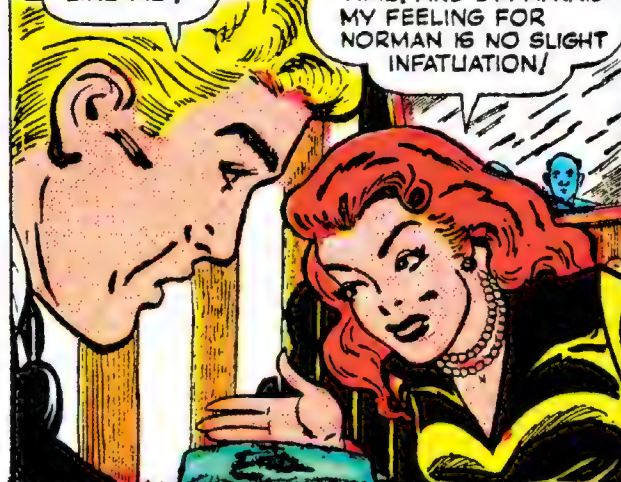
THE FOLLOWING EVENING BILL JOHNSON PICKED ME UP AFTER THE SHOW AND TOOK ME TO A LOVELY PLACE FOR DINNER! I ENJOYED THE EVENING TREMENDOUSLY...BILL WAS A SWELL FELLOW!



TELL ME, JANE, NOW THAT I'VE GONE INTO YOUR PAST LIFE -- WHAT ARE YOUR FUTURE PLANS? ANY MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTS IN VIEW?

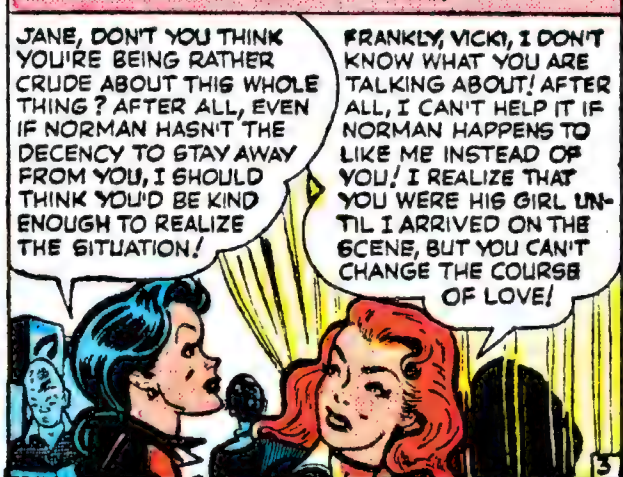
WELL, I'M RATHER FOND OF NORMAN NELSON/OF COURSE, THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS BETWEEN US YET...

DOES THAT MEAN YOU'RE ACTUALLY IN LOVE WITH HIM? WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS...IS THERE A CHANCE FOR A GUY LIKE ME?



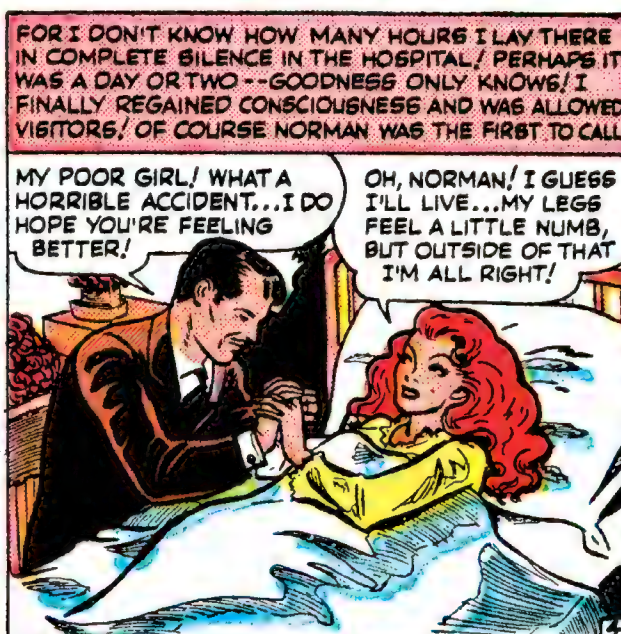
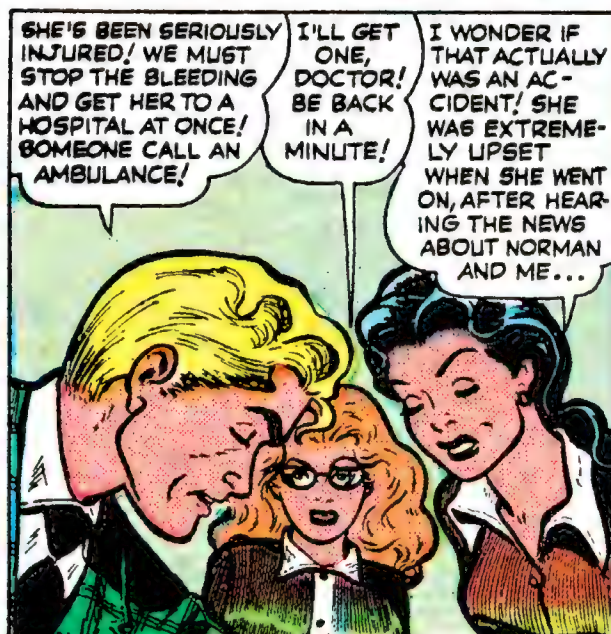
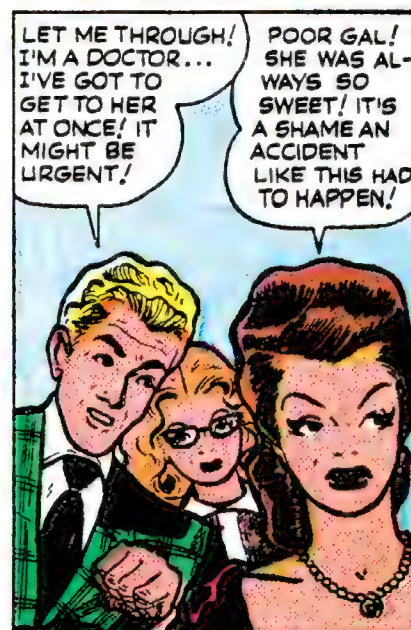
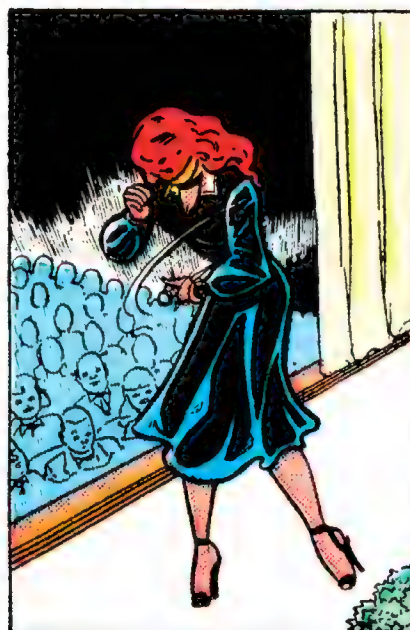
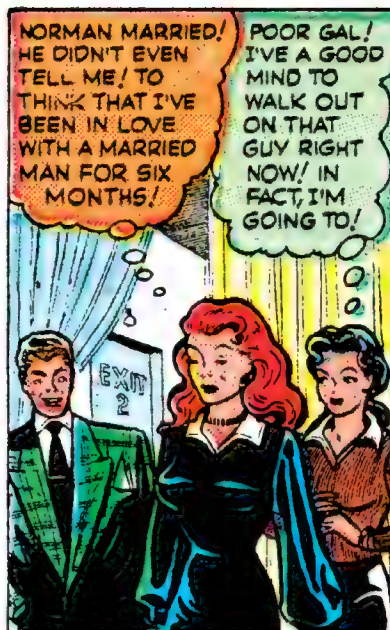
THAT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU, BILL! I LIKE YOU AN AWFUL LOT BUT I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR SUCH A SHORT TIME! AND I'M AFRAID MY FEELING FOR NORMAN IS NO SLIGHT INFATUATION!

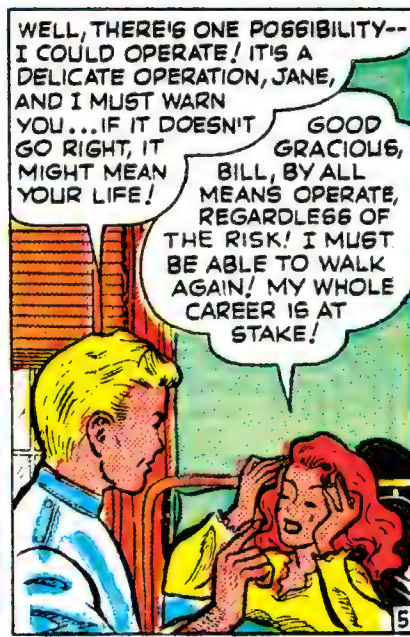
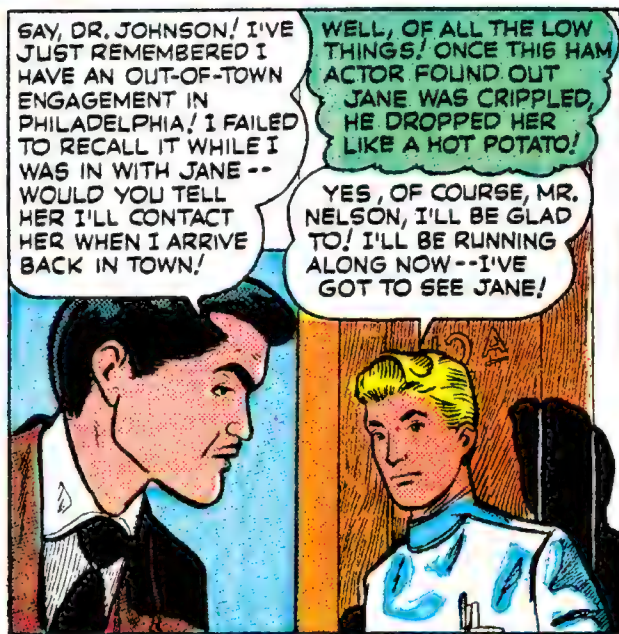
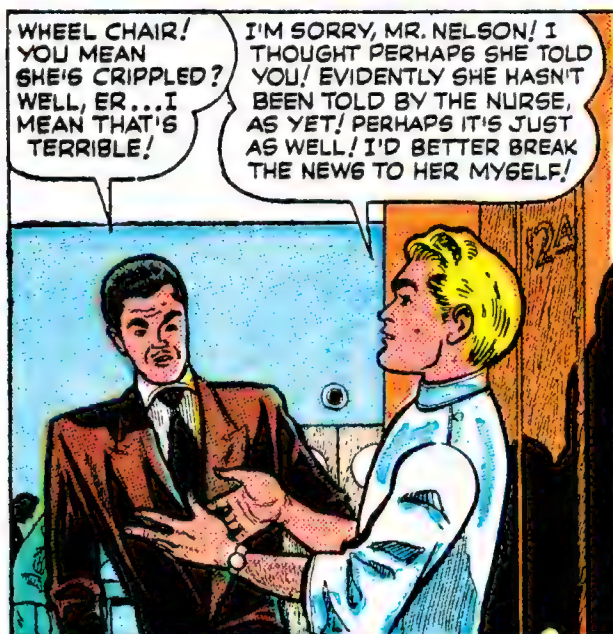
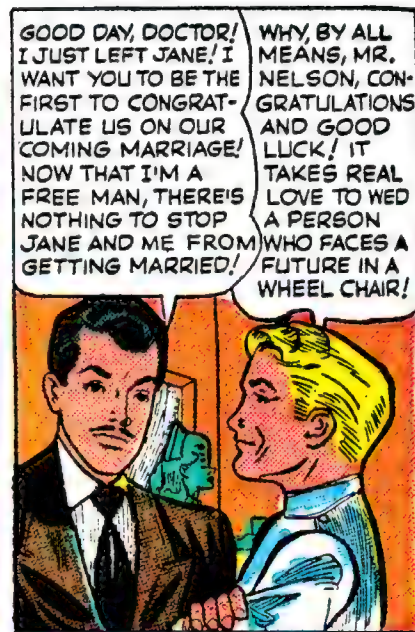
I DIDN'T LIKE LETTING BILL DOWN THAT WAY--HE WAS SUCH A SWELL FELLOW! BUT AFTER ALL, I HAD KNOWN HIM ONLY A SHORT TIME AND I WAS IN LOVE WITH NORMAN! IT WASN'T UNTIL THE FOLLOWING EVENING, JUST BEFORE THE SHOW, THAT THE ACTUAL FACTS CAME TO LIGHT REGARDING VICKI...



JANE, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING RATHER CRUDE ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING? AFTER ALL, EVEN IF NORMAN HASN'T THE DECENCY TO STAY AWAY FROM YOU, I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE KIND ENOUGH TO REALIZE THE SITUATION!

FRANKLY, VICKI, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT! AFTER ALL, I CAN'T HELP IT IF NORMAN HAPPENS TO LIKE ME INSTEAD OF YOU! I REALIZE THAT YOU WERE HIS GIRL UNTIL I ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, BUT YOU CAN'T CHANGE THE COURSE OF LOVE!

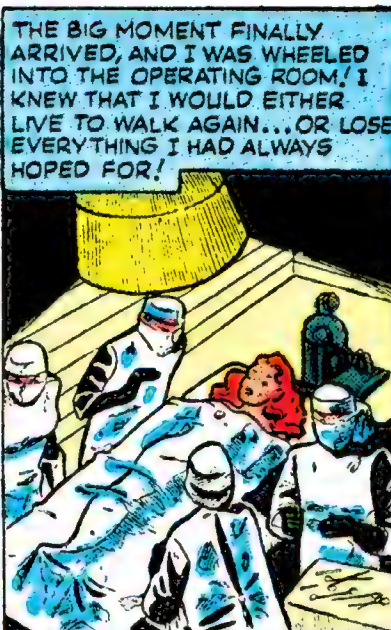






VERY WELL, JANE! I'LL MAKE THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS -- YOU'VE GOT TO BE BRAVE!

(SOB! SOB!) THANKS, BILL! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT ME, AND IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMETHING I COULD DO TO MAKE THIS UP TO YOU, PLEASE DON'T TELL NORMAN... HE'D JUST WORRY HIMSELF SICK OVER IT!

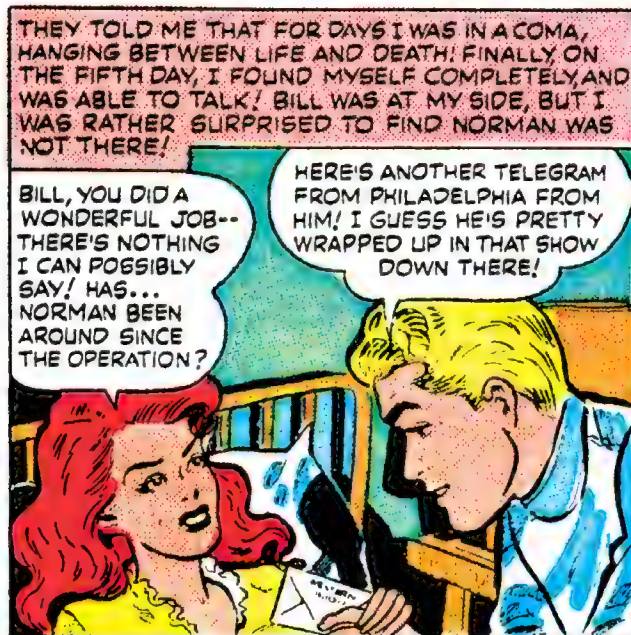


THE BIG MOMENT FINALLY ARRIVED, AND I WAS WHEELED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM! I KNEW THAT I WOULD EITHER LIVE TO WALK AGAIN...OR LOSE EVERYTHING I HAD ALWAYS HOPED FOR!



HAVE THERE BEEN ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS, NURSE?

IT'S THE STRANGEST THING, DOCTOR! ONE MOMENT SHE'LL CALL FOR YOU, AND THE NEXT SHE WILL CALL FOR A PERSON NAMED NORMAN! SHE CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE UP HER MIND! THAT'S ODD, ISN'T IT?



THEY TOLD ME THAT FOR DAYS I WAS IN A COMA, HANGING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH! FINALLY, ON THE FIFTH DAY, I FOUND MYSELF COMPLETELY, AND WAS ABLE TO TALK! BILL WAS AT MY SIDE, BUT I WAS RATHER SURPRISED TO FIND NORMAN WAS NOT THERE!

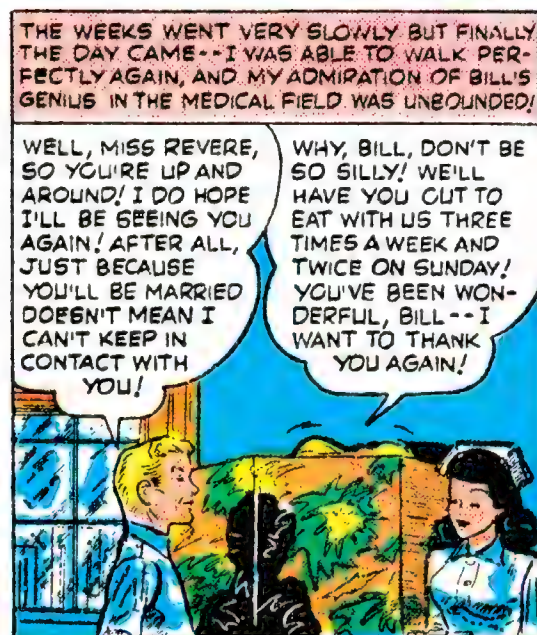
BILL, YOU DID A WONDERFUL JOB-- THERE'S NOTHING I CAN POSSIBLY SAY! HAS... NORMAN BEEN AROUND SINCE THE OPERATION?

HERE'S ANOTHER TELEGRAM FROM PHILADELPHIA FROM HIM! I GUESS HE'S PRETTY WRAPPED UP IN THAT SHOW DOWN THERE!



HE HOPES HE'LL BE ABLE TO LEAVE SOON! BUT THAT'S ODD--HE DOESN'T MENTION THE OPERATION! WELL, THAT'S JUST LIKE NORMAN... HE NEVER DID LIKE TO TALK ABOUT ANYTHING UNPLEASANT!

WELL, JANE, THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO EXCEPT GET PLENTY OF REST! I MIGHT ADD THAT I WISH YOU AND NORMAN ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD!



THE WEEKS WENT VERY SLOWLY BUT FINALLY THE DAY CAME--I WAS ABLE TO WALK PERFECTLY AGAIN, AND MY ADMIRATION OF BILL'S GENIUS IN THE MEDICAL FIELD WAS UNBOUNDED!

WELL, MISS REVERE, SO YOU'RE UP AND AROUND! I DO HOPE I'LL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN! AFTER ALL, JUST BECAUSE YOU'LL BE MARRIED DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T KEEP IN CONTACT WITH YOU!

WHY, BILL, DON'T BE SO SILLY! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT TO EAT WITH US THREE TIMES A WEEK AND TWICE ON SUNDAY! YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL, BILL--I WANT TO THANK YOU AGAIN!



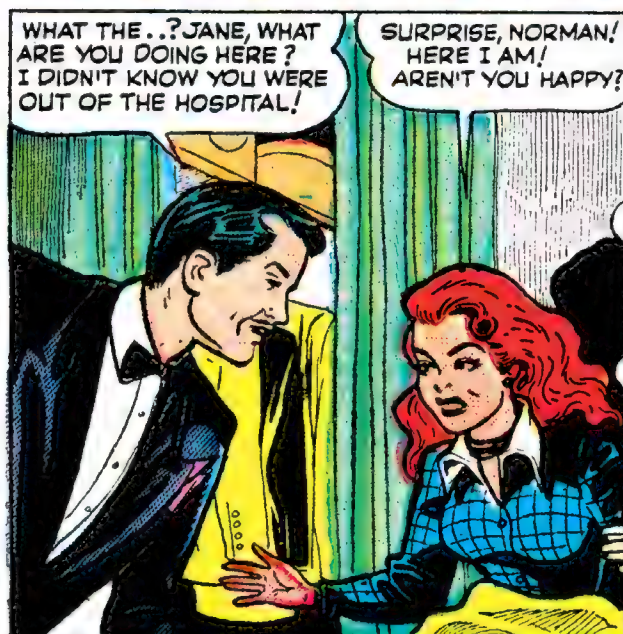
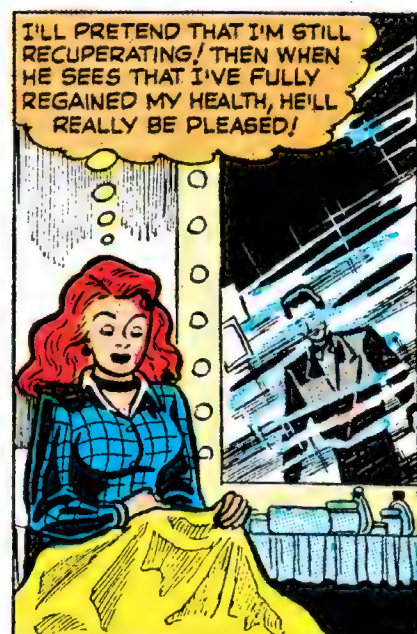
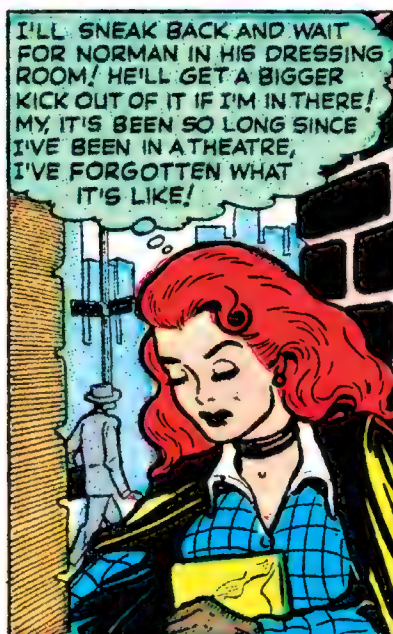
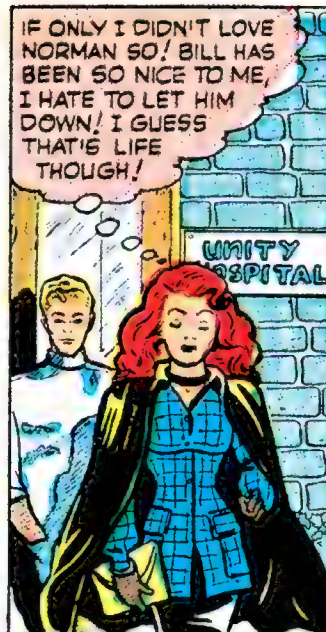
WHAT A CHANGE! GOSH, I HOPE THAT NELSON GUY REALIZES WHAT A WONDERFUL GIRL HE'S GETTING!

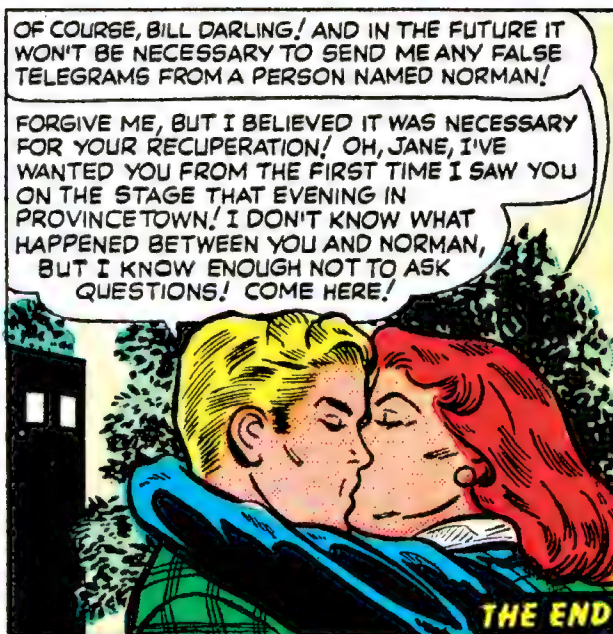
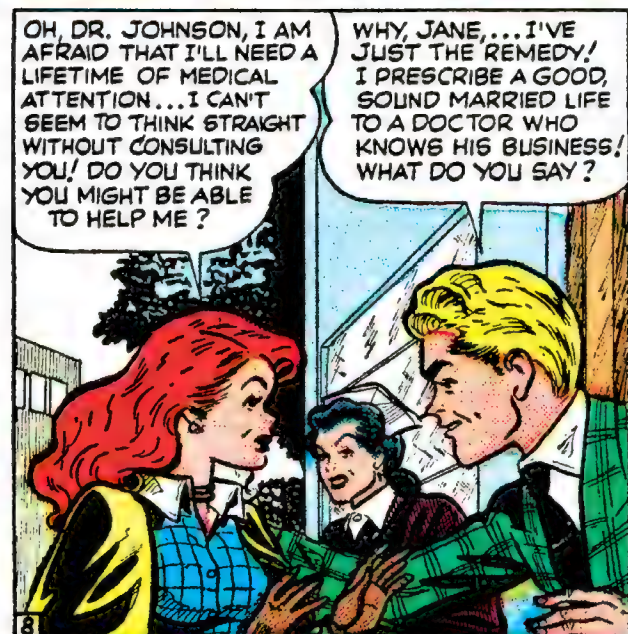
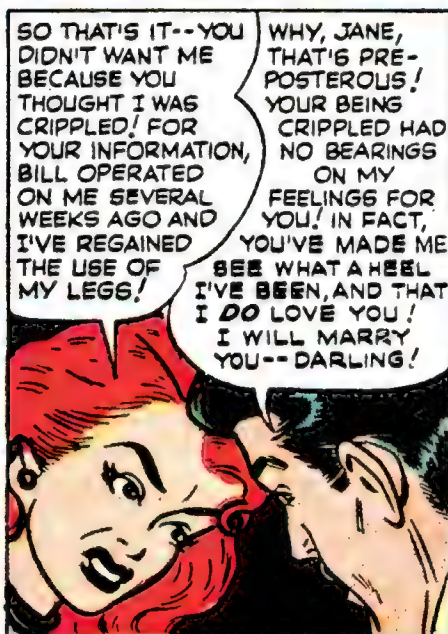
STOP FLATTERING ME FOR A MOMENT AND LET'S BE SERIOUS! I'M TERRIBLY UPSET OVER THE WAY THINGS ARE WITH US...I REALLY HATE HURTING YOUR FEELINGS! IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN...



AW, FORGET IT! NOW WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF HERE, LIKE A GOOD GIRL?

YOU'RE SWEET, BILL, AND I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I INSIST YOU COME TO OUR WEDDING... PERHAPS YOU CAN GIVE THE BRIDE AWAY!







"ABNER Doubleday may have started baseball, but sister, you're gonna kill it!" Butch Carter, manager of the Rockets, told me one day at the ball park.

"Butch, you know I wouldn't kill the game that's making a hero out of Ray! As long as Ray Allison can pitch—" I started to say.

"That's the trouble, Suzie," Butch interrupted. "If Ray doesn't get his mind off you and back on baseball, he'll never get into a big league. In fact, if he doesn't *start* pitchin' pretty soon, he won't be able to stay in this one! And there ain't no league lower or any team worse than the one we have right now!"

I felt no one, not even the team's manager, could talk that way about Ray and the team, so I said, "Ray's just too good for the kind of managing you give him. Ray's too good a pitcher for this team!"

"Okay, Suzie, no one can make you believe. I give up!"

Butch Carter was serious and I guess he had a right to be. He thought that I should not see Ray every evening after the games, because Ray wasn't exactly in training when we were out dancing. I had told Ray that I didn't intend to give up seeing him just because of

Butch Carter, so we had settled that point.

I knew that Ray was the best pitcher in the league and that the Yankees had sent scouts to watch him. I knew, too, that this slump was just temporary. Soon, Ray would snap out of it to set the league on its ear again.

I could picture Ray and me living in New York. Ray would be a star pitcher for the Yankees, and maybe some day, when we were older, I dreamed, he would be the manager.

That night after the game Ray and I went for a ride. Ray seemed too serious, and I asked him what was on his mind.

"Butch's nagging me again, honey. He thinks that seeing you every night isn't keeping me in shape—he thinks that's why I've been losing."

"But Ray, darling," I answered, "I love you! I don't want to go whole weeks without seeing you!"

"Well, I've been wondering. Maybe Butch is right," Ray said sheepishly. "Maybe we should just go out one night a week. After all, baseball is my career, and we have to depend on it."

"All right, Ray Allison, if that's the way you want it, But don't expect me to stay home every other night!"

I hated myself for saying

that. But, I reasoned, I don't really mean it. I just have to show Ray that I won't be pushed around by Butch Carter or anyone else.

"Oh, please, baby. Don't talk like that," Ray pleaded.

"I won't, Ray, until I stop playing second fiddle to baseball. I want to come first, or not at all."

My words worked magic. Before I knew it, I was back in Ray's arms. With his face close to mine, and his voice low and tender, he told me that *nothing* would come between us. Not baseball, not Butch Carter, not even the Yankees.

Ray kissed me, and in that breathless moment, I knew that even if I could never see Ray again, I would wait for him forever. No one else could ever take his place. I put my arm around his neck, and buried my head against his shoulder.

"Please, Ray. Do whatever you think best. Just keep loving me, darling."

With Ray's lips on mine, I felt warm and secure with the knowledge that Ray's love for me would always come first.

Ray followed his promise through. In my blind selfishness, I made Ray stay out late with me night after night. Of course, I told him to do what-

ever he wanted. But I always made him feel so unhappy about *not* seeing me that he decided to ignore Butch's warnings.

I was wrong, but I didn't realize it. I was a young girl, deeply in love, and I didn't know that you can't always have everything in the world. In my case, I should have seen that I couldn't be with Ray every night and still help him rise to the top of his profession. But I was blind and didn't know any better.

Ray kept losing game after game. There was one contest which might have meant first division for the team. Ray pitched, but he seemed too exhausted to pull himself together. The visitors batted around in the first inning, and Ray went to the showers.

That night, I saw Ray only for a moment.

"I didn't tell you, honey. I didn't want you to be nervous."

"What's happened?" I asked.

"Well, er . . ." Ray hesitated, "the scouts were here from the Yankees today, just to see me pitch. After the game, they left town, I guess. At any rate, I didn't hear from them."

"Oh, darling," I said, as I took Ray in my arms, "there'll be other chances. And other teams. Don't worry."

We kissed, and Ray went home, too tired even to stay with me awhile. That night, for the first time, I wondered whether or not Butch Carter was right.

The next morning two strangers rang my doorbell. When I opened the door one of them asked, "Are you Miss Watkins?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I'm Charlie Day, and this is Bill Jessup, Miss. We're from New York, representing the New York Yankees. Butch Carter said maybe we should speak to you before we left town."

I dreaded hearing their words. I knew what Butch had told them.



"It's about Ray Allison," began Mr. Jessup. "Allison's a mighty fine pitcher, and we think there's a spot for him in the Yankee picture. But he looked terrible yesterday, and . . ."

I interrupted. I was on the verge of tears, but I blurted out, "It's all *my* fault! Please give him another chance. I did this to him . . ."

I was desperate. Who was I

to ruin Ray's life, his career, just because I couldn't wait until he was established? The men were wonderful to me. They understood how a young girl might make such a mistake, and they said that if Ray started winning again, they would give him another chance.

I almost ran to Ray's house to tell him. He seemed so relieved, so grateful, so loving.

He took me in his arms, held me tightly, and whispered, "May I have my last kiss until Saturday night, darling? For the rest of the week, I'm going home to bed early every night!"

Ray's last kiss was long and beautiful. He held me for a moment afterward, and then he whispered softly, "Thank you, darling. Some day, we'll be together day and night."

Now, Ray and I have a small apartment in New York and a little boy who, Ray says, will also be a Yankee. We live quietly, and only stay out late off-season. When I go to the ball park, it's so wonderful to be Mrs. Allison, the wife of the great Yankee pitcher.

One of my most cherished memories is the day Ray won his first World Series game, and a telegram came from Butch Carter. It was addressed to me, not Ray, and it said:

CONGRATULATIONS. YOU ARE THE REAL HERO TODAY. THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MAKE A SUCCESS OF A MAN IS A WOMAN WHO CARES.

THE END

5671

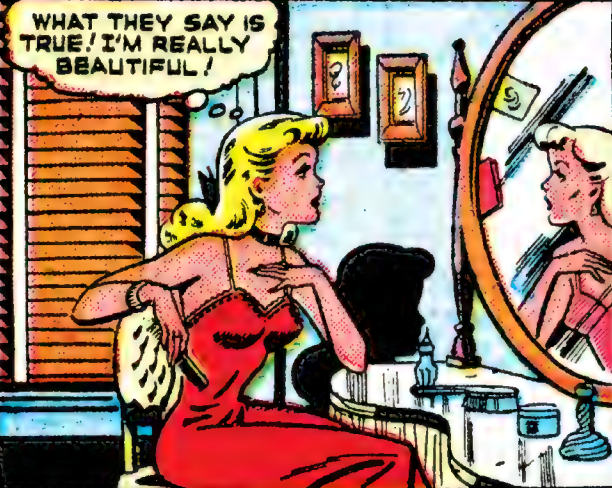


MEN? THEY WERE NOTHING BUT PAWNS IN MY CHESSBOARD OF LIFE! I HAD NEVER MET A MAN WHOSE HEART I COULDN'T CONQUER! BUT THEN, I MET DAVID GRAYSON, THE ONE I COULDN'T DEFEAT... AND THAT WAS THE TIME WHEN-

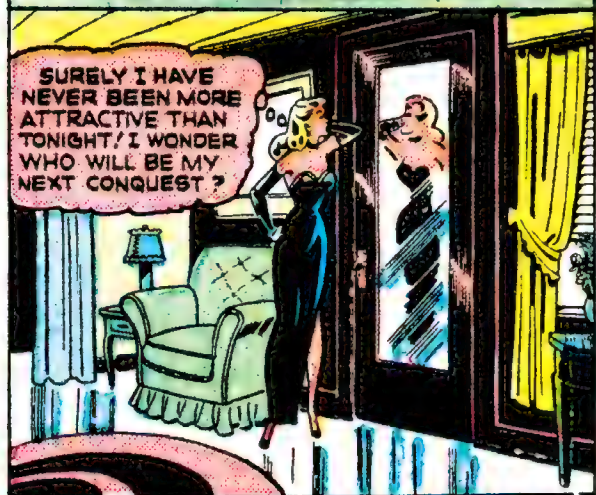
I LOST MY HEART!

5577

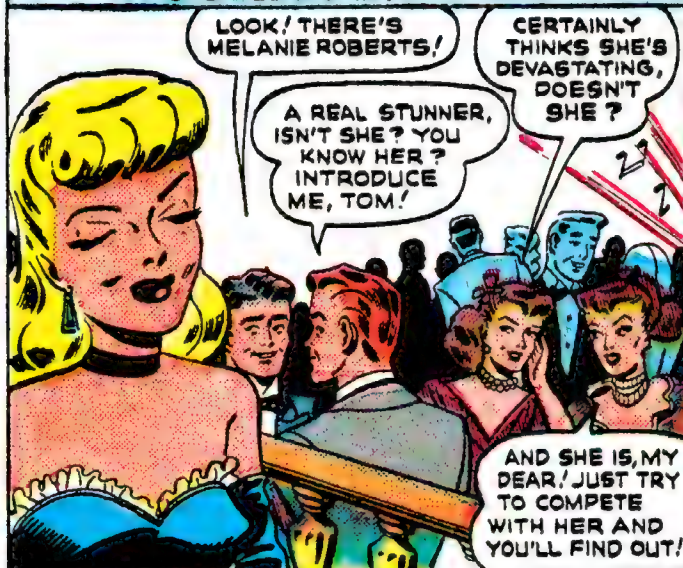
AT SEVENTEEN, LOVE TO ME WAS AN EXCITING, THRILLING GAME... A GAME IN WHICH MEN WERE PAWNS AND THE OTHER GIRLS, MY ADVERSARIES! MY MIRROR TOLD ME I WAS WELL EQUIPPED FOR CONQUEST!



I WAS GOING TO AN IMPORTANT DANCE THAT EVENING, IN THE GRAND BALLROOM OF THE HOTEL SARNOY! AS ALWAYS, I DRESSED WITH GREAT CARE, USING EVERY ARTIFICE TO ENHANCE MY NATURAL BEAUTY!

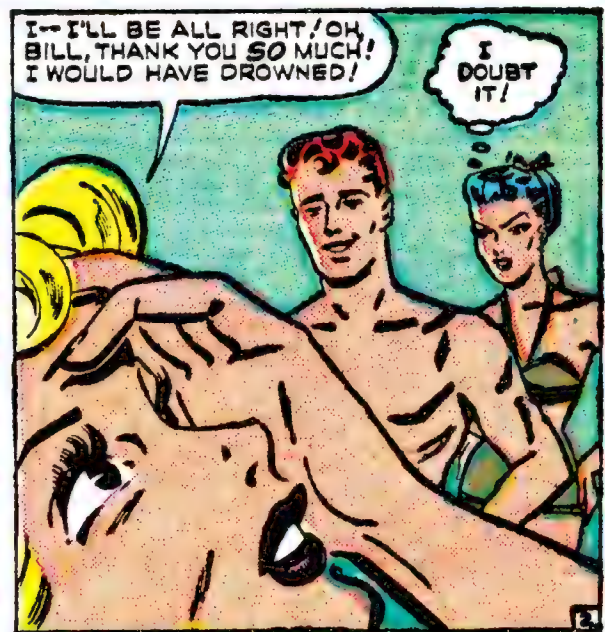
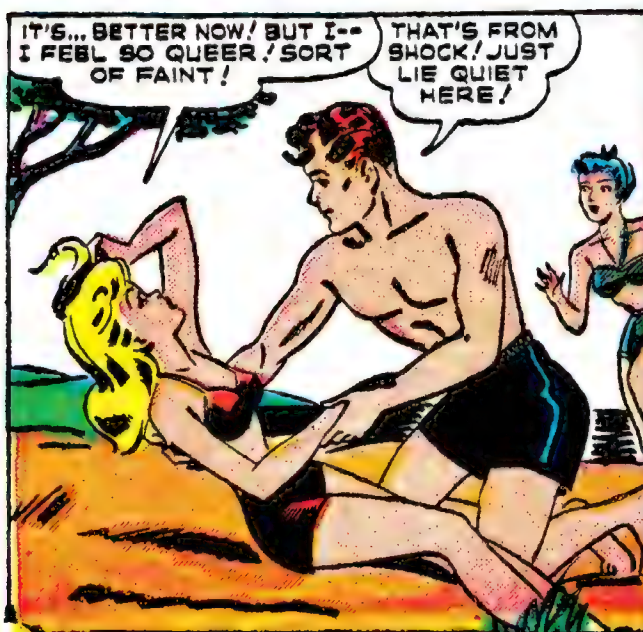
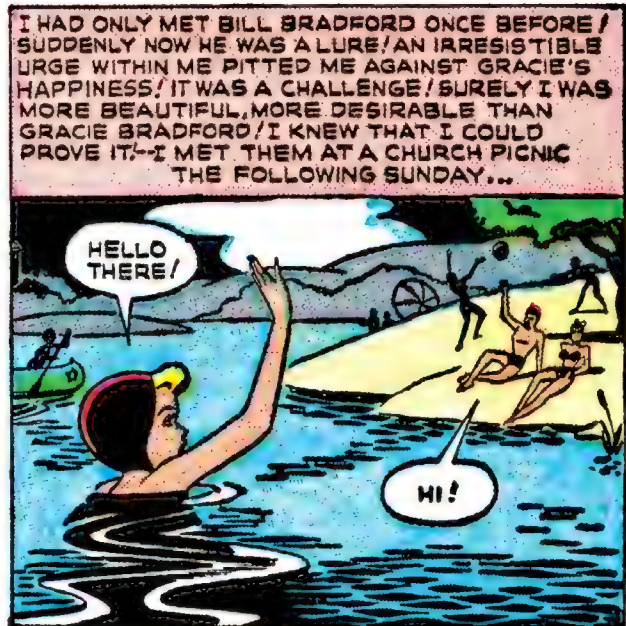


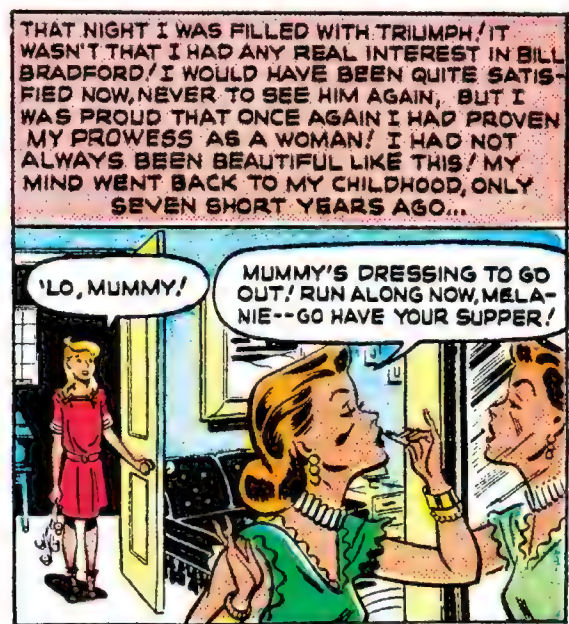
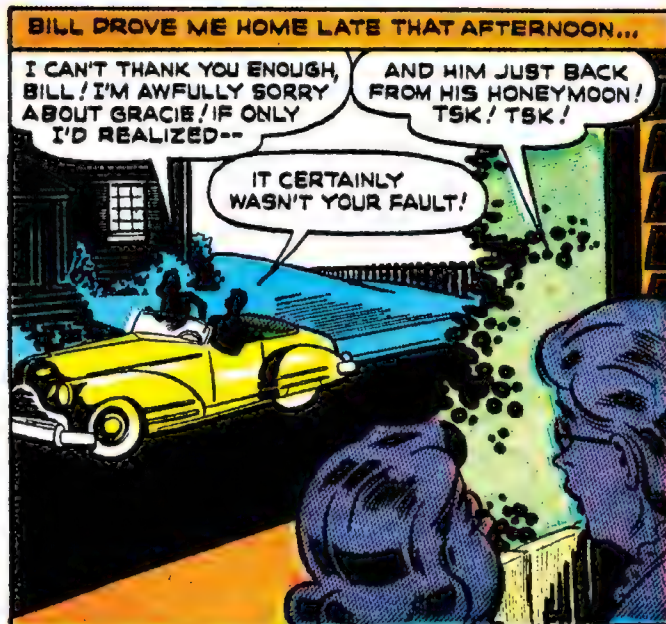
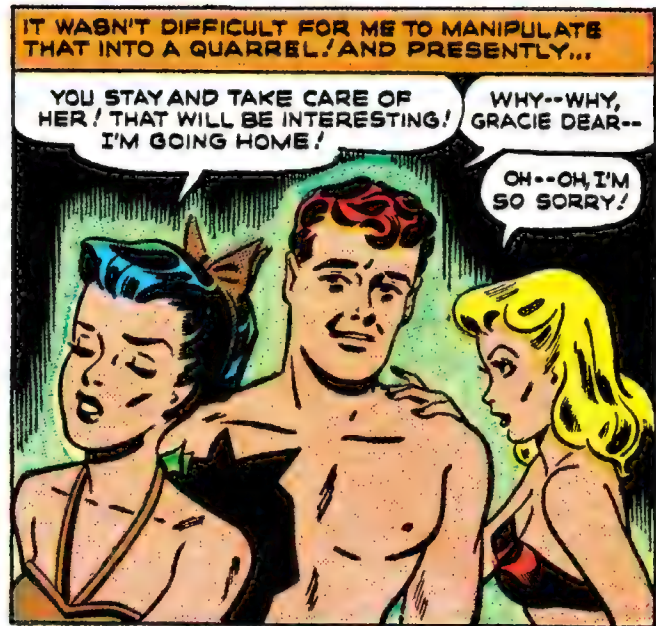
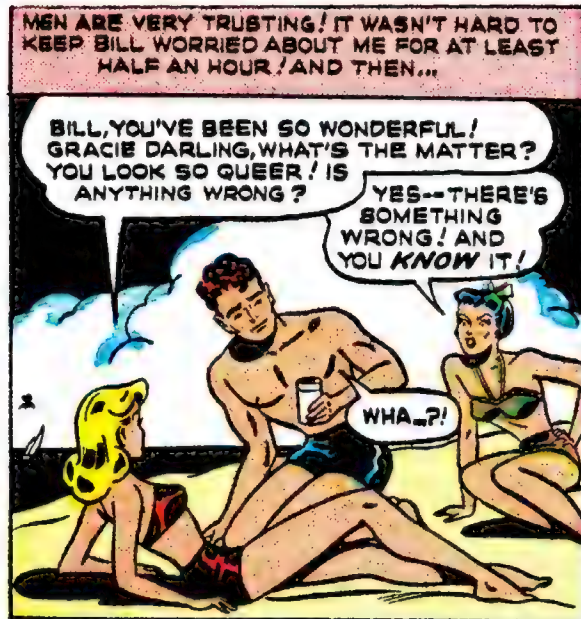
I WAS AWARE AS ALWAYS THAT MY ENTRANCE CREATED A STIR!

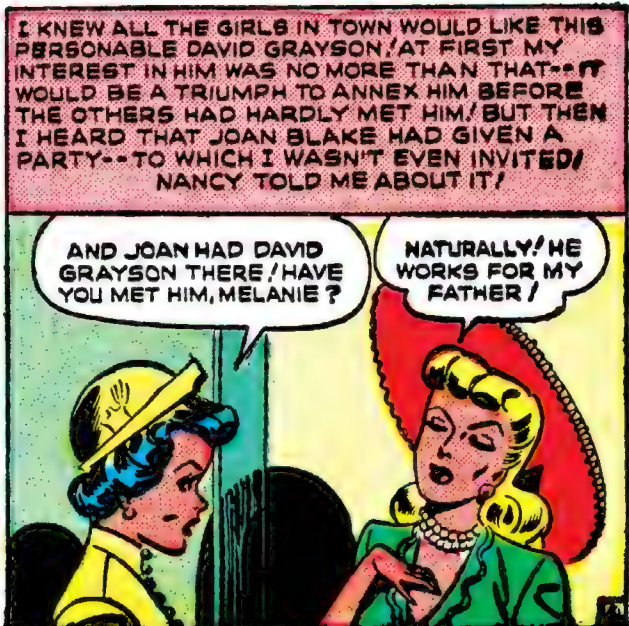
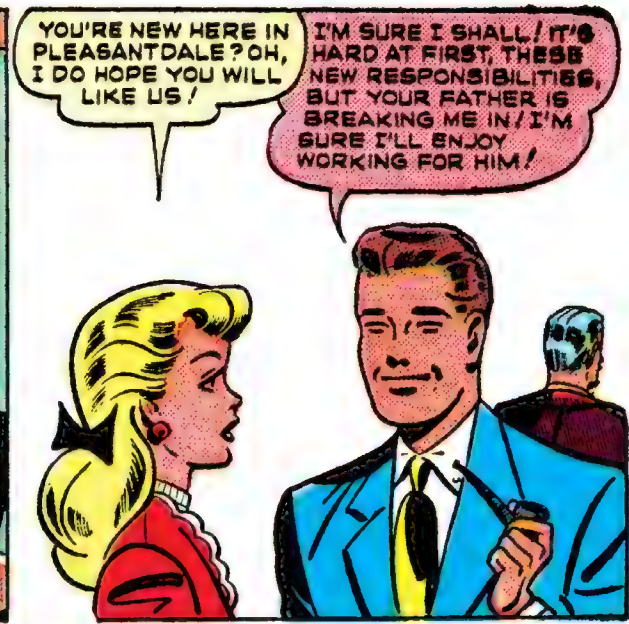
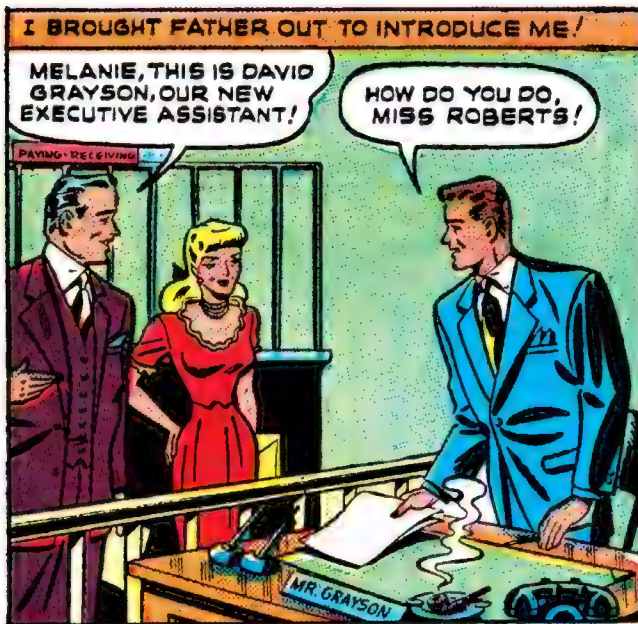
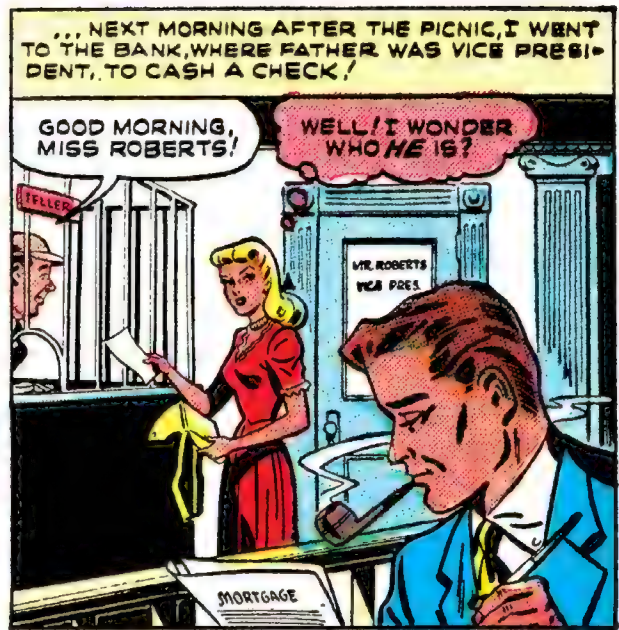
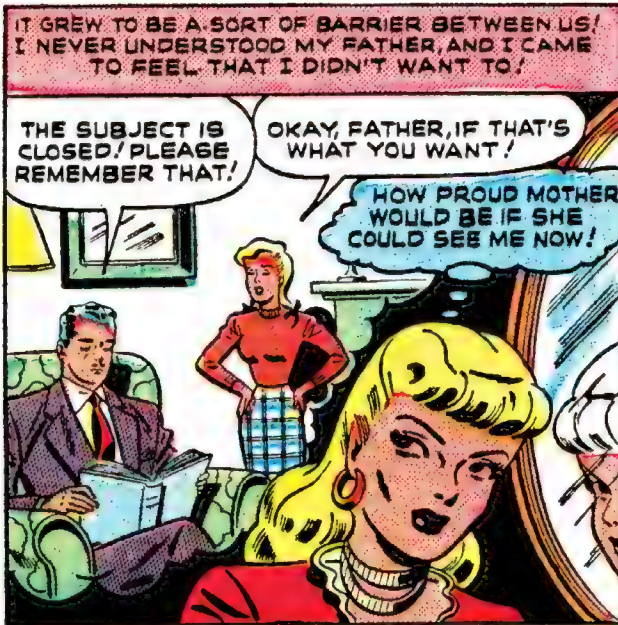


MY ESCORT WAS AN UNIMPORTANT CONQUEST LONG SINCE ACCOMPLISHED! TO- I WAS LOOKING FOR BIGGER GAME!



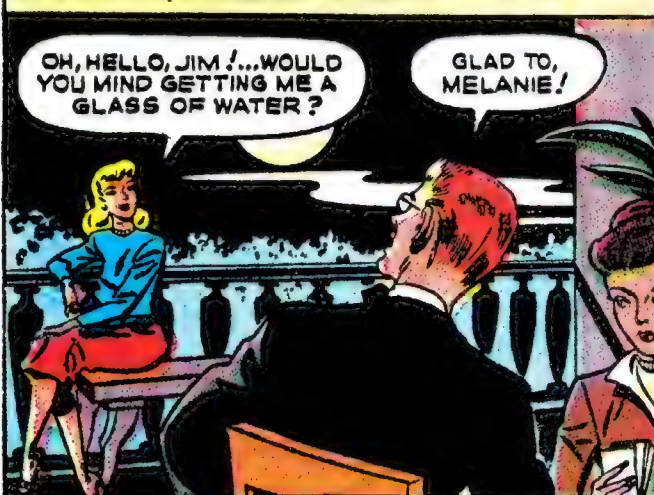




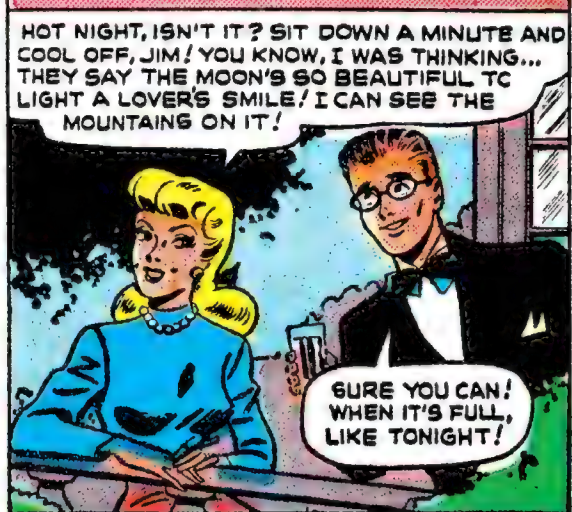




DAVID WASN'T THERE! I SAT ON THE BALCONY, EXPECTING HIM TO COME IN... BUT FOR A LONG TIME HE DIDN'T / SALLY GREEN WAS PLAYING AT THE TABLE NEAR ME, WITH HER FIANCE' / PRESENTLY, WHEN HE WAS DUMMY, I CALLED TO HIM!



IT HAD SUDDENLY OCCURRED TO ME THAT I DIDN'T WANT DAVID TO COME IN AND FIND ME SITTING ALONE / I KNEW JIM PETERS WAS AN ENTHUSIAST ON ASTRONOMY, SO I...



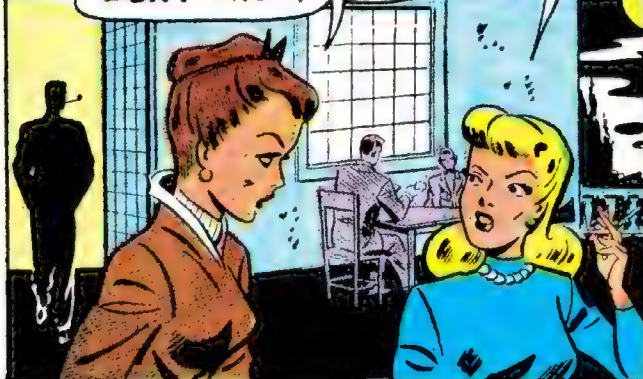
JIM DIDN'T REALIZE HOW LONG HE WAS SITTING THERE!



JIM HURRIED BACK TO DEAL! SALLY LINGERED! I DIDN'T REALIZE UNTIL LATER THAT DAVID HAD COME IN, AND COULDN'T HELP HEARING US!

SO NOW YOU'RE DELIGHTED BECAUSE YOU THINK I'M MAD AT JIM? DON'T KID YOURSELF-- I'M ONTO YOU, MELANIE ROBERTS! WHY MEN ARE SO DUMB AS TO FALL FOR YOUR LINE, I **DONT** KNOW!

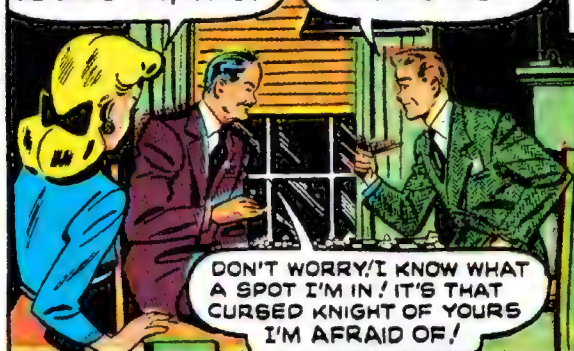
AREN'T YOU BEING RIDICULOUS, SALLY?



DAVID WALKED HOME WITH ME THAT EVENING! HE WAS GRAVELY POLITE, COURTEOUS, BUT SO UN-COMMUNICATIVE I HAD TO DO ALL THE TALKING! THE NEXT NIGHT HE CAME TO DINNER! HE AND FATHER GOT ALONG FAMOUSLY! THEY PLAYED CHESS, AND TALKED ABOUT BANK CREDITS AND SHORT-TERM LOANS! AND AFTER DINNER...

CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE A COMPLICATED GAME! YOU MUST TEACH IT TO ME SOMETIME, DAVID!

YES, SURE!...IT'S YOUR MOVE, SIR! WATCH YOURSELF NOW! I'M WARNING YOU!

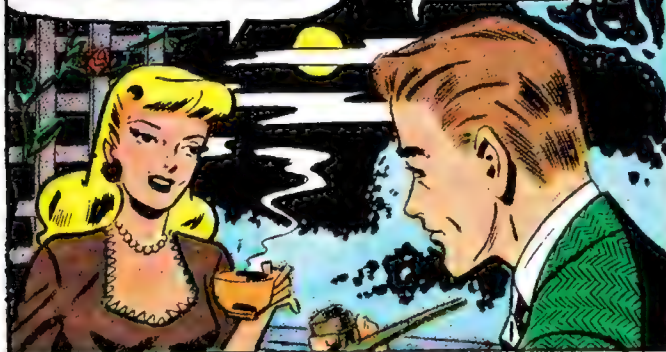


DON'T WORRY! I KNOW WHAT A SPOT I'M IN! IT'S THAT CURSED KNIGHT OF YOURS I'M AFRAID OF!

DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, I MANAGED TO SEE A GOOD DEAL OF DAVID GRAYSON! OFTEN WE WERE ALONE TOGETHER--AND I USED EVERY TRICK I HAD LEARNED TO FASCINATE MEN WITH! BUT ALWAYS I WAS BAFFLED! ONE EVENING ON OUR VERANDA, DAVID SAID A CURIOUS THING...

I JUST LOVE IT, SITTING HERE COMPANIONABLY LIKE THIS, DAVID! IT'S AS THOUGH I'D KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE!

I HOPE SOMETIME I'LL REALLY GET TO KNOW **YOU**, MELANIE!



THAT NIGHT, QUITE SUDDENLY, I KNEW THAT I LOVED DAVID GRAYSON! I CARED FOR NOTHING, SAVE THAT DESPERATELY I WANTED HIM TO LOVE **ME**! IT WAS A NEW, STRANGE FEELING! IT FRIGHTENED ME! I HAD TRIED IN EVERY WAY I KNEW TO ATTRACT HIM...

HE MUST BE IN LOVE WITH SOME OTHER GIRL! IF ONLY I COULD FIND OUT WHO SHE IS!



THE NEXT DAY WAS SUNDAY, AND QUITE BY CHANCE I MET DAVID!

OH, HELLO, MELANIE! SIT DOWN!

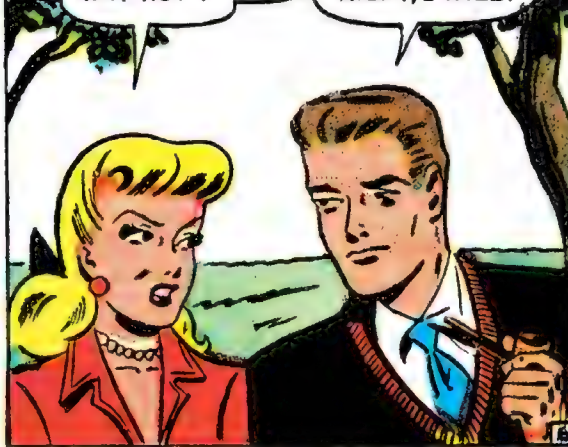
A MAN WITH HIS PIPE AND A BOOK--MAYBE I SHOULDN'T INTRUDE! JUST A MERE WOMAN, AGAINST SUCH COMPETITION--

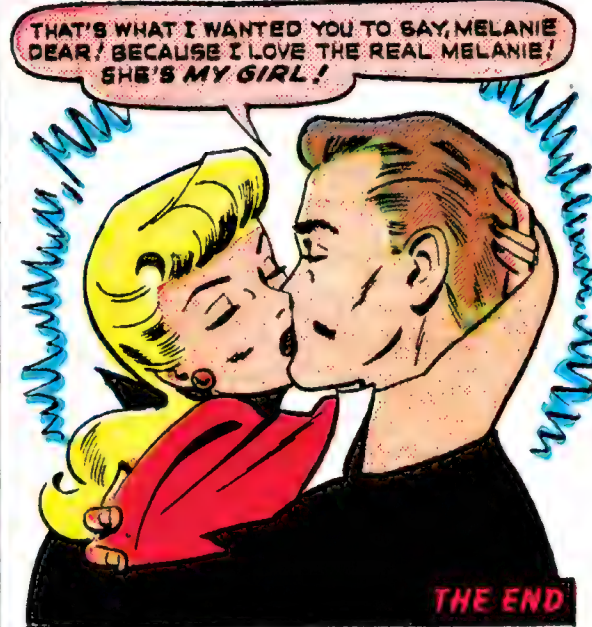
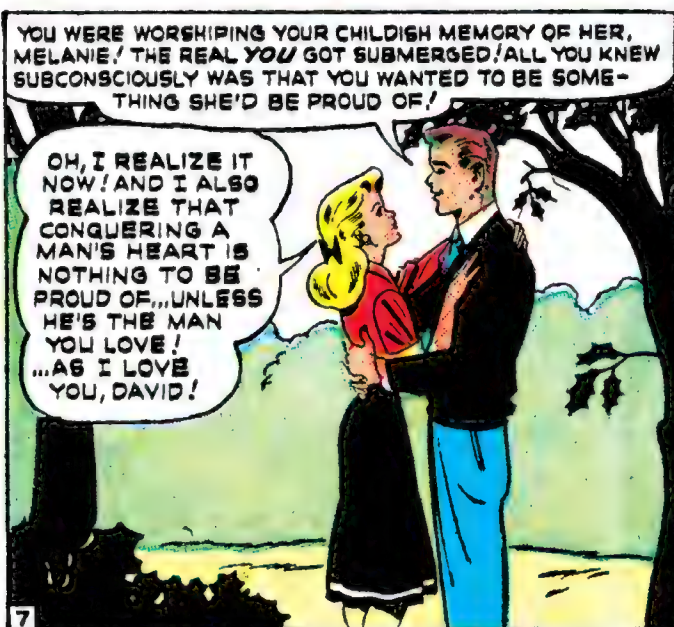
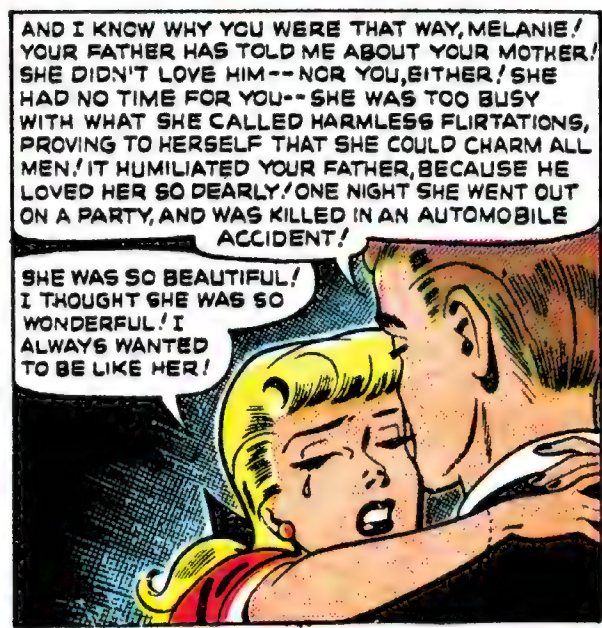
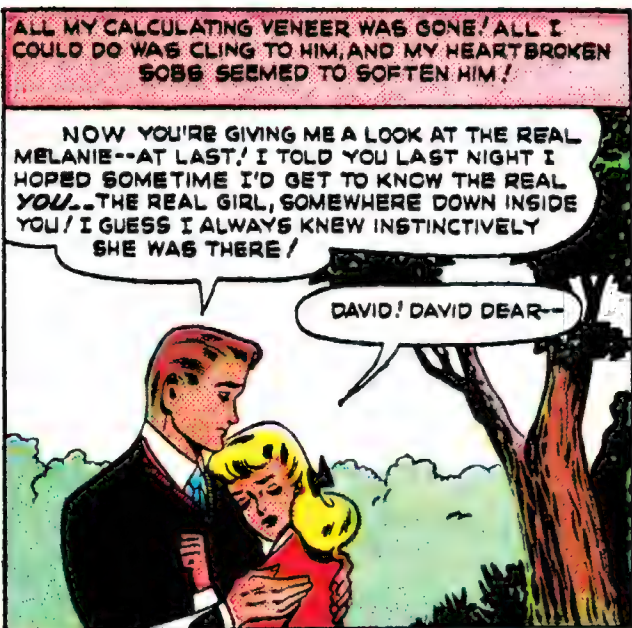


HIS GRAVE SMILE, ALWAYS SO IMPERSONAL, SOMEHOW INFURIATED ME! I FORGOT MY SUAVE, FENCING MANNER AND SAID SUDDENLY...

YOU DONT REALLY LIKE ME MUCH, DO YOU, DAVID? WHY NOT?

YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU? ALL RIGHT, I WILL!





THE END

NOW!

52 FULL
COLOR
PAGES

CHOCK FULL OF

ROMANCE!

**Junior
MISS**

"LOOK
OUT
for
LOVE!"

SEPT 10¢



4 ROMANTIC
TRUE-TO-LIFE
PICTURE STORIES!

2 COMPLETE
ROMANTIC
NOVELETTES!

**FEATURES!
FEATURES!
FEATURES!**

STILL ONLY 10¢—YOUR BIGGEST DIMES WORTH



DAN CUPID AND YOU

THE ROAD TO LOVE GETS MIGHTY BUMPY SOMETIMES, AND YOU ARE FORCED TO MAKE A LONG DETOUR. AVOID THIS BY LETTING OUR EXPERT EDITORS SHOW HOW THAT ROAD CAN BE MADE SMOOTH... ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

No Time for Love . . .

Dear Editors,

I've been dating my boy friend for over a year. Although we are crazy about each other, I don't know how much longer I can continue to date him. You see, he is a great sporting fan, and I'm just not interested in the sports world. He likes to bowl and play baseball and so forth, and I'd rather dance or go to a movie. What happens now?

Y. L.

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Y. L.,

There seems to be one point of common ground between you two: you do feel deeply about each other. This should be a basis for a compromise that would be agreeable to you both. Why not plan your evenings so that there is an equal balance between sports and dancing? Talk the matter over with him showing him your side of the situation. If you both cooperate, you can keep your man and have fun, too!

Too Young to Be Tied . . .

Dear Editors,

I am sixteen years old and am popular at our high school. Recently I met a boy who is the most wonderful date I've ever had. He has asked me to go steady, however, and I don't think it is a good idea. I don't want to lose this boy, but don't you

think I'm too young to be tied down?

R. V.

Boise, Idaho

Dear R. V.,

You certainly are too young to be tied down! We agree with you completely. Perhaps because you are so popular, your new heart interest wants to make sure he can date you whenever he wishes. But don't think for a moment that you have to agree in order to hold him. Chances are that you'll go with him a lot longer if you let him know that you like him—but don't weld yourself to him.

Going steady with one boy is overrated and limits your social life and valuable contacts with people.

The Torch Gets Heavy . . .

Dear Editors,

I have been in love with a certain boy for almost four years. I have dated him occasionally, but then he eventually gives me the brush-off. Now he is dating another girl, and I'm not sure whether or not he is in love with her. Should I forget about him and fall for someone else or keep trying?

L. S.

Oakland, California

Dear L. S.,

Carrying the burden of an old love can be a mighty tiresome business! You can easily arrive at a point where you aren't sure if that love is the

real McCoy or a flimsy day-dream. If it is just a matter of deciding whether you want to continue carrying the torch or not, why not forget about it? The ratio of men and women is still well-balanced, and you need not wait by the telephone for this one young chap.

Future Husband Asks Girl to Give Up Future . . .

Dear Editors,

I am sixteen years old. The boy I've been going with for seven months is twenty years old. We've planned to be married, but now I'm not sure that I want to go through with it. He asked me to quit school and give up all of my friends, which I have done, and now I'm very lonely. I do love him, but what do you think I should do?

R. M. M.

Farraday, Kentucky

Dear R. M. M.,

This young man is smothering you and your personality with his strong dominating will. There is no reason why you should let him get away with it. Just because you are serious about him is no reason for you to give up your education and your circle of friends. Remember, he fell in love with you the way you were before he began changing your life. Be yourself, and come to life again!

Possessive Female Is De-possessed . . .

Dear Editors,

Even though I'm only seventeen years old, I'm in love with a boy who is a few years older than I am. I guess I made a mistake by bawling him out for not taking me to a baseball game, because I haven't heard from him since then. Now I don't know what to do. Have you any suggestions?

F. B. L.
Macon, Georgia

Dear F. B. L.,

Perhaps you will profit by this lesson by hiding your claws from available young men. No man wants to give up his freedom of choice because of a possessive female! It is difficult to say whether or not you'll be able to get this boy back into your good graces, but you will, perhaps, know how to handle your future romances.

Shyness Delays Romance . . .

Dear Editors,

I've liked Mike L. for a long time, but he doesn't seem to know I exist. When he was in my class, I made a few feeble attempts to attract his attention, but he wasn't interested. Now he is in my girl friend's class, but she says he acts the same way there. Maybe he just doesn't like girls!

D. F. B.
Portland, Maine

Dear D. F. B.,

His lack of response to your "feeble attempts" might indicate a bashfulness that is not rare among young men. You must break through that shy veneer without being overbearing or forward. Perhaps your girl friend can help by arranging a foursome date and suggesting you for his evening companion. If a special dance or school party comes up, either one would be an excellent occasion to try to buck his reserve and, perhaps, come through with flying colors!

Available Boy Seeks Fun . . .

Dear Editors,

I am seventeen years old, and I have a good job in New York. I'm 5' 7" tall, weigh 145 lbs., and have blonde hair and blue eyes. I don't think that I'm bad looking, and I always have money to spend. So I can't understand why I can't get a date with a girl. What do you think is wrong?

E. K.
Staten Island, New York

Dear E. K.,

Having money to spend and being a nice looking fellow isn't the complete formula for getting a girl. Your personality and approach play an important part, too. We suggest that you take an inventory of yourself to discover just what the barrier is that stands between you and your social whirl!

Criticism Discourages Romance . . .

Dear Editors,

I am seventeen years old, and yet I've had very few dates for my age. I've been told that I was too critical of my dates, and that is why boys never ask me out a second time. If this is right, what should I do?

G. G.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear G. G.,

Personal criticism is sometimes difficult for the best of us to take with a smile. Ask

yourself how you hold up under such a strain. A gal whose tongue is too sharp and is always ready to accuse, is very likely to be listening to the radio on evenings when she should be out having fun. Learn to control your tongue when it begins to make unpleasant remarks.

Girl Questions Hearts Apart . . .

Dear Editors,

I had been going with a fellow for several months before he joined the Navy. He has a long time to serve, and I don't know what to do. I thought I loved him enough to be true to him while he was away, but now I'm not too sure. I want to get out and have some fun while I'm in my teens and see something of the world. Am I wrong?

A. C.
Fresno, California

Dear A. C.,

You are far from being wrong and certainly near to the right way of thinking. In your teens you should be having fun and meeting new people. It is a rare teen-ager who realizes exactly what kind of man she wants and is mature enough to handle the situation. Why not write to your boy friend and explain your feelings to him? If your romance is on the right track, you won't need "an understanding" to keep you both interested in each other.

WE WANT TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR LOVE PROBLEMS! IF YOU AND CUPID ARE NOT SPEAKING, WRITE US ABOUT IT TODAY.

**GIRL COMICS
SUITE 1404
350 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK**

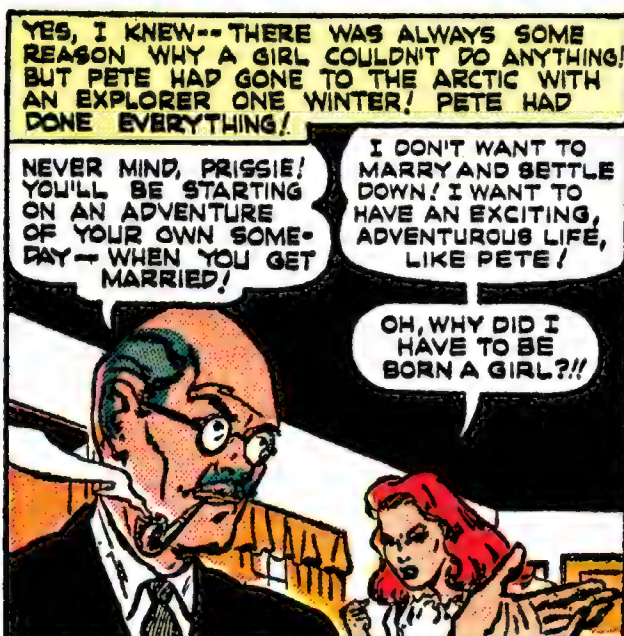
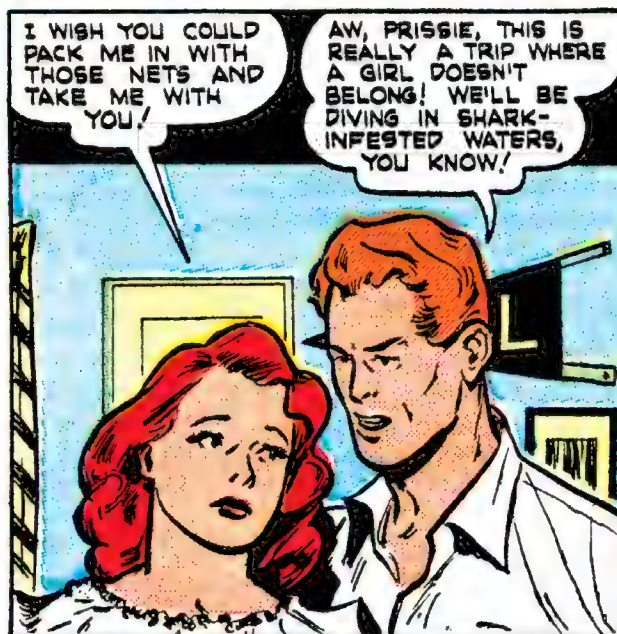
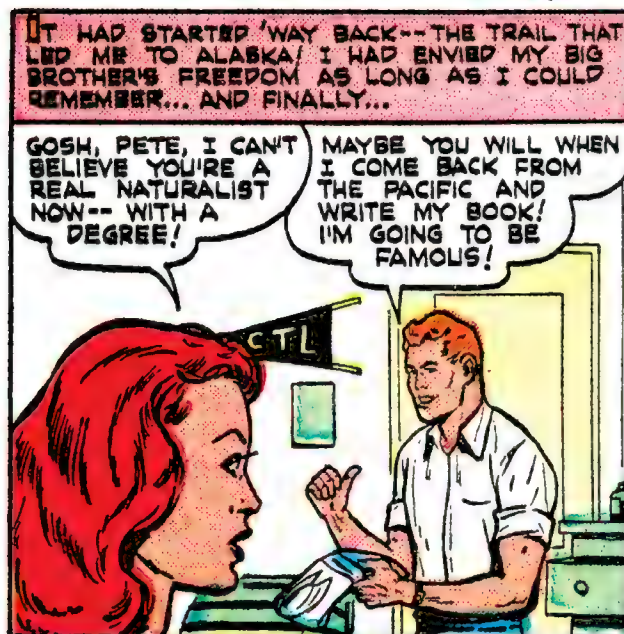
WE ARE ONLY ABLE TO ANSWER LETTERS WHICH CAN BE PUBLISHED IN OUR COLUMNS.

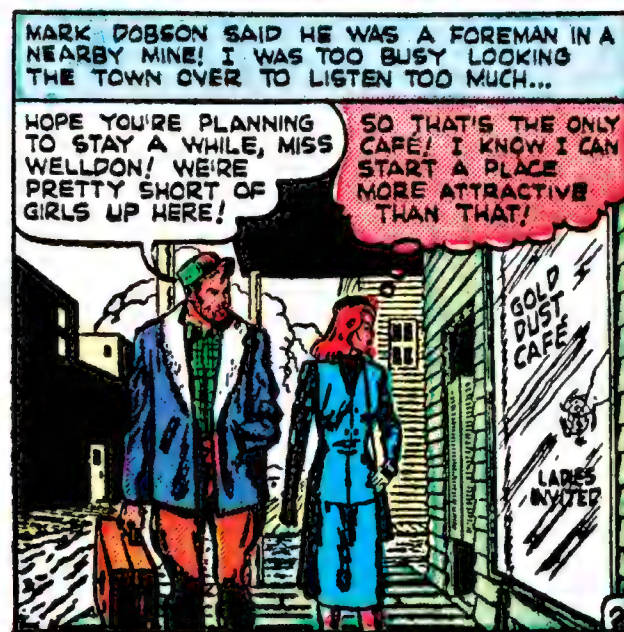
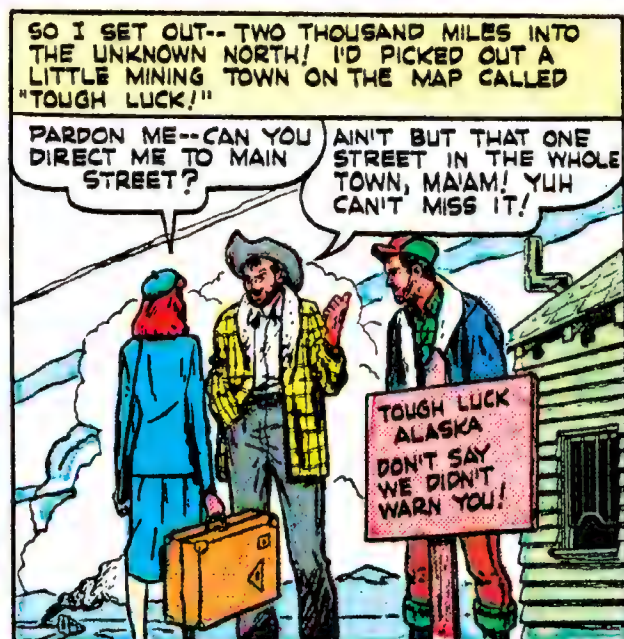
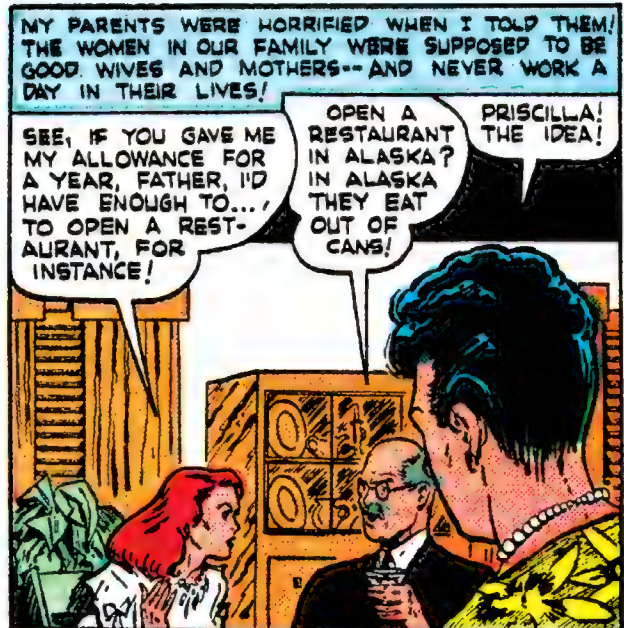


ROMANCE WAS NOT FOR ME! I WANTED ADVENTURE, EXCITEMENT, THRILLS! I DREAMT OF COMPETING WITH MEN, ON THEIR OWN GROUNDS! BUT I WAS TO LEARN THAT NO MATTER HOW YOU TRY TO FLEE FROM YOUR DESTINY, THERE IS...

NO ESCAPE!

5195



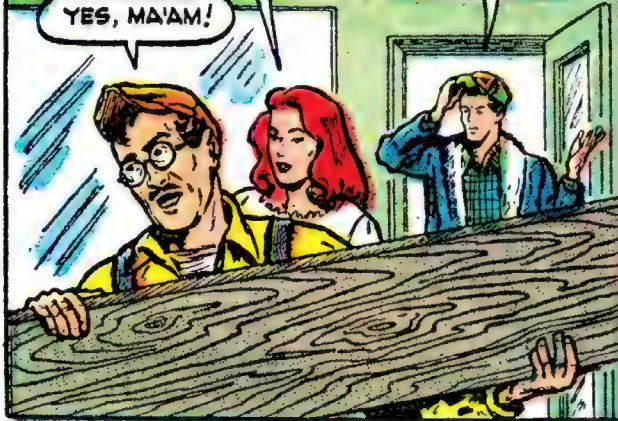


I DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME FINDING A LOCATION FOR MY NEW RESTAURANT! I RENTED A BIG CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND HIRED A GANG OF CARPENTERS...

THE COUNTER GOES HERE-- NOT TOO FAR OUT, PLEASE!

'MORNING, MISS WELLDON!

YES, MA'AM!



I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME TONIGHT, MISS WELLDON! THERE'S A DOUBLE FEATURE ON SATURDAYS!

THANKS, BUT I'VE GOT WORK TO DO TONIGHT! I'M OPENING BUSINESS MONDAY MORNING, YOU KNOW!



TOUGH LUCK, MARK! PERFECTLY GOOD SHAVE 'N' HAIRCUT GONE FOR NOTHING!

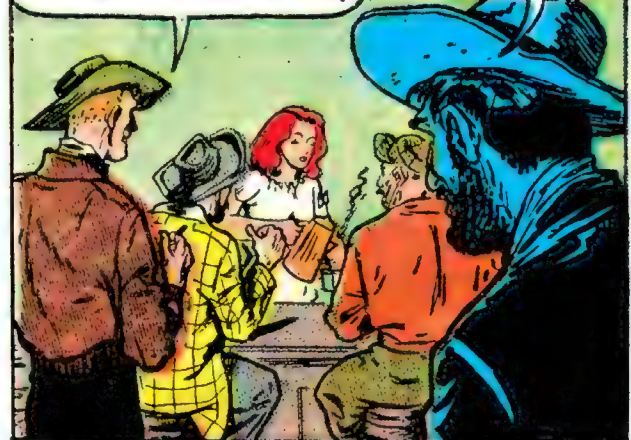
OPENING ON MONDAY MORNING! IF SHE DOES, SHE'S A WHIRLWIND!



I OPENED MONDAY MORNING WITH FREE COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS TO ALL COMERS-- AND FROM THE SIZE OF THE CROWD, I HAD NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

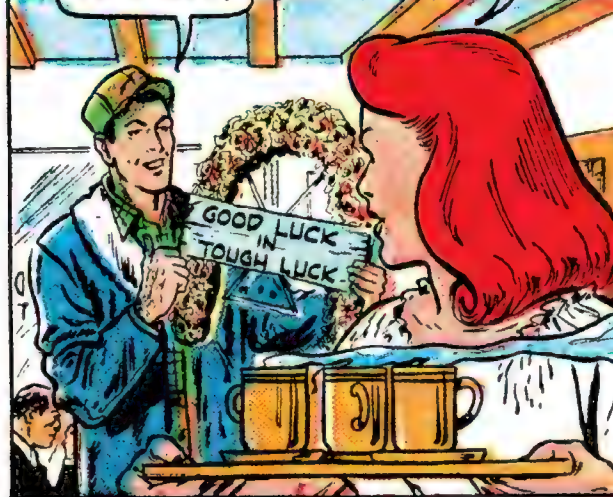
COUNT ME IN FOR SUPPER EVERY NIGHT, MA'AM! YOU'RE SURE EASY ON THE EYES!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!



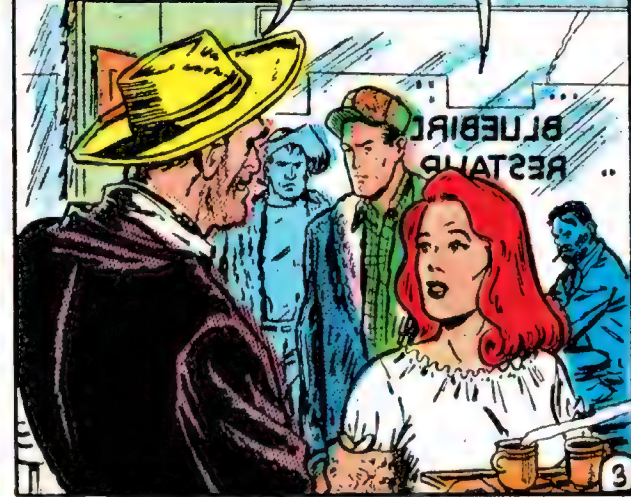
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING IN HONOR OF THE OCCASION, MISS WELLDON! UH-- MY NAME'S MARK! REMEMBER?

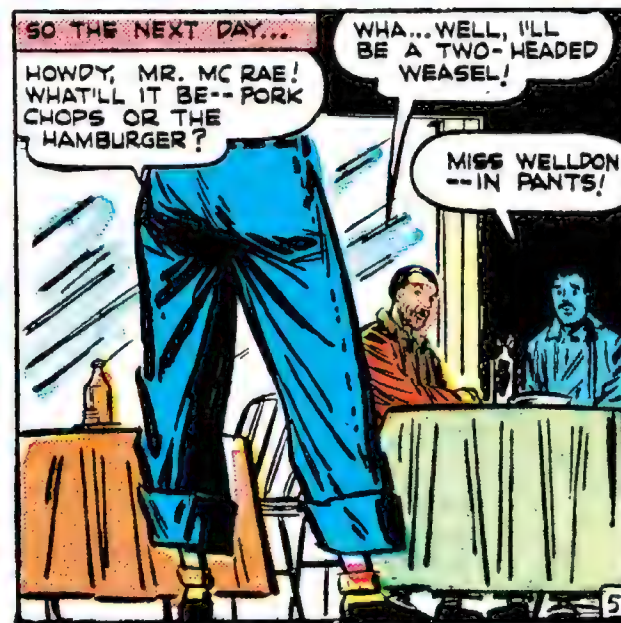
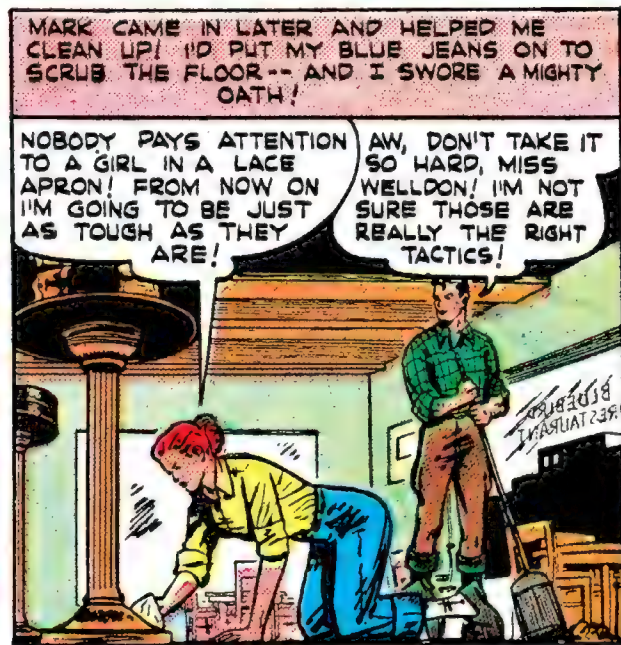
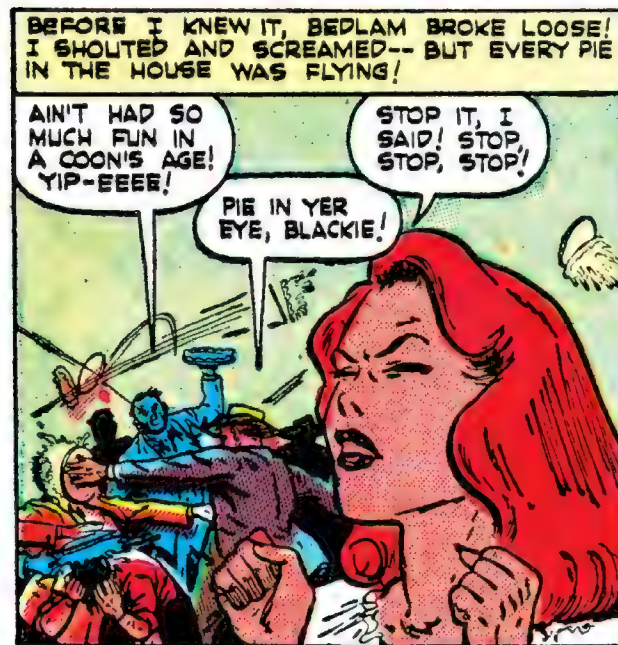
OF COURSE I REMEMBER! IT'S SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL, MARK!

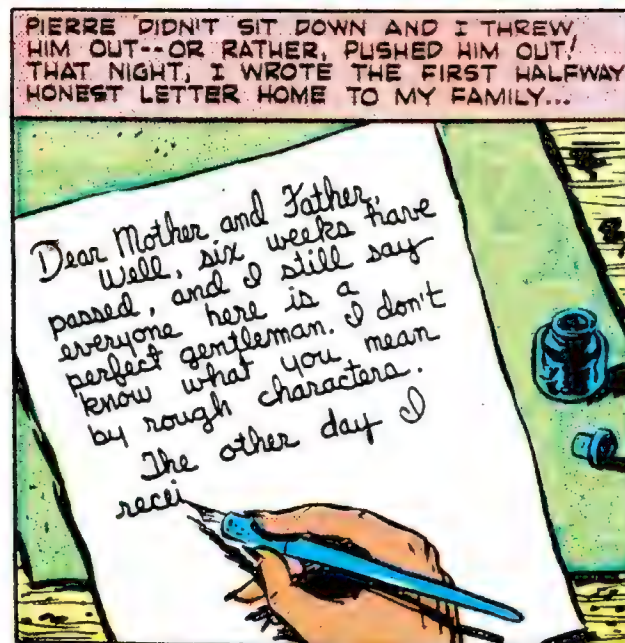
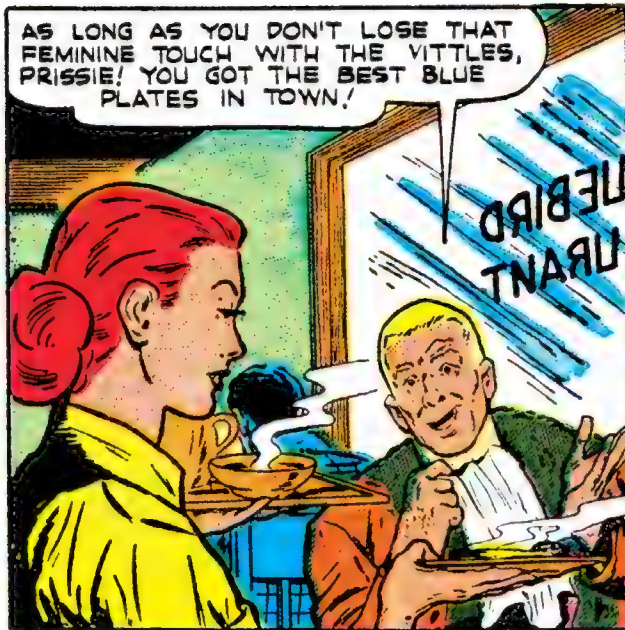


I'M BIG BEN HOGAN! HOW ABOUT A STROLL ALONG MAIN STREET TONIGHT AFTER CLOSING TIME?

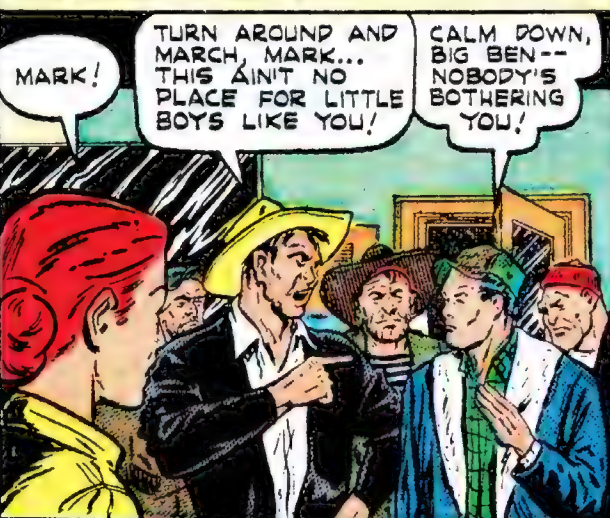
WELL...UH... I DON'T THINK SO, MR. HOGAN!







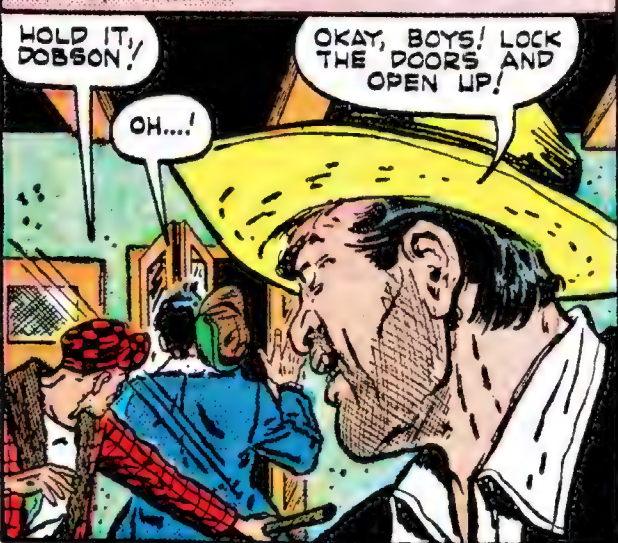
I REALIZED SUDDENLY THAT EVERY ONE OF BIG BEN'S TOUGH PALS WAS PRESENT! I HAD AN EERIE FEELING SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS GOING TO HAPPEN...

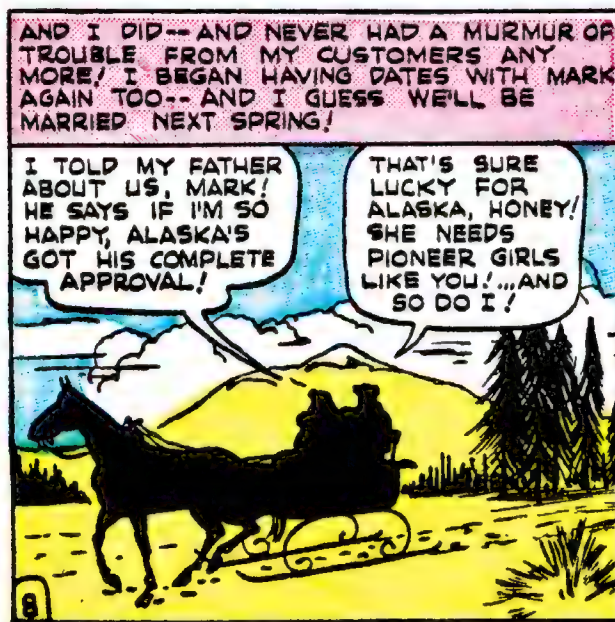
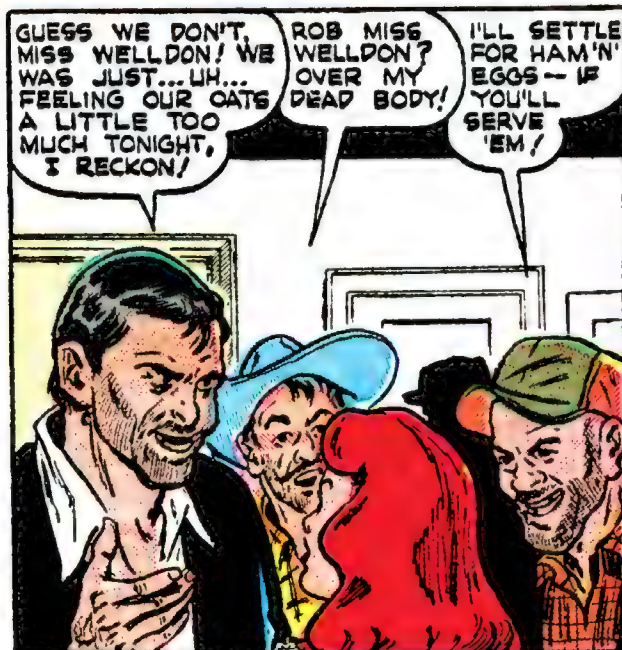


THEY'RE AFTER THAT CASH REGISTER, PRISSIE! JUST KEEP CALM AND I'LL STEP IN THE PHONE BOOTH AND CALL THE POLICE!



MARK KNEW BIG BEN'S HOLDUP TECHNIQUES BETTER THAN I DID! COLD CHILLS RAN OVER ME AS MARK MOVED TOWARD THE PHONE! THEN...





TRUE-LIFE LOVE STORIES!



GIRL **COMICS**

NO. 2 JAN.

10c

a BIG 52 PAGE
magazine



IT
HAPPENED
on a
BLIND
DATE!



WHICH ONES SHALL WE SEND YOU!

AMAZING • REAL IMPORTED

SEWING MACHINE

**REAL SEWING ACTION
READY TO SEW!**



IMAGINE ONLY \$2.98
complete

- Make Pretty Dresses for Daughter & Yourself
- Every Adult or Youngster Can Operate Machine
- Sewing with Complete Safety
- Has Table Clamp, Spool Thread, Needle

Now, every young lady can stitch 'n' sew for herself—and for you—on her own sewing machine. Not a toy, but a real machine which sews like a standard model. This remarkable, imported sewing machine is easy to operate—just turn the handle of the crane... the machine does the rest! It's thrilling and interesting to do your own dressmaking—and imagine the money you will save! Made of all sturdy metal and finished in colorful, non-chipping enamel. A clamp holds the machine firmly to the table. **SEND NO MONEY!** Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

**AMAZING!
EXCITING!
FUN!**

A STICK OF GUM WITH EACH DEPOSIT!

CHEWING GUM MACHINE and BANK

FREE! That Really Works!

A PACKAGE OF GUM WITH EACH MACHINE

Fun for all, kiddies and grown-ups... the fascinating and sensational novelty that really works just like a real gum machine. Just insert a penny, nickel or dime in a coin slot—pull the lever and out comes a stick of real gum. It's a bank too because the money remains locked in and can only be opened with a key supplied. Made of gleaming plastic and metal in two bright colors.

SEND NO MONEY Remit with your order, and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage. **\$1.98** COMPLETE

"RITA" RED-HEADED DRINK & WET DOLL WITH RUBBER WONDERSKIN



SHE DRINKS! SHE WETS! SHE SLEEPS!

Thrill your child with vivacious red-haired "RITA"—sensational 13 inch Drink and Wet Doll of squeezable rubber **WONDERSKIN**—the amazing new **LIFE-LIKE DOLL SKIN!** Adorable red-haired "RITA" is every child's dream come true! She has sparkling blue eyes that open and close—she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included)—and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her—move her cuddly arms, legs and head—make her stand, walk and sleep. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Imagine ONLY \$2.98
Complete

IT'S A 2 POINTER!! BASKETBALL

TALLY BELL SET

SCORE A BASKET...RING THE BELL!



- ★ Portable basket... clamps over a door or chair in 15 seconds
- ★ Complete with 7-inch regulation ball and inflating needle
- ★ Helps develop a "good eye"

Listen to those points ring off on the new Tally Bell! Junior basketball players love this fun-filled practice for team or high school games... and thrill every time their "2-pointer" rings the bell. The basketball is the standard 7" size—made to take all the abuse active young players can heap on it. Basket is regulation diameter, portable and sturdy... with a bell attachment that rings as the ball slips through. Up in a liffy—in the boys' room, play room or cellar. Order one today. You'll make your son the most popular boy in the neighborhood. **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

IMAGINE ONLY \$2.98
complete

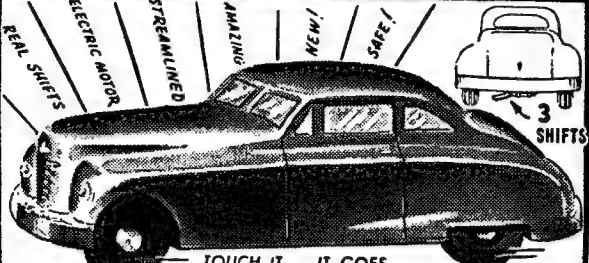
GLORIOUS BLONDIE WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"



- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that GORGEOUS BLONDIE, GABLE, love-me baby soft, smooth body. She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is of **REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN**. Every little mother will want Blondie for her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty, and they're thick and long just like real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons at night and tucked her in bed and watch her long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her next day of fun. Every child will have the time of her life giving her body a bath and powdering her soft, baby **RUBBER WONDERSKIN**. She comes dressed in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress, cute panties, shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful, amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably low price. **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage. **IMAGINE ONLY \$2.98** complete

LOOK! NEW 1950 ELECTROCAR with 3 real speed shifts



TOUCH IT - IT GOES THE OTHER WAY!

Here is the sensationally new scale-model car that captivates every child (and mommy and daddy, too). One flick of the magic gear lever and off it goes—in low, second, high—or reverse. Runs for hours. Driven by an electric motor, powered by two flashlight batteries—safe, economical—easily replaced. Over 10 inches long—comes completely assembled with batteries, headlights, balloon-type rubber tires—in shiny red durable plastic body. Lasts forever. **RUSH ORDER TODAY!** **SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)**

LOW SECOND HIGH REVERSE

Imagine only \$2.98
Complete

RUSH COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 217

59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me the following items I checked below:

Enclosed: ☐ Check or Money Order ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

☐ Rita Doll\$2.98 ☐ Electrocab\$2.98

☐ Sewing Machine.....\$2.98 ☐ Gum Machine\$1.98

☐ GLORIOUS BLONDIE 2.98 ☐ Basketball Game .. 2.98

☐ Surprise Box\$2.98

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

"THE SURPRISE BOX"



A \$5.00 assortment of beautiful toys at the fantastically low price of only \$2.98. All we'll tell you is that the group of toys and novelties in the surprise are guaranteed to total a value of \$5.00 or more.

\$2.98

GUESS-WHAT! YOU-GET BOX! IT'S WORTH MORE!

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Application for second-class entry pending at the post office at New York, N.Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Published bi-monthly. Copyright 1949 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Vol. 1 No. 2 JANUARY 1950 issue. Price 10c per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.



TILL DEATH DO US PART!

A
TRUE
LIFE
STORY

6241

"I, CONNIE BROOKS, HAVE JUST BEEN EXPOSED TO THE MOST SHOCKING EXPERIENCE IMAGINABLE! THIS IS MY STORY... EVERY WORD TRUE!"

HE SAID TED WAS DEAD! IT DIDN'T SEEM REAL... BUT HE'D SAID IT! I WAS NUMB... GRIPPED BY A TERRIFYING CHILL! I FELT MY FLESH TURNING TO STONE!

MISS BROOKS, WE'RE POLICE DETECTIVES-- AND WE WANT TO QUESTION YOU ABOUT TED BROWN, WHO'S BEEN KILLED IN AN EXPLOSION!

TED-- KILLED? IT CAN'T BE!

GRAB HER... SHE'S FAINTED!

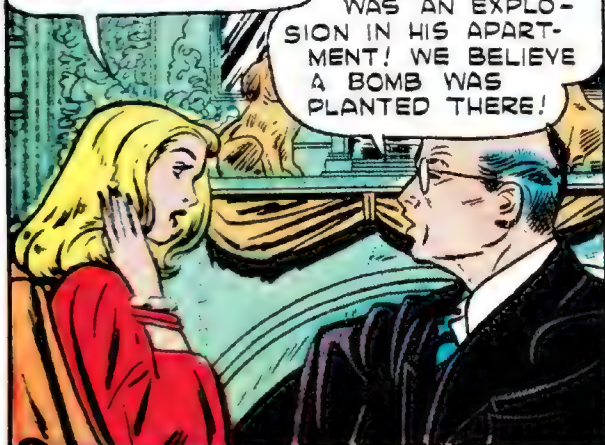
WHEN I REGAINED MY SENSES, THE DETECTIVES WERE STILL THERE!

IT CAN'T BE TRUE-- ABOUT TED! PLEASE SAY IT'S NOT TRUE!

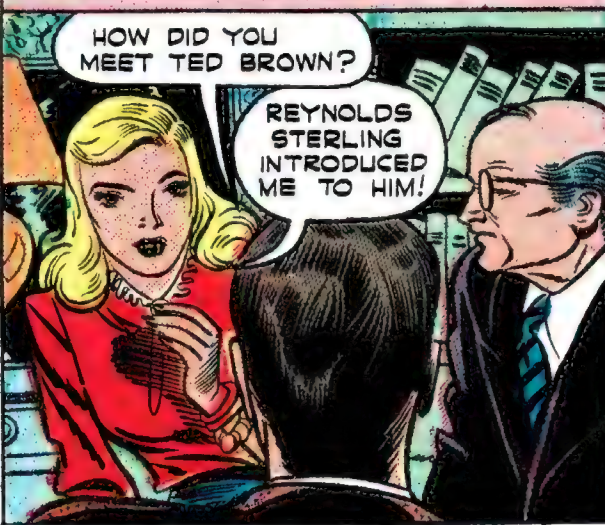
I WISH I COULD BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION IN HIS APARTMENT! WE BELIEVE A BOMB WAS PLANTED THERE!

I KNOW THIS IS HARD FOR YOU, MISS BROOKS, BUT I MUST KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH TED BROWN!

WE WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED!



I SAT THERE MOTIONLESS, ANSWERING QUESTIONS LIKE A ROBOT! I FELT AS THOUGH ALL THE STRENGTH HAD GONE FROM MY BODY!



HOW DID YOU MEET TED BROWN?

REYNOLDS STERLING INTRODUCED ME TO HIM!

YOU MEAN REYNOLDS STERLING, THE FAMOUS ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE?



YES! REYNOLDS AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS! IT GOES BACK TO THE TIME I FIRST CAME TO NEW YORK!

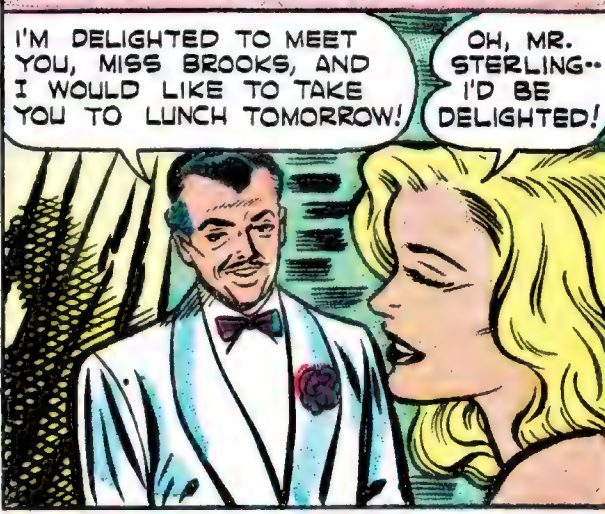
"I WAS IN THE CHORUS... IT WAS MY FIRST JOB HERE! ONE NIGHT, THE MANAGER TOLD ME I HAD IMPRESSED A VERY FAMOUS MAN!



HE'S THE PRESIDENT OF THE LARGEST ADVERTISING AGENCY!

GOSH! ARE YOU **SURE** HE WANTS TO SEE **ME**?

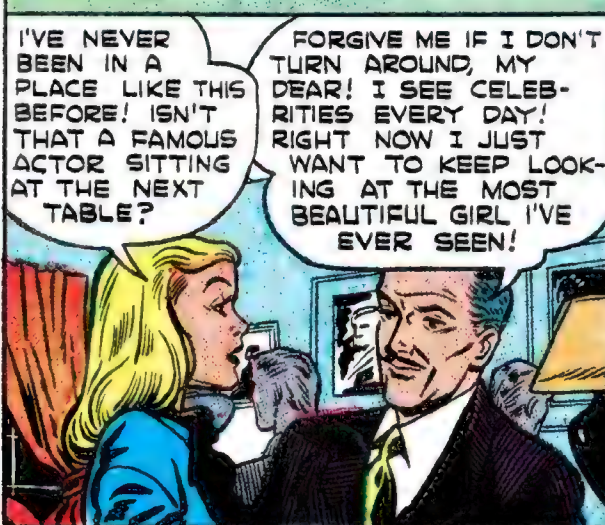
I WAS A KID WITH HAYSEED IN MY HAIR... AND REYNOLDS STERLING WAS A DIGNIFIED, POISED MAN-ABOUT-TOWN! I WAS NEVER SO NERVOUS IN MY LIFE!



I'M DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU, MISS BROOKS, AND I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO LUNCH TOMORROW!

OH, MR. STERLING-- I'D BE DELIGHTED!

I FELT LIKE CINDERELLA WHEN HE TOOK ME TO LUNCH AT THE AMBASSADOR CLUB THE NEXT DAY!



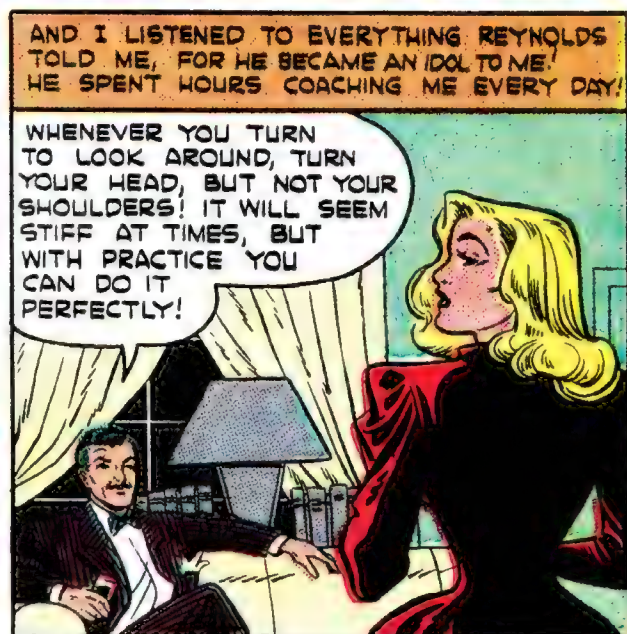
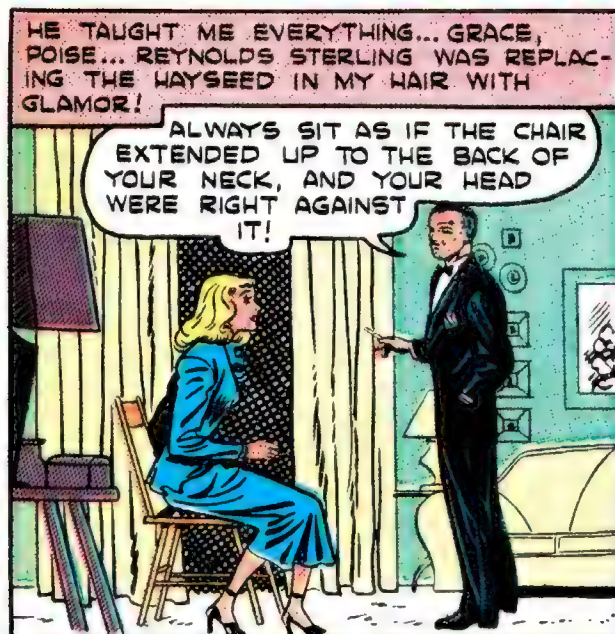
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS BEFORE! ISN'T THAT A FAMOUS ACTOR SITTING AT THE NEXT TABLE?

FORGIVE ME IF I DON'T TURN AROUND, MY DEAR! I SEE CELEBRITIES EVERY DAY! RIGHT NOW I JUST WANT TO KEEP LOOKING AT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'VE EVER SEEN!

YOU MUST BE JOKING, MR. STERLING! WHY, YOU'VE PROBABLY TAKEN OUT THE MOST GLAMOROUS ACTRESSES!



I HAVE, CONNIE! BUT BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY YOUR NATURAL BEAUTY AND CHARM ARE BEYOND COMPARE!



ONE DAY, AS I WAS WALKING INTO REYNOLDS' OFFICE, I SAW TED...YOUNG, HANDSOME, WITH A GRACIOUS SMILE THAT WON ME IMMEDIATELY!

OH, I'M SORRY, REYNOLDS! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BUSY!

NOT AT ALL, CONNIE! COME RIGHT IN! THIS YOUNG FELLOW IS TED BROWN, ONE OF MY WRITERS!

AND YOU'RE CONNIE BROOKS!

PRIVATE

I'VE STARED OPEN-MOUTHED AT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS, BUT I NEVER DARED THINK YOU COULD BE SO LOVELY IN PERSON, SO FORGIVE ME, BUT HERE I AM, OPEN-MOUTHED AGAIN!

YOU'LL CATCH A LOT OF FLIES THAT WAY IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!

STRANGE, HOW I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY THINKING OF NOTHING BUT TED BROWN! THE FOLLOWING MORNING I WAS AWAKENED BY THE PHONE...

HELLO, MISS BROOKS! THIS IS TED BROWN-- THE FELLOW WITH THE OPEN MOUTH!

OH YES, AND HOW CAN YOU SOUND SO CHEERFUL IN THE MORNING?

I'M PLAYING HOOKEY FROM THE OFFICE TODAY, AND IF YOU'LL GO TO THE BASEBALL GAME WITH ME, I PROMISE NOT TO MAKE ANY NOISE WHILE I'M EATING PEANUTS!

I HAVEN'T BEEN TO A BASEBALL GAME IN YEARS! I'D LOVE TO GO!

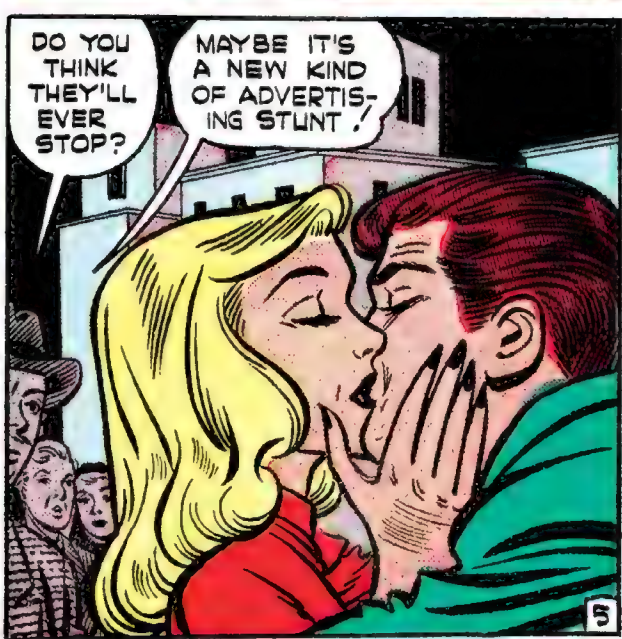
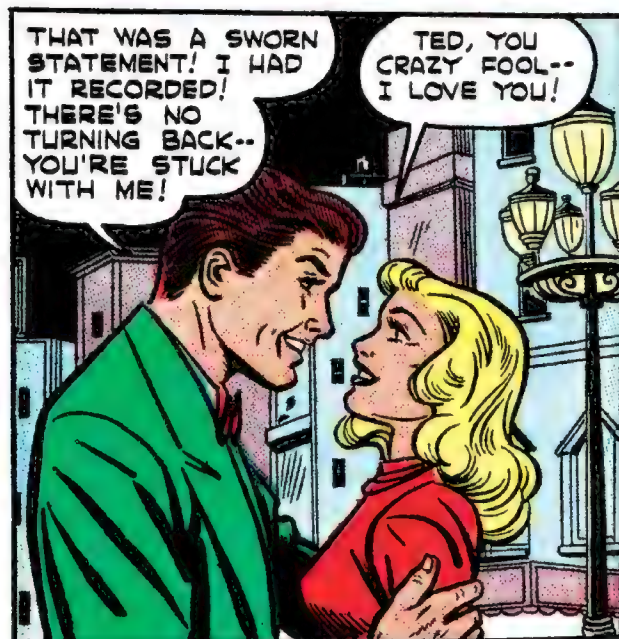
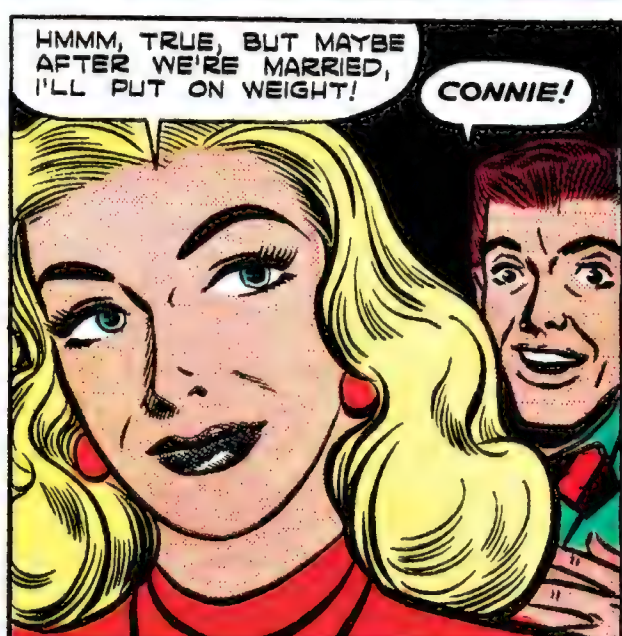
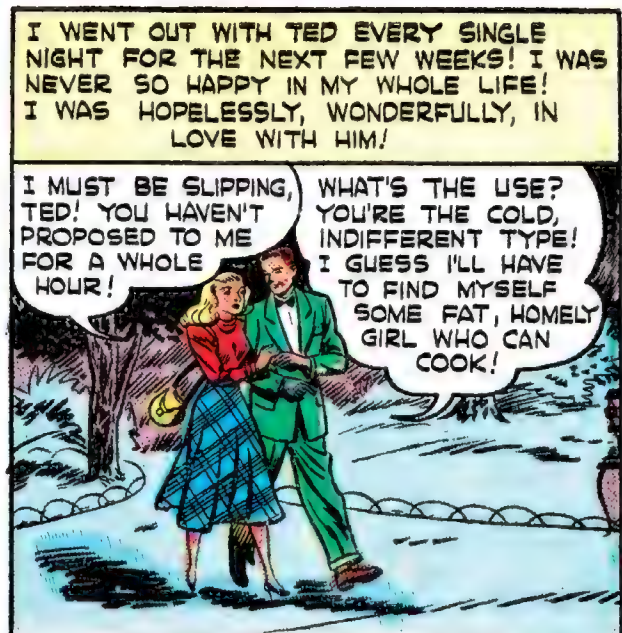
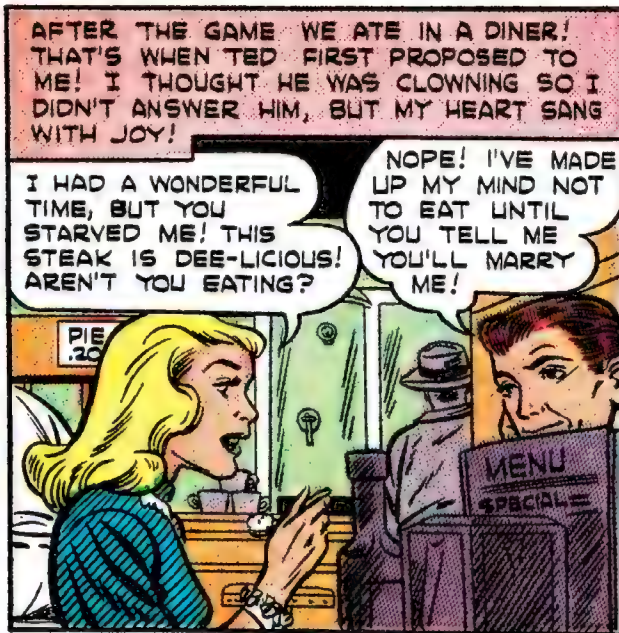
I DRESSED QUICKLY, HAD MY BREAKFAST, HAPPY WITH ANTICIPATION! TED DROVE ME TO THE GAME IN HIS LITTLE CONVERTIBLE... AND I NEVER ENJOYED AN AFTERNOON SO MUCH IN ALL MY LIFE!

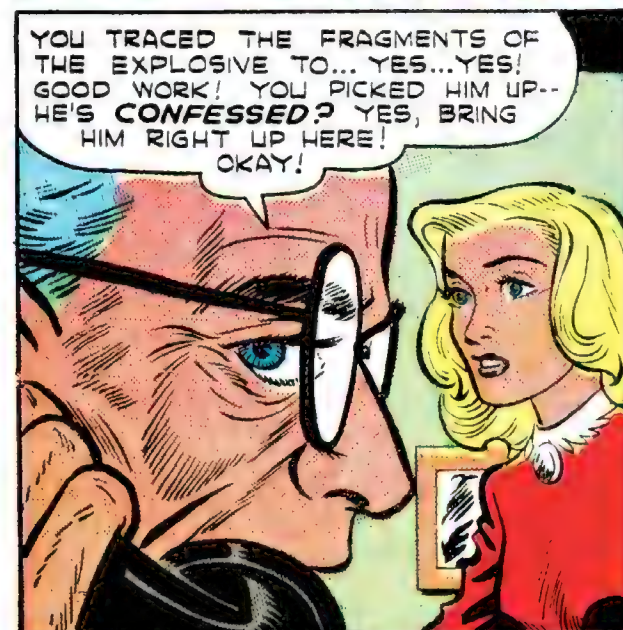
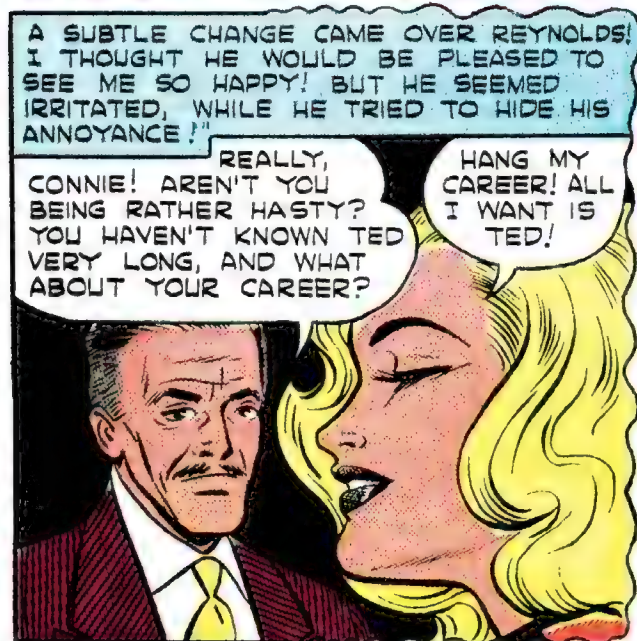
LOOK, TED! HE'S STEALING SECOND-- HE'S CAUGHT-- HE'S OUT!

YOU LOOK AT THE GAME AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED LATER! I'M TOO BUSY LOOKING AT MY DREAM GIRL!

OH, I'M HOARSE FROM SHOUTING! AND I'M NOT EVEN A BASEBALL FAN-- I'M JUST HAVING FUN!

THAT MAKES ME FEEL GREAT, CONNIE, BECAUSE I INTEND TO MONOPOLIZE ALL YOUR TIME DOWN TO THE LAST SECOND!





A FEW MINUTES LATER REYNOLDS STERLING WAS BROUGHT INTO MY ROOM, HANDCUFFED TO A POLICEMAN! I WAS GRIPPED BY SHOCK! I JUST KEPT STARING AT HIM-- UNABLE TO SPEAK!



REALLY, OFFICER-- DID YOU HAVE TO BRING ME UP HERE?



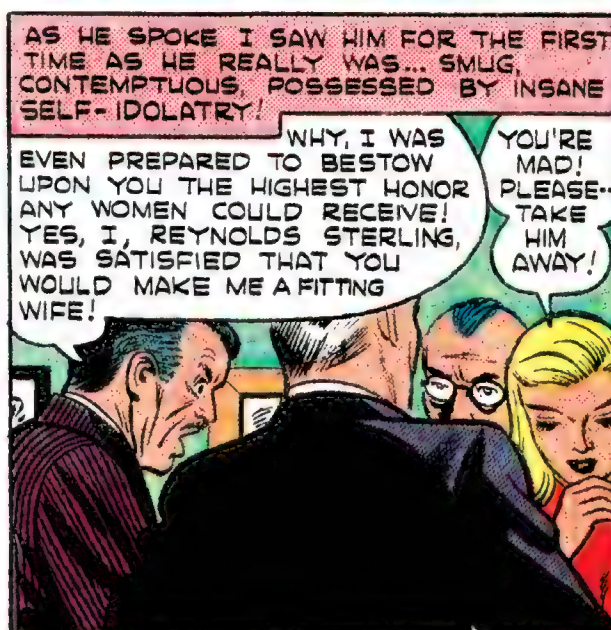
REYNOLDS! HOW... HOW (SOB!) COULD YOU...

LET US DISPENSE WITH THE MELO-DRAMA, MY DEAR! I HAD TO PROTECT MY CREATION!



I'M CONFUSED! I... DON'T UNDERSTAND!

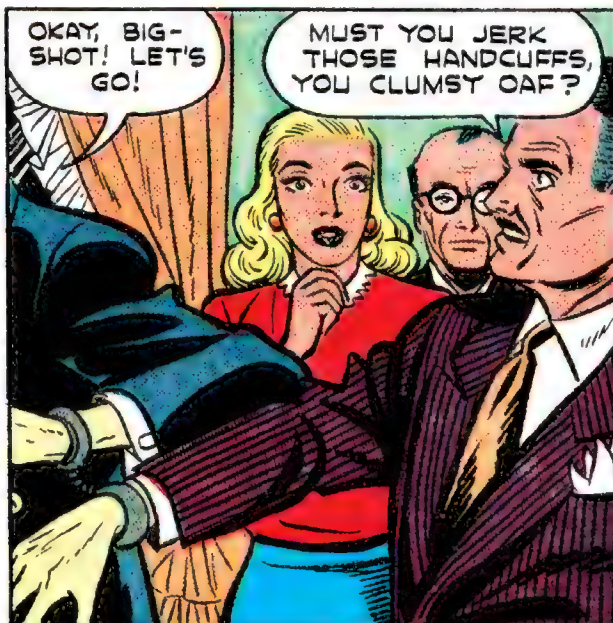
THEN I'LL BE MORE EXPLICIT! DO YOU THINK I SPENT A YEAR'S WORK MOULDING YOU INTO A FAMOUS BEAUTY, SO YOU COULD THROW IT OVER TO WASH DISHES FOR SOME LOVESICK YOUTH?



AS HE SPOKE I SAW HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME AS HE REALLY WAS... SMUG, CONTEMPTUOUS, POSSESSED BY INSANE SELF-IDOLATRY!

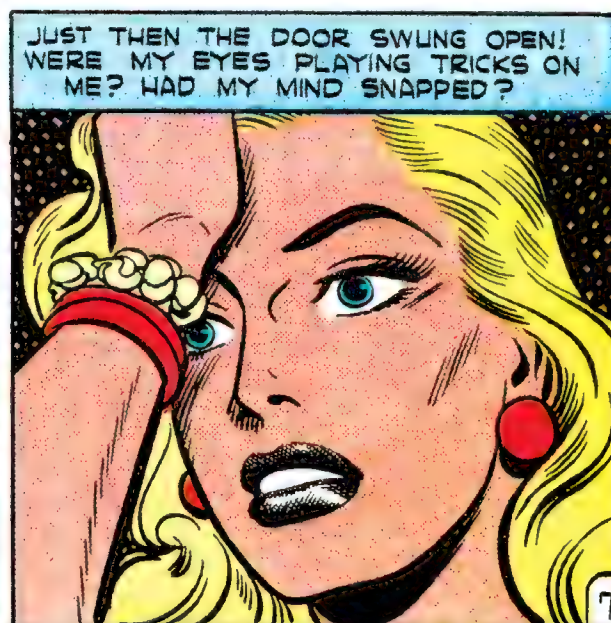
WHY, I WAS EVEN PREPARED TO BESTOW UPON YOU THE HIGHEST HONOR ANY WOMEN COULD RECEIVE! YES, I, REYNOLDS STERLING, WAS SATISFIED THAT YOU WOULD MAKE ME A FITTING WIFE!

YOU'RE MAD! PLEASE-- TAKE HIM AWAY!

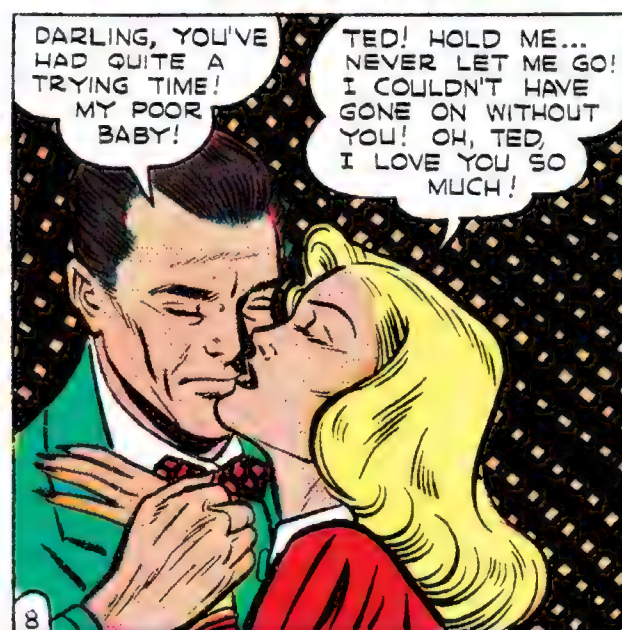
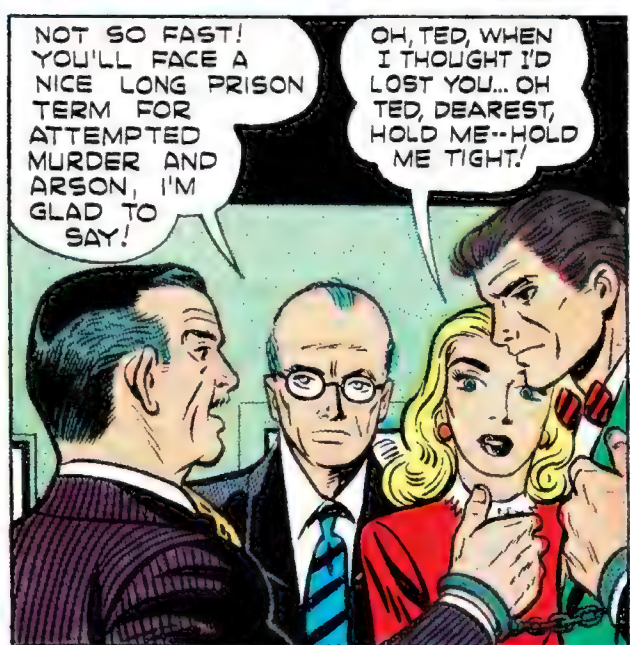
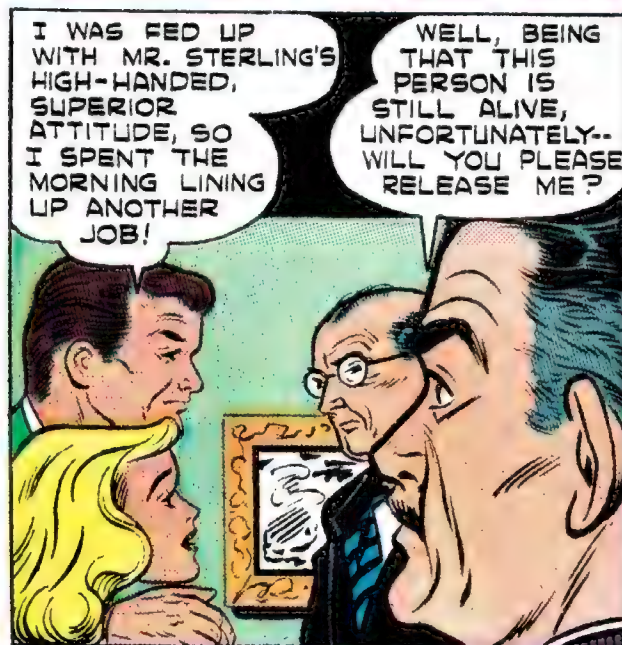
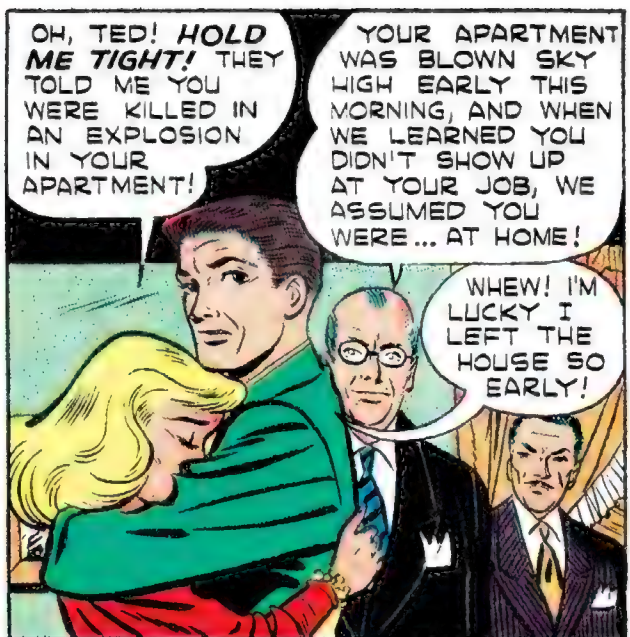


OKAY, BIG-SHOT! LET'S GO!

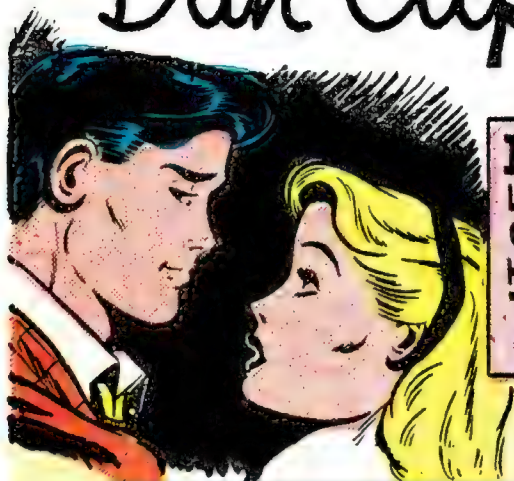
MUST YOU JERK THOSE HANDCUFFS, YOU CLUMSY OAF?



JUST THEN THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN! WERE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS ON ME? HAD MY MIND SNAPPED?



Dan Cupid and You!



IF YOUR LOVELIFE HAS STRUCK A NEW LOW ON CUPID'S HEART PARADE--LET OUR EDITORS ANSWER YOUR CRY FOR HELP! THEY WOULD BE GLAD TO DISCUSS THE AFFAIRS OF *DAN CUPID AND YOU!*

Out of Town—Out of Heart!

Dear Editors,

My seventeen-year-old boy friend and his family have moved away to another town. He has no car of his own so that when he comes to see me, he has to borrow his dad's car. His dad doesn't like for him to borrow the car, and now I hardly ever see him. Do you think I should forget about him?

L. M.
Canterbury, Ohio

Dear L. M.,

There is no need to erase him completely from your mind just because you only see him rarely. His leaving town is only an inconvenience to your friendship, and his father's reluctance to give him the car, certainly doesn't help your position. You need not sit at home every night waiting for him to drive up, because that wouldn't be fair to you—but on the other hand, to toss him out of your life completely would be unfair to him!

No More Broken Hearts . . .

Dear Editors,

I didn't want to fall in

love with Bob, but I did. We started dating steady and then we drifted apart and dated only occasionally. I began dating other fellows and finally Bob began monopolizing my time again. He's even asked me to wear his school ring. I'd like to accept it, but I'm afraid I'll just end up with another broken heart. What do you think?

B. L.
Torrington, Wyoming

Dear B. L.,

It is always better to sidestep a broken heart—that is, if you are certain you are headed in that direction! Since you have dated Bob steady before and have had your ups and downs, it is likely that now you'll be able to avoid making the same mistakes twice. Surely you've learned how to avoid the shortcomings that put a sudden end to your romance in the first round. If you have, there is no reason not to date Bob, and no reason to be the victim of another broken heart!

Ladies' Man Hard to Handle . . .

Dear Editors,

I'm madly in love with a boy I met at a party, but

I've discovered that he's a terrific ladies' man. He flirts with all the girls, and because he's extremely good-looking, all the girls like him. Could you tell me how to change him and make him love me as much as I love him?

A. L. G.
Portland, Oregon

Dear A. L. G.,

You have a terrific job on your hands! Can you change the spots on a leopard? If so, perhaps you can convince this ladies' man that it is time for him to settle down to *one* lady. You have to make him more interested in you than all the girls he dates put together. How? That's the jackpot question. Maybe just by *not* running after him with moonbeams in your eyes, or by developing interests parallel to his, or by being around at the right times—those things are for you to think about. All that we can do at this point is wish you luck!

Wipe Doubt From Romance . . .

Dear Editors,

I am a young girl twenty years old and have been going with a man who is ten years older than I am. I love him very much and he loves me too. We like the same things and always enjoy ourselves when we are together. People say when you love a person, the difference in ages shouldn't matter. Is that true? What are my chances of being happy with him?

J. B.
Centerdale, Rhode Island

Dear J. B.,

Age differences can matter in many cases, but only because that includes different outlooks and interests. You and your fiancé don't seem to have that gap in your friendship. Your chances for a happy future

would be more secure if there were no doubts in your mind. Writing to us alone shows that you needed reassurance for the step you want to take. Be sure that your mind is clean of doubts before making your final decision, and you shouldn't have any trouble!

Is Love A Reality?

Dear Editors,

I am a girl of eighteen years, and I'm in love with a boy in the army. The last time he was here on furlough, he told me I was a nice girl and would make some boy very happy, but in his present position he couldn't afford to have a girl on his mind. We haven't written to each other since he left that time. Does that mean he doesn't love me?

J. C. R.
St. Louis, Missouri

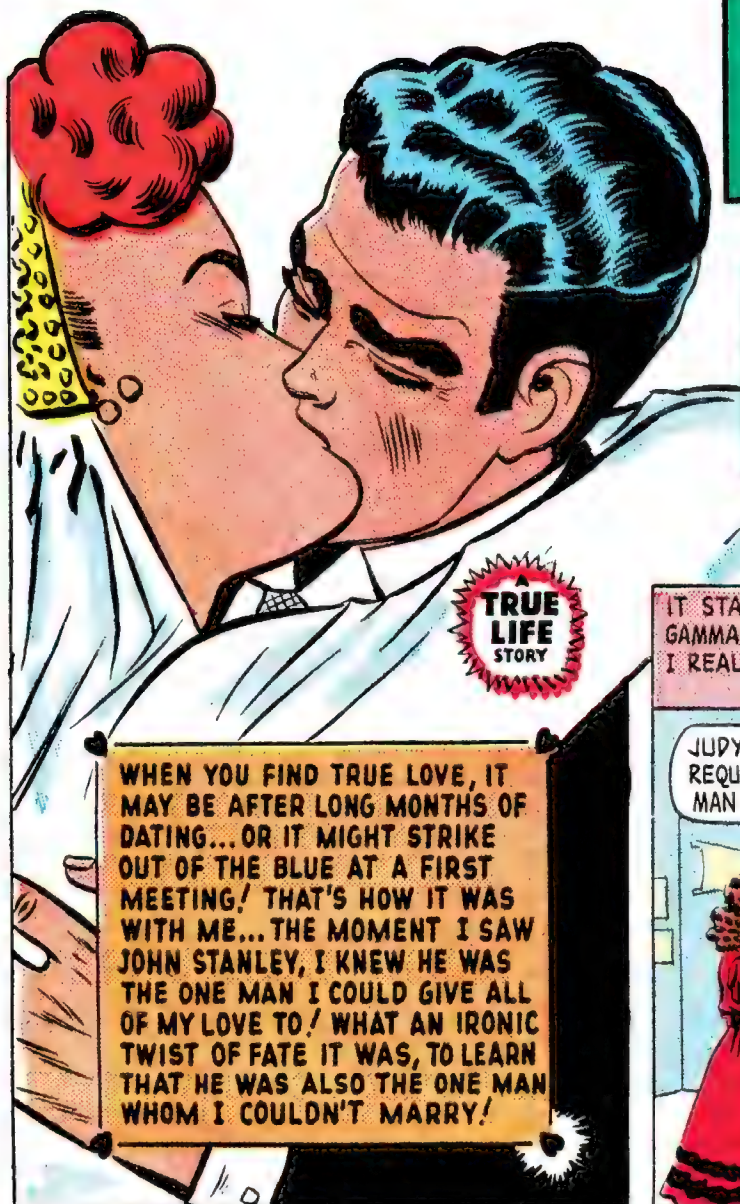
Dear J. C. R.,

Love and realities don't always go hand in hand. Sometimes you have to pigeonhole love until the realities of life are turned to your advantage. This young man realizes that he is in no position to think seriously about a girl, since he's not sure about his own future. Perhaps he knows how you feel about him and doesn't want you to be tied down with thoughts of him while he's away when you could be going out and having fun! He is being very considerate of you—try to face the realities that he has faced and has conquered!



**SORRY WE CANNOT ANSWER ALL YOUR LETTERS
PERSONALLY... ONLY THOSE SELECTED TO
APPEAR IN THIS COLUMN. ADDRESS YOUR**

LETTERS TO:
GIRL COMICS
SUITE 1404
350 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK 1, N.Y.



BLIND DATE!

6605

WHEN YOU FIND TRUE LOVE, IT MAY BE AFTER LONG MONTHS OF DATING...OR IT MIGHT STRIKE OUT OF THE BLUE AT A FIRST MEETING! THAT'S HOW IT WAS WITH ME...THE MOMENT I SAW JOHN STANLEY, I KNEW HE WAS THE ONE MAN I COULD GIVE ALL OF MY LOVE TO! WHAT AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE IT WAS, TO LEARN THAT HE WAS ALSO THE ONE MAN WHOM I COULDN'T MARRY!

IT STARTED THE NIGHT I WAS INITIATED INTO THETA GAMMA SORORITY AT RIDGELY COLLEGE! LITTLE DID I REALIZE THEN THE HEARTBREAK AHEAD, AS THE GIRLS GAILY BLINDFOLDED ME...

JUDY WILLIAMS, YOUR INITIATION REQUIRES YOU TO BRING A STRANGE MAN TO THE SORORITY DANCE!

HERE'S THE PHONE BOOK, DIANE!



YOU WILL OPEN THE 'PHONE BOOK AND PLACE YOUR FINGER ON A NAME! IF IT'S A MAN, YOU'LL BRING HIM TO THE DANCE!

THAT'S RIGHT, JUDY--NO MATTER WHO HE IS--MARRIED OR SINGLE--FAT OR THIN--YOUNG...OR OLD...

OH NO, GIRLS--I COULDN'T! I WOULDN'T DARE!



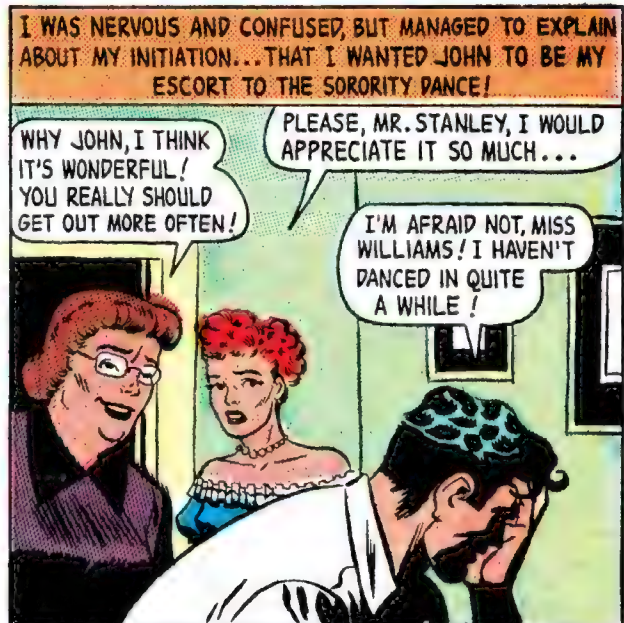
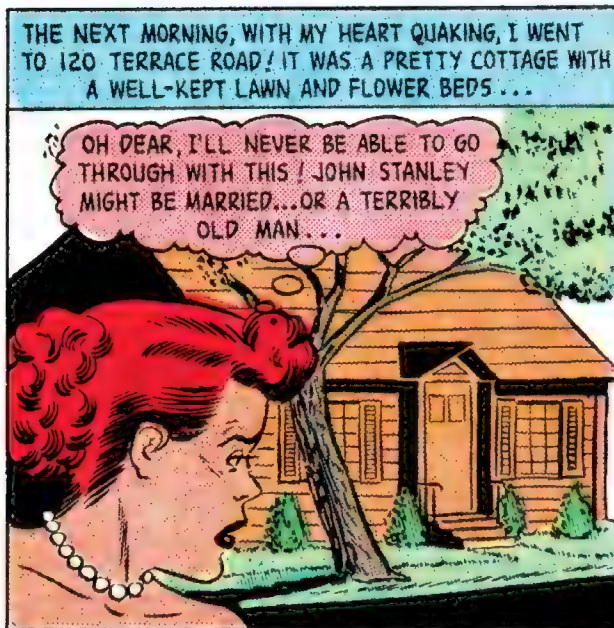
YOU CANNOT ENTER THETA GAMMA UNLESS YOU PASS YOUR INITIATION! PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE PAGE!

WELL, HERE GOES, THEN!

YOU MUST, JUDY! HE MIGHT BE HANDSOME!



MU 3651
STANLEY, JOHN
120 TERRACE RD.
RIDGELY 5860



AFTER THE FIRST SHOCK OF LEARNING THAT JOHN WAS BLIND, MY HEART WENT OUT TO HIM AND I KNEW I WOULD RATHER HAVE HIM ESCORT ME TO THE DANCE THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE WORLD!

OH, JUDY-- DID YOU SEE HIM? WHAT'S HE LIKE? GEE, WE'RE DYING TO MEET YOUR "BLIND DATE"! IS HE HANDSOME? I WON'T TELL YOU A THING, GIRLS-- YOU'LL ALL SEE HIM SATURDAY!



DIANE VANE, THE BEAUTY OF THE SORORITY, HAD HER DOUBTS... SHE HAD ALWAYS DISLIKED ME BECAUSE I WAS POPULAR WITH THE OTHER GIRLS!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU WENT TO SEE THIS MAN, JUDY! IF YOU DON'T BRING HIM TO THE DANCE... DON'T WORRY, DIANE, I'LL BE AT THE DANCE--AND WITH JOHN STANLEY, THE MAN I PICKED FROM THE 'PHONE BOOK!



JOHN AND HIS MOTHER INVITED ME TO DINNER TO BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED... AND I KNEW THEN THAT I WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH HIM!

THE CHICKEN IS DELICIOUS, MRS. STANLEY! LOOK, JOHN, AT THE LOVELY ROSES --OH, I'M SO SORRY! DON'T WORRY, JUDY! MY BLINDNESS ISN'T A DELICATE SUBJECT AROUND HERE! DURING THE WAR I WAS AN AIRCRAFT ENGINEER... THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT AT THE PLANT...



JOHN, YOU DANCE DIVINELY! OH, I'M SO HAPPY YOU'RE TAKING ME TO THE DANCE... SO GLAD NOW THAT I KNOW YOU! THAT GOES FOR ME TOO, JUDY! I'VE NEEDED SOMEONE LIKE YOU FOR A LONG TIME NOW!



JOHN AND I PRACTICED DANCING QUIETLY IN HIS MOTHER'S LIVING ROOM, SAYING LITTLE! SUDDENLY HE HELD ME TIGHTER...TIGHTER...

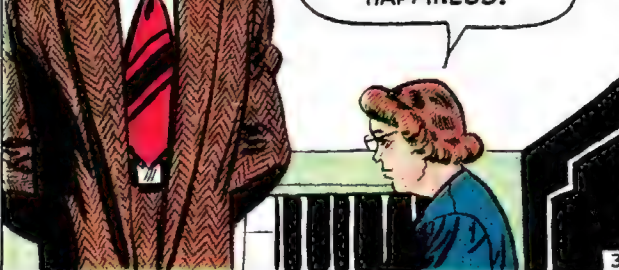
JOHN! YOU...YOU'RE CRUSHING ME! FORGIVE ME, JUDY...I... I'M SO FOND OF YOU! OH JUDY, IF ONLY I COULD SEE YOU!

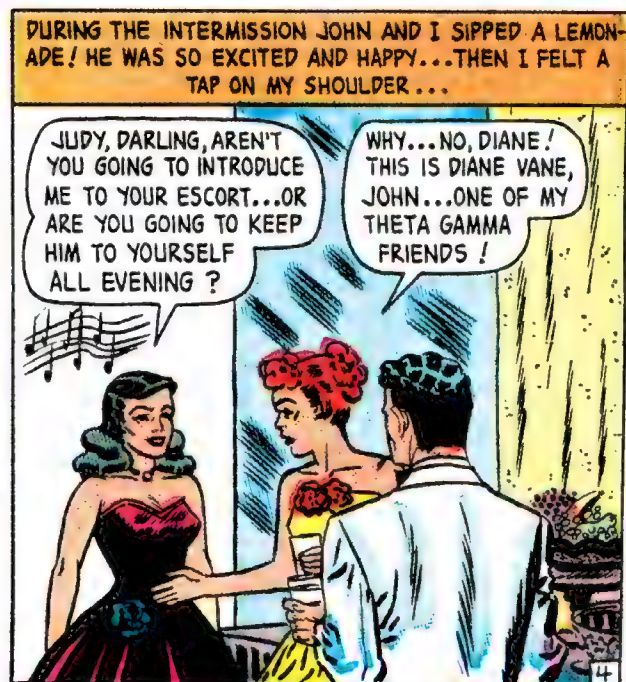
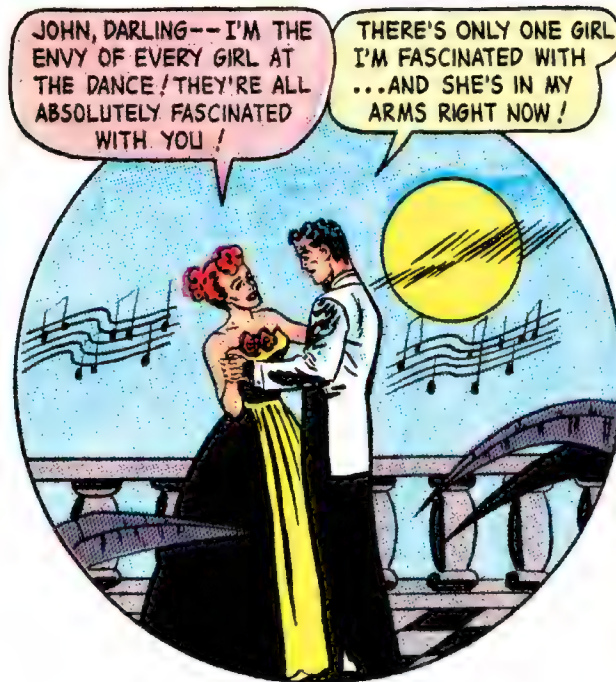
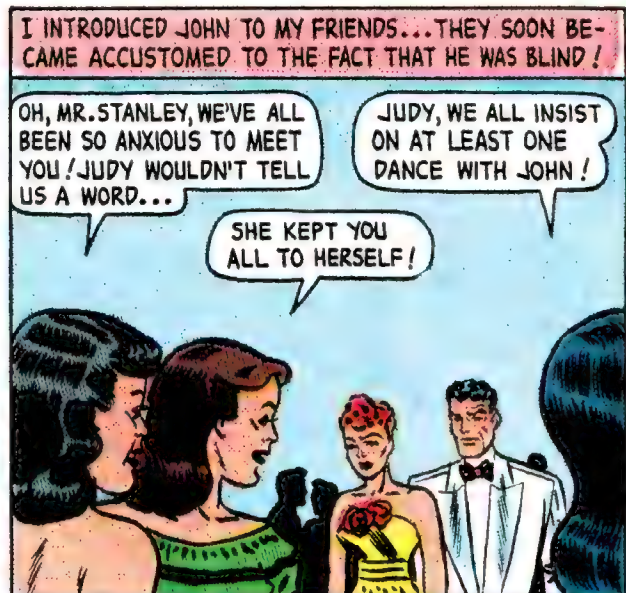


I KNEW THAT JOHN WAS IN LOVE WITH ME! AND I REALIZED THAT I WAS THRILLED AND HAPPY AT THE THOUGHT! FOR I TOO HAD FALLEN IN LOVE--WITH JOHN! I LATER LEARNED FROM HIS MOTHER THAT WHEN I HAD LEFT, HE TURNED TO HER AND SAID...

MOTHER, I'M AFRAID I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE! BUT I CAN NEVER ASK HER TO MARRY ME...A BLIND MAN!

SHE'S A SWEET AND LOVELY GIRL! IF HER LOVE IS STRONG ENOUGH, SHE WILL WANT TO BE NEW EYES FOR YOU...TO HELP YOU FIND REAL HAPPINESS!





DIANE TOOK OVER JOHN COMPLETELY! I COULD SEE THEM IN DEEP CONVERSATION ON THE DANCE FLOOR ... JOHN SEEMED VERY ENGROSSED!

THAT'S ABOUT THE WHOLE STORY, MISS VANE! THE DOCTORS TELL ME THERE'S ONLY ONE SPECIALIST IN THE WORLD WHO MIGHT RESTORE MY SIGHT...AND HE'S TOO BUSY TO TAKE ON ANY NEW CASES FOR MONTHS!

PLEASE CALL ME DIANE, JOHN! I'LL PHONE FATHER TONIGHT-- HE'S VERY INFLUENTIAL AND MIGHT BE ABLE TO ARRANGE IT!



JUDY, DARLING! THE MOST WONDERFUL THING HAS HAPPENED! DIANE IS GOING TO TRY TO GET ME TO A FAMOUS SPECIALIST! THERE'S A REAL CHANCE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN!

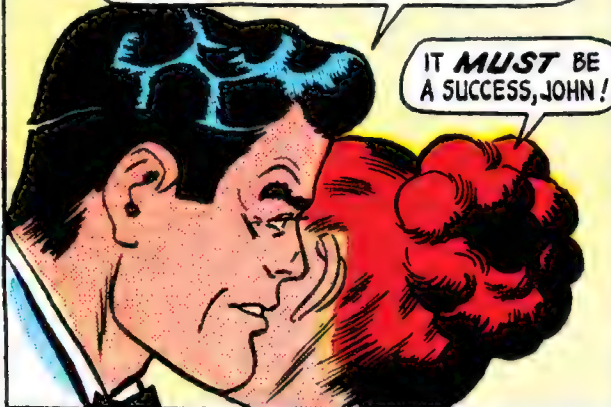
I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU, JOHN!



YES. I WAS HAPPY FOR HIM, BUT I STILL COULDN'T HELP NURSING A GNAWING FEAR OF THE FUTURE! I TRIED TO BE GAY, BUT I KNEW WHAT A SELFISH PERSON DIANE WAS...AND HOW MUCH SHE COULD HURT JOHN!

IF THE OPERATION IS A SUCCESS I CAN DESIGN PLANES AGAIN! WE CAN MARRY...

IT **MUST** BE A SUCCESS, JOHN!



MOM, I MET A GIRL TONIGHT WHO MIGHT BE ABLE TO ARRANGE THE OPERATION FOR ME! I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT...TO BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN!

BUT DON'T EVER FORGET THAT IT WAS JUDY WHO STARTED EVERYTHING! SHE LOVES YOU VERY MUCH!



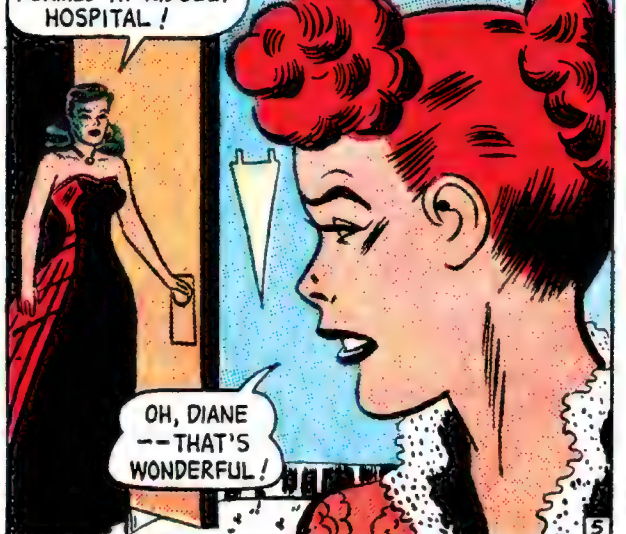
I WENT BACK TO THE SORORITY HOUSE, HAPPY THAT JOHN'S SIGHT MIGHT BE RESTORED! BUT THAT DARK APPREHENSION CREEPT THROUGH ME WHEN I THOUGHT OF DIANE...

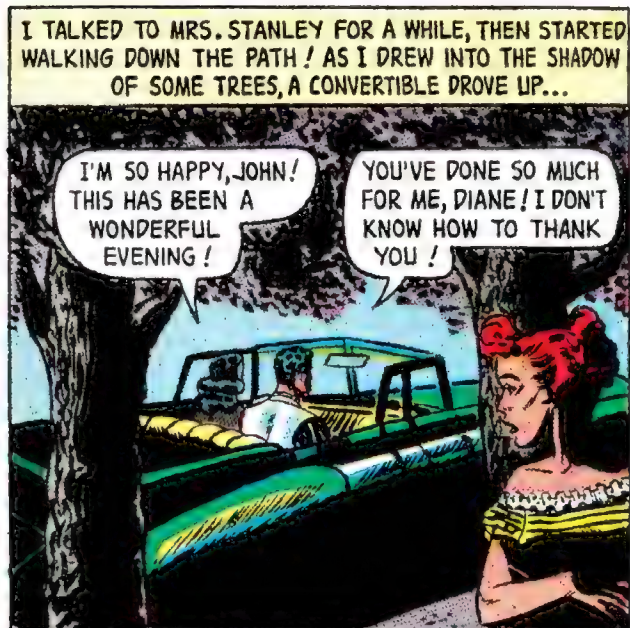
JOHN IS SO WONDERFUL --I HOPE DIANE WON'T DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT CAUSE HIM HARM!



I JUST CALLED MY FATHER IN NEW YORK, JUDY! HE'S ARRANGED TO HAVE THE SPECIALIST COME HERE AND THE OPERATION WILL BE PERFORMED AT RIDGELY HOSPITAL!

OH, DIANE -- THAT'S WONDERFUL!





JOHN SENT ME NOTES... CALLED ME AGAIN AND AGAIN... BUT I COULDN'T BREAK MY PROMISE TO DIANE... THOUGH MY OWN HEART WAS BREAKING!

IF IT'S MONEY THAT'S NEEDED TO GET YOUR EYESIGHT BACK, YOUNG FELLOW, WE'VE GOT PLENTY! NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR ANY FRIEND OF DIANE'S, I ALWAYS SAY!

DON'T WORRY, JOHN DARNING--IT WILL BE A SUCCESS! I WANT YOU TO BE ABLE TO SEE AGAIN!

I WANT TO THANK YOU BOTH... I'LL REPAY YOU SOMEHOW!

HELLO GIRLS! THE NURSE TELLS ME YOU'VE BROUGHT A BEAUTIFUL BASKET OF FRUIT! IS JUDY WITH YOU?

JUDY COULDN'T COME... BUT WE CAME TO WISH YOU LUCK, JOHN! WE'RE ALL KEEPING OUR FINGERS CROSSED!

I WAS THE ONE WHO HAD SENT THE FRUIT TO JOHN, BUT THE GIRLS PROMISED THEY WOULDN'T TELL HIM! DIANE WATCHED OUR EVERY MOVE...

OH, JOHN! I LOVE YOU! I ALWAYS WILL!

GIRLS, OUR PATIENT IS VERY RESTLESS! HE SEEMS UPSET ABOUT THIS GIRL JUDY, WHO HASN'T COME TO SEE HIM!

THE ONLY REASON JUDY DOESN'T COME TO SEE HIM, IS THAT DIANE VANE MADE HER PROMISE SHE WOULDN'T! JUDY HAD TO PROMISE OR DIANE WOULDN'T HAVE PAID FOR THE OPERATION!

QUIET PLEASE

YOUNG MAN, YOU SEEM QUITE HAPPY FOR A PERSON ABOUT TO UNDERGO A SERIOUS OPERATION!

NURSE, IF I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT THAT DOOR OPEN ON PURPOSE... I'D KISS YOU!

I BECAME TERRIBLY RESTLESS AND FINALLY WALKED TO THE HOSPITAL! I WANTED TO BE NEAR JOHN, TO PRAY THAT HIS OPERATION WOULD BE A SUCCESS... EVEN THOUGH IT MEANT LOSING HIM FOREVER!

THE NEXT MORNING I TRIED TO STUDY, BUT THE BOOKS WERE A BLUR BEFORE ME! I WAS WAITING FOR NEWS FROM THE HOSPITAL...

OH, JUDY, THE OPERATION FAILED! THEY JUST TOOK THE BANDAGES OFF...AND JOHN IS STILL BLIND!

OH...NO...JOHN, MY DARLING, MY POOR DARLING...IT CAN'T BE TRUE!



YES, JUDY, IT'S TRUE! I DID WHAT I COULD, BUT JOHN IS STILL BLIND...WILL ALWAYS BE BLIND! I CERTAINLY HAVE NO INTENTION OF MARRYING HIM NOW... YOU CAN HAVE HIM IF YOU WANT!

GO AWAY, DIANE... PLEASE GO AWAY! I'M GOING TO JOHN NOW!



I WENT TO THE HOSPITAL, BUT JOHN WOULDN'T LET ME SEE HIM! THEN THEY BROUGHT HIM HOME TO THE COTTAGE, AND NO ONE COULD STOP ME FROM GOING THERE!

JOHN, DARLING, I KNOW YOU THINK THE WORLD HAS COLLAPSED AROUND YOU, BECAUSE THE OPERATION FAILED! BUT I LOVE YOU... AS I ALWAYS HAVE!

I THOUGHT YOU HAD DESERTED ME TOO, JUDY!



I INSISTED THAT WE BE MARRIED IMMEDIATELY... I WANTED TO BE JOHN'S EYES FOR AS LONG AS WE LIVED!

...I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!



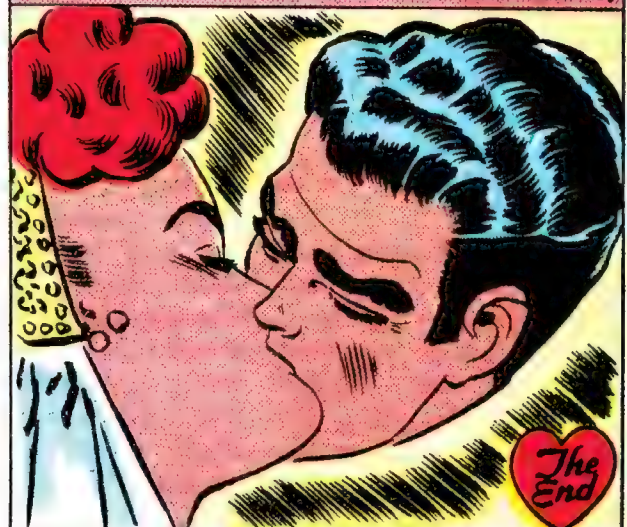
THEN, AFTER THE WEDDING, THE GRANDEST SURPRISE OF ALL!

JUDY, DEAREST, NOW I CAN CONFESS...THIS OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS! I CAN SEE! BUT I KEPT IT SECRET SO THAT DIANE COULDN'T HOLD YOU TO THAT CRUEL PROMISE!

OH...JOHN! I'M SO HAPPY I COULD CRY...



I WAS THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD ON MY WEDDING DAY! KNOWING THAT JOHN HAD GOTTEN BACK THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF SIGHT MADE EVEN MORE WONDERFUL THE REALIZATION THAT WE WOULD BE TOGETHER...ALWAYS!



The End

I FOUGHT FOR MY LOVE

IT was Craig's big chance! My Craig! I was so happy for him and for me. Election Day was fast approaching, and Craig would be elected. And right after that, we would be married. I wanted to marry him right away and lend my family's good name to his campaign—thinking that would stop some of the ugly rumors—but Craig would have none of that. He said, and rightly I suppose, that if he lost, it would only hurt me to have my family dragged through the rumor mill with him.

I did not care on my behalf, but it would have been very hard for my father to take. Dad was crazy about Craig, and wanted to have us marry right away—just as I wanted—without regard to the consequences. But again Craig's will won out, and we delayed.

If only the people knew how good, and how honest, Craig was. If only they understood how badly they needed an assemblyman who would give them clean government and sympathize with the needs of the community. Here they were presented with a candidate who was wonderfully qualified. Craig was a young lawyer, successful in spite of his youth, and a veteran. Everyone who knew Craig loved him, but so many people had no chance to know him.

And then there was the scandal in his family. In an old-fashioned community like ours, scandal was more important than anything else. Craig's father, pressed with debts and a hungry family, had years ago committed a theft. His death-

bed message to Craig, to live a different life, had been an inspiration all of his son's life.

So far the campaign had been relatively clean, and by hard campaigning and straightforward speaking, Craig had forged ahead into a commanding position. The election looked almost like an anti-climax, like a certain victory for him, until . . .

Facing certain defeat, and desperate to retain their control, the vicious and corrupt opposition had introduced into the



election the scandal of Craig's father. And it seemed like the last straw when the governor went on the radio and called Craig the dishonest son of a convicted thief.

The gloom hung like a shadow over our house. All the family had been working for Craig's election, and now it seemed that it was to no avail. Time and again, Father had offered to speak for him, but Craig would not allow that. Claiming he had to sink or

swim alone, he had refused all offers of help. Help from Father might have made the difference, because there was no name in the entire state more respected than ours. But, Craig said no.

A few days before election, one of the newspapers conducted a poll and found Craig trailing badly behind his opponent. It was that poll that made up my mind for me. I knew what I had to do. If I were to save him, save his career, and incidentally save him for me—for our marriage—there was but one course to follow. And that course I took.

Quietly, alone, I went to the savings bank, and withdrew all the money I had. Then I walked over to the office of the local radio station where I parted with some of the money. Then I paid a visit to the offices of the local newspapers. Fortunately, advertising is cheap in a small community. After that, I had only one task—to go home and to decide what to say.

That night I spoke on the radio. I announced that I and the entire family were behind Craig with all we had. And I told them all, publicly, that we were going to be married, if . . .

Next morning the newspapers carried the same message, in full-page political advertisements. Reporters questioned my father, and he verified all I had said.

Craig's victory was a landslide. And next day we were married.

THE END

6408

THE MOST WONDERFUL THING ON SKIS

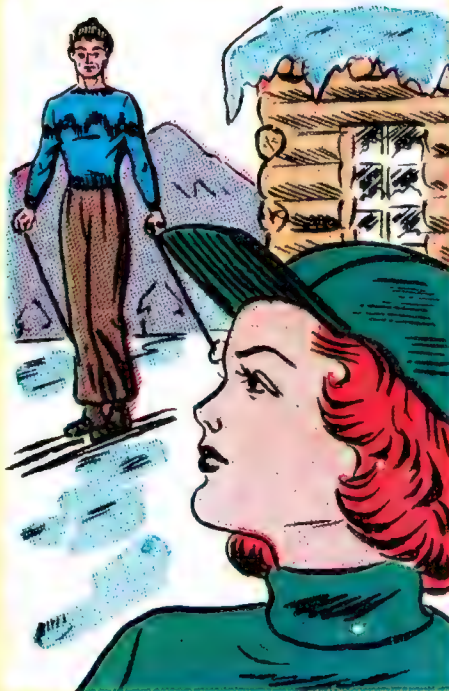
I WENT skiing one week-end last winter. Two friends had been asking me for a long time to go on a skiing week-end with them. After months and months of listening to reports of the wonderful times they had, I agreed to go with them.

When we got off the special ski train, I knew why they had been so enthusiastic. We went to a beautiful little picturesque lodge, ideally set at the foot of a small clump of pine trees, high on the side of a mountain. Behind the lodge were only the trees, and in front a twenty-mile view of the countryside, covered with dazzling white snow.

When we went out on the slope, I saw another reason to rave—Jim Larson, the skiing instructor. As I stood and admired his wonderful form and grace as he stood poised at the crest of the slope, my friends laughed knowingly. They told me every girl had her eye on Jim Larson, and they advised me not to bother. As he came down the hill, I realized why this was so. Jim was, and is, the handsomest man I had ever seen. Tall, well-built, and graceful, with a wind-burnt complexion, and a shock of blonde hair sticking out from under his woolen cap, he was the perfect model of a young expert on skis. I determined not to let him see any sign of the flutter in my heart, the shock that went through my whole body. I decided then and there not to be another of the girls who had

been a fool about this young man. But I couldn't alter the fact that I was a novice on skis, and he was the only instructor at the lodge.

We went to the practice slope, and he showed me a few of the elementary facts about this wonderful sliding on snow. My feet were doing kick-ups, everything but what they should, but my mind was on only one thing—Jim Larson.



I can honestly say that I did not flirt with Jim at all. I was completely business-like with him, and that's why I was so surprised when he asked me:

"How about being my date at the community sing at the lodge tonight?"

His suggestion took my breath away. But I answered:

"Why, thank you, Mr. Larson. I would love it."

Jim laughed, and said:

"Now that I'm a date and not just an instructor, don't you think you could call me 'Jim'?"

That night, Jim told me he had asked to be my date because I was the first girl who came to the lodge who seemed interested in skiing, and not just a week-end party, with the snow as an excuse.

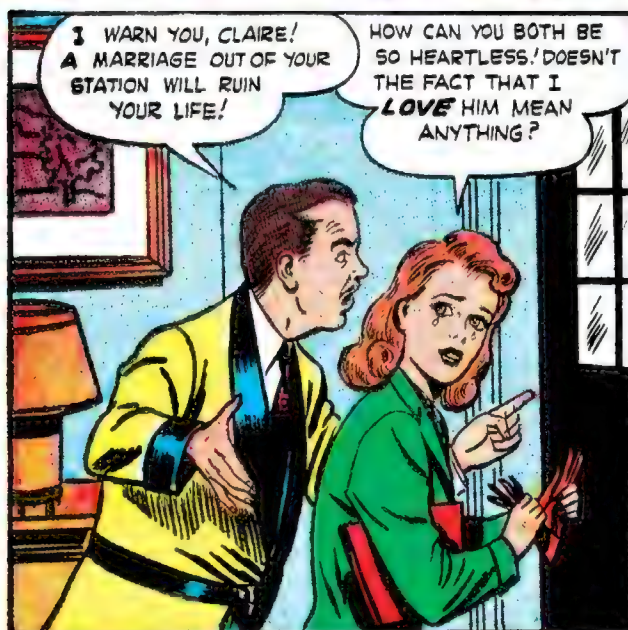
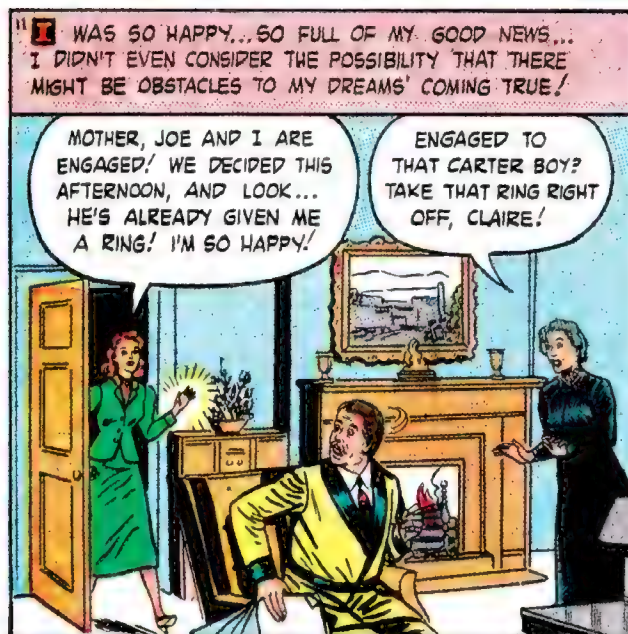
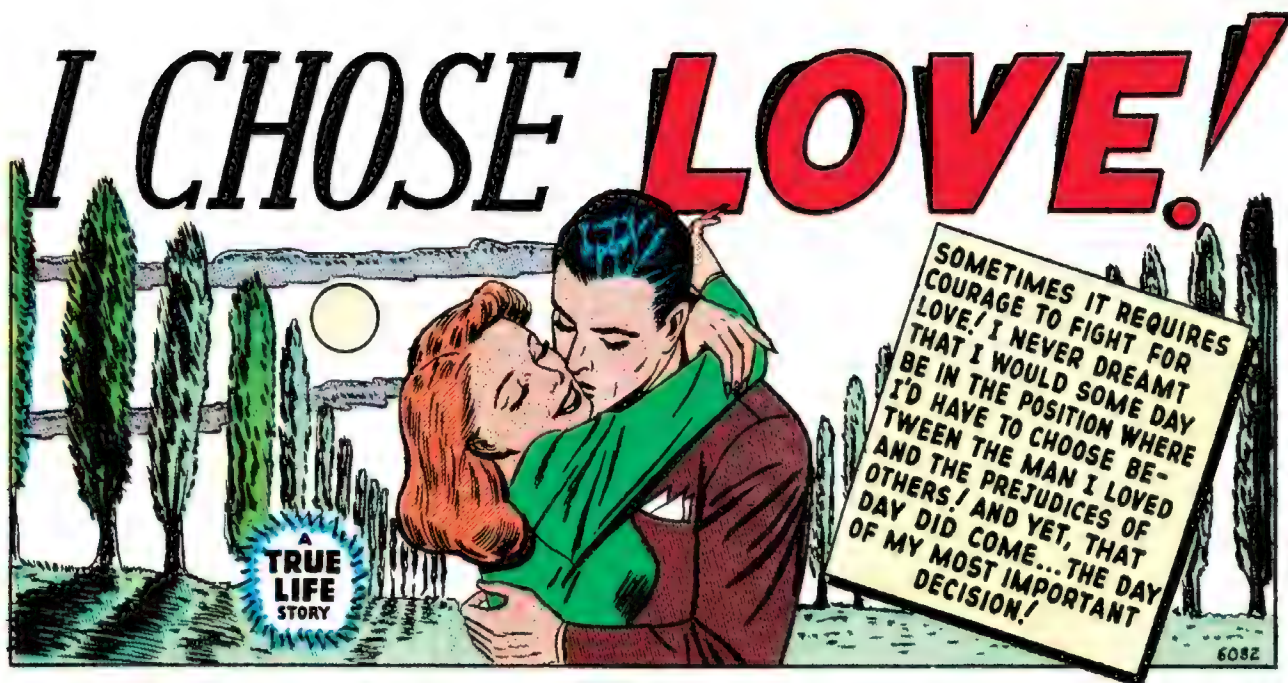
I dated Jim for the whole week-end, and he asked me to come back again. I did go back as soon as I could, a few weeks later. And, when spring came around, Jim came to town, and we had more and more dates. To Jim, I was the girl who had not "made a play" for what he called "this quaint, country boy, this ski teacher". He told me that it seemed all the other girls considered him a curiosity to be added to their collections, like a charm on a heavy bracelet. And modestly Jim attributed it to the fact that he was a skiing expert and not an attractive man.

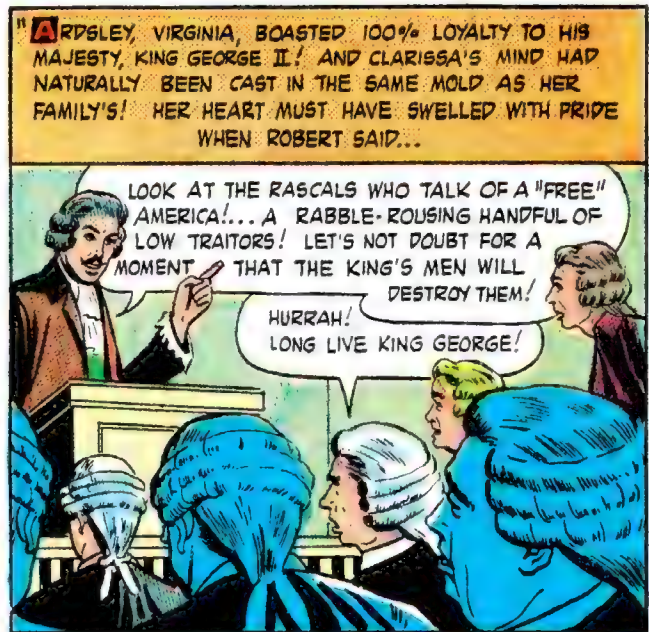
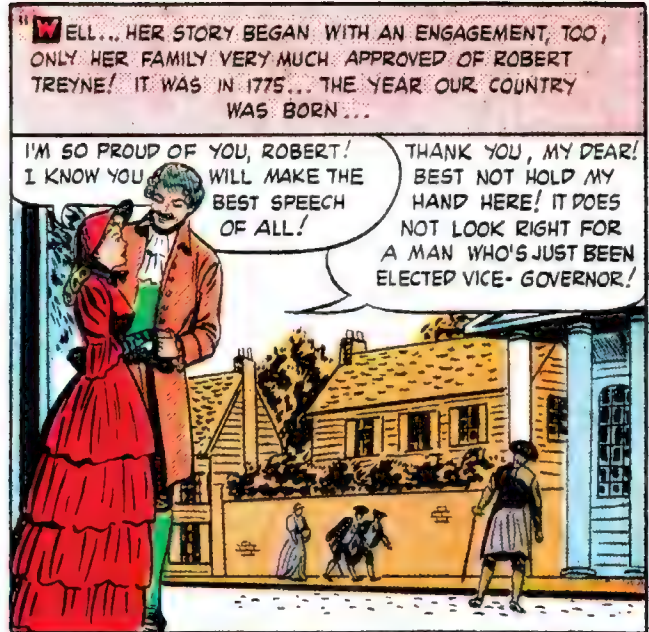
Jim and I are married now, and we spend all winter at the lodge, where I teach skiing to the novices, and Jim handles the more advanced classes. We laugh every time he tells me that all he always needed was an assistant.

And I have never told the other girls that the reason Jim first liked me was that I did not seem at all interested in him, or that it was just their advice on the futility of it all that made me act so coolly, and almost disinterestedly.

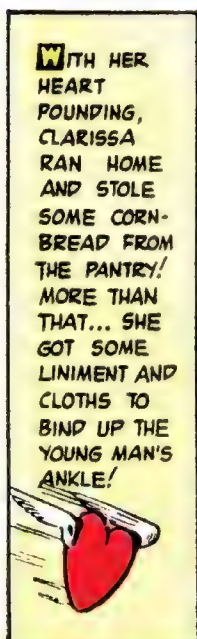
THE END

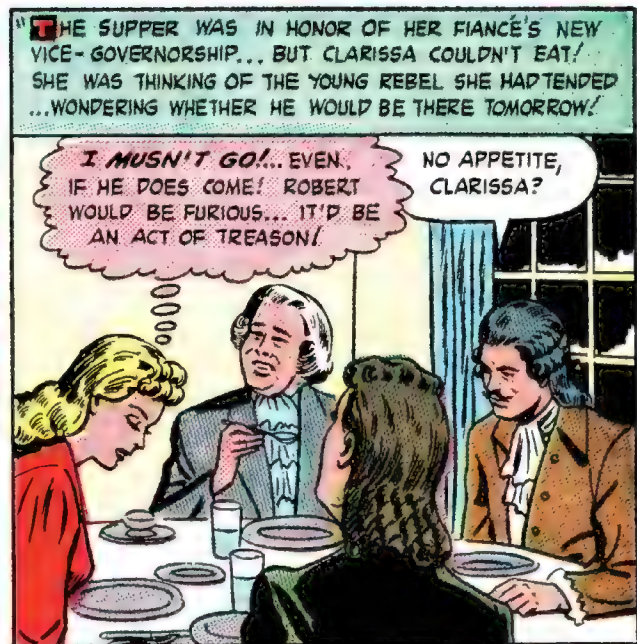
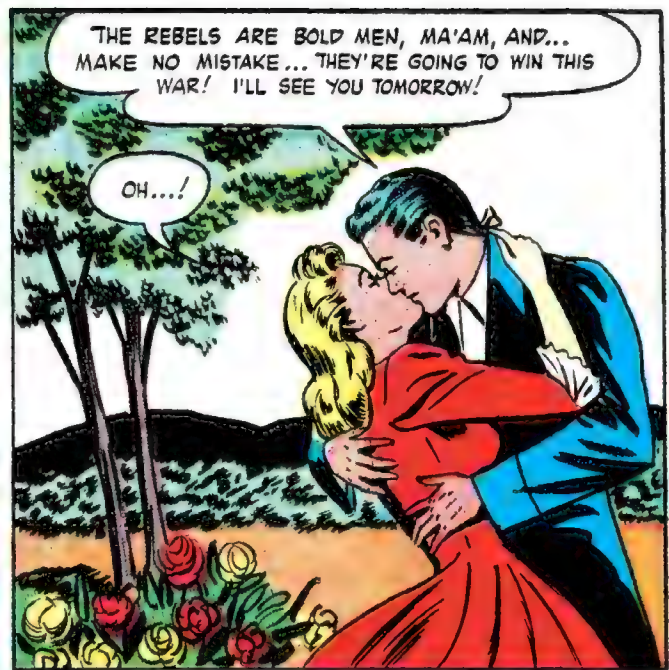
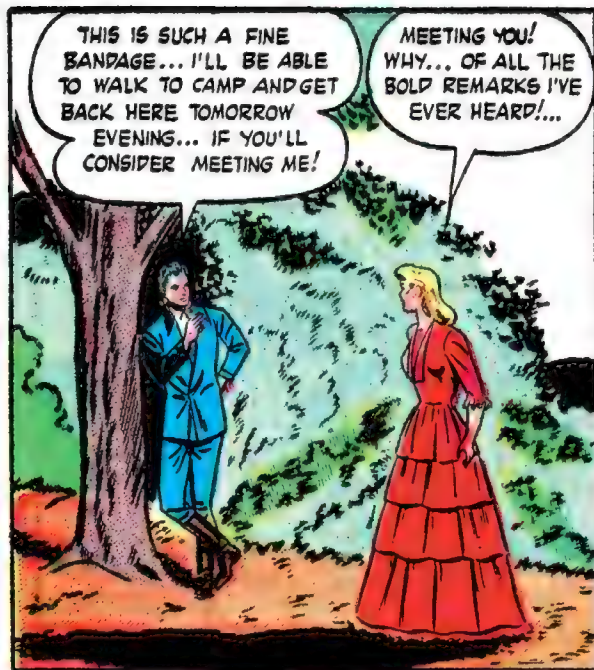
6253



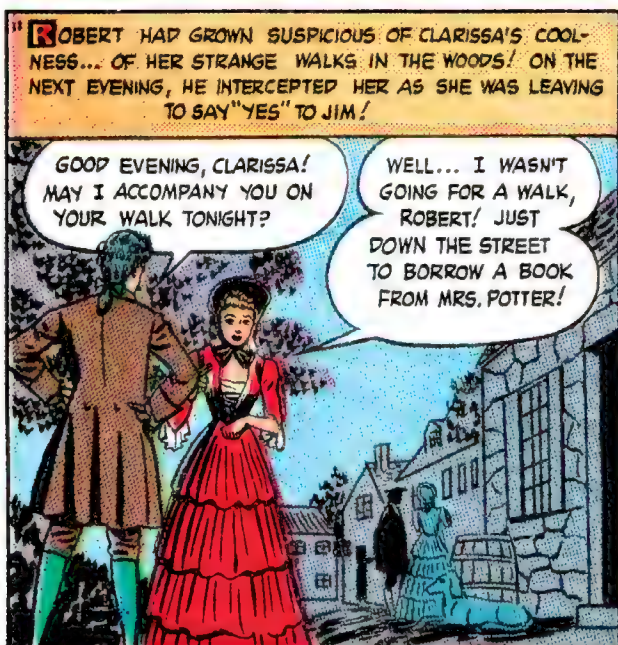
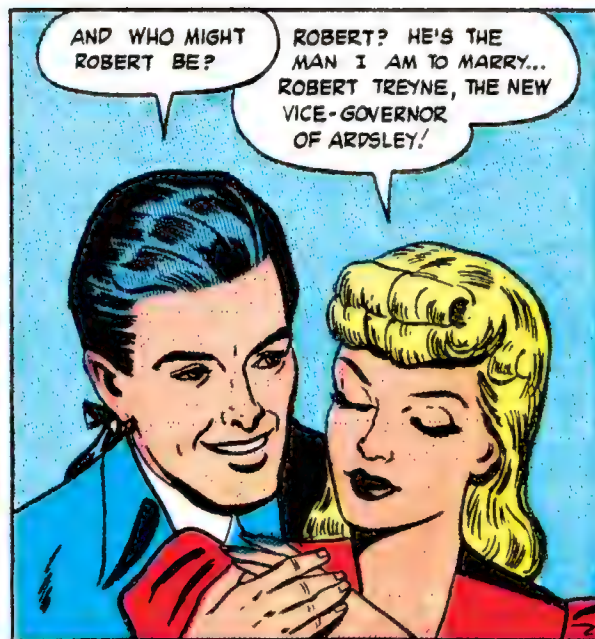
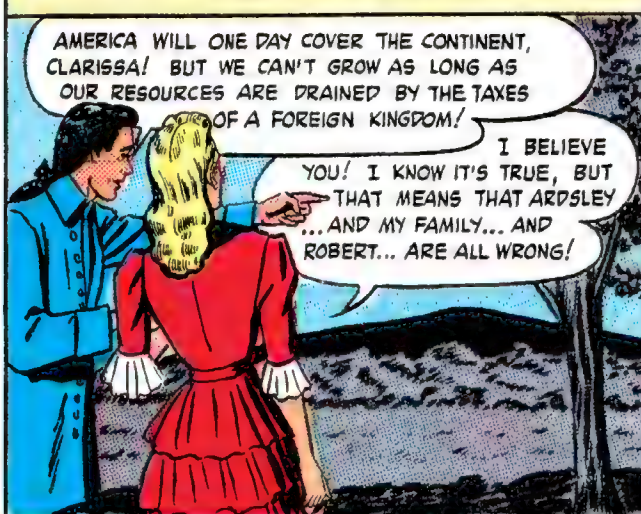


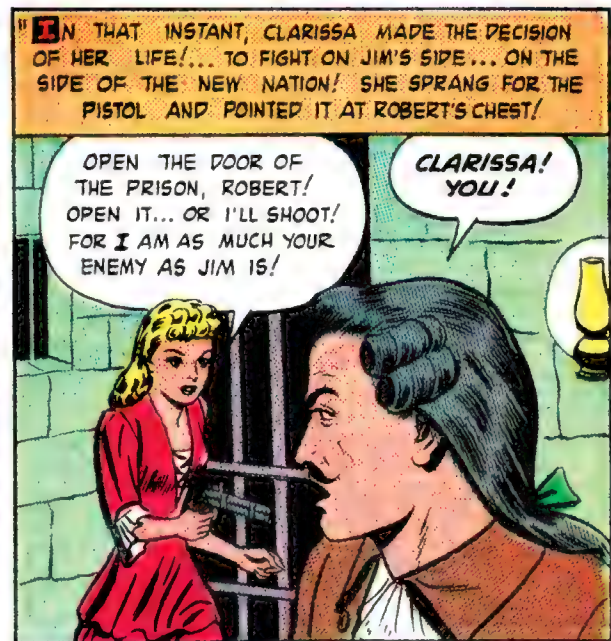
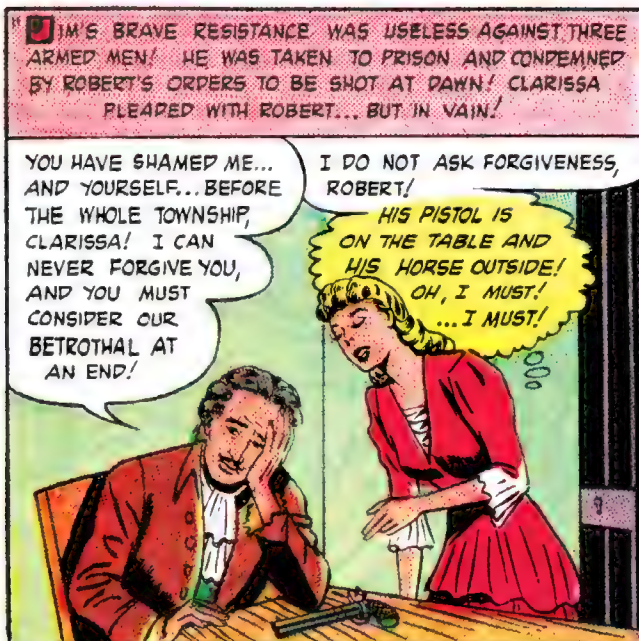
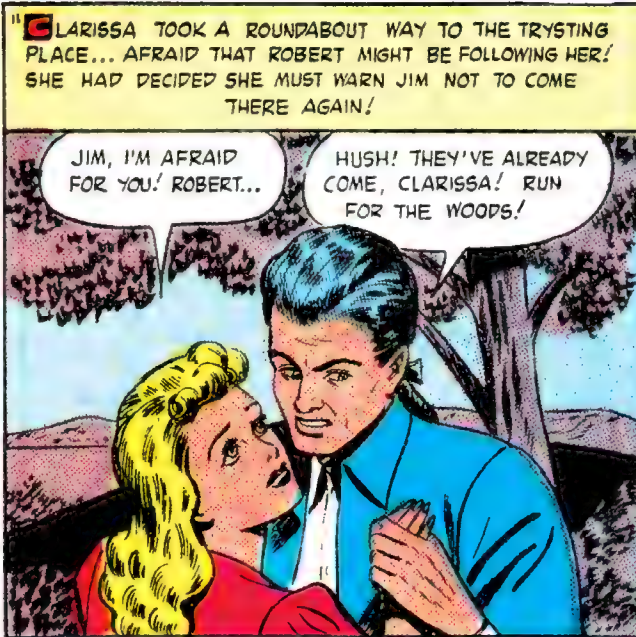


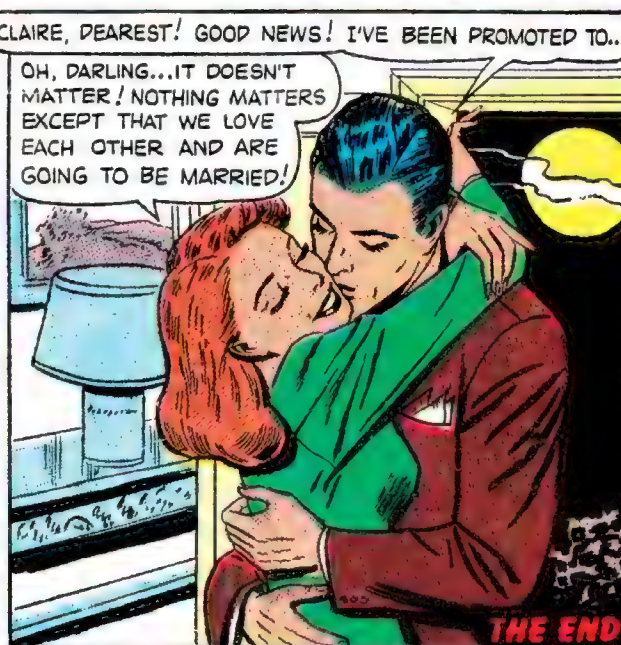
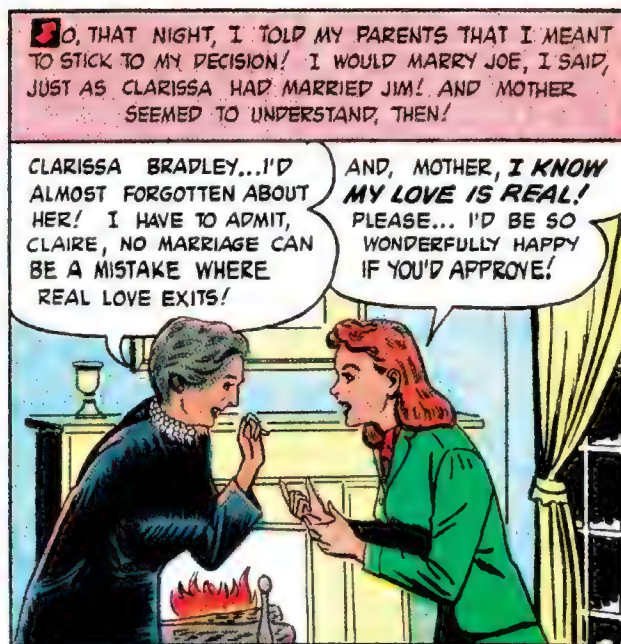
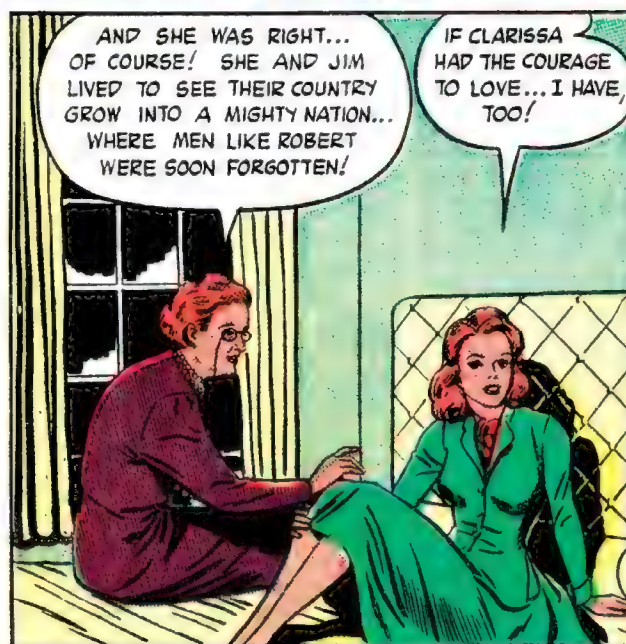
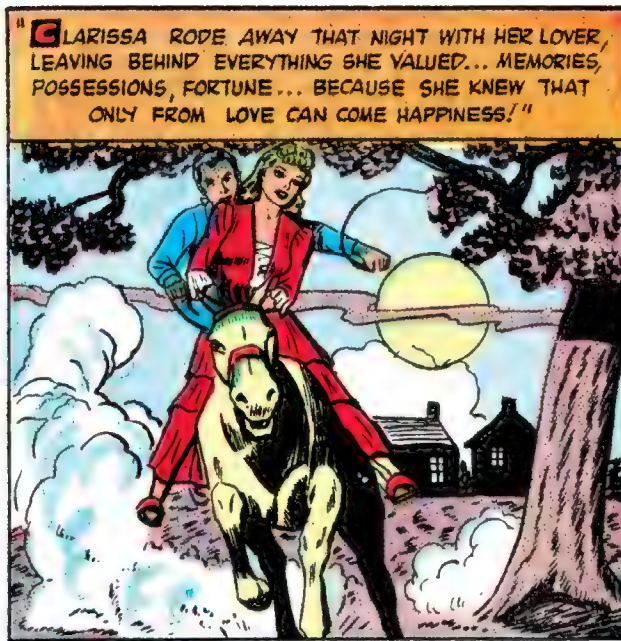
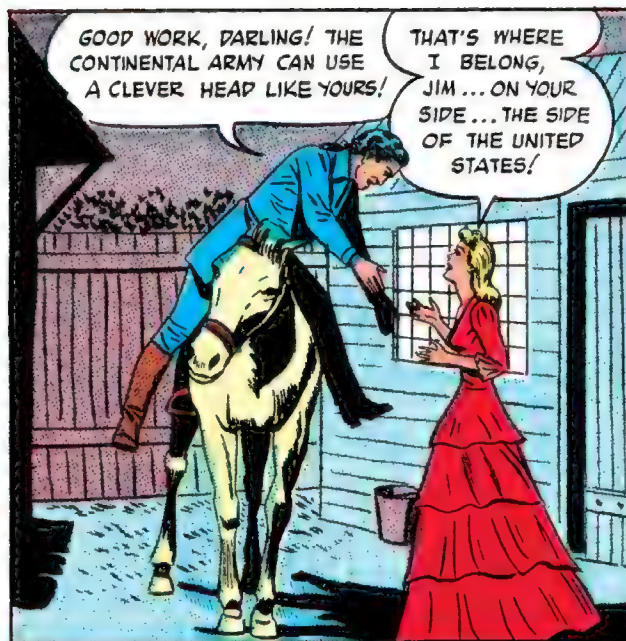




"AS JIM TALKED, CLARISSA WAS SWEEPED AWAY BY VISIONS OF THE NEW AMERICA...THE **FREE AMERICA**... THAT PEOPLE IN ARDSLEY WERE TOO NARROW AND FRIGHTENED TO EVEN THINK ABOUT!







DID I MAKE A MISTAKE?



"I'M A GIRL OF 16,"
WRITES B. F. _____,
OF SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF.
"I STARTED GOING OUT WITH
A BOY NAMED TED A FEW MONTHS
AGO...HE WAS WONDERFUL TO ME
ON OUR FIRST FEW DATES..."

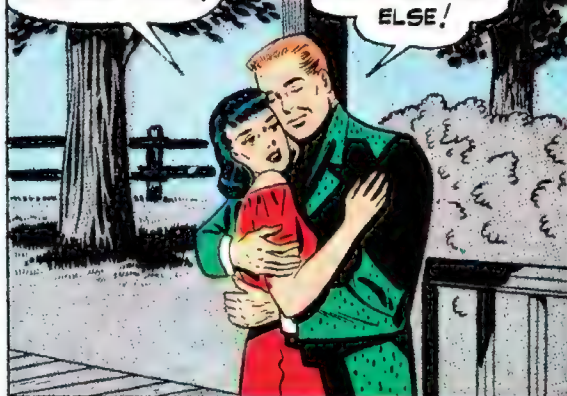
A "GIRL COMICS" SPECIAL FEATURE

6289

THEN, ONE EVENING HE ASKED ME TO GO STEADY!
I HARDLY EVEN THOUGHT TWICE ABOUT IT, I WAS
SO EXCITED...

GO STEADY?
OH, TED-- OF
COURSE I WILL!

SWELL! BUT DON'T FOR-
GET, BABY--NO DATES
WITH ANYONE
ELSE!



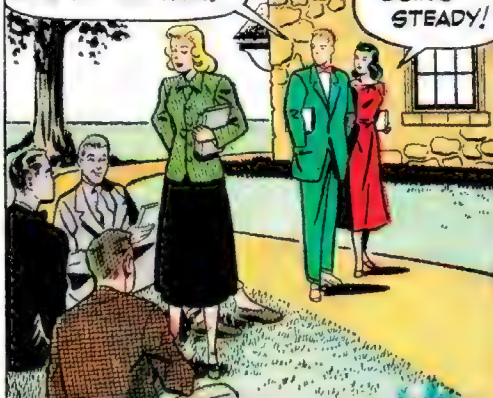
TED GAVE ME HIS CLASS
RING AND KISSED ME! IT
WAS THRILLING, ALMOST
LIKE BECOMING ENGAGED,
AND I THOUGHT I WAS THE
LUCKIEST GIRL IN TOWN!



AT FIRST IT WAS SWELL GOING STEADY!
IT WAS ALWAYS TED--AND--BARBARA, AND
NOBODY WOULD INVITE ONE OF US WITH-
OUT INVITING THE OTHER! IF SOMETIMES
I ENVIED THE GIRLS WHO DATED LOTS OF
BOYS, I NEVER ADMITTED IT!

THAT GLORIA'S SURE GOT
SOMETHING! ALL THE BOYS
ARE AFTER HER!

OH, WELL, IT'S
BETTER
GOING
STEADY!



THEN, GRADUALLY, HE STOPPED
BEING SO ATTENTIVE...

TED, WHY DIDN'T
YOU COME OVER
LAST NIGHT? I
EXPECTED YOU
AND YOU
DIDN'T EVEN
CALL!

OH--SOME-
THING CAME
UP! AND I
KNEW YOU
WOULDN'T BE
GOING OUT ANY-
WAY-- NOT WITH-
OUT
ME!



FINALLY I REALIZED EXACT-
LY WHAT HE MEANT AND THE
IDEA MADE ME MAD!

WHY-- HE TAKES ME FOR
GRANTED BECAUSE WE'RE
GOING STEADY! HE'S SO
SURE OF ME!



SO I SUGGESTED TO TED THAT WE
STOP GOING STEADY, BUT THAT
DIDN'T WORK EITHER--BECAUSE I
DIDN'T WANT TO STOP SEEING TED!

NOT GO STEADY! LISTEN, BARBARA,
YOU JUST HAVE ONE DATE WITH AN-
OTHER GUY AND YOU'LL NEVER
SEE ME AGAIN!



SO NOW I'M WONDERING--DID I
MAKE A MISTAKE IN AGREEING TO
GO STEADY SO QUICKLY, WITH-
OUT CONSIDERING THE
CONSEQUENCES?



DID B. F. _____ MAKE A
MISTAKE? LET US KNOW WHAT
YOU THINK! WRITE TO:

GIRL COMICS

SUITE 1404

350 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

SHAME

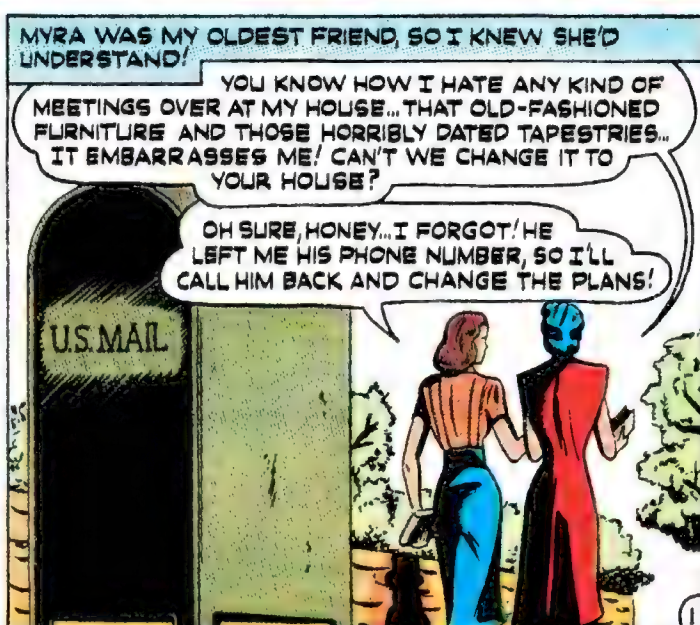
I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY AND GAY... I SHOULD HAVE GIVEN MYSELF TO ROMANCE IN A WHOLESOME, HEART-FREE WAY! BUT SOME THING HELD ME BACK... ONE LITTLE HORRIBLE THING... SHAME!

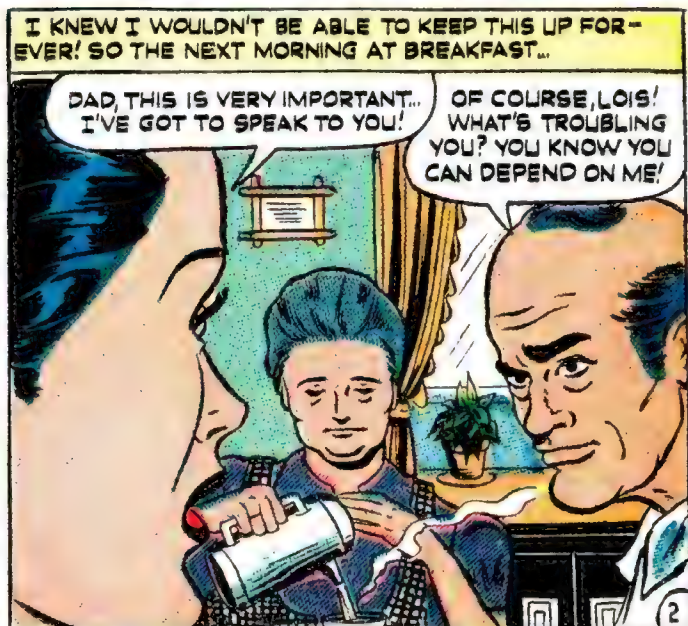
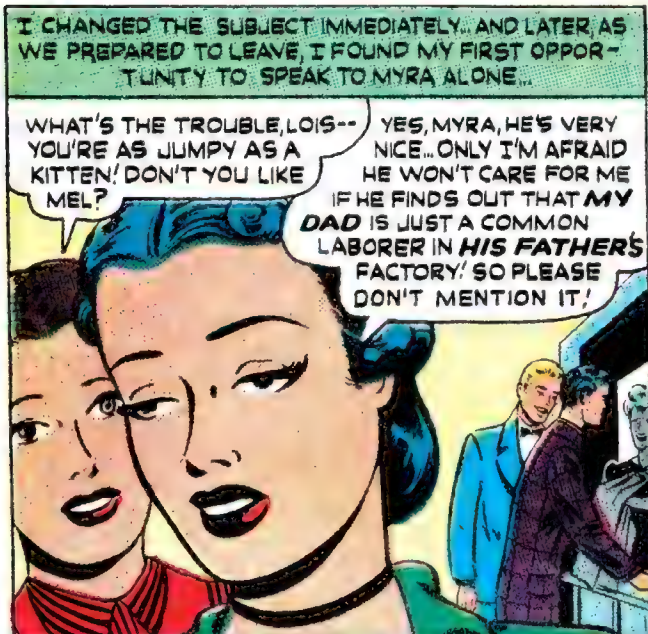
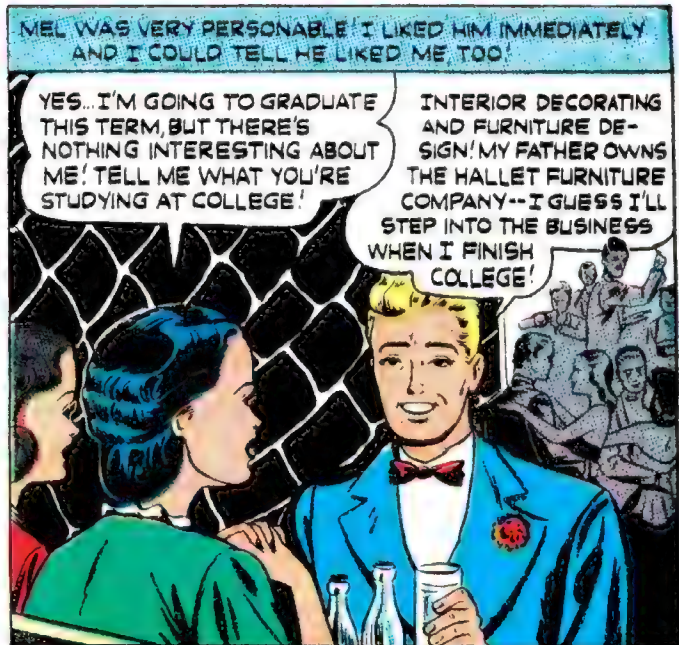


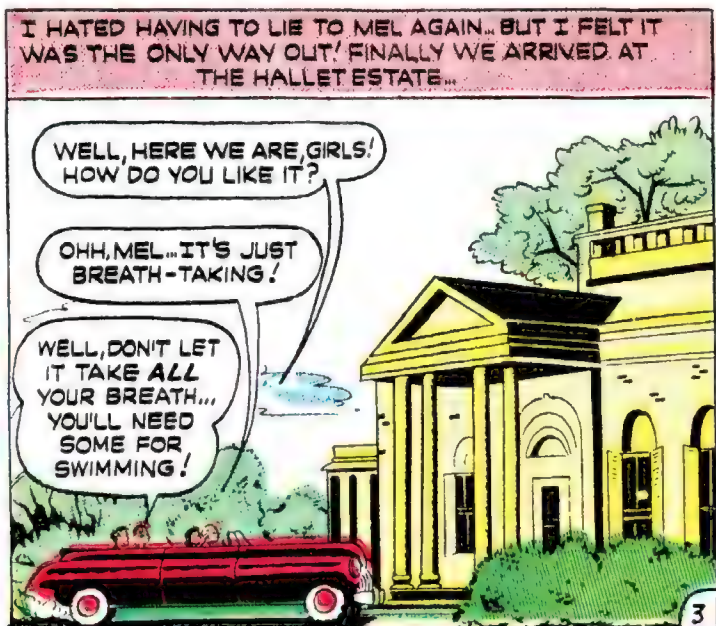
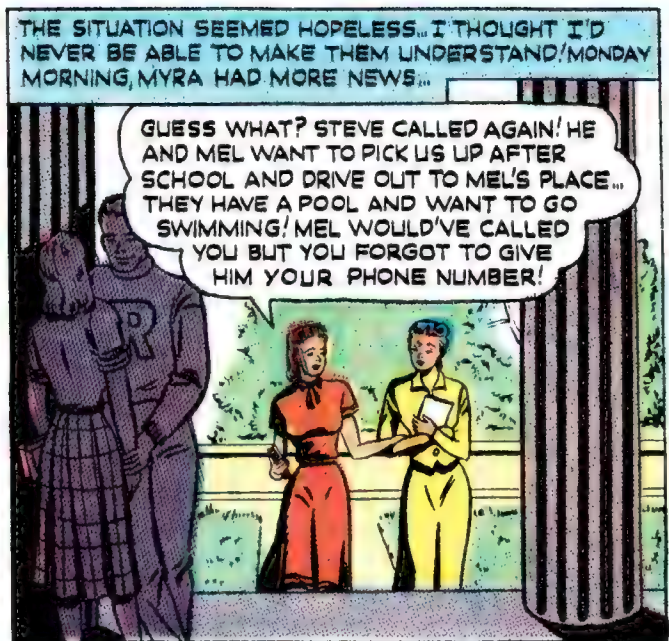
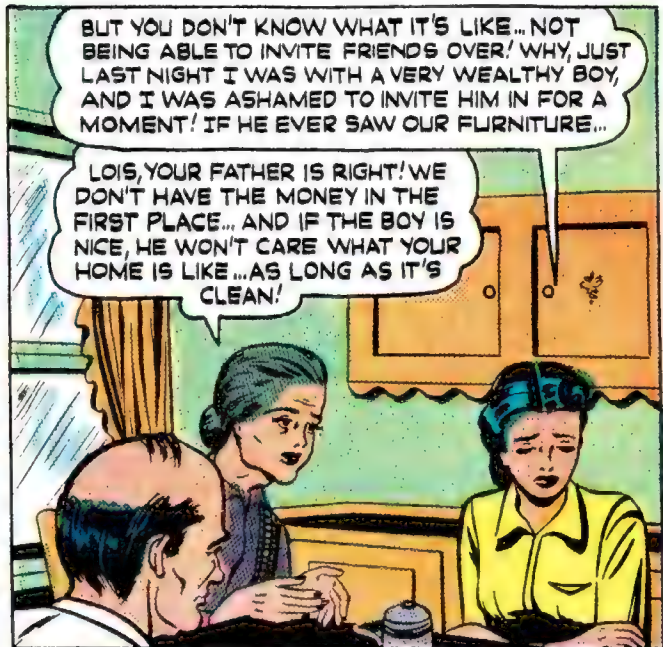
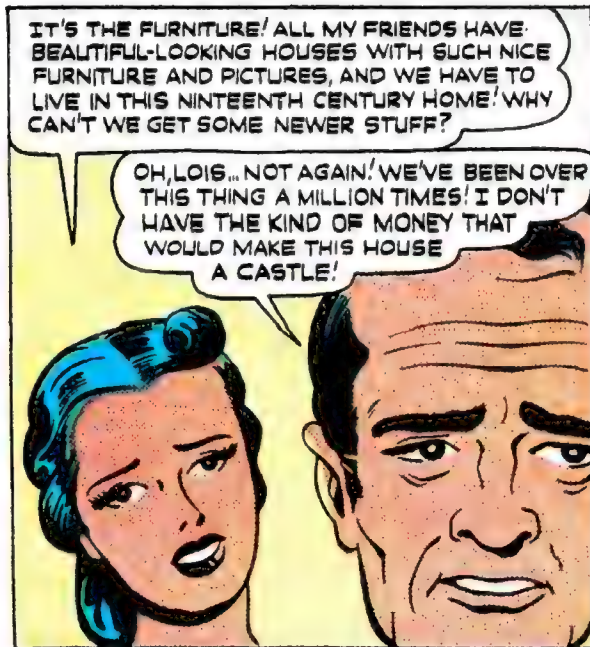
IS A TRAGIC THING!



5819



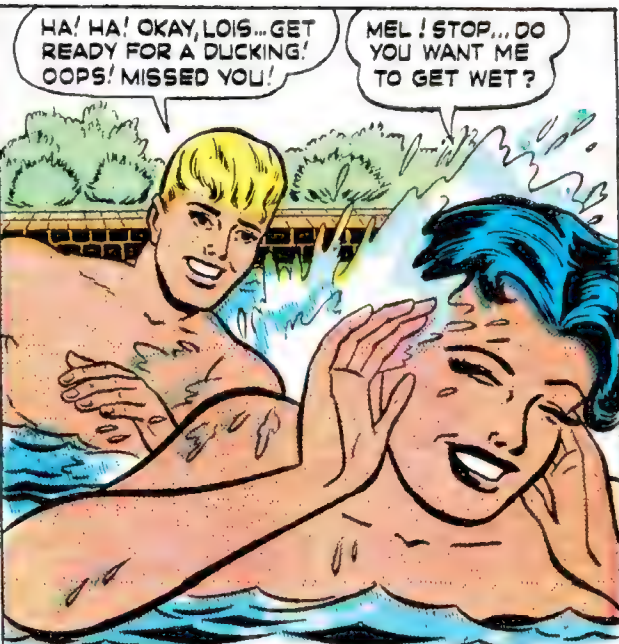




THE HOUSE, THE GROUNDS, EVERYTHING WAS MAGNIFICENT... I KNEW NOW, MORE THAN BEFORE, THAT THIS WAS TOO WONDERFUL TO GO ON! EVENTUALLY, MEL WOULD HAVE TO SEE THE CONTRAST BETWEEN ALL THIS GRANDEUR AND ME!



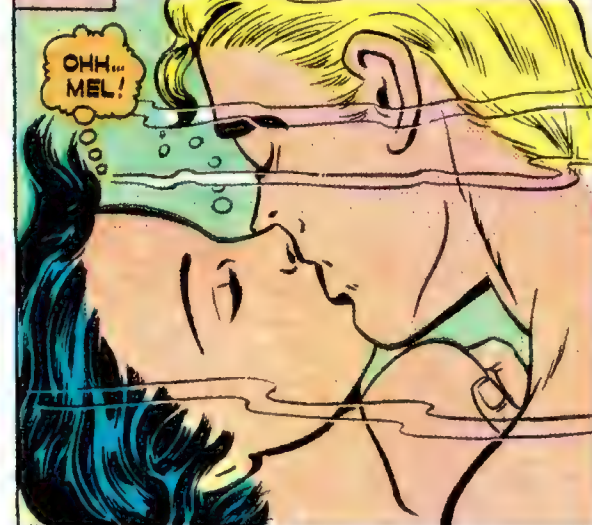
C'MON! INTO THE BOOTHS AND ON WITH YOUR SUITS--LAST ONE IN THE WATER IS A JELLYFISH!



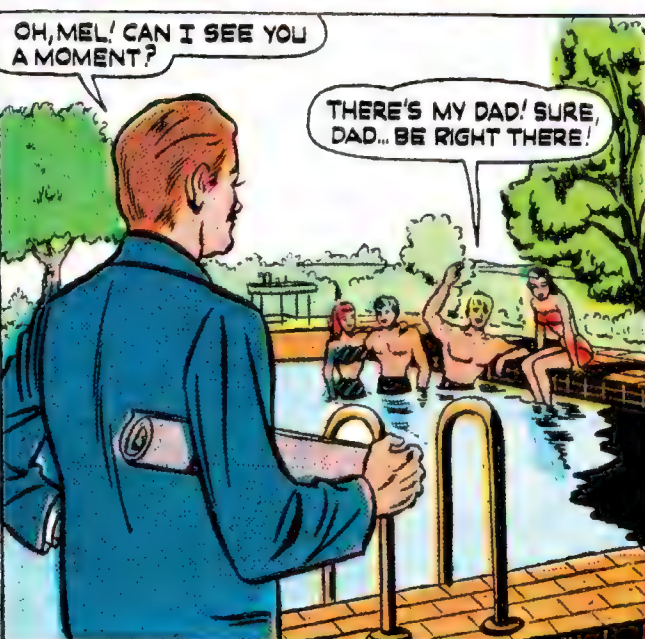
HA! HA! OKAY, LOIS...GET READY FOR A DUCKING! OOPS! MISSED YOU!

MEL! STOP... DO YOU WANT ME TO GET WET?

IN ATTEMPTING TO AVOID A DUCKING, I PLUNGED BENEATH THE SURFACE AWAY FROM MEL... BUT HE WAS TOO QUICK FOR ME! HE GRABBED ME AND...



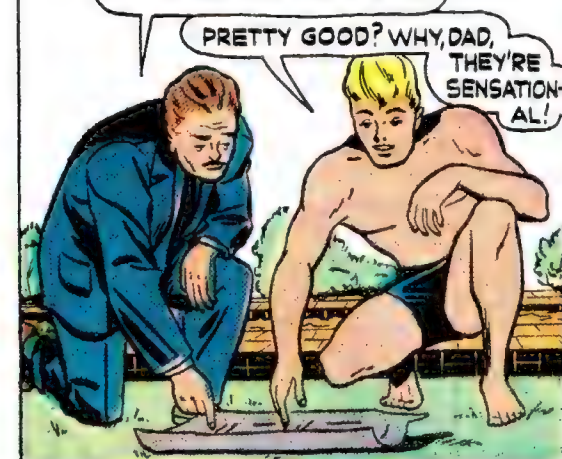
OH... MEL!



OH, MEL! CAN I SEE YOU A MOMENT?

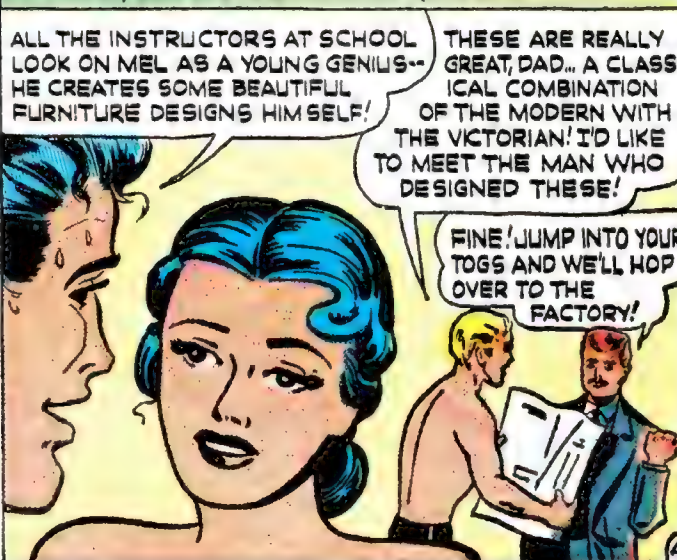
THERE'S MY DAD! SURE, DAD... BE RIGHT THERE!

I WANT YOU TO GLANCE OVER THESE NEW DESIGNS, MEL! ONE OF MY WORKMEN AT THE FACTORY HAS BEEN MONKEYING AROUND WITH DESIGNING... AND I THINK THESE ARE PRETTY GOOD! WHAT DO YOU THINK, SON?



PRETTY GOOD? WHY, DAD, THEY'RE SENSATIONAL!

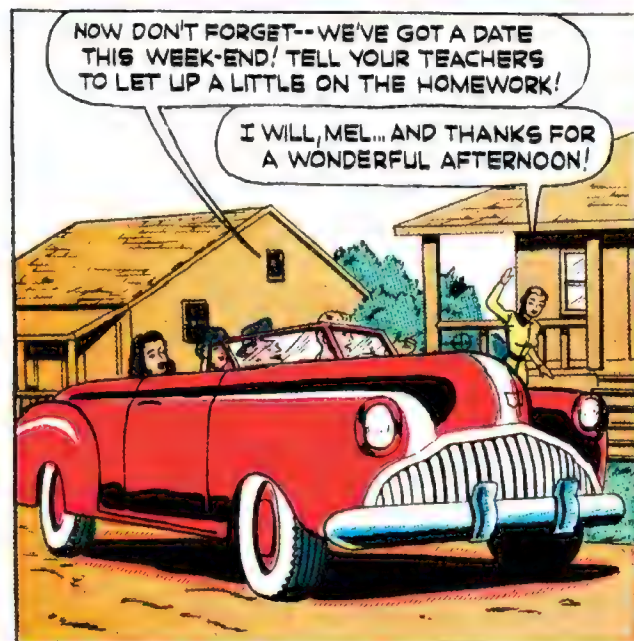
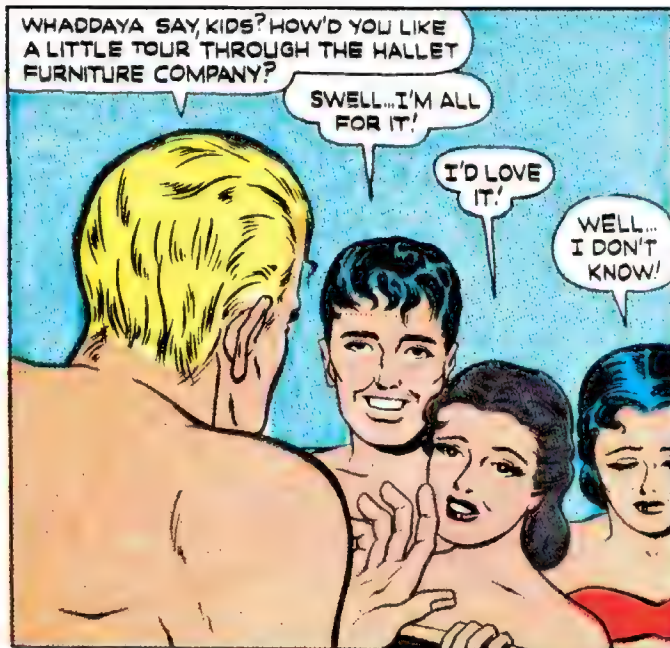
THE SITUATION SEEMED A LITTLE STRANGE TO ME AT FIRST, BUT STEVE EXPLAINED QUICKLY...



ALL THE INSTRUCTORS AT SCHOOL LOOK ON MEL AS A YOUNG GENIUS-- HE CREATES SOME BEAUTIFUL FURNITURE DESIGNS HIMSELF!

THESE ARE REALLY GREAT, DAD... A CLASSICAL COMBINATION OF THE MODERN WITH THE VICTORIAN! I'D LIKE TO MEET THE MAN WHO DESIGNED THESE!

FINE! JUMP INTO YOUR TOGS AND WE'LL HOP OVER TO THE FACTORY!



I KNEW WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR THAT OUR GUESTS HAD ALREADY ARRIVED! BUT WHEN I STEPPED INTO THE LIVING ROOM, I RECEIVED THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE...

OHH! MEL... I...

YOU SILLY KID! HERE, LET ME HELP YOU WITH THOSE PACKAGES! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOUR DAD WAS SUCH A CRACKERJACK DESIGNER?



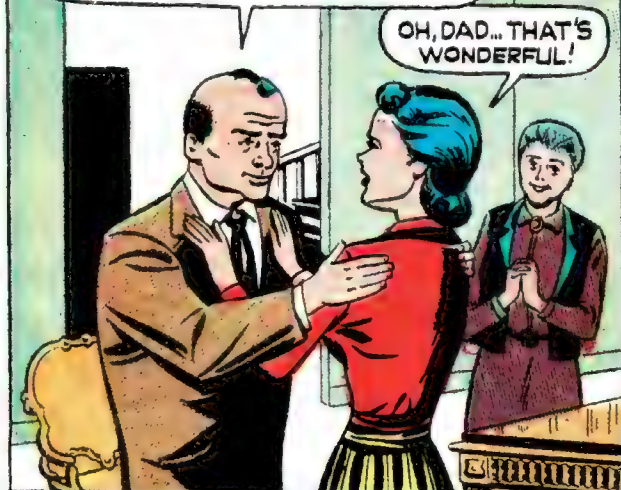
OH, ISN'T IT WONDERFUL, LOIS? PAPA STARTED DESIGNING FURNITURE IN HIS SPARE TIME AND MR. HALLET IS SO PLEASED WITH HIS WORK, HE'S PROMOTING HIM TO BE HIS TOP DESIGNER, AND AT THREE TIMES HIS FORMER SALARY!

WHAT? DADDY? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



AND THAT'S NOT ALL! MR. HALLET'S GOING TO GIVE US THE FIRST COMPLETE SET OF NEW FURNITURE THAT COMES OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE--YOU WON'T HAVE TO BE ASHAMED OF THIS OLD FURNITURE ANY LONGER!

OH, DAD... THAT'S WONDERFUL!



HEY... WHAT'S THIS I HEAR? IS THAT WHY YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO COME IN?... BECAUSE YOU WERE EMBARRASSED TO HAVE ME SEE YOUR FURNITURE?

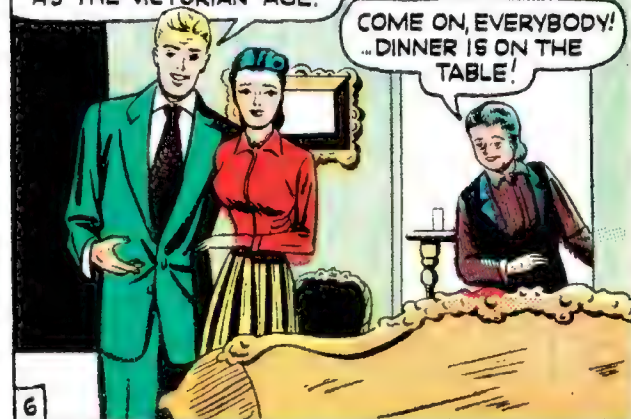
OH, MEL... IT'S SUCH OLD, UGLY STUFF!



AS MEL SPOKE I REALIZED AT LAST HOW SILLY I HAD BEEN! MOTHER WAS RIGHT-- IF HE'S "THE BOY", HE WON'T CARE WHAT YOUR HOME IS LIKE...

DON'T BE SILLY! I LOVE THIS STUFF! I DON'T THINK ANY PERIOD IN HISTORY PRODUCED FURNITURE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE VICTORIAN AGE!

COME ON, EVERYBODY! ...DINNER IS ON THE TABLE!



COME ON, MYRA... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US!

OH... MEL...



THE END

ROMANCE

WAS MY
MISTAKE!

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING
LIFE HAS TO OFFER IS A TRUE,
GENUINE LOVE! BUT I, MARGARET
DEAN, WAS TOO BLIND TO RECOGNIZE
THAT WONDERFUL ROMANCE
WHEN IT WAS MINE... AND SO
I CALLOUSLY THREW IT AWAY!
...AND WITH IT, I TURN
AWAY MY HEART!

A
TRUE
LIFE
STORY

5751

I HAD READ STORIES ABOUT TRIANGLES, BUT IT NEVER
OCCURRED TO ME THAT MY ROMANCE COULD BE ASSUM-
ING THAT SHAPE! IT WAS WHEN I WAS IN MY SENIOR
YEAR AT COLLEGE! ONE DAY I RETURNED TO THE SORO-
RITY HOUSE AFTER A SHOPPING TRIP...



OH, I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY THESE
THINGS ON! ALIX HAS SUCH
GOOD TASTE IN CLOTHES!

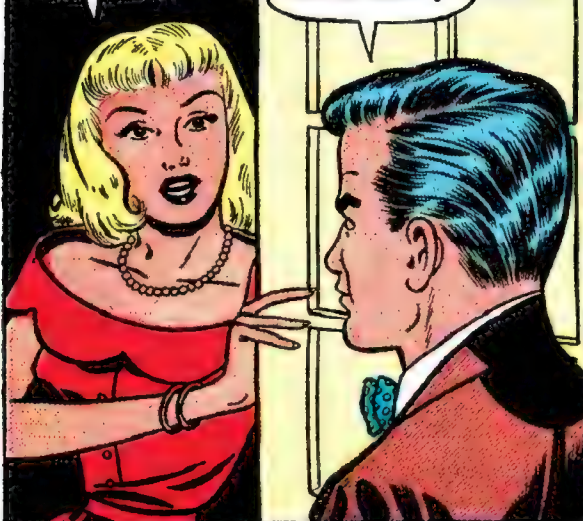
THE DOORBELL! ONE OF MY DEAR
SORORITY SISTERS HAS FORGOTTEN
HER KEY, NO DOUBT!



BONG!

OH...KEN!
HOW ARE YOU,
DARLING?

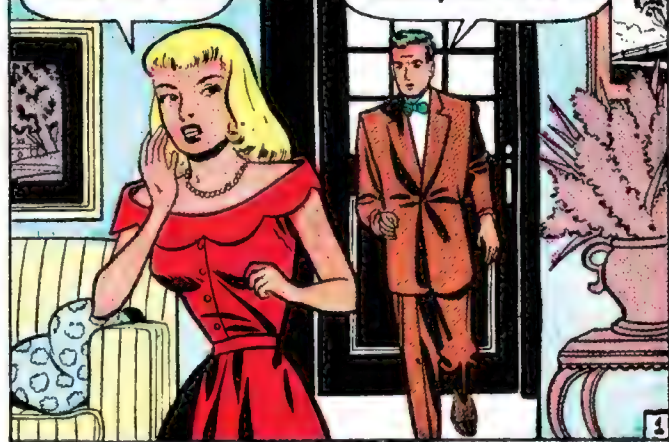
YOU MIGHT WELL ASK! YOU'VE
BEEN PRETTY SCARCE LATELY!
YOU AND I ARE ENGAGED--
REMEMBER?

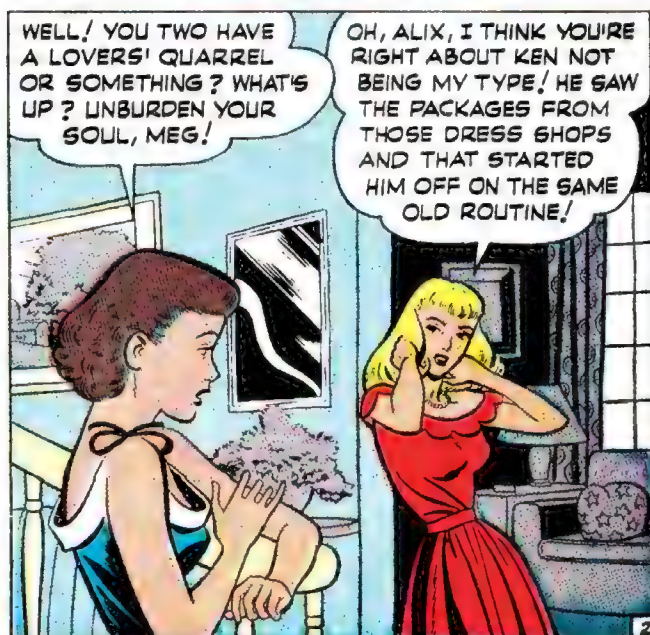
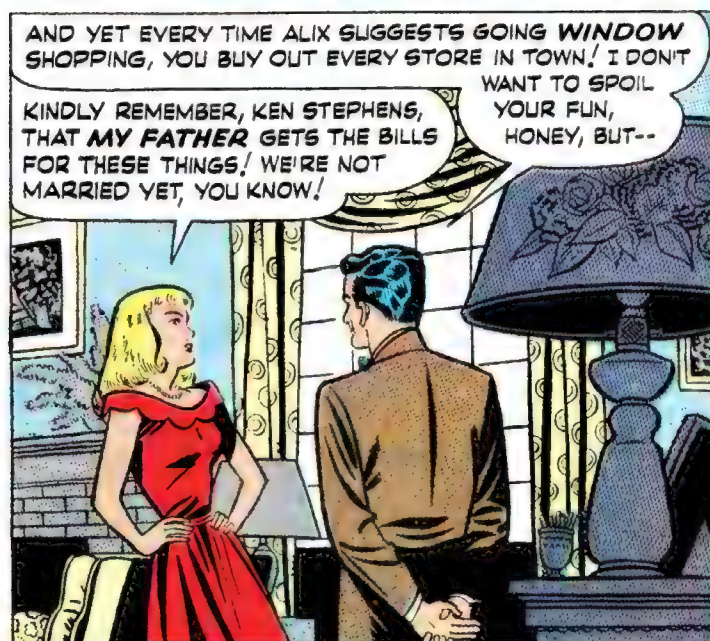


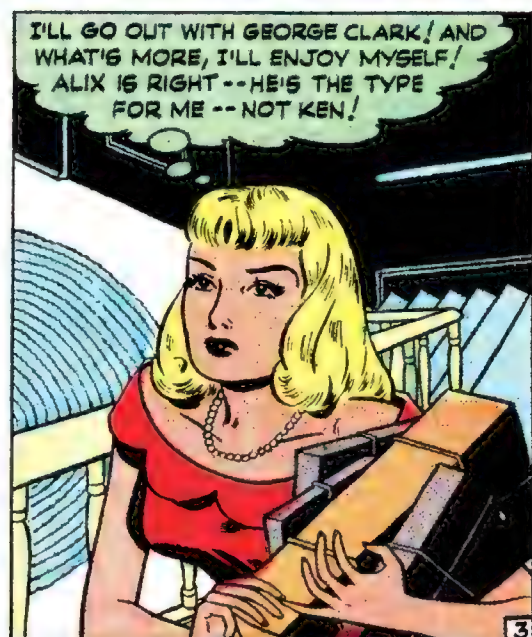
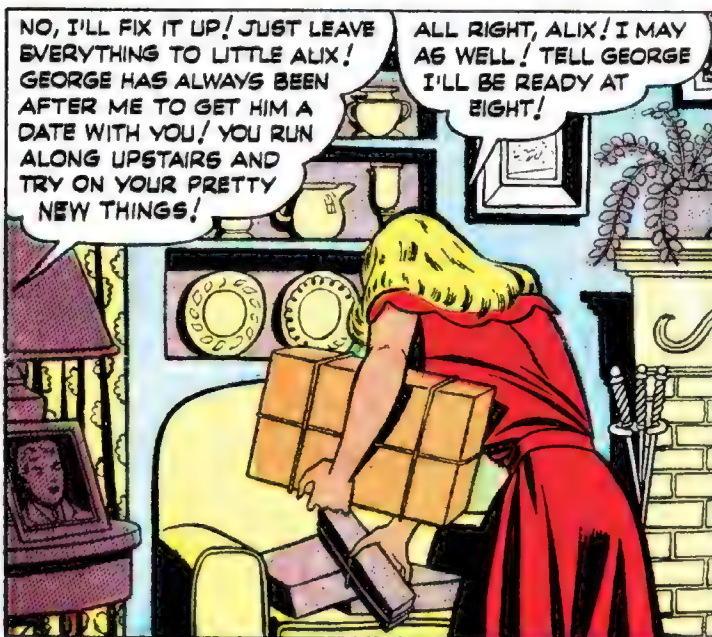
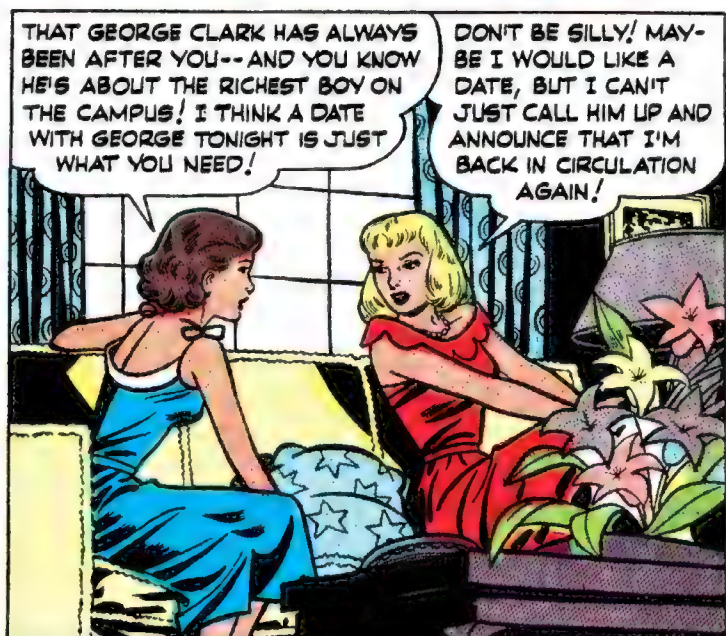
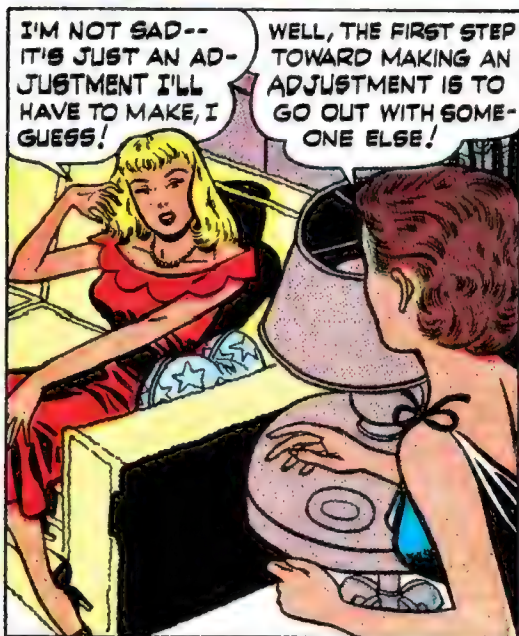
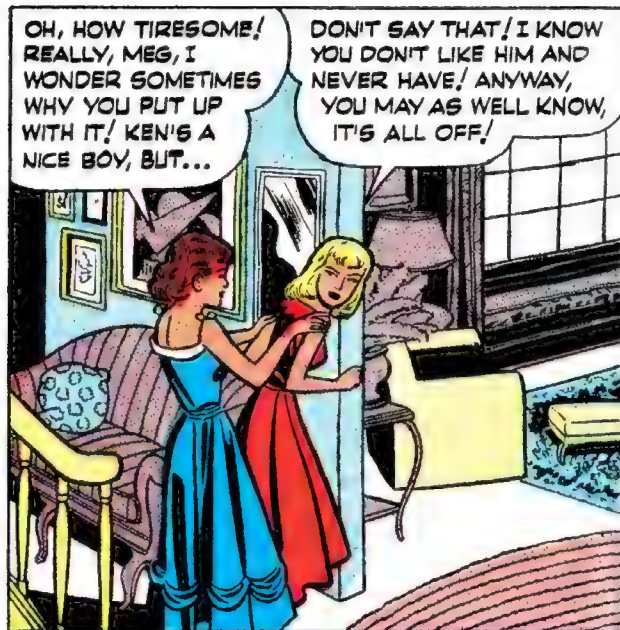
I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO SEE THOSE PACKAGES -- HE
WAS SO STUFFY ABOUT MY LITTLE EXTRAVAGANCES!
BUT HE'D ALREADY NOTICED!

OF COURSE I REMEMBER,
KEN! WHAT A FOOLISH
THING TO SAY!

BEEN ON ANOTHER SHOP-
PING SPREE, I SEE! WITH
ALIX, NO DOUBT!

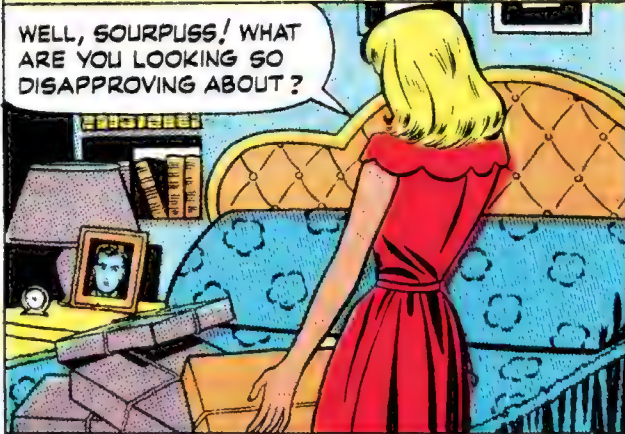






UP IN MY ROOM, I LOOKED ABOUT ME! IT WAS LUXURIOUSLY DECORATED... A TYPICAL ROOM IN THE MOST EXPENSIVE SORORITY ON THE CAMPUS! THAT WAS THE SORT OF THING I WAS USED TO... NOT THE GRUBBY SURROUNDINGS OF A STRUGGLING YOUNG LAW STUDENT'S WIFE! MY EYE FELL ON THE PICTURE OF KEN ON THE BEDSIDE TABLE...

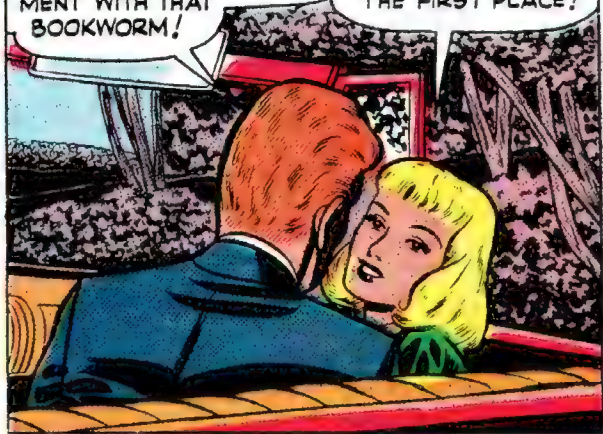
WELL, SOURPUSS! WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO DISAPPROVING ABOUT?



SO I WENT OUT WITH GEORGE CLARK! HE WASN'T PARTICULARLY AMUSING COMPANY, BUT HIS CONVERTIBLE WAS SHINY AND NEW, AND IT WAS A NICE NIGHT...

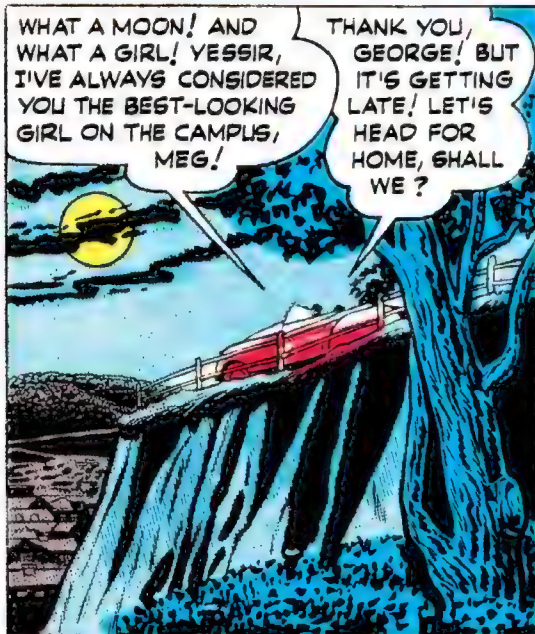
SAY! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU BROKE YOUR ENGAGEMENT WITH THAT BOOKWORM!

YES, GEORGE--IT WAS A MISTAKE IN THE FIRST PLACE!



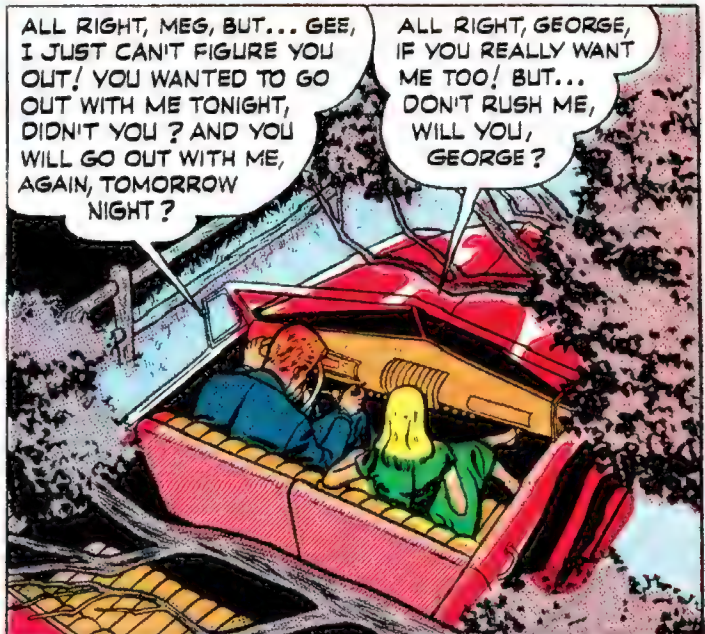
WHAT A MOON! AND WHAT A GIRL! YESSIR, I'VE ALWAYS CONSIDERED YOU THE BEST-LOOKING GIRL ON THE CAMPUS, MEG!

THANK YOU, GEORGE! BUT IT'S GETTING LATE! LET'S HEAD FOR HOME, SHALL WE?



ALL RIGHT, MEG, BUT... GEE, I JUST CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT! YOU WANTED TO GO OUT WITH ME TONIGHT, DIDN'T YOU? AND YOU WILL GO OUT WITH ME, AGAIN, TOMORROW NIGHT?

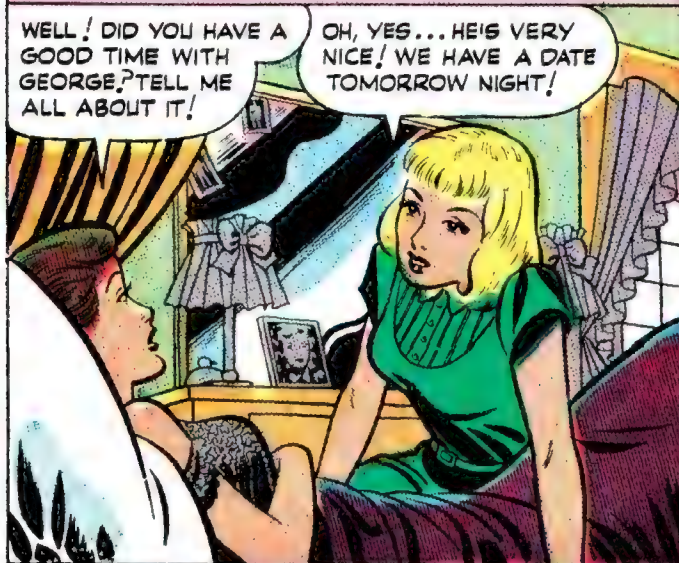
ALL RIGHT, GEORGE, IF YOU REALLY WANT ME TOO! BUT... DON'T RUSH ME, WILL YOU, GEORGE?



HE WAS SWEET, EVEN IF HE WASN'T EXCITING! BACK AT THE SORORITY HOUSE I FOUND ALIX STILL AWAKE...

WELL! DID YOU HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH GEORGE? TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

OH, YES... HE'S VERY NICE! WE HAVE A DATE TOMORROW NIGHT!



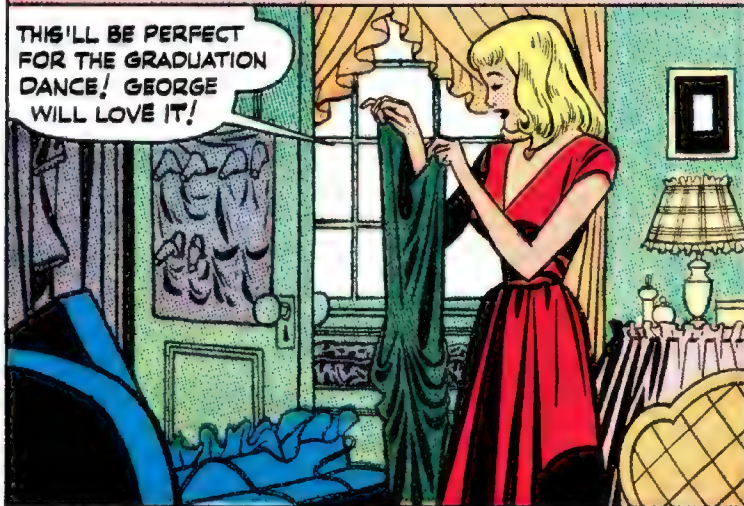
"THAT'S FINE," ALIX SAID... "AND DON'T FORGET, HE'S THE BEST CATCH ON THE CAMPUS, AND GRADUATION'S NEXT WEEK! PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT AND YOU'LL HAVE A RICH HUSBAND!" HER WORDS RANG IN MY EARS...

I DON'T WANT A RICH HUSBAND! I WANT KEN!



BUT I TOOK ALIX'S ADVICE AND FORCED SUCH THOUGHTS FROM MY MIND IN THE FRENZY OF ANOTHER SHOPPING EXPEDITION! SHE DIDN'T ACCOMPANY ME, HAVING MURMURED SOMETHING ABOUT A DATE...

THIS'LL BE PERFECT FOR THE GRADUATION DANCE! GEORGE WILL LOVE IT!



GEORGE IS IN LOVE WITH ME... I KNOW THAT!

I WONDER WHY I'M NOT A LITTLE MORE EXCITED ABOUT IT?

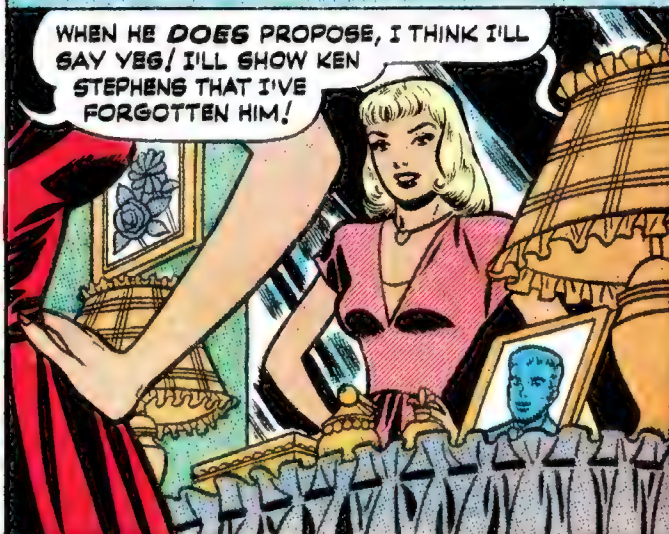


AND HE'LL PROBABLY PROPOSE TONIGHT OR AT THE GRADUATION DANCE...



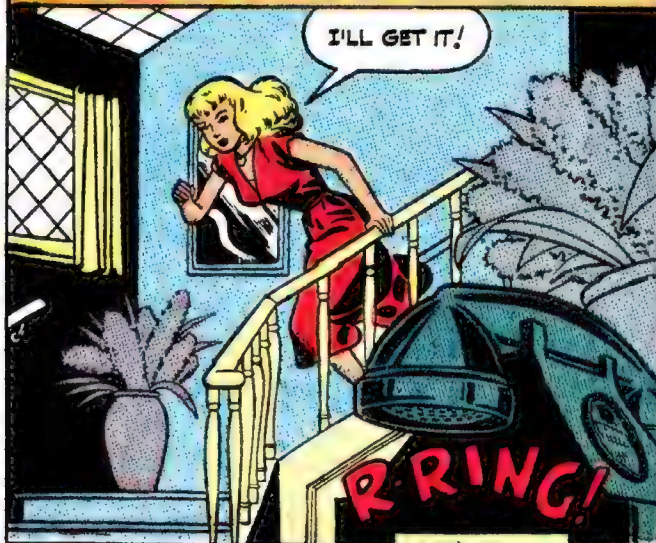
I HAD BEEN DRESSING FOR MY DATE WITH GEORGE... IT PROMISED TO BE AN IMPORTANT EVENING... AND NOW I WAS READY!

WHEN HE DOES PROPOSE, I THINK I'LL SAY YES! I'LL SHOW KEN STEPHENS THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN HIM!



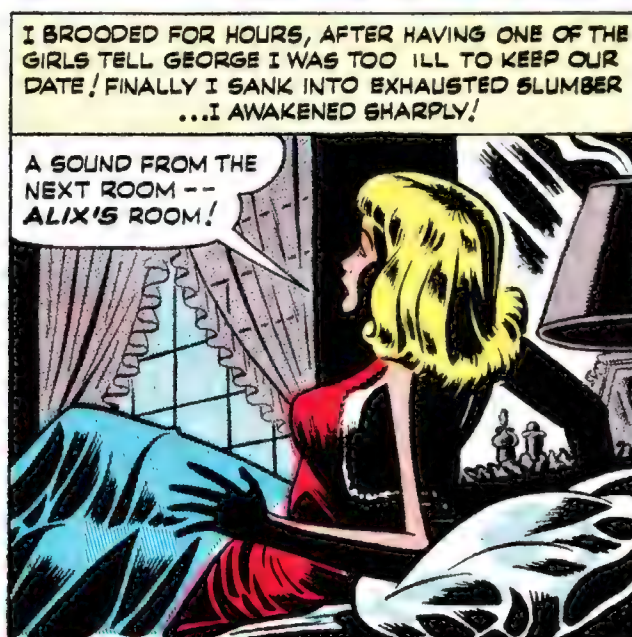
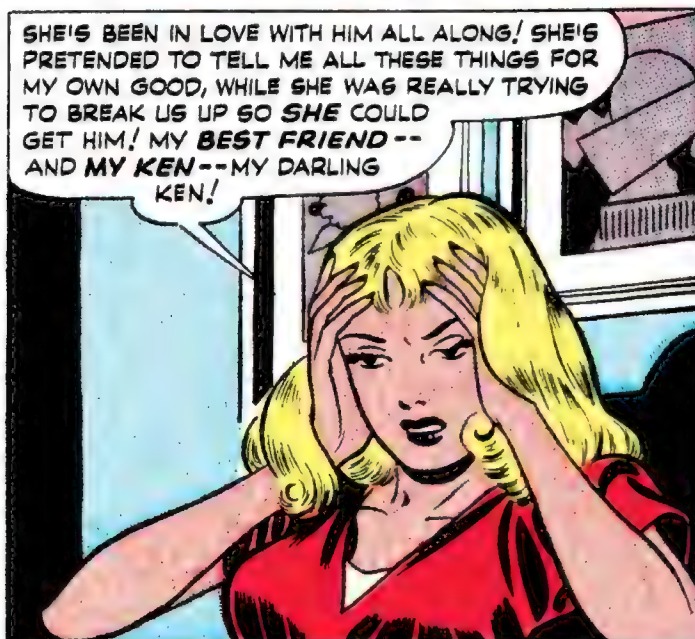
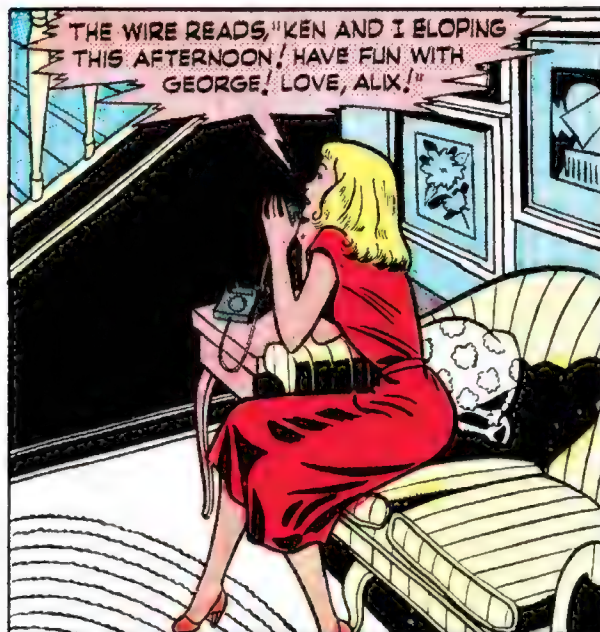
SUDDENLY THE PHONE INTERRUPTED MY REVERIE!... AS I DASHED TO ANSWER IT, I HAD A SUDDEN PREMONITION...

I'LL GET IT!

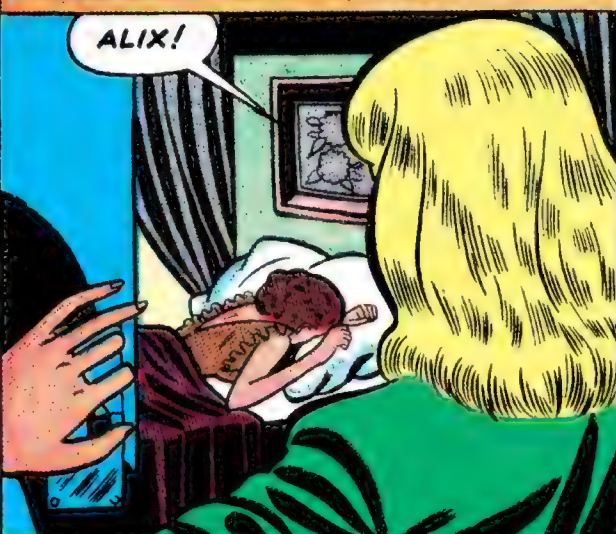


YES, THIS IS MARGARET DEAN... A TELEGRAM? YES, READ IT TO ME, PLEASE!





I STOOD LOOKING AT HER--STRETCHED OUT IN BED, SHAKING WITH SOBS! IT WAS A MOMENT BEFORE I COULD SPEAK HER NAME, COLDLY...



ALIX!

OH, MEG! I'M SUCH A CHEAT! YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE ME! I'M SO ASHAMED--KEN'S SHOWED ME JUST HOW MUCH SHAME A PERSON CAN FEEL!

STOP IT, ALIX! YOU SOUND HYSTERICAL! RELAX AND TELL ME THE WHOLE THING!

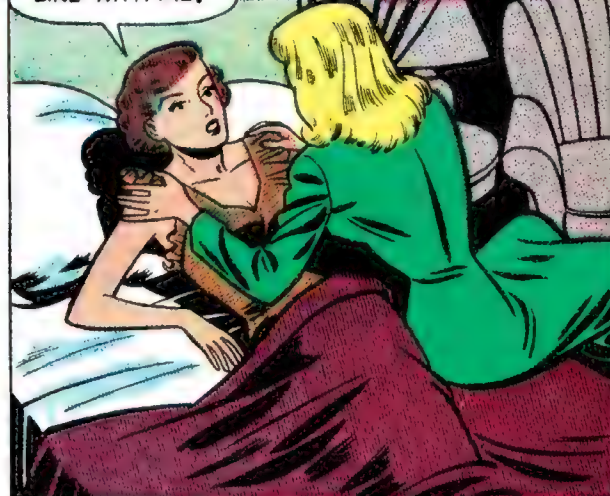


HER TEAR-STAINED FACE HELD SO MUCH MISERY THAT I DREW HER HEAD ONTO MY SHOULDER, SHE SOBBED VIOLENTLY FOR A MOMENT OR TWO AND THEN THE STORY CAME OUT...

I THOUGHT I COULD GET KEN ON THE REBOUND! I TOLD HIM AWFUL THINGS ABOUT YOU--AND HE LET ME SAY THEM! I'VE BEEN CONTRIVING TO RUN INTO HIM QUITE OFTEN LATELY!



THEN THIS AFTERNOON I GOT HIM TO TAKE ME FOR A RIDE! I HAD IT ALL PLANNED! I SENT YOU THAT WIRE AND THEN I THOUGHT I COULD GET HIM TO GO ACROSS THE STATE LINE WITH ME!



BUT, INSTEAD, HE TOLD ME JUST EXACTLY WHAT HE THOUGHT OF ME! AT FIRST I WAS FURIOUS, BUT THEN I BEGAN TO SEE--EVERYTHING HE SAID ABOUT ME WAS TRUE! HE'S PRETTY SMART, MEG! DON'T UNDER-ESTIMATE HIM! IT SEEMS HE HAD A PLAN TOO!--HE SAID HE KNEW ALL ALONG THAT IF HE GAVE ME ENOUGH ROPE, I'D-- MEG! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? TELL ME--WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS!

OF COURSE WE CAN, ALIX! BUT RIGHT NOW I WANT TO SEE KEN!



ALIX LEARNED A LESSON--AND SO DID I! NOBODY WILL EVER BE ABLE TO COME BETWEEN KEN AND ME AGAIN!



AFTER GRADUATION WE WERE MARRIED, AND HAD A WONDERFUL SHIPBOARD HONEYMOON! THAT WAS MY FATHER'S WEDDING PRESENT--THE LAST TIME HE PAID THE BILLS! NOW I'M MRS. KEN STEPHENS--ON A BUDGET, AND IN LOVE! **THE END**

Girl comics

K



a FULL
52 PAGES
of TENDER
LOVE TALES!

APRIL NO. 3

10¢

LOVERS
magazine

I was a
DESIGNING
FEMALE!

ROMANTIC AS A
SWEETHEART'S VOW...

**"ONCE
in a
LOVE-
TIME!"**

ONE
GIRL'S
CANDID
CONFESSION:

**I LOVED
A
HE-MAN!**



WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities — intelligence, character, dignity — all go to naught...are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than now.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A.

Normal skin

B.

Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-



tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward ... at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

OR

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at *our risk*. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain ... and we take all the risk!

How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 1913, 4257 Katonah Avenue, New York 66, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature ... at once! Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

Copyright 1949 by Dornol Products, Inc.

GIRL ROMANCES is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Application for second-class entry pending at the post office at New York, N.Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Meriden, Conn. Published quarterly. Copyright 1949 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Vol. 1 No. 3 APRIL 1950 issue. Price 10c per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

I LOVED A HE-MAN!

ALL MY BETTER INSTINCTS SCREAMED: "LET HIM GO! CAST HIM ASIDE! HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! HE'S COARSE, VULGAR, UNCOUTH!" BUT I COULDN'T CAST ASIDE WHAT I DIDN'T OWN! AND WHILE I KNEW HE COULD NEVER BE MINE, I ALSO KNEW THAT I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT HIM!



MARA RANDOM, THAT WAS ME! DAZZLING DEBUTANTE OF THE SOCIAL SEASON... DAUGHTER OF P.J. RANDOM... HEIRESS TO A VAST RAILROAD EMPIRE... ENVY OF A MILLION AMERICAN GIRLS! AND YET I WAS UTTERLY UNHAPPY...

HOW ABOUT THE YACHT CLUB DANCE TONIGHT, MARA?

SORRY, I'M ALL TIED UP IN A KNOT--A KNOT OF BOREDOM AND DISGUST WITH BOTH OF YOU AND THE WHOLE CROWD WE RUN WITH!

COVER PHOTO: ELIZABETH TAYLOR STARRING IN M-G-M'S "THE CONSPIRATORS."

THE FRUSTRATIONS OF MY EMPTY EXISTENCE HAD SUDDENLY COME TO A HEAD, AND I WAS TAKING IT OUT ON TWO OF MY MOST FAITHFUL SUITORS!

I'M CROSSING THE WHOLE LOT OF YOU OFF MY LIST AND HOPE YOU DO LIKEWISE! IF I EVER SEE YOUR WEAK, INANE FACES AGAIN I'LL SCREAM-- YOU CAN QUOTE ME TO THE OTHERS, TOO!



I RAN INTO THE HOUSE AND WEPT, IN FUTILE EXASPERATION WITH MYSELF AND MY WHOLE LIFE...

I HEARD A COMMOTION OUTSIDE, MARA! WHY DIDN'T YOU INVITE PETE AND LARRY INTO THE HOUSE? THEY'RE FINE BOYS!

PLEASE, DAD, IF MOTHER WERE ALIVE SHE MIGHT HAVE UNDERSTOOD! DON'T CLUCK OVER ME LIKE A SOLICITOUS HEN!



IF YOUR MOTHER WERE ALIVE, SHE'D TELL YOU TO MARRY ONE OF THOSE TWO LADS! THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING... SOCIAL POSITION, BACKGROUND...

STOP! STOP RIGHT THIS MINUTE! WHEN I MARRY, I'LL MARRY A MAN OF FLESH AND BONE, A MAN I LOVE--NOT A LIFELESS SOCIAL REGISTER!



WELL, JUST EXACTLY WHAT'S WRONG WITH PETE OR LARRY, OUTSIDE OF THAT SILLY LOVE BUSINESS?

EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD! AND I'LL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW ... I'M SICK OF THE WHOLE ROTTEN CROWD... SICK OF THEIR FUTILE, POINTLESS LIVES AND NUMB INTELLECTS!



THEY'RE HYPOCRITES FROM THEIR HANDSHAKES TO THEIR HAT TIPS! THEY'RE A BUNCH OF PAMPERED WEAKLINGS, WAXING FAT ON JUICY INHERITANCES... A PACK OF HALF-MEN LIVING ON SILVER SPOONS AND SUFFERING FROM LOCKJAW!

WELL, I ... WELL, I ... (SPUTTER!)



SUDDENLY HE BEGAN TO LAUGH, AND MY STREAM OF INDIGNATION DIED OUT...

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT?

OH, THIS IS PRICELESS! HAW-HAW-HAW! JUICY INHERITANCES... PAMPERED WEAKLINGS! HA-HA-HA!!



MARA, YOU'RE GUILTY OF EVERY EXPRESSION YOU'VE LABELED YOUR FRIENDS--YOU'RE CUT FROM THE SAME CLOTH AS THEY ARE, WITH THE SAME INHERITANCE, THE SAME LUXURY, THE SAME SILVER SPOONS!



OF COURSE HE WAS RIGHT, BUT SOMEHOW I FELT DIFFERENT FROM THE REST! THE OTHERS COULDN'T FEEL THIS SENSE OF FUTILITY, OR THEY'D GET OUT TOO!

HONEY, I'VE TRIED TO BE BOTH A FATHER AND A MOTHER TO YOU, BUT PERHAPS I FAILED! MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE I WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY!

I KNOW, DAD... I KNOW, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO BE SOMETHING DIFFERENT FROM EVERYTHING I'VE KNOWN THAT'LL MAKE ME HAPPY! I KNOW THAT!

I STROLLED DOWN MADISON AVENUE THE NEXT DAY, FEELING MOODY AND DEPRESSED, TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF MYSELF...

GOOD GRIEF! THAT BUILDING IS GOING UP LIKE A MUSHROOM... WHY, IT WAS ONLY A MONTH AGO THAT THEY WERE STILL DRILLING AND BLASTING!

COME ON, YOU PACK OF LAZY BABOONS! BEND THEM MUSCLE-BOUND BACKS AN' GET UNDER THAT GIRDER! WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY ON THIS JOB! NOW, C'MON, YOU G!!★--@!... LOAFERS!

GOOD HEAVENS! SUCH HORRIBLE LANGUAGE!

OKAY... OKAY, WADDAYA THINK YER WAITIN' FOR NOW? SWING HER AROUND AN' QUIT STALLIN' OR I'LL CAN THE WHOLE CREW! HEAVE!!

WHY, THE BIG BULLYING TYRANT!

IT WAS NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT I DIDN'T STOP TO THINK OF THAT! THE WHOLE SITUATION REEKED OF INJUSTICE TO ME! AND I WASN'T GOING TO STAND FOR IT!

HOW DARE YOU USE SUCH ABUSIVE LANGUAGE TO THESE MEN? YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, INSULTING MEN SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY'RE WORKERS! THEY AREN'T SLAVES, TO BE DEGRADED BY BULLYING TYRANTS LIKE YOU!

WELL, OF ALL THE...!

I'LL HAVE YOU DISCHARGED FOR SUCH FLAGRANT ABUSE OF AUTHORITY... IF YOU HAVE ANY AUTHORITY!

LADY, ARE YOU FINISHED GABBIN'?

I'LL PERSONALLY SWEAR OUT AN AFFIDAVIT AGAINST YOU!

IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU'RE VIOLATING A BUILDING CODE BY BEING PRESENT ON THIS BUILDING SITE! IN THE SECOND PLACE, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

LET ME DOWN, YOU... YOU BIG BEAST! LET ME DOWN!

THERE! THIS COMPANY TOOK INTO CONSIDERATION ALL POSSIBLE OBSTACLES AND OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS--SUCH AS YOU! YOU CAN DO THE REST OF YOUR CRITICIZING THROUGH THAT PEEPHOLE FOR SIDEWALK SUPERINTENDENTS!

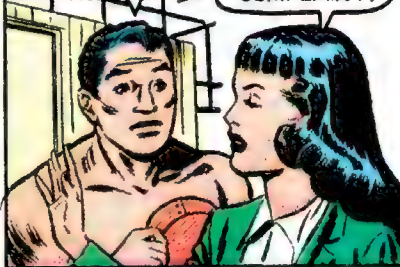


WHY, YOU... YOU... YOU IMPOSSIBLE APE!

I WALKED AWAY BURNING WITH RAGE! THAT TALL, TANNED BUNDLE OF MUSCLES HAD GOTTEN UNDER MY SKIN!

PARDON ME, LADY! I WAS ONE OF THE CREW THE BOSS FOREMAN WAS BAWLIN' OUT BACK THERE WHEN YOU INTERRUPTED! I JUST WANNA TELL YOU THAT...

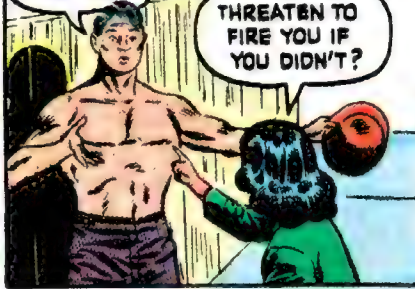
NOW, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT IT! I'M FIGHTING FOR YOUR RIGHTS AND I'M ON MY WAY TO THE CONSTRUCTION OFFICE TO FILE AN OFFICIAL COMPLAINT!



I EXPECTED ANYTHING BUT WHAT FOLLOWED! HE WAS PRACTICALLY PLEADING WITH ME TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING...

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE *DON'T* WANT YOU TO DO, LADY--MR. TREMONT IS OUR PAL, NO KIDDIN'! HE'S THE BEST FOREMAN ON THE JOB AND WE ALL LIKE HIM!

I CAN'T POSSIBLY BELIEVE THIS! TELL ME THE TRUTH--DID THAT SNIVELING COWARD FORCE YOU TO COME OUT AND APOLOGIZE TO ME? DID HE THREATEN TO FIRE YOU IF YOU DIDN'T?

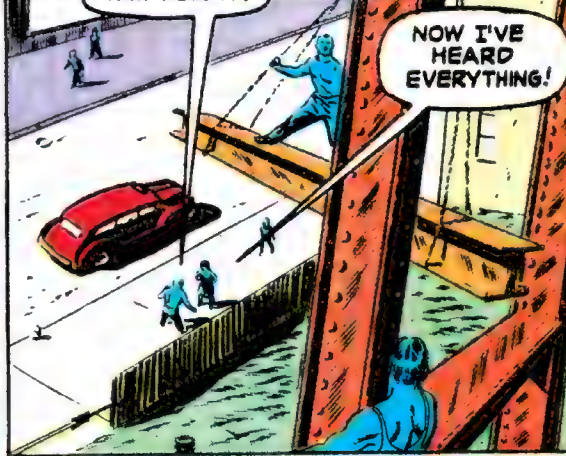


FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD, LADY, THIS AIN'T NO CHAIN GANG! WE GOT A UNION THAT FIGHTS OUR BATTLES FOR US, AND BRUCE TREMONT IS ON OUR SIDE, UNION OR NO UNION! I'M TELLIN' YA, HE'S A GREAT GUY!

I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THIS FANTASTIC STORY! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU MEN ENJOY BEING BROWBEATEN AND BULLIED?



LOOK, LADY--THIS IS A ROUGH JOB AND WE'RE A TOUGH BUNCH OF GUYS TO HANDLE! MISTER TREMONT'S SORT OF LIKE A COACH... HE PITCHES IN AND HELPS ON THE TOUGH SPOTS AND WHEN HE CUSSES US OUT HE'S JUST LIFTING OUR MORALE! WE ALL LIKE HIM AND RESPECT HIM FOR IT!

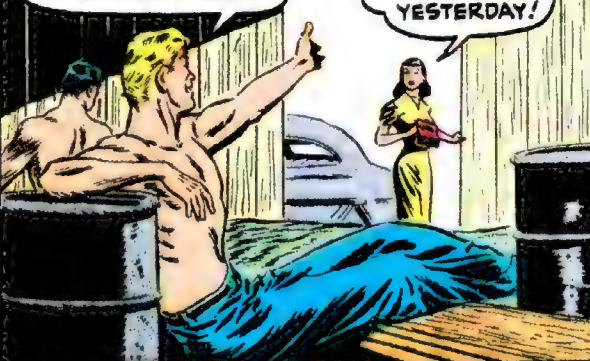


NOW I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING!

THAT FOREMAN'S MEN CERTAINLY SEEMED TO LIKE HIM! I KEPT THINKING OF IT, AND A MIXTURE OF CURIOSITY AND SHEEPISH GUILT BROUGHT ME BACK TO THE BUILDING THE NEXT DAY! IT WAS LUNCH HOUR...

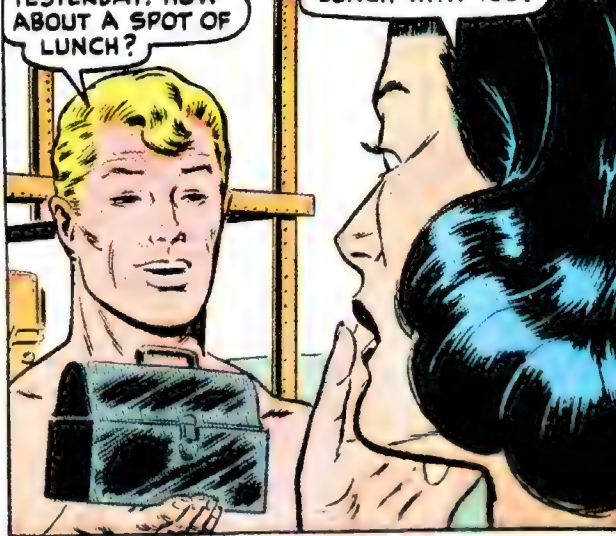
UH-OH! HERE COMES THE CARRIE NATION OF THE CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRY... HIDE YOUR LUNCHES AND WIPE YOUR HANDS!

THERE'S NO NEED FOR SARCASM, YOUNG MAN! I MERELY CAME BACK TO APOLOGIZE FOR MY ACTIONS YESTERDAY!



I WAS ONLY KIDDING, LADY... I GUESS I DID SOUND A BIT ROUGH YESTERDAY! HOW ABOUT A SPOT OF LUNCH?

(GULP!)... LUNCH? WELL, I, ER... I WAS PLANNING TO... ALL RIGHT! I WILL HAVE LUNCH WITH YOU!



WE TOOK A LIFT AND SAT PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, EATING ITALIAN BREAD AND CHEESE! IT WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL LUNCH I HAD EVER TASTED!!!

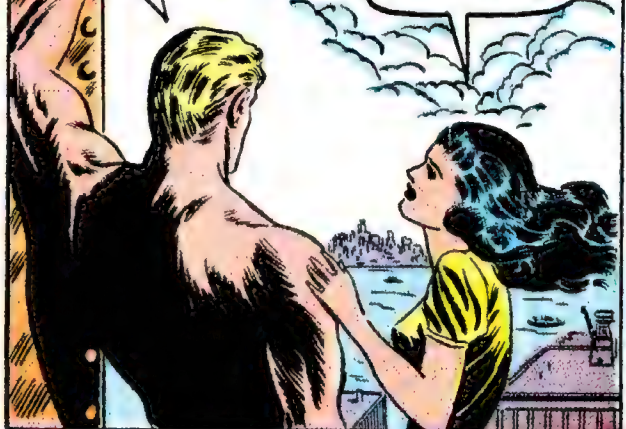
NOW THAT I'VE SHARED MY LUNCH WITH YOU, I THINK I OUGHT TO KNOW YOUR NAME... MINE'S BRUCE TREMONT!

MINE IS MARA RANDOM! GEE, IT'S EXCITING BEING UP HERE ON TOP OF THE WORLD!



GREAT CITY, HUH? IT'S A LOT DIFFERENT, LOOKING AT IT FROM UP HERE! IT'S CLEAN AND GRACEFUL AND POWERFUL, BUT DOWN THERE!!!

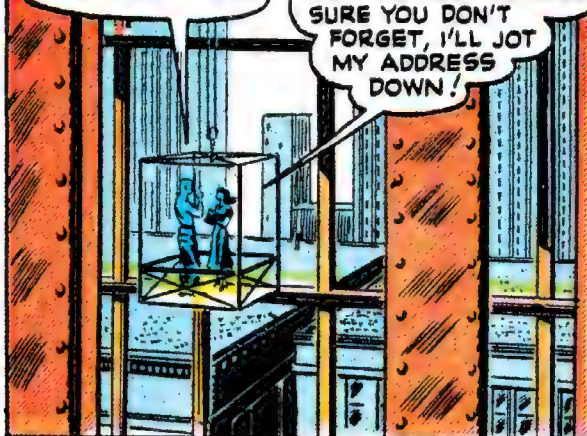
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN, BRUCE! DOWN THERE IS GREED, SELFISHNESS, BRUTALITY... POVERTY, TENEMENTS, DIRTY SUBWAYS, SHOVING CROWDS... BUT I LOVE IT UP HERE OR DOWN THERE!



THE WHISTLE BLEW AND WE HAD TO PART! WOULD HE ASK ME? WOULD HE?

MARA, I, ER... I'M PRETTY WELL KNOCKED OUT AT THE END OF EACH DAY, BUT WOULD YOU MIND IF I...

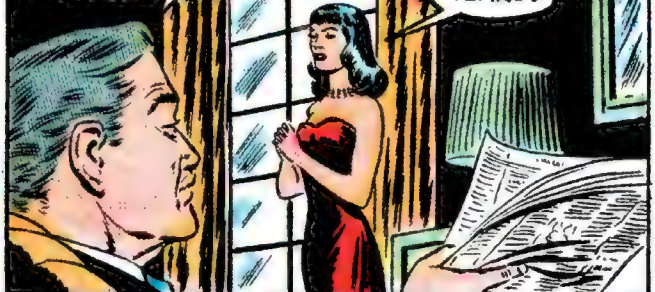
... CALLED FOR ME TONIGHT? OH, BRUCE, IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL... PLEASE DO! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET, I'LL JOT MY ADDRESS DOWN!



AS SOON AS I LEFT HIM, I BEGAN TO WORRY THAT HE'D LOSE THAT SLIP OF PAPER, OR DECIDE NOT TO COME! BUT BY THAT EVENING A NEW THOUGHT WAS BOTHERING ME--WHAT WOULD DAD THINK OF HIM? HE SENSED THE TENSENESS IN ME AS I PACED THE FLOOR WAITING FOR THE BELL TO RING...

SAY, WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU TODAY, MARA? FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS A NEW LOOK HAS CREEPT INTO YOUR FACE! DO YOU EXPECT TO BE ARRESTED?

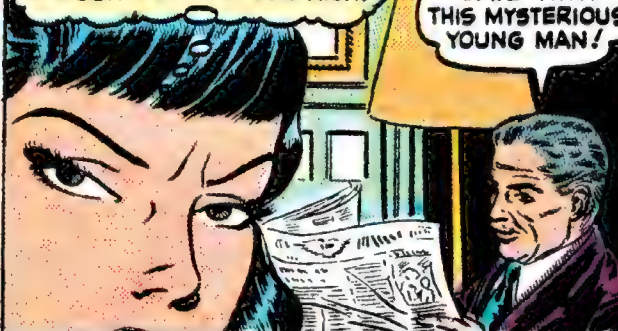
DON'T BE SILLY, DAD! I, ER... I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A NEW... OH, ER... I MEAN, A FRIEND OF MINE I HAVEN'T SEEN IN YEARS!



I FOUND MYSELF DREADING THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, WONDERING WHAT DAD WOULD SAY WHEN MY ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FOREMAN CAME TROOPING INTO THE HOUSE...

WILL HE WEAR DUNGAREES AND A SWEAT SHIRT? WHY AM I BEING SUCH AN INSUFFERABLE SNOB? WHAT IF HE DOES! IT'S THAT GHASTLY SOCIAL UPBRINGING I'VE HAD--NOBODY'S GOOD ENOUGH BUT THE IDLE RICH!

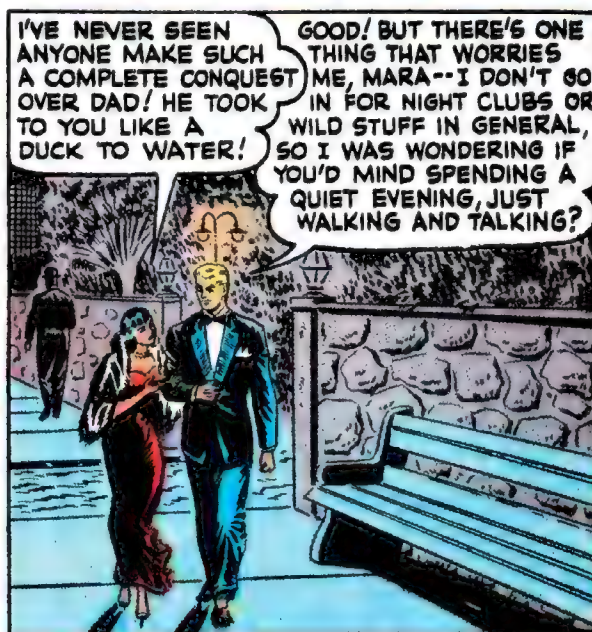
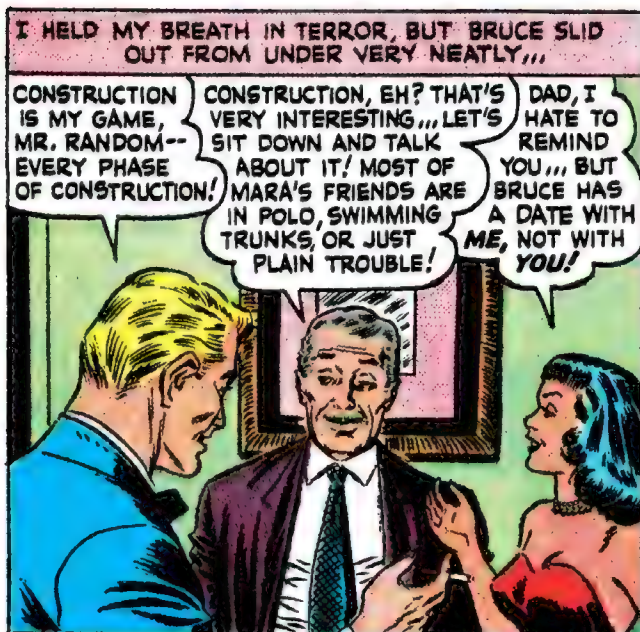
HMM, AS NERVOUS AS A CAT STALKING A CANARY! MARA, I SUSPECT THIS IS YOUR FIRST DATE WITH THIS MYSTERIOUS YOUNG MAN!



THERE HE IS! ... I'LL GET IT!

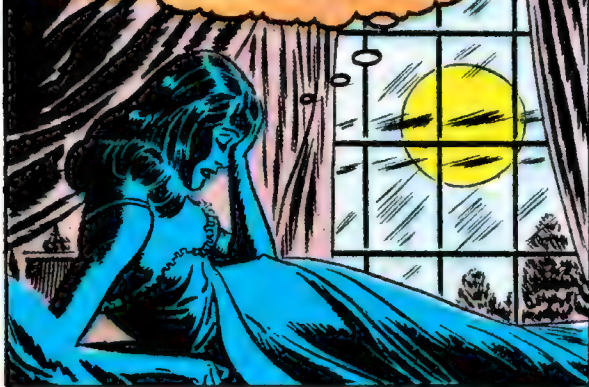
OH, NO YOU WON'T! THIS IS MY DATE AND I'LL GET IT!





I LAY AWAKE THAT NIGHT, DRIFTING IN A ROSY CLOUD OF HAPPINESS MARRED ONLY BY ONE THOUGHT ...

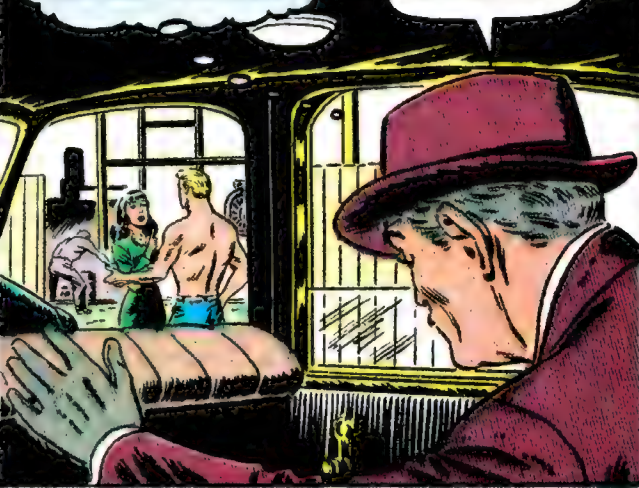
I MUSTN'T KID MYSELF ABOUT THIS THING-- DAD HAS STUFFY IDEAS ABOUT SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS AND ROT LIKE THAT! I DREAD THE DAY HE DISCOVERS BRUCE IS ONLY A CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN, AND I KNOW THAT DAY WILL COME!



AND IT DID COME, A WEEK LATER! AS USUAL I WAS WITH BRUCE ...

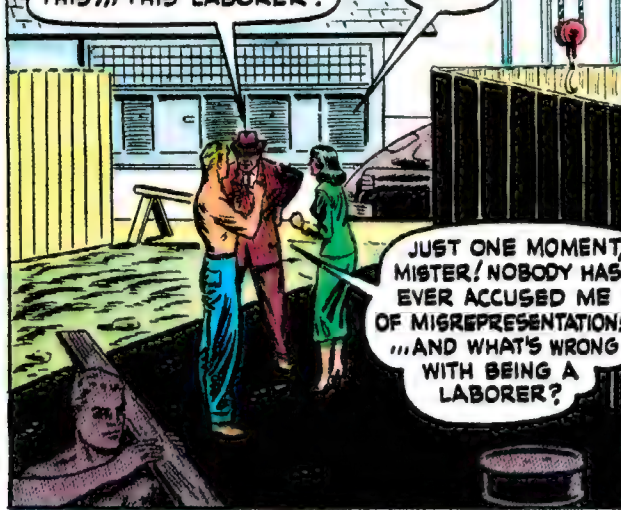
BY GEORGE, THERE'S MARA TALKING TO A COMMON LABORER!

STOP AT THE CORNER AND WAIT FOR ME, HENDRICKS!



SO THIS IS THE CONSTRUCTION LINE YOU SO GLIBLY MISREPRESENTED TO ME, YOUNG MAN! MARA, HOW DARE YOU TAKE UP WITH THIS ... THIS LABORER?

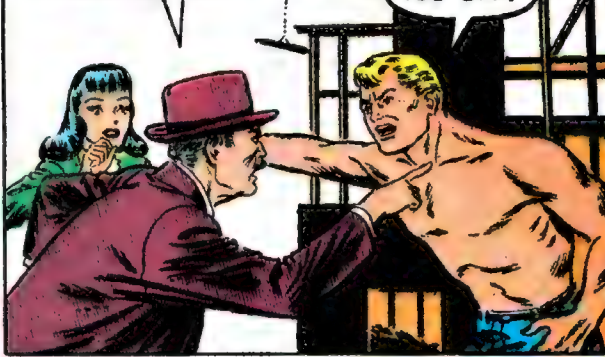
DAD!



JUST ONE MOMENT, MISTER! NOBODY HAS EVER ACCUSED ME OF MISREPRESENTATION! ...AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING A LABORER?

I CAN SEE THE WHOLE SCHEME NOW, YOU YOUNG JACKANAPES! YOU CAN FOOL MY DAUGHTER, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! HOWEVER, I BLAME HER MORE THAN I DO YOU-- SHE'S A GULLIBLE FOOL TO BE TAKEN IN BY SUCH AS YOU!

LISTEN, YOU OLD STUFFED SHIRT--I'M A WORKINGMAN AND I'M PROUD OF IT! I SWEAT FOR MY MONEY BUT I'LL WARRANT SOMEONE ELSE SWEATED FOR YOURS! GET OFF THIS SITE BEFORE I THROW YOU OFF!



WHY THAT ... THAT IMPOSTOR! THAT LOWBROW HOD CARRIER! MARA RANDOM, IF I EVER SEE YOU TALKING WITH HIM AGAIN I'LL CUT YOU OFF WITHOUT A CENT! I'LL DISOWN YOU--DISINHERIT YOU--DO YOU HEAR?

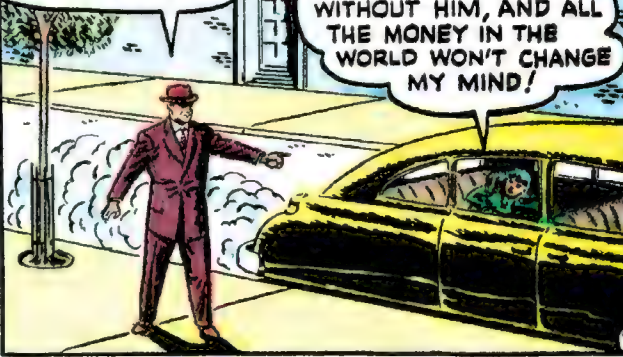
OH, YOU'RE SO WRONG, DAD! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHAT HE IS OR WHO HE IS? I LOVE HIM AND HE LOVES ME!



BY THE TIME WE GOT HOME I HAD MADE MYSELF CLEAR ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS! BRUCE WAS THE ONLY THING THAT HAD EVER HAPPENED TO ME THAT REALLY MATTERED, AND I WASN'T GOING TO GIVE HIM UP!

I'M WARNING YOU, MARA-- IF YOU INSIST ON GOING BACK TO THAT RUFFIAN I'LL TAKE DRASTIC STEPS!

I'M GOING BACK TO HIM RIGHT NOW AND YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU LIKE ... I COULD NEVER BE HAPPY WITHOUT HIM, AND ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD WON'T CHANGE MY MIND!



I HURRIED BACK, BUT BRUCE WAS A CHANGED MAN...HE COULDN'T TAKE THE THINGS DAD HAD SAID, AND HE WASN'T GOING TO FORGIVE *ME* FOR THEM EITHER!

PLEASE, BRUCE, TRY TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING--YOU AND I ARE THE ONES WHO COUNT, AND NOBODY ELSE MATTERS!

IT'S NO USE, MARA--IT WOULDN'T WORK! JUST WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?... CLASSIFYING THE WORLD INTO SOCIAL GROUPS, OSTRACIZING SOME, ACCEPTING OTHERS!

BRUCE... BRUCE! I'M HIS DAUGHTER, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I THINK AS HE DOES! HE'S A SNOB AND HE CAN'T HELP IT!

WHAT MAKES HIM THINK I'D EVEN *CONSIDER* MARRYING YOU? WHAT MAKES HIM THINK HIS MILLIONS WILL BRING MEN CRAWLING TO HIS DAUGHTER'S FEET? MAYBE SOME GUYS WILL STOOP TO THAT LEVEL, BUT NOT ME!

IT WAS FUTILE TO ARGUE... DAD WAS TO BLAME FOR THIS AND I TOLD HIM SO!

YOU'VE KILLED THE ONLY GOOD THING THAT EVER CAME INTO MY LIFE--YOU AND YOUR SMUG TALK ABOUT WANTING HAPPINESS FOR ME! YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HAPPINESS IF IT STARED YOU IN THE FACE!

MARA, I WON'T HAVE YOU GOING AROUND WITH A COMMON LABORER...ESPECIALLY A FRESH ONE LIKE THAT BRUCE TREMONT... ALL HE WANTS IS YOUR MONEY!

YOU REALLY THINK THAT, DON'T YOU? WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, MR. RAILROAD PRESIDENT! THAT COMMON LABORER JUST CHASED ME OFF THAT BUILDING SITE AND PRACTICALLY TOLD ME I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM!

HE DID? WHY, THAT... THAT INSOLENT, NO-GOOD ROUGHNECK! DON'T EVER MENTION HIS NAME TO ME AGAIN!

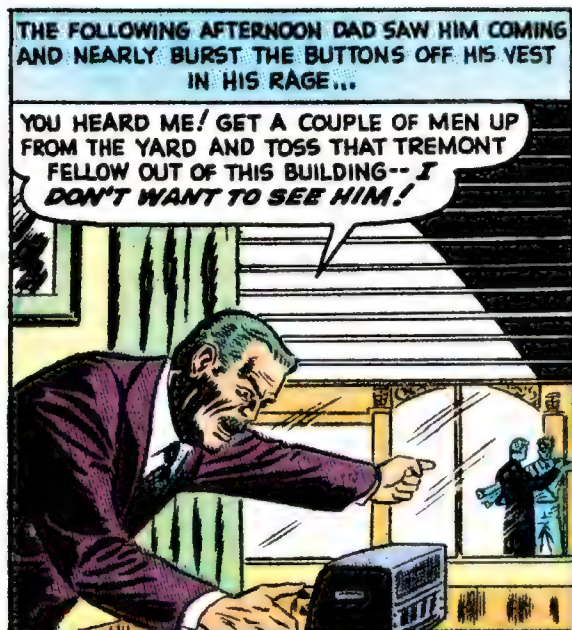
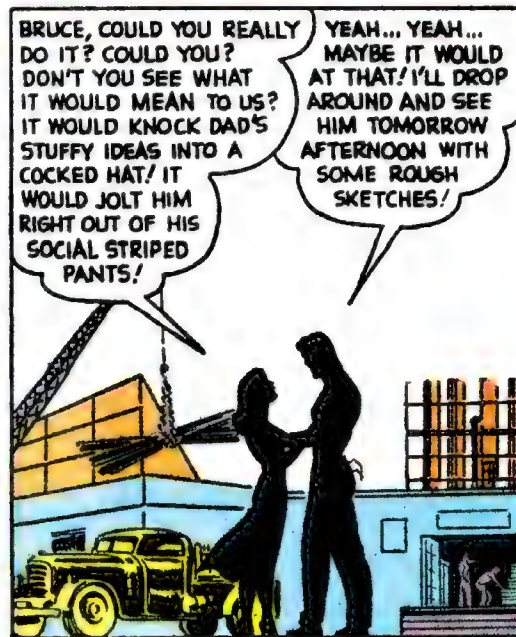
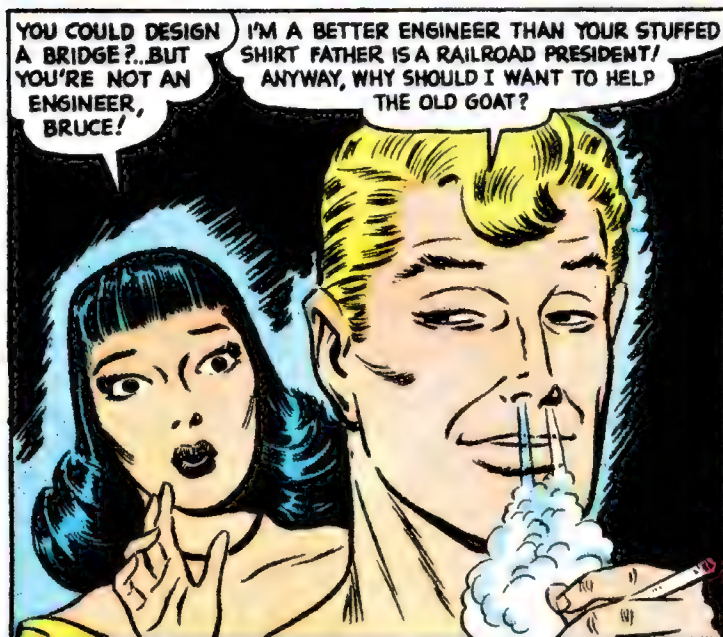
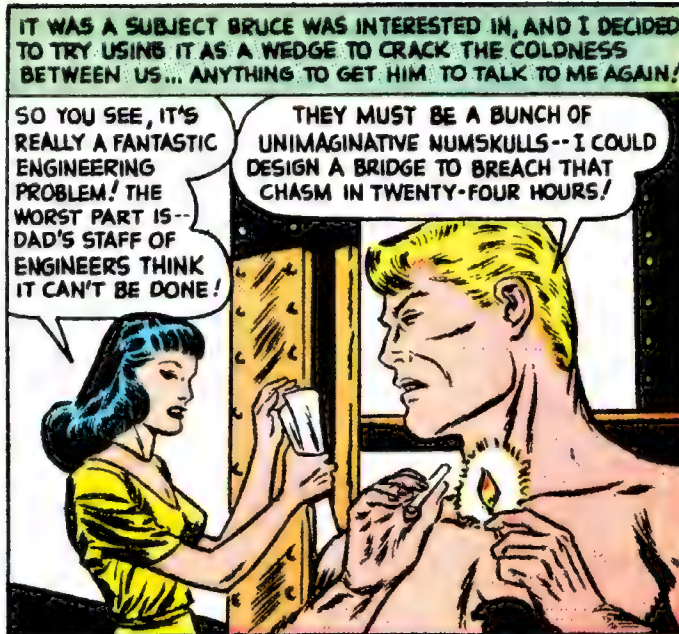
I WAS UTTERLY MISERABLE FOR TWO WEEKS! BUT ONE DAY DAD'S TROUBLES SEEMED EVEN DEEPER THAN MINE, SO I RELENTED ENOUGH TO ASK HIM ABOUT IT...

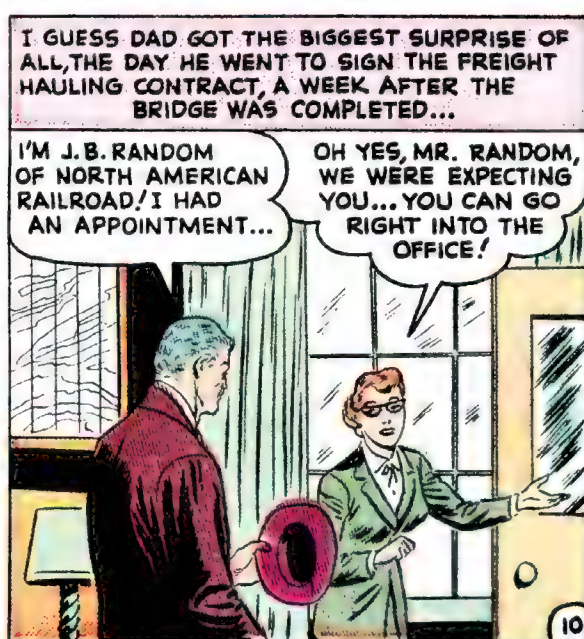
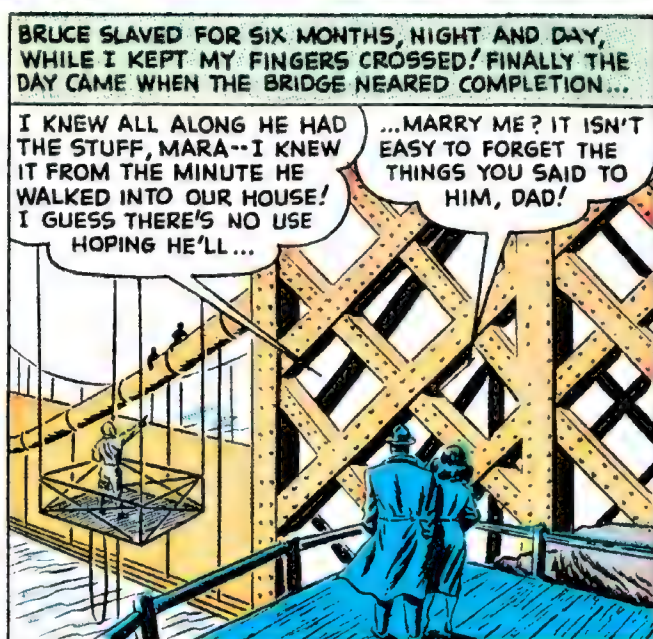
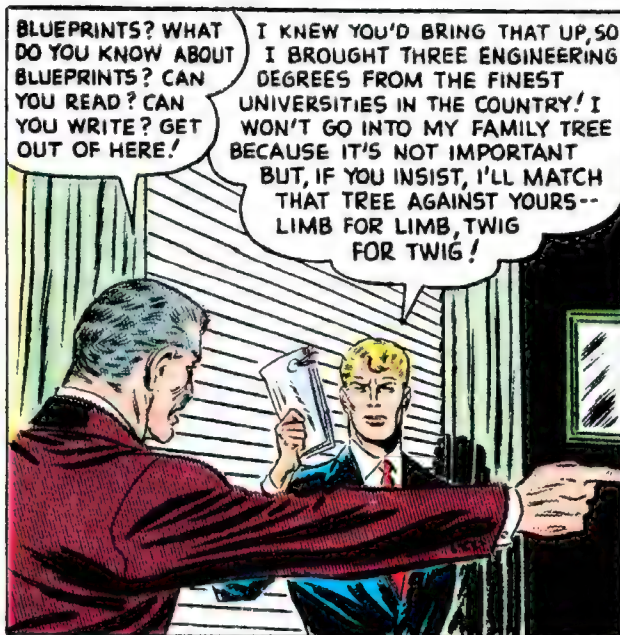
I'M NOT TRYING TO MAKE UP, DAD, BUT YOUR NERVOUSNESS THESE PAST FEW DAYS IS WORRYING ME! IS ANYTHING WRONG?

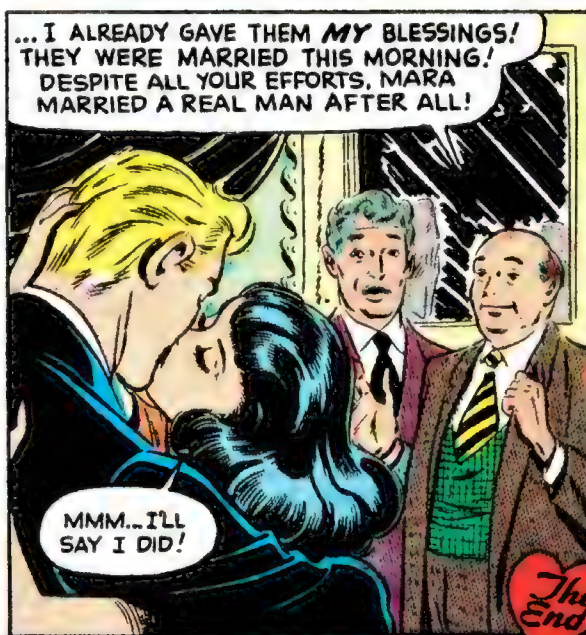
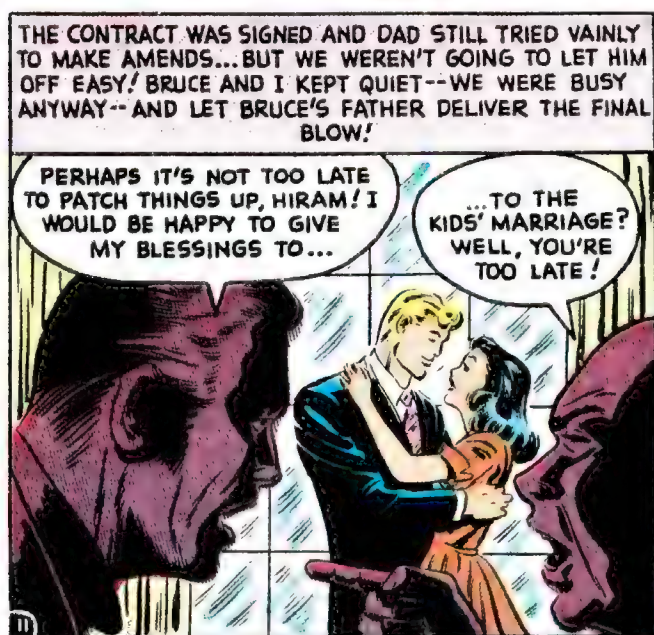
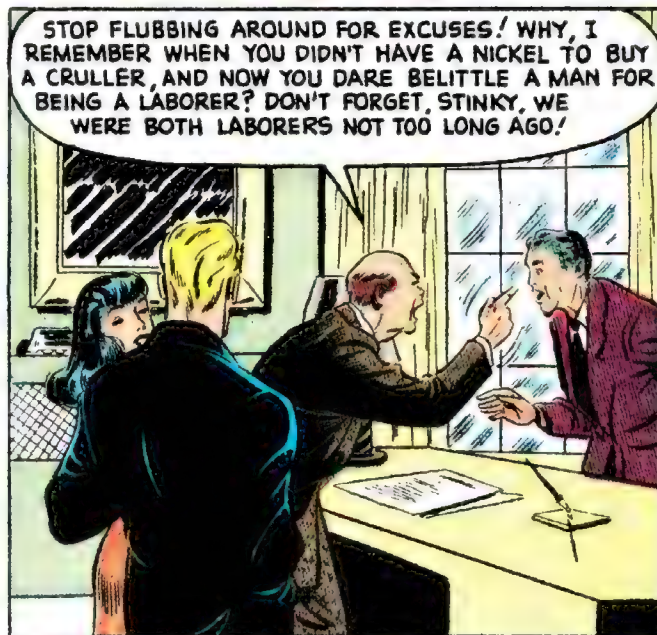
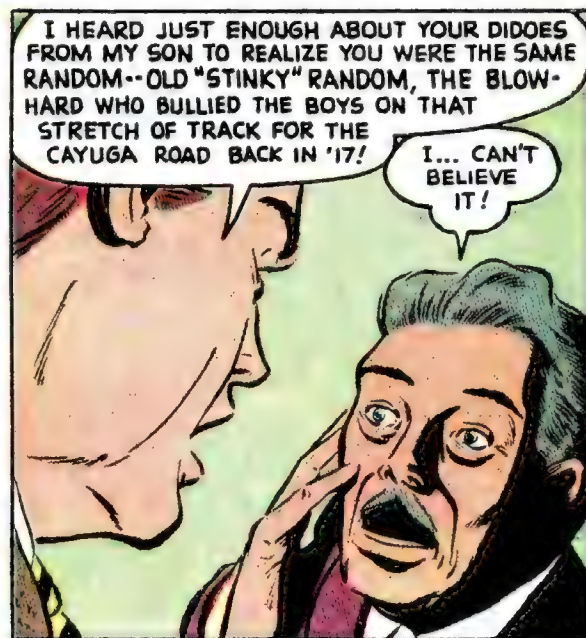
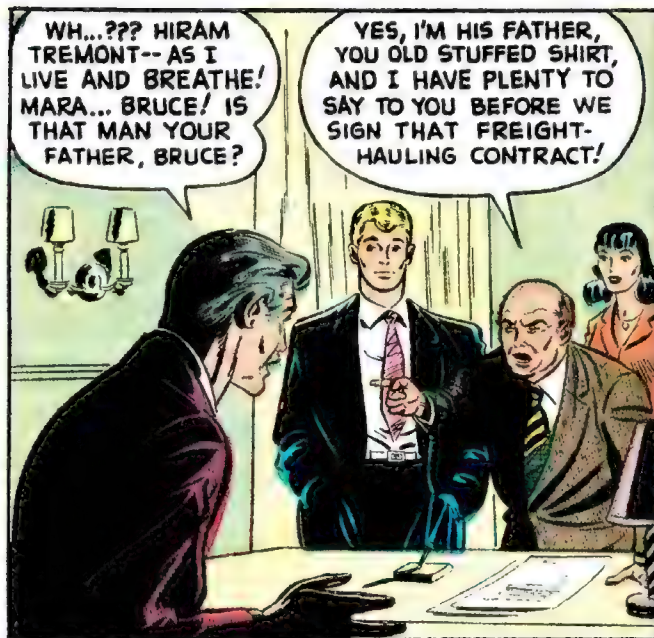
EVERYTHING, MARA... EVERYTHING! AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION HAS ARISEN WHICH IS STUMPING MY ENTIRE ORGANIZATION! LET ME TALK TO YOU, MARA--MAYBE BY TALKING I CAN FIND A WAY OUT OF THE DILEMMA!

MY RAILROAD IS COMPETING WITH A RIVAL ROAD TO LAND A GIGANTIC FREIGHT-HAULING CONTRACT! THE OTHER ROAD HAS A DECIDED ADVANTAGE IN RATES BECAUSE ITS ROUTE IS SHORTER AND MORE DIRECT!

IT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE, DAD! YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY SHORTEN YOUR EXISTING LINES, CAN YOU?







DID I MAKE A MISTAKE?



IN OUR LAST ISSUE, B.....F....., OF SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA, PRESENTED HER PROBLEM! SHE'S SIXTEEN AND IS GOING STEADY WITH A BOY NAMED TED! SHE FELT THAT HE HAD COME TO TAKE HER FOR GRANTED AND YET HE FORBADE HER TO GO OUT WITH ANYONE ELSE! J....Q....., OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., WRITES...

6425



"YOU CERTAINLY DID MAKE A MISTAKE! YOU'RE FAR TOO YOUNG TO GO STEADY! NOW YOU'VE GOT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN GIVING TED UP ENTIRELY AND NEVER GETTING TO KNOW WHAT OTHER FELLOWS ARE LIKE! TED SOUNDS PRETTY STUBBORN -- PERHAPS IT WOULD DO HIM GOOD TO SEE YOU DATING OTHER FELLOWS! AT LEAST HE WOULDN'T TAKE YOU FOR GRANTED -- AND HE MIGHT BE MORE CONSIDERATE!"

B.....S.....R....., OF CHAMPAIGN, ILL., IS ALSO PONDERING A PROBLEM! SHE WRITES..."IN THE SORORITY I BELONG TO, WE GIVE A DANCE EACH YEAR TO WHICH WE INVITE DATES..."

I'M ASKING DICK COLBY-- HE'S A SWELL DANCER!

I'M ASKING FRANK, OF COURSE! WHOM ARE YOU ASKING, BARBARA?

WELL...



"SOMEHOW I HATED TO TELL THEM! AND YET I HAD MADE UP MY MIND TO INVITE DON MARSH, A BOY WHO WORKS AS A MECHANIC IN THE GARAGE WHERE OUR CAR IS SERVICED! WHEN WE FIRST MET, I THOUGHT HE WAS FRESH, BUT THEN I REALIZED HE WAS JUST BEING FRIENDLY!"

WILL IT TAKE LONG? SHALL I WAIT?

I GUESS YOU'D BETTER NOT WAIT -- UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO STAY AND TALK TO ME WHILE I WORK!



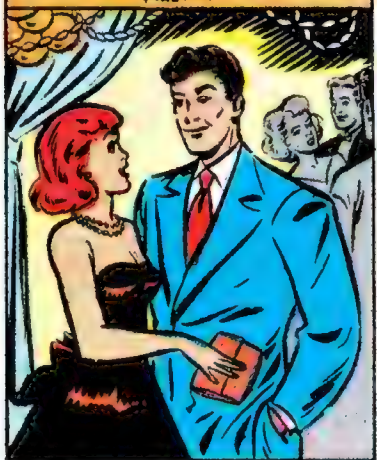
"DON ASKED ME OUT ONCE AFTER THAT, SHYLY AND VERY POLITELY, AND I ENJOYED THE DATE, SO I TOLD THE GIRLS..."

HE'S A MECHANIC IN A GARAGE -- AND HE'S NICE, TOO!

BARB! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! ASKING A MECHANIC TO OUR SORORITY DANCE!



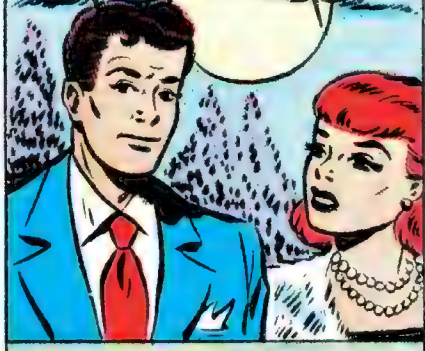
"BUT I DID ASK DON TO THE DANCE, AND I KNOW HE WAS HAPPY THAT I ASKED HIM -- UNTIL WE ACTUALLY GOT TO THE DANCE! I TRIED TO GIVE HIM A GOOD TIME, BUT I COULDN'T SWING IT ALONE..."



I... DON'T THINK YOUR FRIENDS LIKED ME MUCH, BARB!

OH, FORGET THEM! THEY'RE JUST SNOBS!

"I'VE GONE OUT WITH DON SINCE, BUT IT ISN'T THE SAME AS IT WAS, SO I WONDER IF I MADE A MISTAKE, ASKING HIM TO THAT SORORITY DANCE!"



SHOULD B.....S.....R..... HAVE TAKEN THE ADVICE OF HER SORORITY SISTERS AND EXCLUDED DON? OR DID SHE DO THE RIGHT THING?



LET US KNOW WHAT YOU THINK! WRITE TO:

GIRL COMICS
350 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, 1 N.Y.

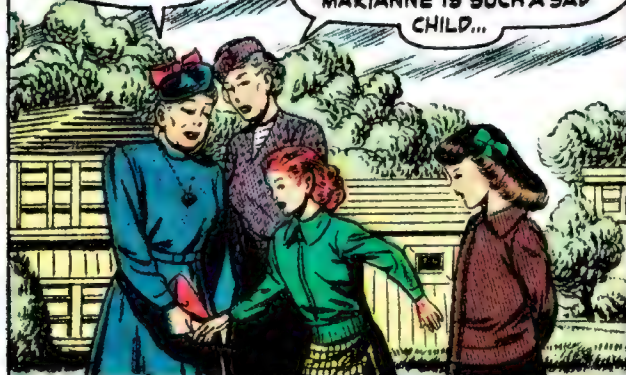


7164

AS FAR BACK AS I CAN REMEMBER, EVEN WHEN I WAS A LITTLE CHILD, MY SISTER EVELYN ALWAYS WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION. EVELYN... AS BEAUTIFUL AS A POLL... ALWAYS EVELYN, EVELYN... WHILE I PLAYED SECOND FIDDLE!

ISN'T SHE ADORABLE? ISN'T SHE THE CUTEST, SWEETEST CHILD IN THE WORLD?

YOU'D NEVER THINK MARIANNE IS HER SISTER! WHY, EVELYN IS SO FULL OF FUN AND LAUGHTER... WHILE MARIANNE IS SUCH A SAD CHILD...

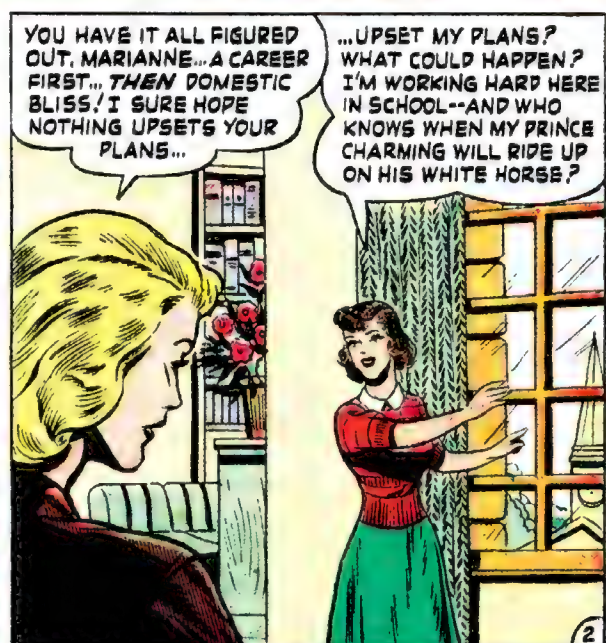
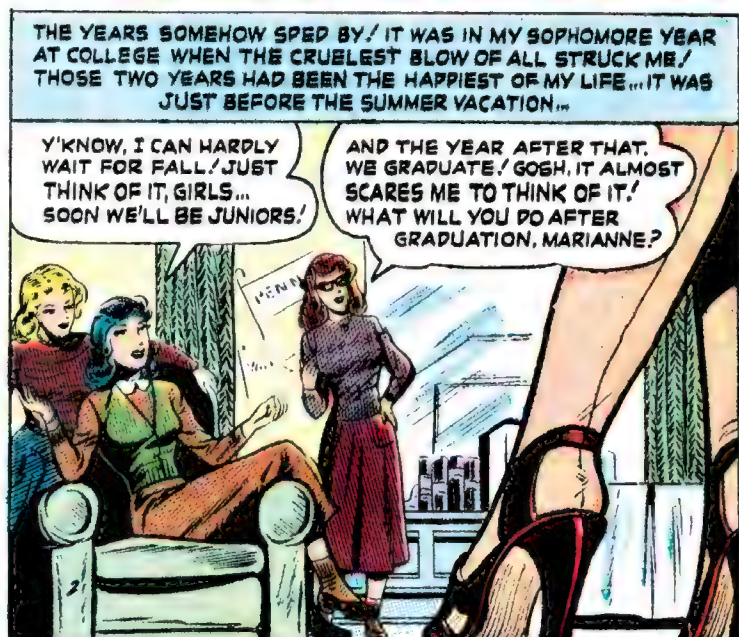
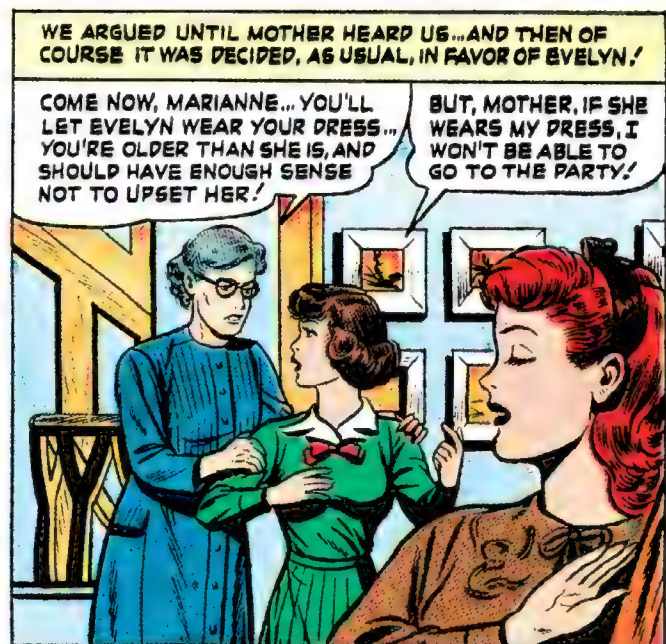


THUS IT WENT, AND AS WE GREW OLDER I BECAME A SORT OF LADY-IN-WAITING TO MY SISTER—IT WAS SHE WHO GOT THE BEST WHILE I HAD THE CRUMBS! I REMEMBER ONE TIME...

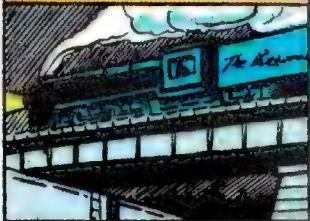
EVELYN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH MY PARTY DRESS? IT'S THE ONLY ONE I HAVE...

IT'S SO MUCH PRETTIER THAN MINE--I'LL WEAR IT TO JUDY'S PARTY!





SOON THE SUMMER VACATION STARTED. I WENT HOME, AND EVELYN MET ME AT THE STATION. SHE HAD JUST GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL AND, AT EIGHTEEN, WAS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN. SEEING HER, I SUDDENLY FELT THE COMPLETE DOMINANCE SHE HAD OVER ME...AND I KNEW THAT WITH EVELYN I WAS DEFINITELY SECOND FIDDLE!



WELL, WELL, SO IT'S MY BIG SISTER—HOME FROM THE CAMPUS! HOW'S THE CAMPUS QUEEN?

I'M ALL RIGHT... YOU'VE GROWN UP, EVELYN!



GROWN UP? YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT, MARIANNE! THERE'S A BIG SURPRISE COMING YOUR WAY...

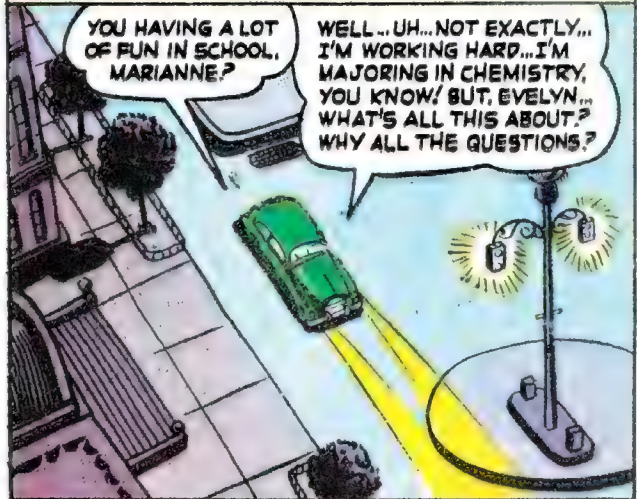
WHY? WHAT DO YOU...MEAN?



I HAD NO PREMONITION OF WHAT WAS IMPENDING... EVELYN AVOIDED ALL QUESTIONS, ADROITLY DODGING THEM, FAILING TO GIVE A DIRECT ANSWER... BUT A SENSE OF UNEASINESS GREW WITHIN ME AS WE APPROACHED HOME!

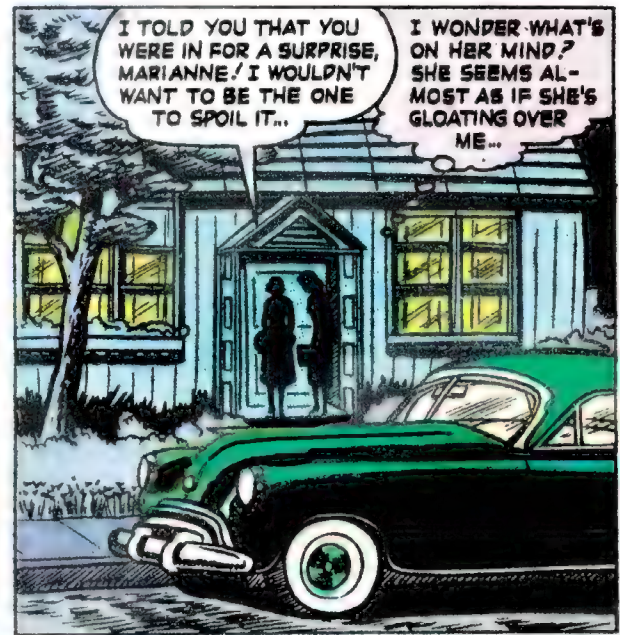
YOU HAVING A LOT OF FUN IN SCHOOL, MARIANNE?

WELL...UH...NOT EXACTLY... I'M WORKING HARD...I'M MAJORING IN CHEMISTRY, YOU KNOW! BUT, EVELYN... WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY ALL THE QUESTIONS?



I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE IN FOR A SURPRISE, MARIANNE! I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE THE ONE TO SPOIL IT...

I WONDER WHAT'S ON HER MIND? SHE SEEMS ALMOST AS IF SHE'S GLOATING OVER ME...



I FOUND OUT THE SURPRISE AT DINNER--IT ALMOST BROKE MY HEART! BUT THEN, A SECOND FIDDLE IS NOT ENTITLED TO ANY FEELINGS...ANYTHING IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE SECOND FIDDLE!

UH... MARIANNE... I'VE ARRANGED AN INTERVIEW FOR YOU WITH MR. GORDON AT THE BANK! HE...UH...IS HIRING A NEW SECRETARY!

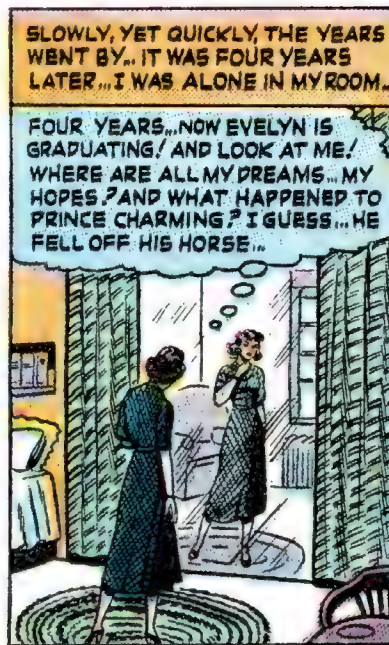
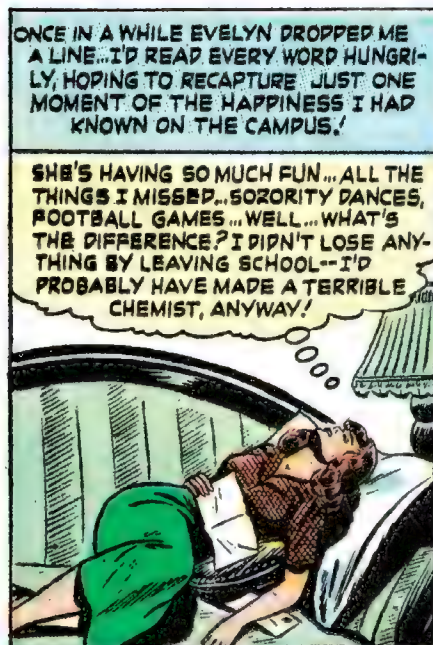
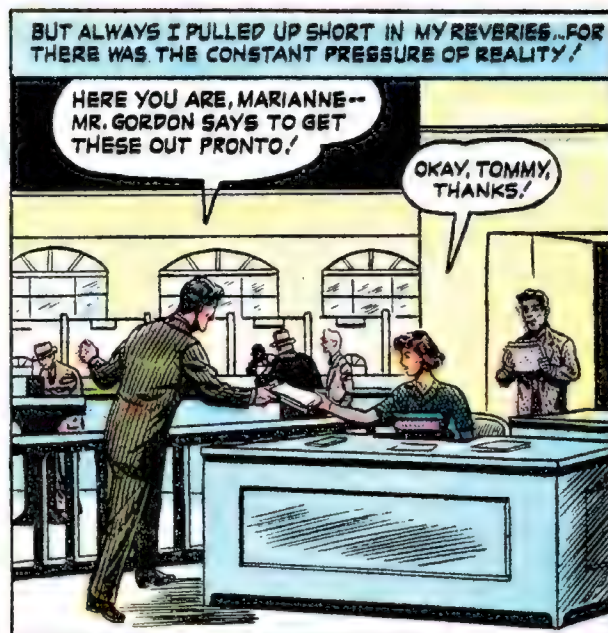
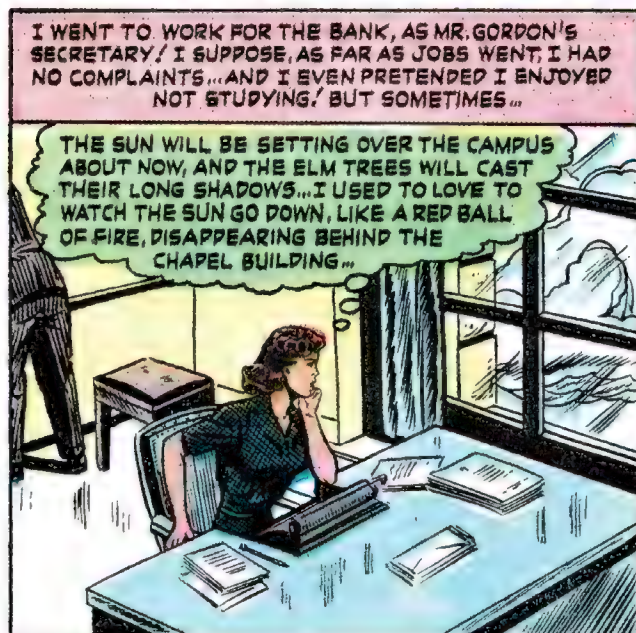
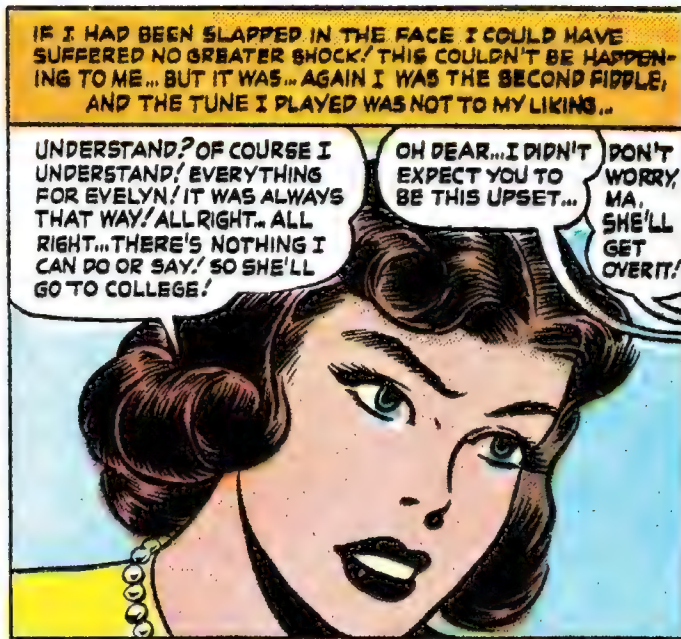
LET HIM HIRE ONE--I DON'T WANT AN INTERVIEW WITH HIM! I HAVE MY OWN WORK TO DO THIS SUMMER...LOTS OF STUDYING, DAD...CHEMISTRY IS A HARD SUBJECT! THANKS, ANYWAY, FOR TRYING TO GET ME A SUMMER JOB!



YOU DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND, MARIANNE! THIS IS NOT A SUMMER JOB... BUT A PERMANENT ONE!

DAD! SURELY, YOU'RE KIDDING! HOW CAN I TAKE A PERMANENT JOB? I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO COLLEGE NEXT FALL AND...





EVELYN FINALLY GRADUATED... SHE CAME HOME, AND MADE NO EFFORT TO FIND WORK! SHE DID NOTHING! BUT ONE NIGHT WHEN I RETURNED FROM THE OFFICE, MOTHER GREETED ME AT THE DOOR AND EXCITED LIGHTS DANCED IN HER EYES...

HELLO, DEAR! COME IN!

WHAT IS IT, MOTHER? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SO EXCITED... WHAT HAPPENED? DID A RICH RELATIVE LEAVE US A MILLION DOLLARS?

NO, BUT SOMETHING ALMOST AS GOOD... A YOUNG MAN, A COLLEGE PROFESSOR WHO'S INTERESTED IN EVELYN, IS COMING TONIGHT... FOR DINNER! IT ALL HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY... HURRY, DEAR... HE'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR!

HMMM... YOU'RE REALLY PUTTING ON THE DOG TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU? I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE A TERRIFIC IMPRESSION ON JIM! BUT REMEMBER, DEARIE, HE'S MINE-- NOT THAT IT'LL DO YOU ANY GOOD TO FORGET! JIM'S MAD ABOUT ME!

I'M GLAD FOR YOU, EVELYN... WHAT'S HE LIKE?

OH, HE'S QUITE NICE LOOKING IN A SENSITIVE WAY! HE'S A HISTORY PROF., I MET HIM AT SCHOOL AND HE'S NUTS ABOUT ME, AND... WELL, I CARE FOR HIM... BUT I'M NOT WILD ABOUT HIM... NOT THE WAY HE IS OVER ME!

I SEE... BUT DO YOU LOVE HIM AT ALL!

COULD BE! ANYWAY, WHAT'S THE USE OF TALKING-- YOU'LL SEE HIM SOON ENOUGH! COME ON, HE'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

I'LL BE READY IN A JIFFY!

AND THUS JIM BRANT STEPPED INTO MY LIFE! I KNEW I WAS BEING FOOLISH, BUT THE INSTANT I SAW HIM I KNEW THAT MY PRINCE CHARMING DID EXIST-- THAT MY DREAMS HAD COME TRUE-- FOR JIM WAS THE ONE I HAD ALWAYS HOPED FOR!

JIM BRANT... MEET MY SISTER, MARIANNE, MY OLDER SISTER!

HELLO, MARIANNE-- IT'S A PLEASURE!

THANK YOU... EVELYN HAS TOLD ME SO MUCH ABOUT YOU... I'M VERY HAPPY TO KNOW YOU!

JIM AND I TALKED TOGETHER THAT EVENING... IT WAS ALMOST AS IF NO ONE ELSE EXISTED BUT THE TWO OF US... AND IN MY HEART, I KNEW HE WAS RIGHT FOR ME!

WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE SUCH A MOCKERY? HE BELONGS TO EVELYN-- NOT TO ME!

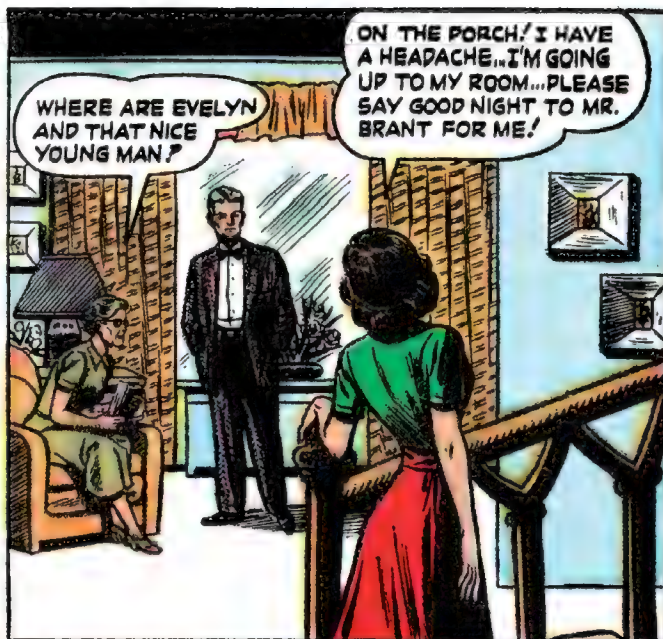
DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER JOIN THE OTHERS, JIM? HERE COMES EVELYN LOOKING FOR US!

SO THERE YOU ARE, JIM! WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU AND MARIANNE WOULD EVER FINISH TALKING! SHE'S GREAT FOR THAT... BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS A MAN DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR!



LIKE THIS...

UH...EXCUSE ME...I'LL SEE YOU BOTH LATER...



WHERE ARE EVELYN AND THAT NICE YOUNG MAN?

ON THE PORCH! I HAVE A HEADACHE...I'M GOING UP TO MY ROOM...PLEASE SAY GOOD NIGHT TO MR. BRANT FOR ME!

I REACHED MY ROOM AND FELL ACROSS THE BED! NEVER HAD I BEEN SO MISERABLE, SO UNHAPPY, FELT SO COMPLETELY UNWANTED! THE MOON CAST A SILVER FINGER OF LIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW...IN THE SAME MOONLIGHT, MY SISTER EVELYN WAS WITH THE MAN I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR...THE SOBS TORE AT MY HEART!



SECOND FIDDLE! SECOND FIDDLE! WHY? WHY? WHY?

BUT TIME IS THE GREATEST HEALER! A FEW WEEKS PASSED...EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE I SAW JIM BRANT, WHEN HE'D CALL ON EVELYN...I MANAGED SOMEHOW TO KEEP OUR MEETINGS POLITE, IMPERSONAL! THEN...



HI, SIS! ALL CURLED UP WITH A GOOD BOOK, HUH?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT!



I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU-- I GAVE JIM BRANT THE GATE YESTERDAY-- THE OLD HEAVE-HO! HE BORED ME! POOR GUY... HE TOOK IT VERY HARD!

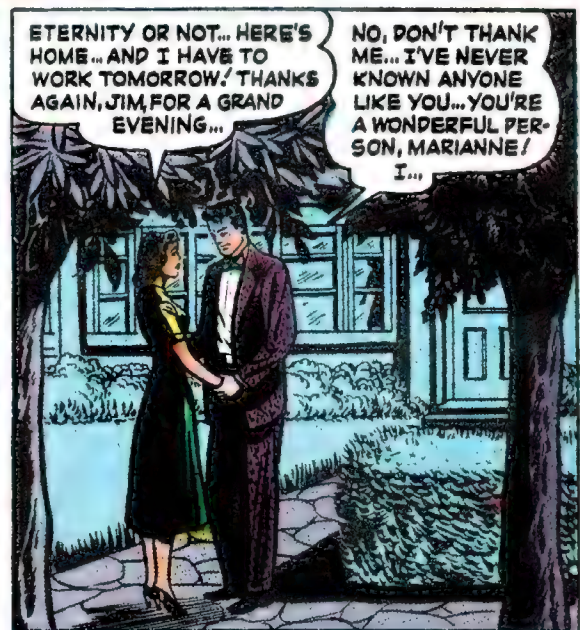
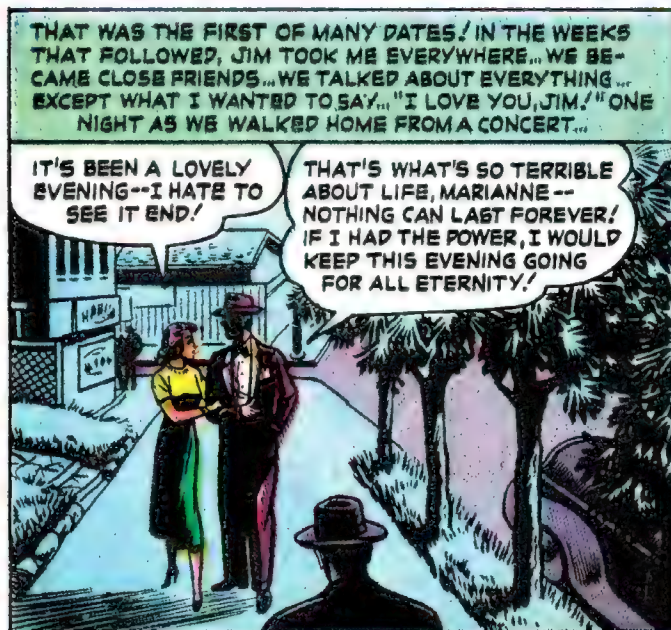
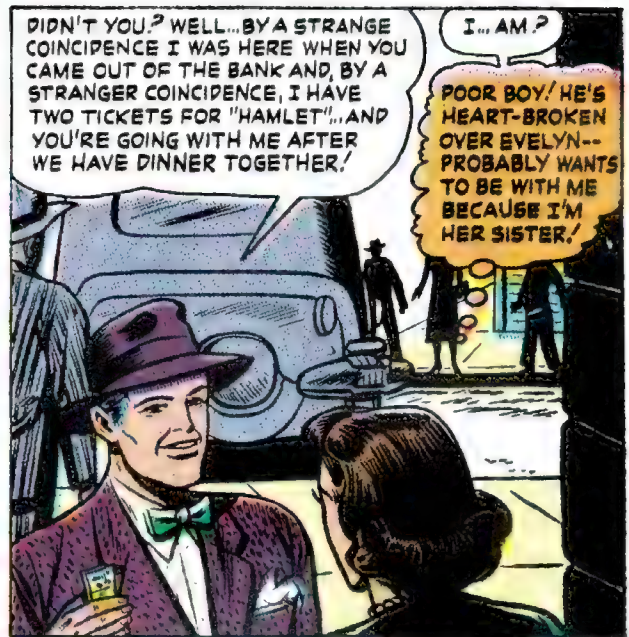
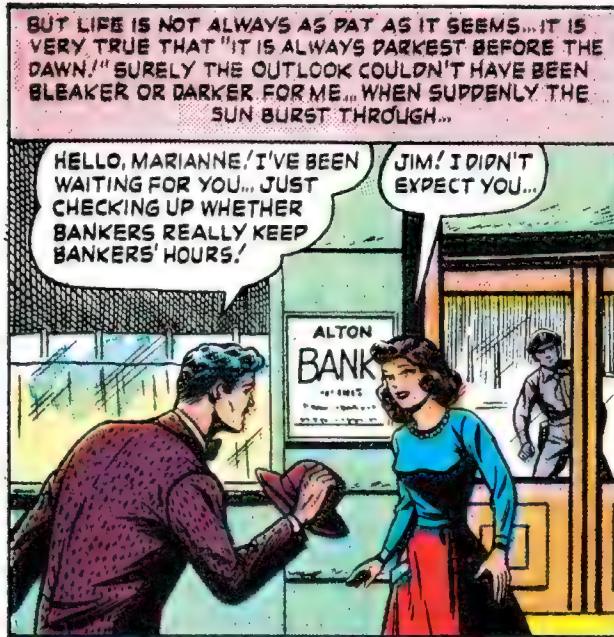
I...DIDN'T KNOW.

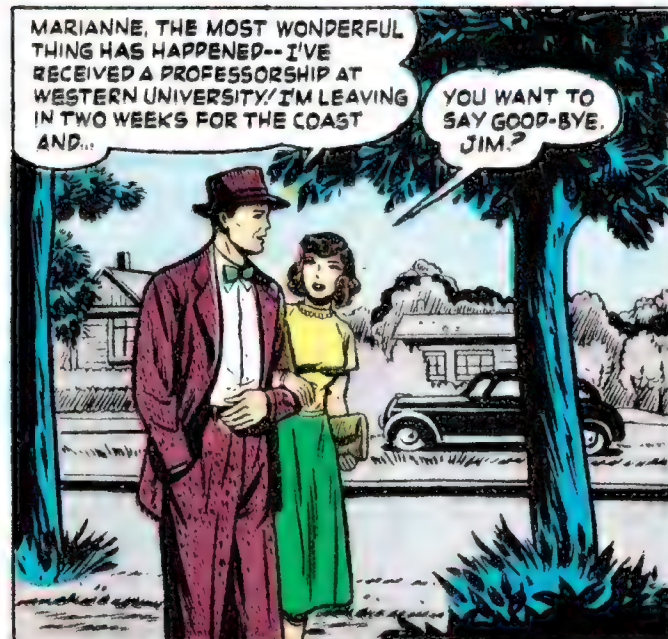


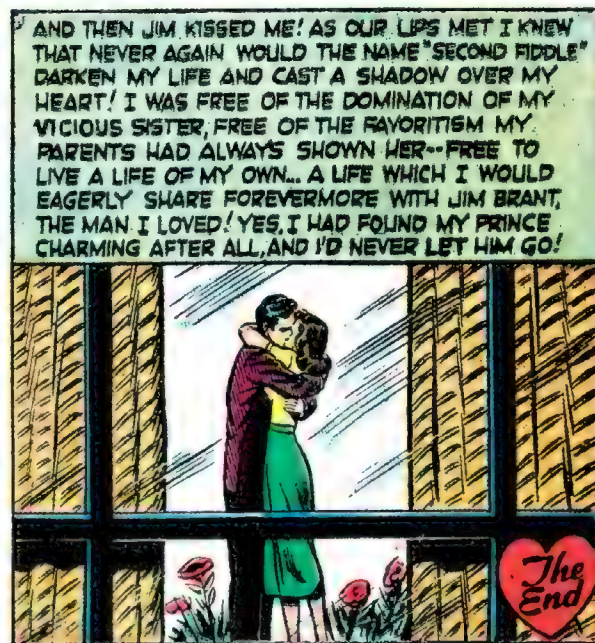
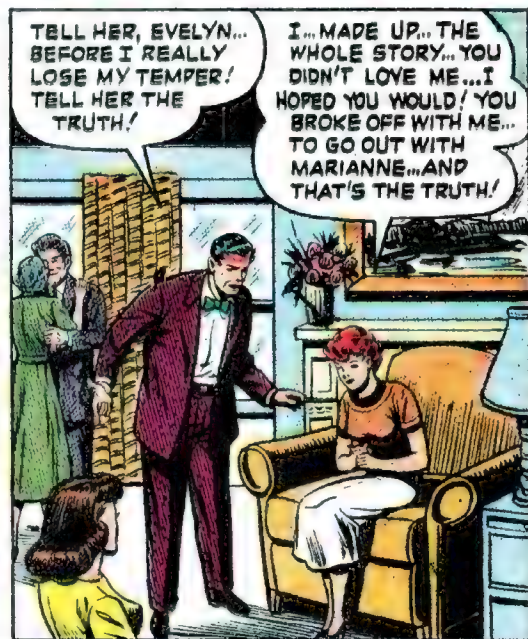
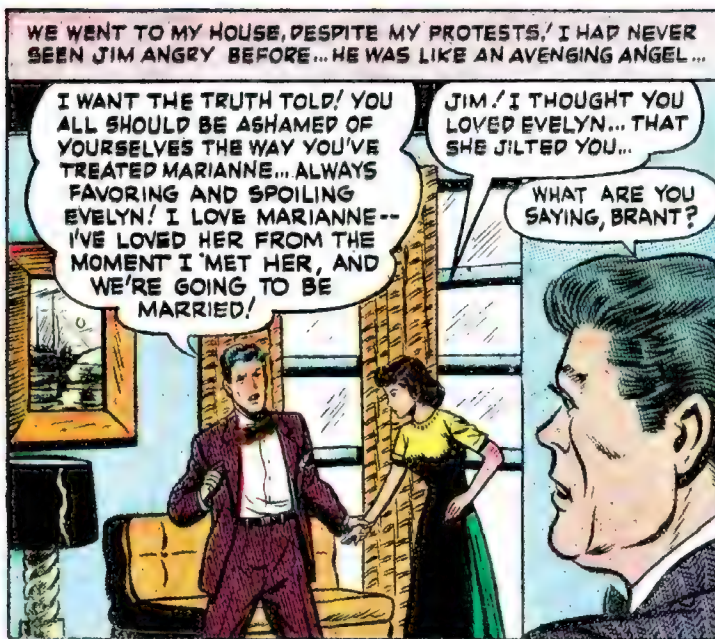
YEAH! THERE ARE GREENER PASTURES FOR A GIRL LIKE ME-- COLLEGE PROFESSORS ARE TOO DULL! I'M SORRY THAT I HAD TO BREAK HIS HEART... BUT THERE WAS NO SENSE DRAGGING IT ON... WAS THERE?

NOT...I GUESS NOT!

OH, JIM! POOR JIM!







NO RIGHT TO LOVE



WHEN Dr. Neal Ellison rang the doorbell, I knew I had no right to feel excited. His calling at my apartment was only professional. Together we attended a young refugee at the hospital and in having no place to convalesce, I invited her to share my apartment with me. Renee was a pretty, young thing and I was glad to be partly responsible for her new-found happiness. The larger part was Dr. Ellison, whose evening visits she awaited with an enthusiasm as great as my own.

At times I felt guilty, yet as I opened the door, I couldn't resist the rising sense of delight at seeing the handsome young physician.

"Good evening, Doris," he said. "How's our patient this evening?"

"In good spirits," I answered. "Renee is always happy when you come."

He went to Renee's room where he insisted she retire early in the evening to help regain her strength. I waited, and when Neal came out again, I saw how tired he was.

"I bet you didn't even have any dinner," I said, continuing my thoughts aloud.

Neal smiled almost boyishly. "Well, the usual sandwich. I have a pretty rushed schedule—but no complaints. I wouldn't want it any other way."

"Well, I'm going to presume on my ability as a nurse and prescribe a dinner before you collapse, Dr. Ellison—and no

arguments."

Before he could protest, I was off to the kitchen, delighted at the opportunity to serve him. Soon we were together in the dinette, relaxed by its cozy intimacy . . . laughing . . . completely responsive to a buoyant mood—and I saw the warm, altogether unprofessional side of this man with whom I was falling in love.

Neal insisted on helping with dishes, and perhaps because of nearness in so domestic a scene, we found each others' eyes, and I felt Neal's arms slip about my waist and the pressure of his lips hard against mine.

"I've wanted to do that for a long time," Neal whispered. "At the hospital you always look so crisp and efficient—and I've been wanting an excuse for months to know you."

His words were more than I hoped to hear.

"Only you were always so brusque," I said. "I didn't even know you noticed me."

Neal kissed me again, and our hearts soared to the thrill of our discovery, we both forgot Renee. Then suddenly I remembered, and with a flush of guilt, I turned from Neal.

"We have no right," I said. "Renee loves you, and until she's well we can't let this happen again. She's been through so much. I couldn't bear to destroy her happiness."

Neal took my hand in a warmth of understanding.

"We must think of ourselves,

too, darling," he said. "After all, I don't love Renee. She'll have to realize that some day."

"But how can we be happy at the expense of that sweet girl?" I answered. "She lives for you, Neal—lives in the dream of your someday loving her. Until she's stronger, we must think only of her."

"I suppose you're right," Neal said. "In time Renee's feelings will change. She doesn't actually love me. I'm merely the substitute for her father, her brother, her home—all the precious things that were lost during the war. She's like a child—bewildered, uncertain, and I, the man who helped her, have come to represent the security she so desperately desires. As she regains confidence, her need for me will lessen, and I suppose it's only fair to wait until then . . . but I won't promise not to kiss you occasionally."

I hoped Neal's words were true, but as the weeks passed and Renee grew stronger, her love for Neal seemed to strengthen, too. She spoke of him constantly and child though she was at times, I suspected her love to be with the full depth of a woman. More and more I saw my happiness slipping away.

I suppose the strain of guilt Neal and I shared couldn't help but show outwardly at times. Renee began to wonder and say, "You are working too hard, Doris," or "Don't you think Dr. Neal looked tired this evening?"

One night after Neal had gone, I went to the bedroom and found Renee waiting up for me, and I was totally unprepared for her words.

"He has fallen in love with you," she said quietly, twisting the sheet.

"What a fantastic notion," I replied, nervously.

"I can tell," she continued. "This evening I saw his eyes when he looked at you. They are not that way for me."

"You're imagining things," I lied. "Neal comes to see you—he's told me so. Now forget this nonsense, honey, and go to sleep."

I was too tired to argue more. The tension of trying to keep my love for Neal a secret from Renee was an exhausting pretense, and sleep came quickly.

A crash of thunder awakened me. It was dark in the room and for a minute I lay listening to the heavy rush of rain. Then I got up to shut the windows. I had passed Renee's bed before I realized she wasn't there. Momentarily I imagined she went to close windows in the next room—but she didn't answer my call and turning on the light I saw that the clothes she had left on the chair were gone. Then I discovered that her coat was also missing. With one horrible impact I knew Renee was somewhere out in this storm.

I dressed hurriedly, furious with myself for not having sensed that Renee had been far more distraught than I had realized that evening.

I called up Neal—I wanted desperately to hear his voice—but no one answered.

At first I thought of going out after Renee—only it was impossible to know where she had

gone. I was frantic by the time the doorbell rang. Flinging open the door I saw Neal holding Renee in his arms.

"I found her waiting for me when I came home from the hospital—soaked to the skin—and miserably unhappy," Neal explained. "She's exhausted, and fell asleep on the way here."

I put Renee to bed as quickly as possible—waiting until some warmth came back to her icy hands. Then I went back to Neal.

"I was so worried," I said. "It was a terrible shock to find her gone."



Neal took my hand. "I'm sorry I didn't call you, Doris, but I had my hands full with Renee. It seems she guessed the truth, and the only way I could keep her from a complete relapse was to convince her I loved her and not you."

As I heard his words I knew how far our falsehood was catapulting us apart. Yet there was no other solution but to keep on pretending, unless we wanted to destroy Renee.

By morning Renee had a fever. My suspicions proved

right when Neal diagnosed it as pneumonia and rushed her to the hospital. She was very ill and Neal spent hours with her.

"She's such a tiny thing," he would explain to me. "For some crazy reason I've become the symbol of her new life, and I find myself unable to challenge its illusion."

I understood only too well, for I had long been influenced by Renee's sweet innocence—even in defeat of my own happiness.

Two days later Neal came to me in the waiting room. He looked drawn and tired.

"I've just asked Renee to marry me," he said. "I had to convince her that I wasn't pretending—that I need her. It's her only chance of getting well."

In that moment I felt all the rush of my love for Neal.

Renee improved miraculously. Neal was so encouraged that he arranged for the ceremony to be performed the next afternoon right in the hospital. Renee was ecstatically happy—smiling constantly as Neal and I each held one of her small hands. I knew it meant the end for Neal and me, but I had come to think only of Renee.

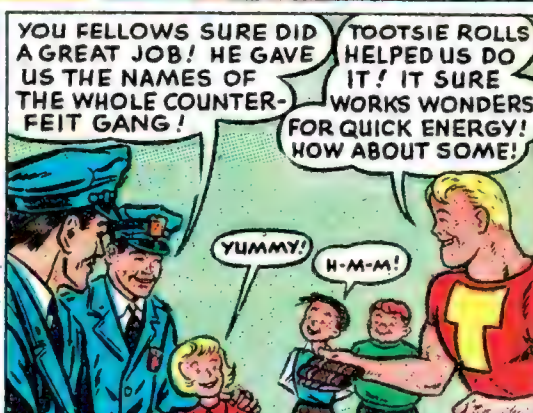
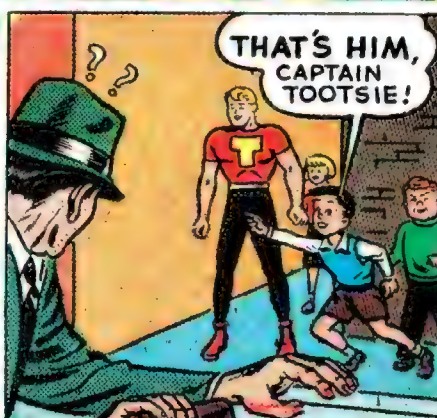
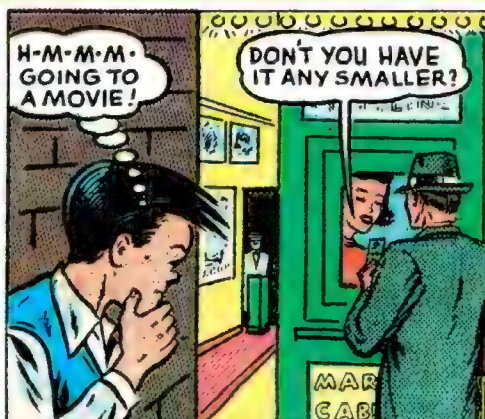
Nothing seemed real those next moments except Renee's heavy breathing in the oxygen tent, and when it stopped during the ceremony, neither of us could believe that in her happiest moment, Renee had died.

Later, when Neal took me in his arms, I realized that we owed a debt to Renee—it was still too painful to analyze, but somehow our love for her made Neal and I responsible to prove her fulfillment by our happiness in the future to come . . . and I knew we would try.

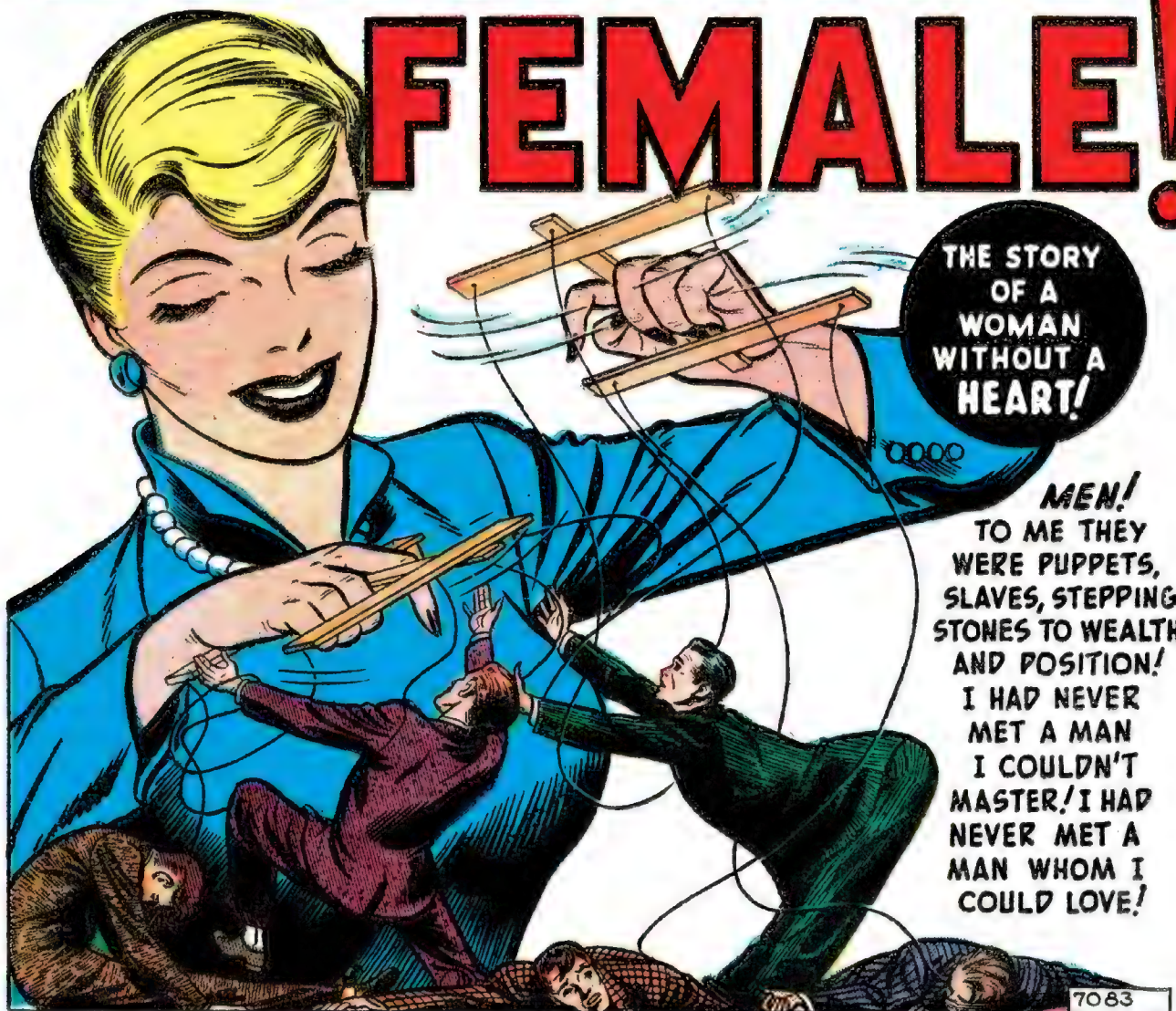
THE END 6863

Captain Tootsie

NABS **COUNTER-FEITER**
By BILL SCHREIBER



DESIGNING FEMALE!



THE STORY
OF A
WOMAN
WITHOUT A
HEART!

MEN!
TO ME THEY
WERE PUPPETS,
SLAVES, STEPPING
STONES TO WEALTH
AND POSITION!
I HAD NEVER
MET A MAN
I COULDN'T
MASTER! I HAD
NEVER MET A
MAN WHOM I
COULD LOVE!

7083

"THE BEST-LAID PLANS
OF MICE AND MEN
OFTEN GO ASTRAY!" DO
YOU REMEMBER THAT
QUOTATION? WELL, THAT
WASN'T GOING TO APPLY
TO ME... NOT TO
VICTORIA BLANDING! I
WAS ONE PERSON WHO
COULD BEAT THAT
OLD MAXIM... I COULD
PLAN MY FUTURE WITH
A COLD, CALCULATING
EYE! YOU SEE--- I
WAS A DESIGNING
FEMALE!

HMMM
...QUITE A
LOOKER!
WHO IS
SHE?

IF YOU'VE
GOT ANY
ROMANTIC
IDEAS, LEO,
FORGET
THEM!

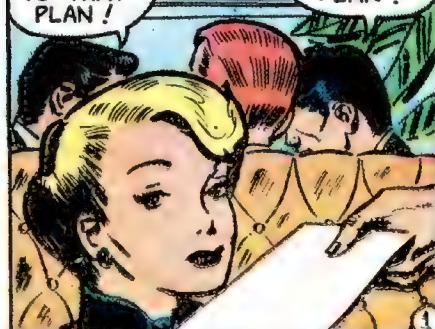
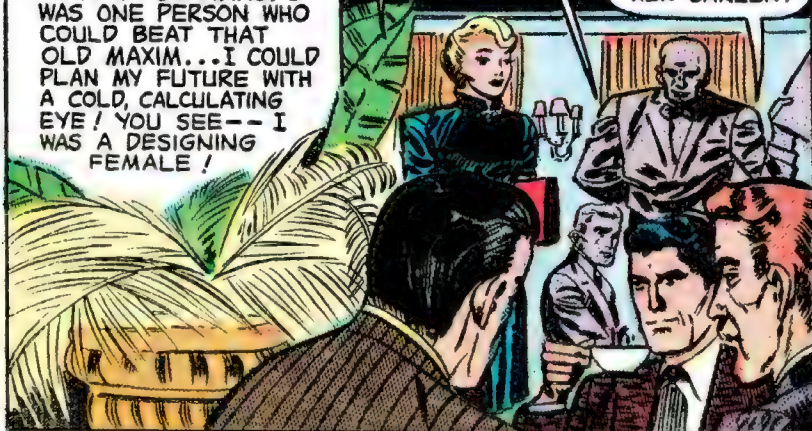
THAT'S VICTORIA
BLANDING, HEAD
BUYER OF APEX
HOUSE-- AND
SHE WON'T
LOOK AT YOU
UNLESS YOU
CAN FURTHER
HER CAREER!

YES! I KNEW WHAT PEOPLE SAID
ABOUT ME... BUT I DIDN'T CARE!
IN FACT, I WAS PROUD OF IT...

THAT BEAUT
HAS PLANNED
OUT HER
WHOLE LIFE
... SHE'S
NEVER DONE
A THING
THAT WASN'T
ACCORDING
TO THAT
PLAN!

AND IT'S WORKED, LEO!
SHE'S A VERY SUCCESS-
FUL WOMAN-- A
DESIGNING FEMALE--
AND SHE
ADMITS
IT!

BUT HASN'T
THE GAL GOT
A ROMANCE
IN THAT
PLAN?



NOT HER! NOT UNLESS IT GETS HER AHEAD/SHE'S GOT NO TIME FOR SENTIMENT...EVERYTHING SHE DOES HAS TO BE DONE FOR A DEFINITE PURPOSE!

IT'S TOO BAD... A GIRL WITH HER LOOKS OUGHT TO BE HAPPY WITH A HUSBAND AND KIDS...AND I'D LIKE TO BE THAT HUSBAND!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN, FOR YOUR CHARACTER ANALYSIS...BUT WHY DON'T YOU CONFINE YOUR CRACKER-BARREL PHILOSOPHY TO WHERE IT BELONGS... TO THE DEAR DEAD DAYS BEYOND RECALL! WAITER, PLEASE CHANGE MY TABLE --THE AIR HERE IS STIFLING WITH RUFFLED MALE EGOTISM!

YES, MISS BLANDING!

ULP!

SO MUCH FOR THEM! I HANDLED THOSE MEN AS DEFTLY AS I HANDLED ALL MY LITTLE SITUATIONS...AND AS USUAL I CAME OUT ON TOP! I'D BEEN TOO LONG A CAREER WOMAN NOT TO BE ABLE TO COPE WITH THINGS EASILY...MY ENERGY AND DRIVE HAD PLACED ME, STILL VERY YOUNG, IN A POSITION OF POWER AND AUTHORITY!

THERE! WHAT OTHER GIRL MY AGE CAN CLAIM MY SUCCESS? AND I'M NOT THROUGH YET--NOT BY A LONG SHOT!

HI, BEAUTIFUL LADY!

BLANDING

PRIVATE

THOSE MEN GOSSIPS HADN'T BEEN ENTIRELY RIGHT!...THERE ***WAS*** A ROMANCE IN MY LIFE! BUT IT WAS ENTIRELY ONE-SIDED...ALL ON THE SIDE OF TERRENCE SALE, THE MOST PROMINENT DESIGNER APEX HOUSE EMPLOYED...

LOOK, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME TAKE YOU OUT TO LUNCH? OF COURSE, I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU OUT MORE THAN THAT, BUT IT'LL DO AS A START!

SORRY, TERRY, BUT I'VE TOLD YOU TIME AND AGAIN--THERE'S NO REASON WHY I SHOULD GO OUT WITH YOU!

NO MERCENARY REASON, YOU MEAN, VICTORIA, HOW MUCH OF AN OPPORTUNIST CAN YOU BE? IT'S TRUE I CAN'T OFFER YOU POSITION AND POWER... BUT I CAN OFFER YOU LOVE...ENOUGH FOR ANY WOMAN!

NOT FOR ME! LOVE IS A PLAYTHING FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING ELSE, TERRY...FOR THOSE WITH EMPTY LIVES! I'M JUST NOT INTERESTED!

THE NEXT INSTANT HE HELD ME IN A GRIP OF IRON, CLOSE TO HIM, AND HIS LIPS WERE CRUSHING MINE IN A BURST OF EMOTION THAT COULD NOT BE DENIED! FOR THAT MOMENT MY SENSES REELED, MY HEAD SPUN!

MAYBE ***THIS*** WILL MAKE YOU THINK DIFFERENTLY!

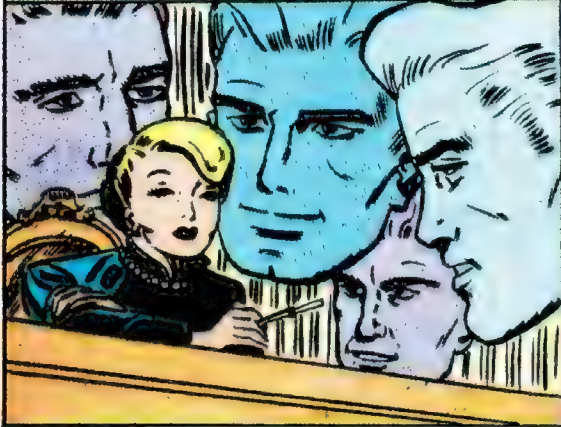
TERRY, DON'T!

WHEN HE RELEASED ME, I WAS DIZZY! I HAD TO HOLD ON TO HIM TO KEEP FROM FALLING... I FOUGHT TO KEEP MY MIND CLEAR...TO REMEMBER THAT THIS DID NOT FIT INTO THE PATTERN OF LIFE I HAD DESIGNED FOR MYSELF...

TERRY, PLEASE TRY TO UNDERSTAND! I LIKE YOU...BUT I DON'T LOVE YOU... I DON'T THINK I COULD EVER LOVE ANYONE! DON'T EVER DO THAT...NOT EVER AGAIN... PLEASE!

AS YOU WISH! MUCH AS I LOVE YOU, I WOULDN'T MAKE LOVE TO YOU...UNLESS YOU WANTED IT THAT WAY! I'M SORRY, VICTORIA!

HE DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD, BUT LEFT MY OFFICE! I FOUGHT BACK THE SENSE OF DELIGHT HIS KISS HAD GIVEN ME, TOLD MYSELF THIS MOOD WOULD PASS... THAT IN A LITTLE WHILE I WOULD BE MYSELF AGAIN... COOL, CALCULATING, BUSINESS-LIKE! BUT THE MEMORY OF THAT ARDENT KISS, THE BURNING OF HIS LIPS, STAYED WITH ME THE REST OF THAT DAY!



I LOCKED AWAY MY FEELINGS FOR TERRY AND PUT THEM ASIDE IN A DARK, HIDDEN CORNER OF MY HEART! IT WOULD NOT DO TO HAVE MY PLANS SPOILED THIS WAY! YOU SEE, I HAD FURTHER AMBITIONS... TO BE A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF APEX HOUSE... AND ONLY ONE MAN COULD HELP ME TO REALIZE THAT AMBITION...
MORTON ONSLOW, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD!

HERE'S THE REPORT ON LAST MONTH'S BUYING, MR. ONSLOW -- I HOPE IT'S SATISFACTORY TO YOU!

I'M SURE IT IS, MISS BLANDING! YOU'RE A VERY EFFICIENT YOUNG LADY! YOU KNOW, YOU FRIGHTEN ME A BIT WITH YOUR EFFICIENCY! DON'T YOU EVER MAKE A MISTAKE?



I TRY NOT TO! MY CAREER IS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME! MY HEART AND SOUL... MY WHOLE LIFE, CORNY AS IT MAY SOUND, IS APEX HOUSE!

A COMMENDABLE TRAIT, BUT I CAN'T WHOLE-HEARTEDLY AGREE WITH YOU! DON'T YOU EVER RELAX AND PLAY? FOR INSTANCE, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WENT OUT FOR DINNER AND A SHOW?



I FELT A DATE BEING DANGLED BEFORE ME... BEFORE IT COULD ESCAPE, I REACHED OUT TO SNATCH IT! MORTON WAS THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD DO THINGS FOR ME AND I WASN'T MISSING MY CHANCE...

NOT IN AGES! BUT MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE NOBODY'S ASKED ME TO GO OUT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT! HOWEVER, I'M ASKING YOU! YOU KNOW, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU WITH YOUR HAIR DOWN... I'LL BET YOU COULD BE QUITE LOVEABLE... UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES!

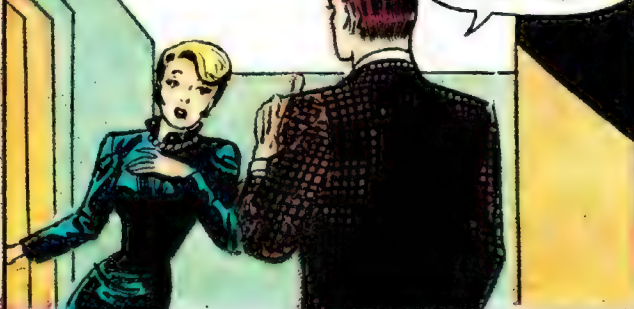


OF COURSE I ACCEPTED! MORTON WAS PART OF MY PLAN-- HE FITTED PERFECTLY, WHEREAS TERRY DIDN'T! IT WAS TOO BAD... FOR TERRY... BUT THAT'S HOW LIFE IS! SOMEBODY HAD TO GET HURT... I WAS SORRY IT HAD TO BE TERRY!

DON'T FORGET -- I'LL CALL FOR YOU AT SEVEN!

I'LL BE WAITING... OH... HELLO!

I SEE YOU'VE HIT THE JACKPOT, VICTORIA -- THE BIG WHEEL HIMSELF IS TAKING YOU OUT! YES, I WAS LISTENING... AND I'M NOT ASHAMED OF EAVES-DROPPING!



TERRY, I WISH YOU'D MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND LEAVE ME ALONE!

YOU'RE MY BUSINESS, DARLING, AND I COULDN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE EVEN IF I WANTED TO! VICTORIA, WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT, YOU LOVE ME -- I COULD TELL IT IN THAT KISS! FORGET YOUR SELFISH CAREER PLANS... FORGET MORTON ONSLOW... GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE AT REAL HAPPINESS, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THE FIERCE TRUTH OF WHAT TERRY HAD SAID HIT ME LIKE A SHOCK OF LIGHTNING! IT **HAS** TRUE! I **DID** LOVE HIM NOW, BUT I DIDN'T INTEND TO CHANGE ANYTHING!

FACE IT, VICTORIA! TELL ME YOU DON'T LOVE ME AND I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE! GO ON, TELL ME IF YOU CAN!

TERRY, PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE! PLEASE! I'VE... GOT THINGS TO DO NOW... EXCUSE ME!



I WAS ANGRY FOR LETTING MYSELF BECOME AFFECTED BY TERRY! WHAT WAS I... A SCHOOL-GIRL? I HAD NO TIME FOR THESE GET-NOWHERE CRUSHES... I MEANT TO GO PLACES... AND WITH SOMEONE IMPORTANT! SO... THAT NIGHT...

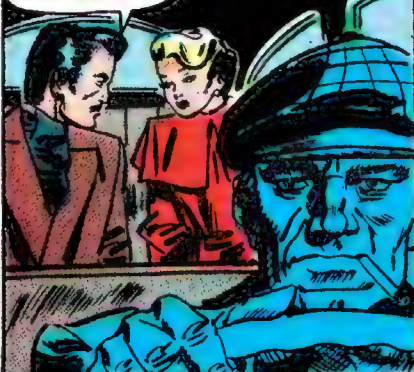
MY DEAR, I MUST TELL YOU THIS... I'M AN AMBITIOUS MAN... VERY AMBITIOUS! AM I ASSUMING TOO MUCH IF I SAY I THINK YOU ARE ALSO?

NOT AT ALL, MR. ONSLOW-- THOSE ARE MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY!



I THOUGHT AS MUCH! NOW THEN, WE'RE BOTH BUSINESS PEOPLE AND I'LL PUT THIS TO YOU AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION --WILL YOU MARRY ME, MISS BLANDING?

MARRY YOU? WHY... I'VE NEVER THOUGHT OF MARRIAGE! AND... THIS WAY... OH! I MUST THINK IT OVER!



BUT SURELY YOU CAN SEE THE ADVANTAGES IN OUR UNION! AS A PARTNERSHIP, WE COULD GO FAR... VERY FAR TOGETHER! I'D PUT YOU ON THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS! MISS BLANDING, YOU AND I COULD RUN APEX HOUSE BETWEEN US!

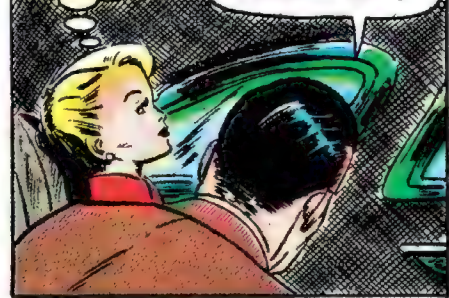
YOUR ARGUMENT HAS MERIT! VERY WELL... I ACCEPT YOUR PROPOSAL!



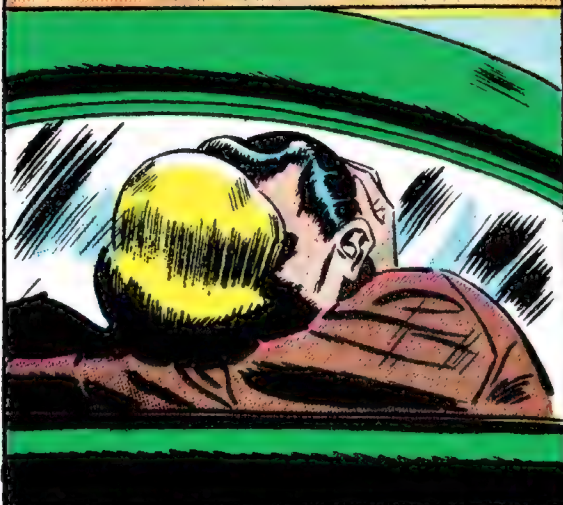
SO-- JUST LIKE THAT-- IN A BUSINESS-LIKE ARRANGEMENT AS IF WE WERE DISCUSSING THE MERGER OF TWO COMPANIES, MORTON PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO ME... AND I ACCEPTED, HAPPIER THAN I SHOWED!

AT LAST! THE TOP AT LAST! MY PLAN IS WORKING OUT AS PERFECTLY AS I COULD WISH!

ONE MORE SLIGHT DETAIL... I BELIEVE IT IS CUSTOMARY TO SEAL SUCH A BARGAIN WITH A KISS... EVEN IF IT IS ON A BUSINESS LEVEL... EH?



KISSES... LOVE... THESE HAD NEVER ENTERED MY MIND! BUT HIS ARMS HELD ME... HIS LIPS KISSED ME... AND I WAS NUMB... NUMB ALL OVER... AS I RECALLED TERRY'S KISS... COMPARED IT WITH MORTON'S... AND FOUND MORTON WANTING...

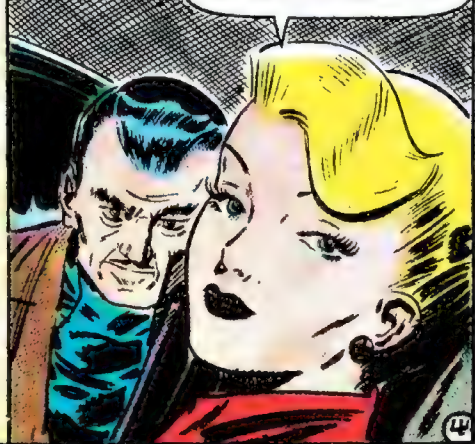


AGAIN I WAS ANGRY! WHY DID I LET THE MEMORY OF TERRY INTERFERE IN THIS --MY MOMENT OF GREAT TRIUMPH? WAS I NEVER TO FORGET THE SURGE OF HIS LOVE FOR ME... THE BURNING OF HIS LIPS... THE THRILL OF HIS ARMS?



WHAT IS IT? YOU TURNED AWAY FROM ME! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

IT'S NOTHING... JUST A SLIGHT RETURN OF AN OLD ILLNESS! IT'S GONE NOW... AND IT'LL NEVER COME BACK AGAIN! WE'RE GOING TO BE VERY SUCCESSFUL IN OUR VENTURE, MISTER... I MEAN... MORTON!



MORTON AND I PLANNED TO BE MARRIED IN A MONTH...WE KEPT OUR ENGAGEMENT A SECRET ALTHOUGH WE WENT OUT TOGETHER ALMOST NIGHTLY, PLANNING HOW WE WOULD RUN THE BUSINESS! BUT THE SPECTER OF TERRY'S LOVE HAUNTED ME...

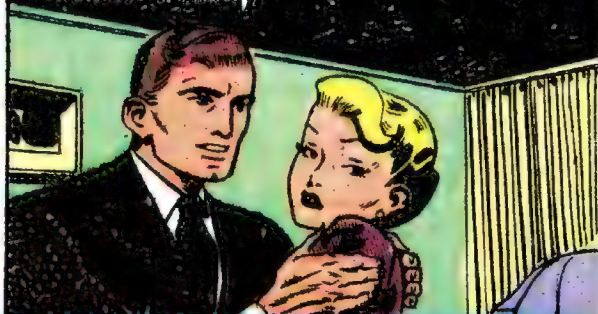
HOW'S THE BIG PLAN COMING ALONG, VICTORIA? HAS HE PROPOSED YET?

TERRY, YOU'VE BECOME INSOLENT AS WELL AS ANNOYING! DO I HAVE TO GET YOU FIRED TO TEACH YOU YOUR MANNERS?



STOP ACTING, BABY--YOU STILL HAVEN'T SAID YOU DON'T LOVE ME! I WON'T REST UNTIL I GET SOME KIND OF REASONABLE ANSWER FROM YOU! VICTORIA...DARLING...

TERRY...I AM... GOING...TO MARRY ONSLOW!

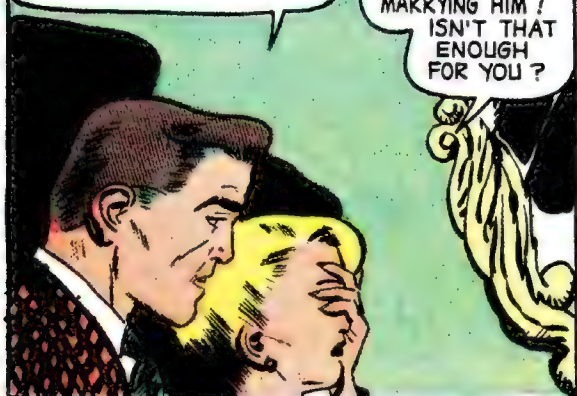


I HAD TO TELL HIM...HE HAD TO KNOW SO HE'D LEAVE ME ALONE! HIS VERY PRESENCE WAS UP-SETTING, THREATENING TO UPSET MY CALCULATIONS! IT WOULD NEVER DO TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH-- THAT I *DID* LOVE HIM! WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO ME?

THE SHOCK IN HIS EYES WAS TERRIBLE TO SEE! HE SEEMED SUDDENLY DRAINED OF ALL LIFE...OF ANY INTEREST IN ANYTHING! HIS VOICE WAS LOW... TREMBLING...

I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT YOU'D...VICTORIA, ANSWER ME TRUTHFULLY...DO YOU LOVE HIM? DO YOU LOVE THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD?

OH, TERRY, FOR GOODNESS SAKE! WHY THIS THIRD DEGREE? I TOLD YOU I'M MARRYING HIM! ISN'T THAT ENOUGH FOR YOU?



AGAIN I WAS IN HIS ARMS AND AGAIN I WAS HELPLESS TO RESIST! SOMEHOW IT WAS AS NATURAL AS FIRE AND STORM, AND AS OVERPOWERING! MY BODY TREMBLED AT HIS NEARNESS, BUT I STILL DIDN'T SURRENDER TO HIS URGING UPS-- I COULDN'T AFFORD TO!

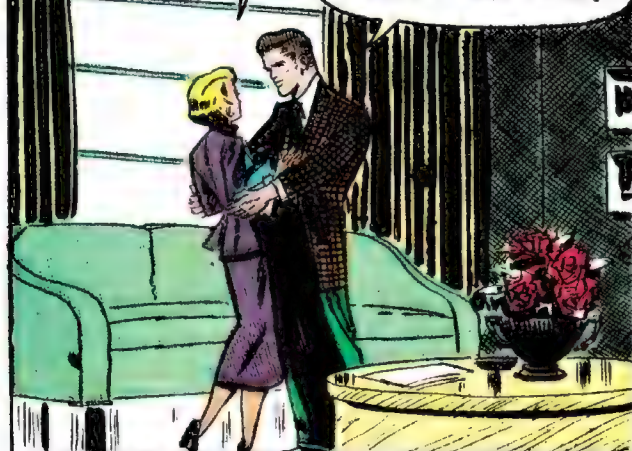


NO, IT ISN'T ENOUGH...I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH TO LET YOU ESCAPE SO EASILY! VICTORIA, YOU DON'T KNOW YOURSELF! DEEP DOWN YOU'RE DECENT...THE NATURAL INSTINCTS FOR TRUE LOVE AND AFFECTION AREN'T DEAD IN YOU, BUT YOU'RE STIFLING THEM WITH YOUR AMBITIONS! GIVE YOURSELF A CHANCE TO LIVE, VICTORIA--AND TO LOVE!



LOVE? WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE IF I *DO* LOVE YOU? TO GET WHERE I WANT, I MUST MARRY ONSLOW--AND THAT'S THAT!

THEN I'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT YOU! I KNEW YOU HAD A REPUTATION AS A HARD-BOILED, COLD, DESIGNING FEMALE... BUT UNTIL THIS MOMENT I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED IT WAS TRUE.

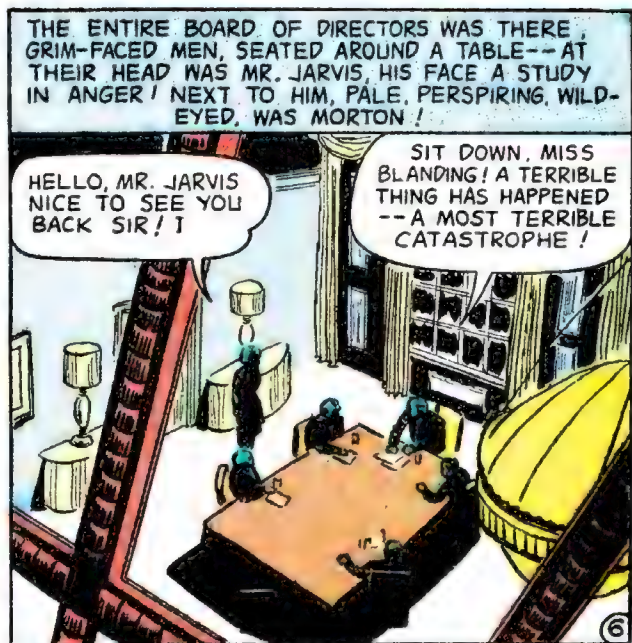
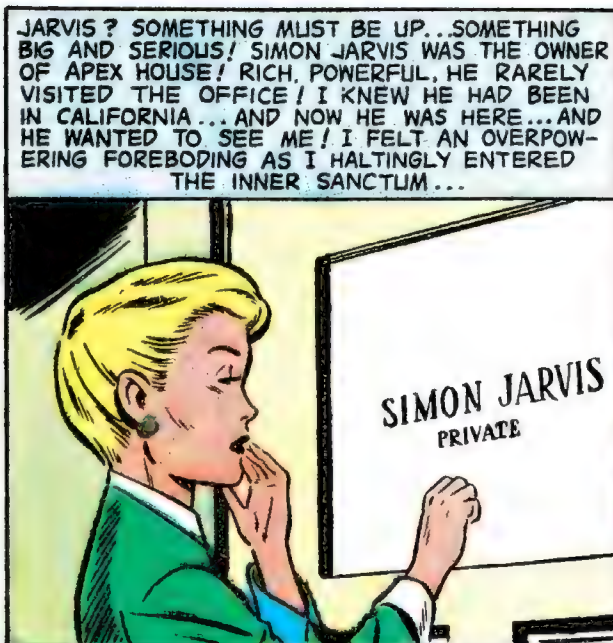
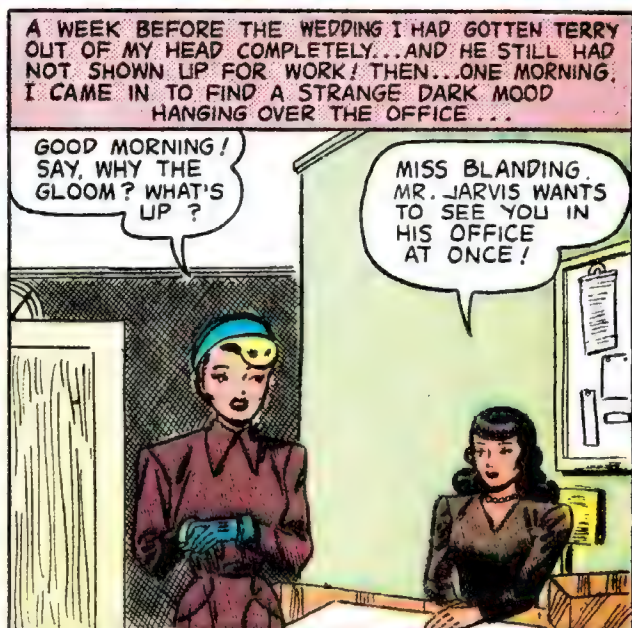
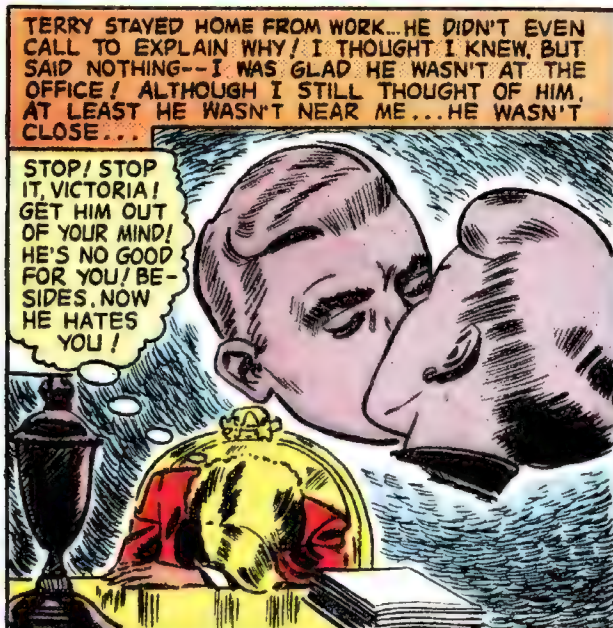
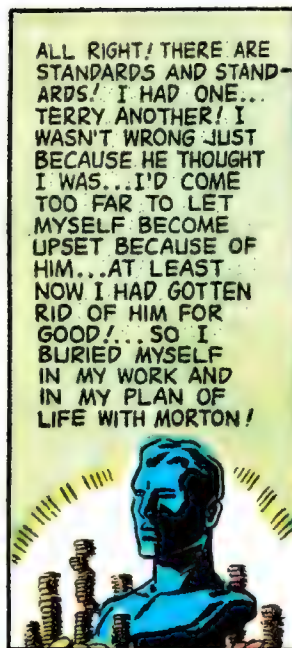


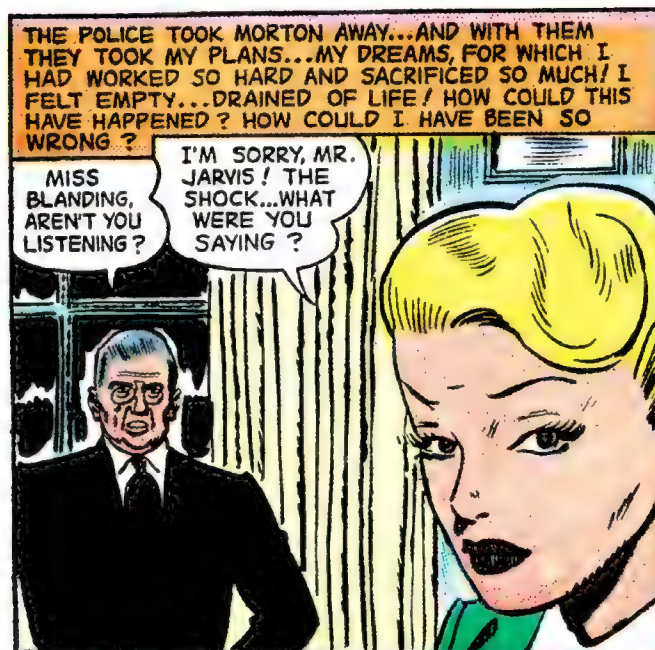
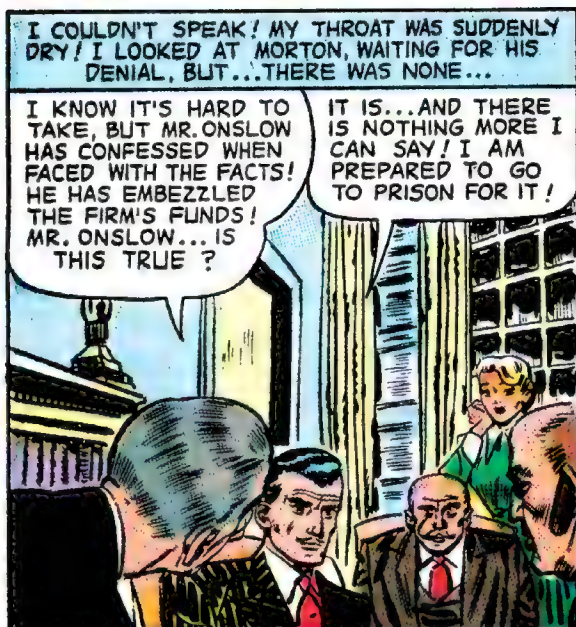
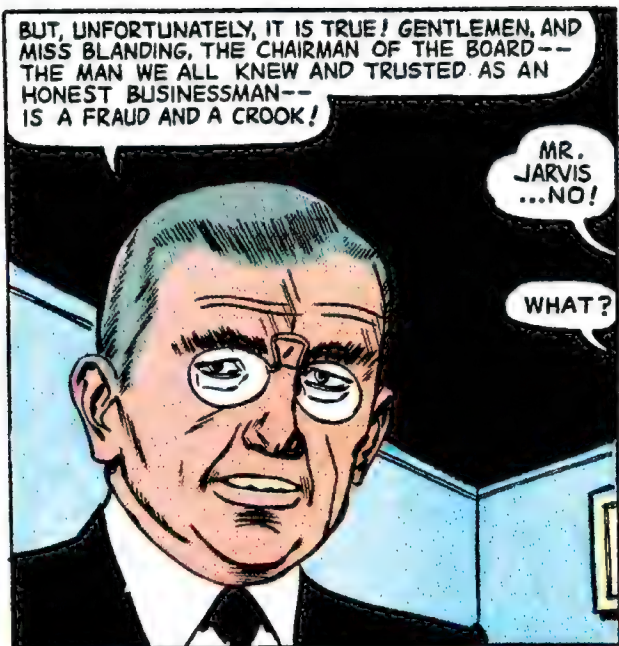
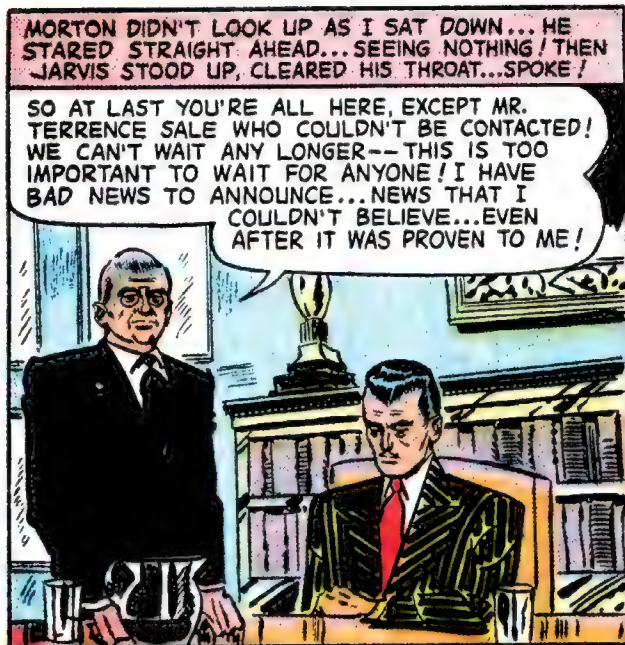
HE PUSHED ME ASIDE VIOLENTLY, AND I LEANED ON MY DESK TO KEEP FROM FALLING! HIS WORDS, BITTER WITH LOST LOVE, HIT ME UNMERCIFULLY!

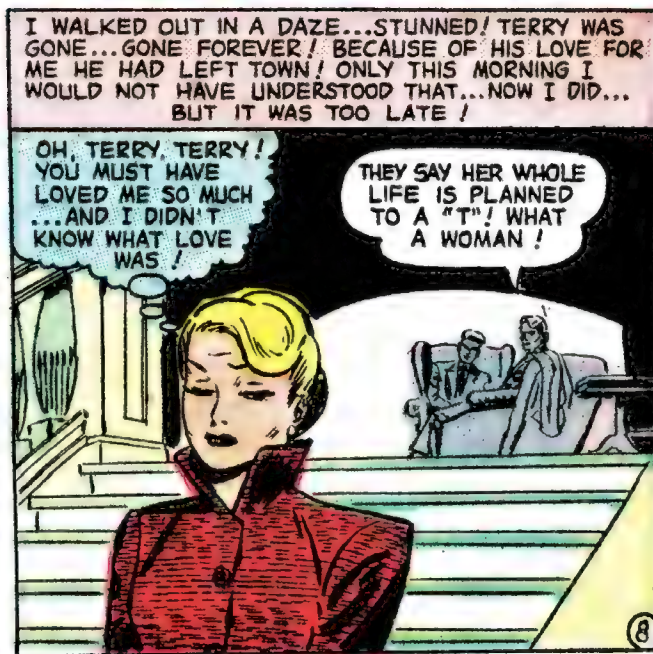
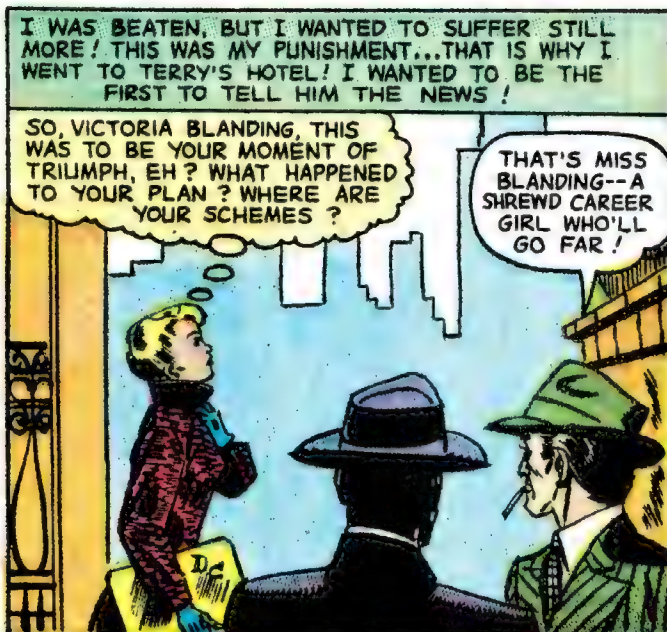
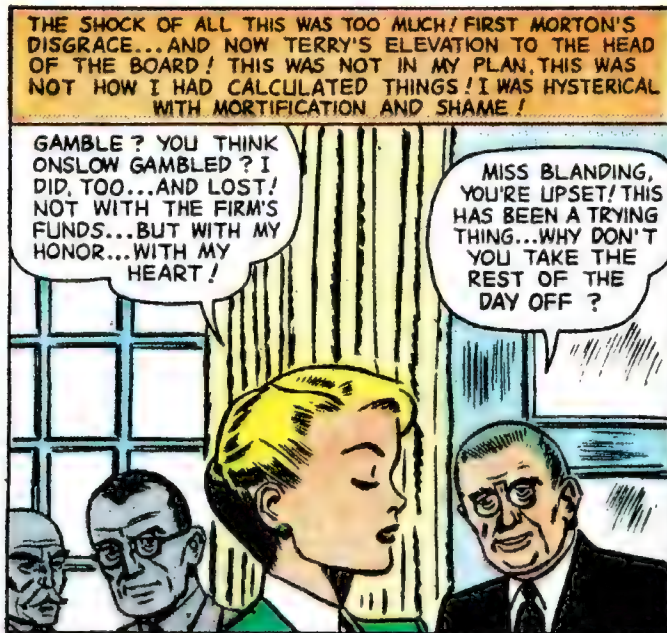
I WISH YOU LUCK, VICTORIA! BUT YOU WON'T NEED IT! YOUR PLAN MUST SUCCEED, EH? NO MATTER WHOM IT HURTS--EVEN YOURSELF! GOOD-BYE... AND GOOD PLANNING!

I...MUST FOLLOW THE DICTATES OF MY MIND... NOT MY HEART!









"THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN!" REMEMBER? THEY DIDN'T INCLUDE JOHN PRICE BEING ELECTED TO THE CHAIRMANSHIP AFTER TERRY'S DISAPPEARANCE... BUT HE WAS! AND HE WAS A PORTLY MAN, MARRIED AND WITH FOUR CHILDREN! I WAS OUT IN THE COLD!



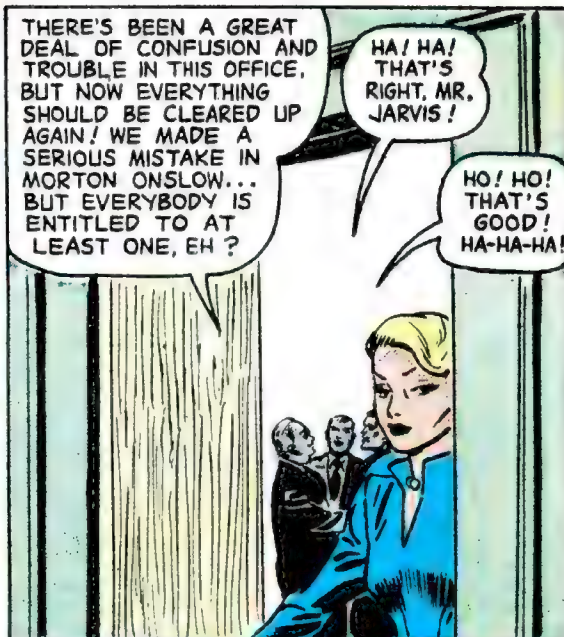
CONGRATULATIONS, JOHN--I'M SURE YOU'LL BE A GREAT SUCCESS!

THANK YOU, MR. JARVIS! IT'S A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY, BUT I'LL TRY TO LIVE UP TO IT!

THERE'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF CONFUSION AND TROUBLE IN THIS OFFICE, BUT NOW EVERYTHING SHOULD BE CLEARED UP AGAIN! WE MADE A SERIOUS MISTAKE IN MORTON ONSLOW... BUT EVERYBODY IS ENTITLED TO AT LEAST ONE, EH?

HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT, MR. JARVIS!

HO! HO! THAT'S GOOD! HA-HA-HA!



I LEFT THE OFFICE, WITH ITS LAUGHTER AND GOOD FEELING! THAT WAS ALL HOLLOW TO ME... ME, VICTORIA BLANDING, DESIGNING FEMALE... WHOSE WELL-LAID PLANS WERE MORE JUMBLED THAN A MIXED-UP JIG-SAW PUZZLE!

YES! WE'RE ALL ENTITLED TO ONE MISTAKE! ALL EXCEPT ME! I MADE ONE... AND IT PROVED TO BE A FATAL ONE! I'M ALONE... ALONE... TERRIBLY, FEARFULLY ALONE!



IF I HAD FOLLOWED MY HEART INSTEAD OF MY MIND... IF I HAD LET MYSELF BE LOVED AS EVERY WOMAN HAS A RIGHT TO BE... I WOULD HAVE HAD EVERYTHING I WANTED AND PLANNED FOR... AND THE LOVE OF A FINE MAN! NOW... NOW I HAVE NOTHING!



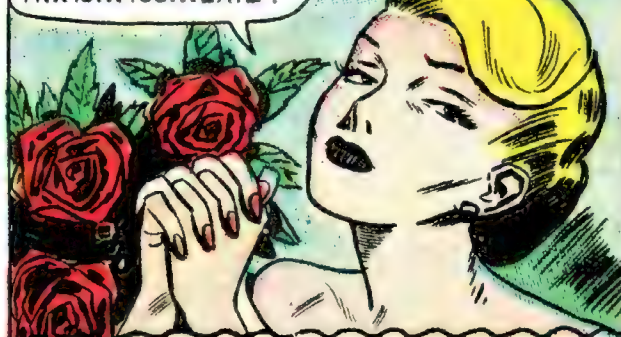
YOU SEE THAT DISH? SHE'S NEVER DONE A THING THAT WASN'T ACCORDING TO HER PLAN! HER WHOLE FUTURE HAS BEEN DESIGNED AHEAD OF TIME!

YEAH, I'VE HEARD OF HER! QUITE A DESIGNING FEMALE-- MUST BE VERY HAPPY!

I DON'T KNOW! THERE ARE DIFFERENT STANDARDS FOR HAPPINESS -- ME... I'LL TAKE LOVE, EH, DARLING?



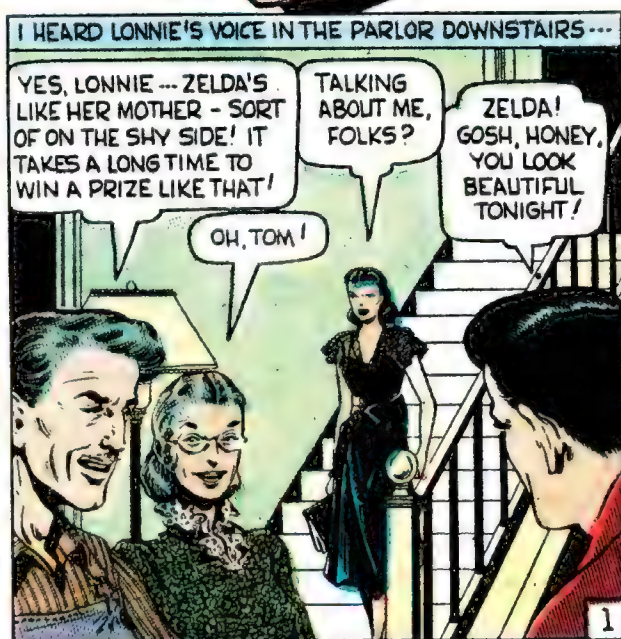
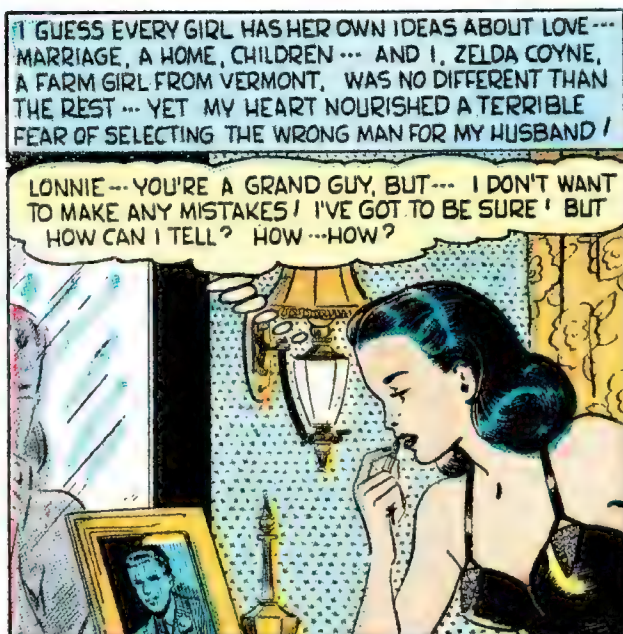
YOU... YOU OUT THERE! YOU WHO KNOW MY STORY... WHO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT ME! LEARN FROM MY TRAGEDY... LEARN FROM MY MISTAKES! I HAVE LEARNED, BUT FOR ME IT... IS... TOO... LATE!

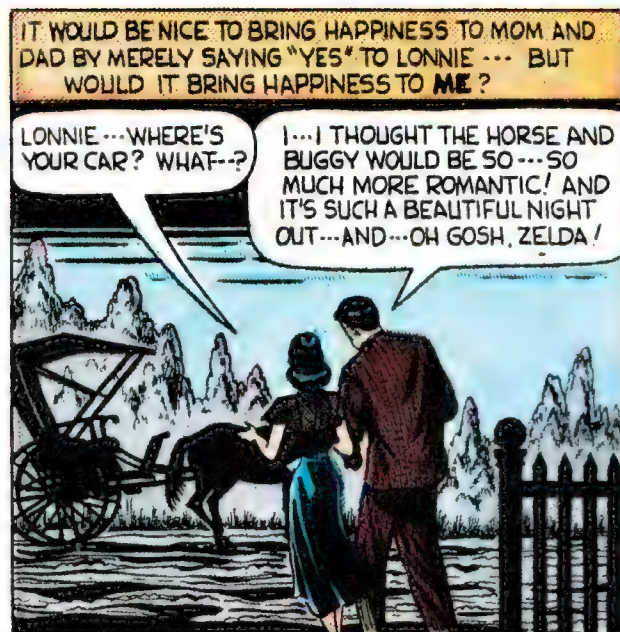


BUT IS IT TOO LATE, VICTORIA BLANDING? IS IT EVER TOO LATE WHEN A GIRL AT LAST SEES THE TRUTH? OR IS THERE A SECOND CHANCE WAITING FOR YOU AROUND THE CORNER? DON'T MISS THE GREAT FIFTH ISSUE OF GIRL COMICS FOR THE SENSATIONAL SEQUAL TO VICKIE BLANDING'S STORY...

"SECOND CHANCE"

The End





MOM AND DAD WERE DELIGHTED WHEN WE TOLD THEM OF OUR ENGAGEMENT! I WAS STRANGELY EXCITED, AND TOLD MYSELF THAT THIS MUST BE LOVE...THAT PERHAPS I COULD NEVER FEEL AN EMOTION STRONGER THAN THIS! BUT STILL...SOMETHING WAS MISSING!

ZELDA DEAR, HAVE YOU AND LONNIE SET THE DATE YET?

SOMETIME IN THE FALL, I THINK, MOTHER... OH, MOTHER, I AM DOING RIGHT, AREN'T I? I AM IN LOVE WITH LONNIE...?



OH, MY DARLING, I CAN'T ANSWER THAT! NO ONE CAN! ONLY YOUR OWN HEART! YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER **THERE!**

I...I GUESS I **MUST** LOVE HIM... BUT SOMEHOW I'M AFRAID! IT... IT DOESN'T SEEM COMPLETE -- AND I'VE GOT TO BE SURE!



I'LL MARRY LONNIE... I PROMISED HIM! BUT I DON'T LOOK FORWARD TO IT... AND I SHOULD! I SHOULD BE HAPPY--THRILLED--AND I'M NOT! WHY? WHAT'S WRONG, MOTHER?

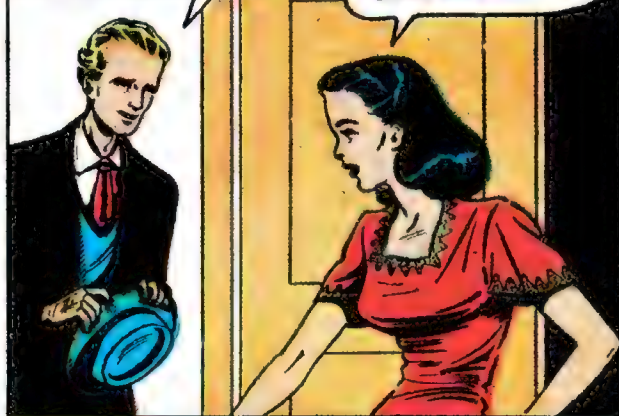
THERE, THERE, DEAR! YOU'RE JUST NERVOUS ABOUT IT ALL! THINGS WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT AFTER THE WEDDING-- YOU'LL SEE! --- OH DEAR, SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR! SEE WHO IT IS, DARLING...



AT THAT MOMENT, I WAS PROBABLY MORE MISERABLE THAN I'D EVER BEEN IN MY WHOLE LIFE! BEWILDERED AND UNHAPPY, I OPENED THE DOOR -- AND, WITHOUT WARNING, MY HEART BURST INTO SONG!!!

HELLO! I'M RAY PAGE--- IS MR. COYNE IN?

WH-WHY... YES! WON'T YOU... WON'T YOU COME IN?



I'D NEVER SEEN ANYONE LIKE THIS STRANGER! MY WHOLE BEING SEEMED TO RESPOND TO HIS MAGNETIC EYES AS TO AN ELECTRIC CURRENT --- AND MY HEART POUNDED SO LOUDLY I WAS AFRAID HE COULD HEAR IT!

HELLO, PAGE! ZELDA, THIS IS THE YOUNG AGRICULTURE STUDENT WHO IS TO WORK WITH US THIS SUMMER---

I...I HOPE I WON'T BE A BOTHER TO YOU FOLKS!

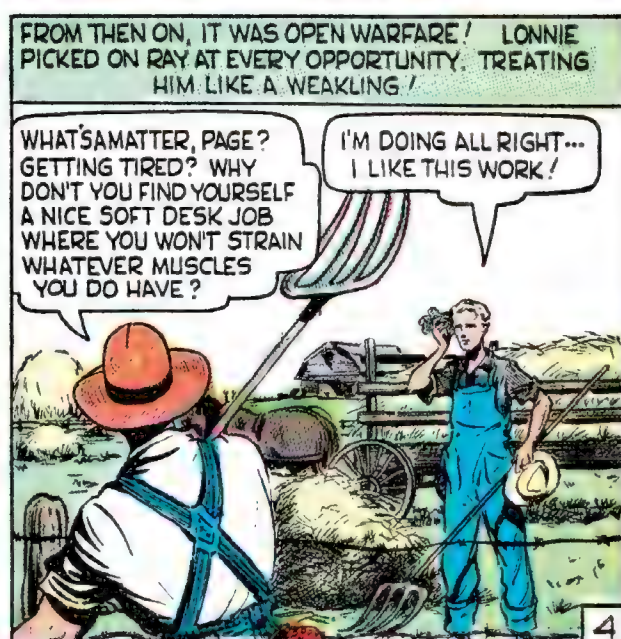
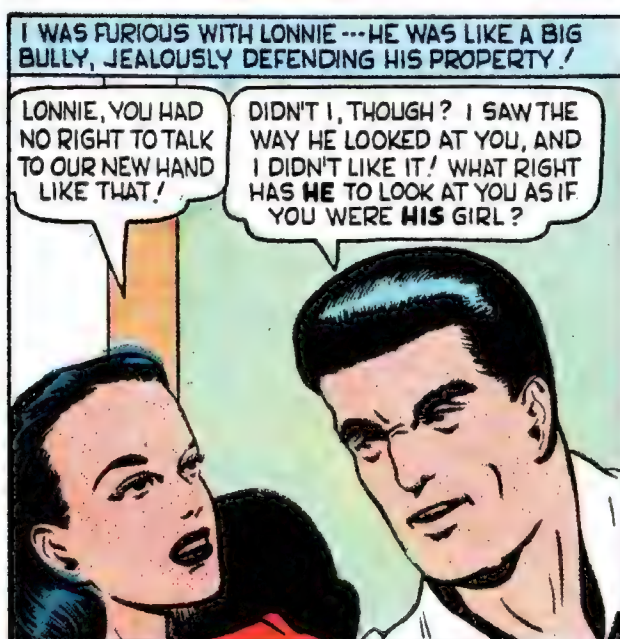
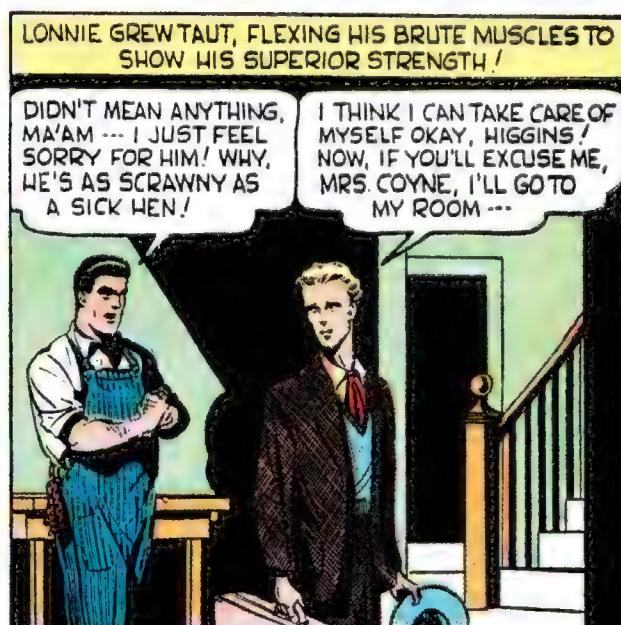
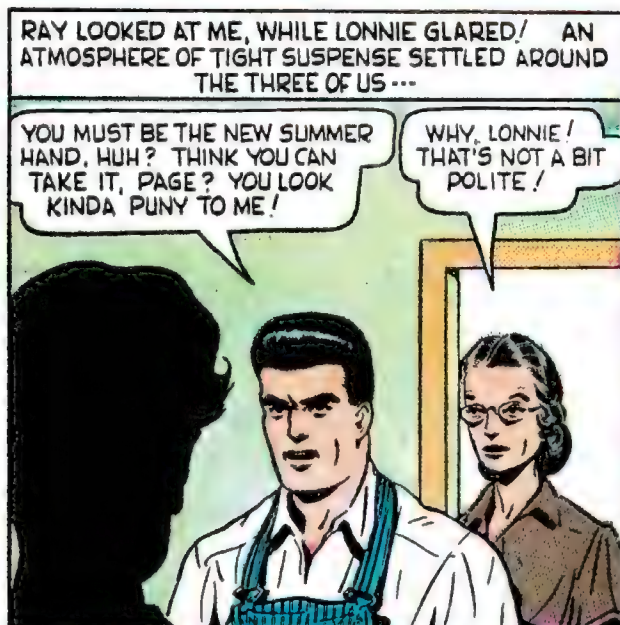
NOT AT ALL, MR. PAGE! WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU WITH US!



IT WAS UNCANNY! I FELT THAT I HAD KNOWN THIS MAN ALL MY LIFE -- SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME! AND SUDDENLY I KNEW A DIFFERENT FEAR -- A FEAR OF MY OWN HEART, WHICH COMMENCED TO DRUM OUT THE WILD, HAPPY WORDS, "THIS IS THE ONE! THIS IS THE MAN FOR YOU!"

I'M GLAD TO KNOW YOU!

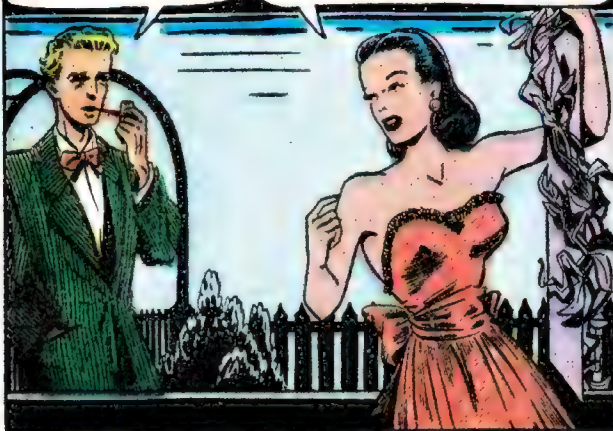




AS THE WEEKS WENT BY, LONNIE BECAME ALMOST BRUTAL TOWARD RAY --- AND FOR SOME REASON, RAY REFUSED TO FIGHT BACK / THEN, ONE NIGHT, RAY DISCOVERED ME ALONE IN OUR GARDEN ---

YOU MAKE A LOVELY PICTURE, ZELDA!

RAY! OH, YOU STARTLED ME! WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE?



I COULDN'T RESIST THE WONDERFUL FEELING OF PEACE AND COMFORT THAT CAME OVER ME AS HE DREW CLOSER!

ZELDA, I WANTED TO ASK YOU... DO YOU THINK OF ME AS LON HIGGINS DOES? DO YOU THINK I'M A USELESS WEAKLING, TOO? DO YOU ---?

RAY! HOW CAN YOU TALK LIKE THAT? OF COURSE I DON'T THINK OF YOU THAT WAY!



SLOWLY, THE MAGIC OF LOVE CAST ITS SPELL OVER ME! I FOUGHT IT --- I TRIED TO BE LOYAL TO LONNIE, EVEN IF MY HEART MUST SUFFER!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME, ZELDA? ZELDA --- YOU'RE NOT HAPPY ABOUT MARRYING LONNIE, ARE YOU? ARE YOU???

NO! I'M NOT... I'M NOT! B-BUT WHY DO I TELL YOU THIS? WHAT MAKES ME TALK TO YOU AS IF --- AS IF...



THEN I KNEW FOR SURE! THERE WAS NO DOUBT NOW!

---AS IF YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH ME? IS THAT IT, ZELDA? YOU DO LOVE ME, DON'T YOU? JUST AS I LOVE YOU!

OH, RAY! YES! YES, I DO LOVE YOU! I KNOW NOW WHAT LOVE IS! AND I KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU!



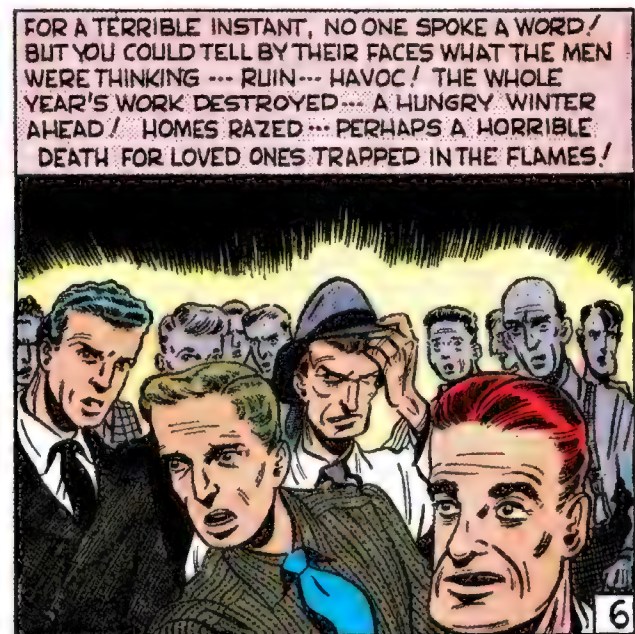
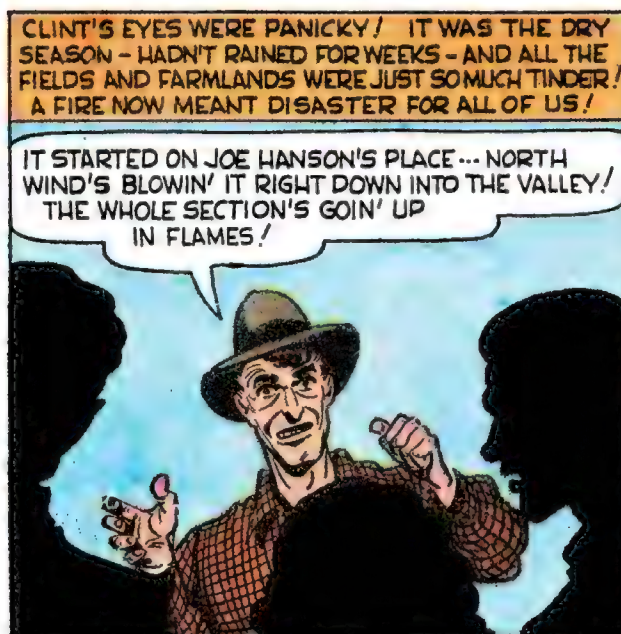
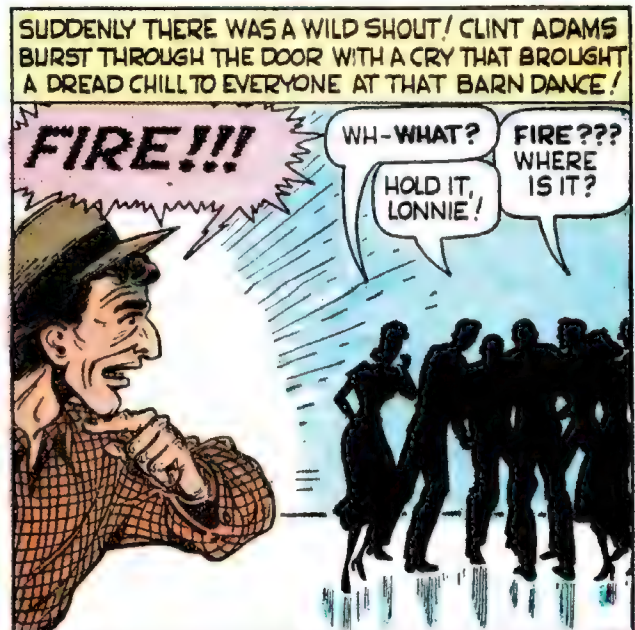
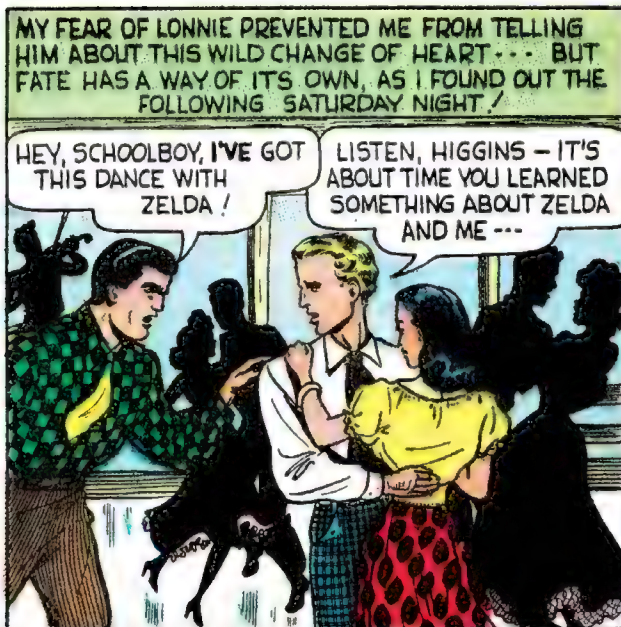
I...I'VE BEEN SO CONFUSED! ALL DOUBTS AND EMPTINESS! BUT YOU --- YOU'VE CHANGED ALL THAT! NOW I KNOW... I KNOW WHAT LIFE - AND LOVE - IS!

DARLING! OH, MY DARLING!



OUR KISS WAS LIKE THE RINGING OF BELLS IN THE HEAVENS! I HAD FOUND THE LOVE THAT COMES BUT ONCE IN A LIFETIME --- AND I WAS SO DELIRIOUS WITH HAPPINESS THAT I IGNORED THE SMALL VOICE WITHIN ME, WARNING ME THAT LONNIE, WITH ALL HIS SAVAGE JEALOUSY, WOULD FIGHT THIS WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE POSSESSED!





THEN SUDDENLY THEY WERE GALVANIZED INTO ACTION! WITH A ROAR OF ANGUISH AND ANGER, THEY BURST FROM THE BARN IN A BODY, RACING TO THE SCENE OF THE HOLOCAUST!

GET WATER!
BLANKETS!

FORM A
BUCKET
BRIGADE!

HURRY! WE MAY
BE TOO LATE EVEN
NOW!



BUT MY CONCERN WAS FOR ONLY ONE PERSON --- RAY! HE WAS STILL WEAK FROM LONNIE'S SAVAGE ATTACK, AND I HELPED HIM TO HIS FEET ---

OH, DARLING! I WAS
AFRAID HE'D KILLED
YOU!

THE --- THE FIRE!
THEY'LL NEVER STOP
IT WITH BLANKETS
AND WATER!



COME ON, ZELDA!
I KNOW A WAY TO
STOP IT --- IF THEY'LL
LISTEN TO ME!

LOOK! OH, GOOD
HEAVENS! HOW CAN
YOU STOP IT, RAY?
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



THE FIRE WAS RAGING VICIOUSLY OUT OF CONTROL! FRANTICALLY THE MEN TRIED TO BEAT IT OUT WITH BLANKETS, POURING FUTILE LITTLE BUCKETS OF WATER --- BUT IT WAS LIKE TRYING TO DRAIN THE OCEAN DRY WITH A BLOTTER!



RAY MADE HIMSELF HEARD OVER THE ROAR OF THE FLAMES, SHOUTING FOR ATTENTION!

MEN! MEN! WILL YOU
LISTEN TO ME? I CAN
SHOW YOU HOW TO
GET THE FIRE UNDER
CONTROL!

WHAT? WHAT THE HECK
DOES A WEAKLING LIKE
YOU KNOW ABOUT MEN'S
WORK ???



SHUT UP, LONNIE! THIS
IS NO TIME FOR DIRTY
CRACKS! WE'LL LISTEN
TO ANYTHING TO SAVE
OUR FARMS! WHAT IS
IT, RAY? TELL US!

GOOD! GET ALL THE
SHOVELS AND PICKS
YOU CAN FIND!
THEN FOLLOW ME!

YOU HEARD
HIM, MEN!
GO TO IT!



FOLLOWING RAY'S ORDERS, THE MEN COMMENCED TO CLEAR A WIDE PATH AROUND THE RAGING CONFLAGRATION, AND THEN BEGAN THE BACK-BREAKING TASK OF DIGGING A PROTECTIVE DITCH IN THE CLEARED AREA!

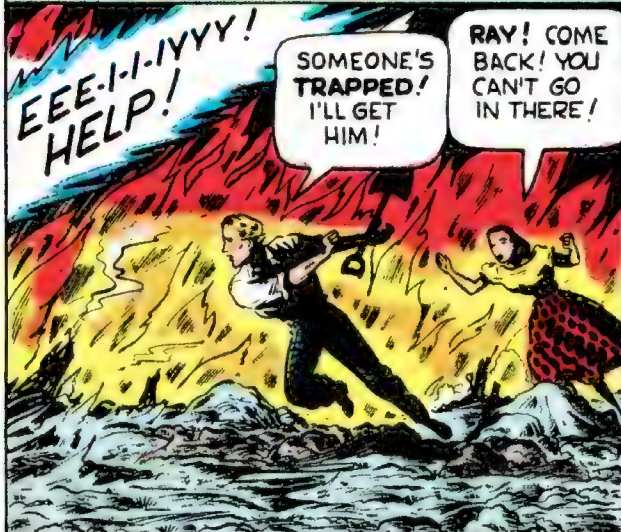


I GET IT NOW! YOU DON'T PLAN TO PUT THE FIRE OUT --- WHEN IT REACHES THE FIREBREAK, AND CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER, IT'LL BURN ITSELF OUT! RIGHT, RAY?

RIGHT, JOE! BUT DON'T WASTE TIME TALKING! DIG!



IN ITS CONFINEMENT, THE FIRE RAGED LIKE A GIANT FURNACE --- AND SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE AWFUL ROAR, WE HEARD A TERRIBLE SCREAM!

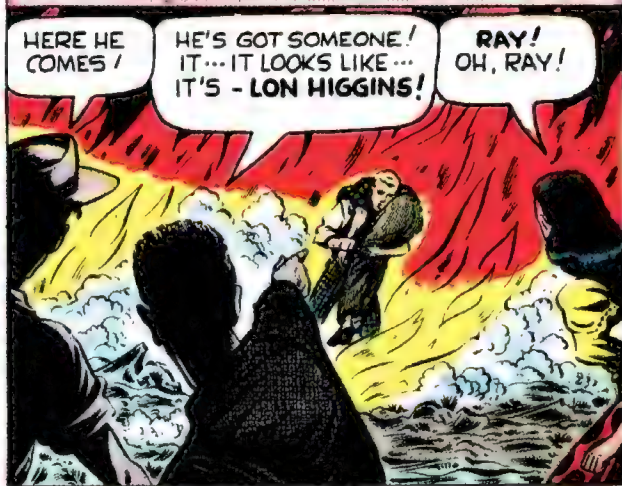


EEE-I-I-IVYY!
HELP!

SOMEONE'S TRAPPED!
I'LL GET HIM!

RAY! COME BACK! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

BUT HE WAS GONE BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM! IN STUPIFIED HORROR, THE MEN RESTED THEIR SHOVELS, AND WAITED BREATHLESSLY! I WAS COMPLETELY NUMB WITH SHOCK AND FEAR --- AND THEN---



HERE HE COMES!

HE'S GOT SOMEONE!
IT...IT LOOKS LIKE...
IT'S - LON HIGGINS!

RAY!
OH, RAY!

RAY DROPPED HIS BURDEN, AND LONNIE STAGGERED INTO THE ARMS OF THE WAITING FARMERS --- HE SEEMED MORE SCARED THAN HURT!



(COUGH! COUGH!)
THE FLAMES...THE SMOKE! IT - IT WAS AWFUL! I COULDN'T STAND IT!

TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM, MEN --- I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM LATER!

THE FIRE WAS NOW COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL... RAY AND I, OUR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER, WATCHED IT DIE, AS OUR LOVE, NOW STRONGER THAN EVER, BEGAN TO REALLY LIVE!



YOU'VE PROVED YOURSELF, DARLING! IT SHOWS THAT WITH YOUR EDUCATION YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN ANYONE ELSE HERE!

BUT I'M NOT THROUGH YET! EXCUSE ME, DEAR...

RAY LEFT ME, AND WALKED CALMLY OVER TO LONNIE --- AND A SMILE TWISTED HIS LIPS AS HE SAID ---

YOU CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD THE LAST TIME, HIGGINS! I'M READY NOW FOR THAT BEATING YOU PROMISED ME --- IF YOU ARE!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, PAGE --- BUT IF YOU WANT TO GET LUMPED, YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT!



LONNIE RUSHED AGAIN, BUT IT WAS A DIFFERENT STORY THIS TIME! RAY QUICKLY SIDE-STEPPED, AND SENT A CRASHING LEFT TO LONNIE'S JAW, WHICH ABRUPTLY STOPPED THE BULL-LIKE CHARGE!

STOPPING FIRES ISN'T ALL I LEARNED IN SCHOOL, BIG BOY!

WH...? UGH!

OH!



IT DIDN'T LAST LONG -- CALMLY, METHODICALLY, RAY GAVE LON HIGGINS THE LACING OF HIS LIFE! THEN --- LONNIE GAVE UP!

I QUIT! I QUIT! THAT'S ENOUGH! I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID ABOUT YOU!

YOU HEAR THAT, ZELDA?

OH, RAY... YOU'RE WONDERFUL!



WE WALKED SLOWLY HOME TOGETHER, RAY AND I, BASKING IN THE WARMTH OF OUR LOVE ---

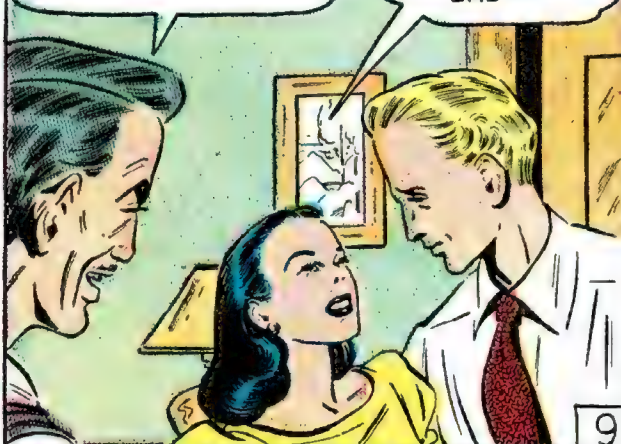
THAT WAS A WONDERFUL THING YOU DID, PAGE! WE ALL OWE OUR LIVES TO YOU!

NOT AS WONDERFUL AS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, FOLKS! ZELDA'S GOING TO MARRY ME!



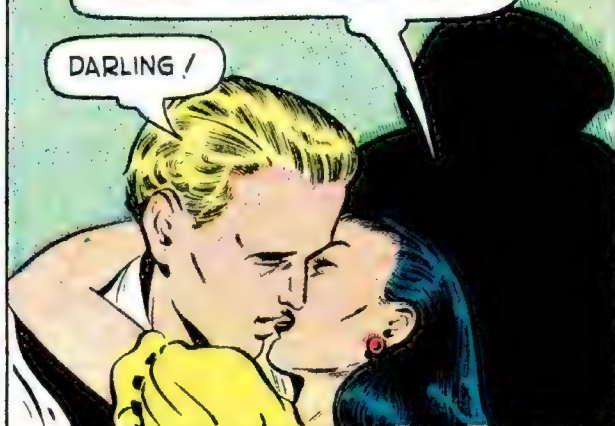
SO YOU FINALLY MADE YOUR CHOICE, ZELDA! I CAN SEE NOW THAT THIS IS THE RIGHT ONE! ONCE IN EVERY LIFETIME WE MEET THE RIGHT PERSON --- AND WE MUST MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION THEN -- OR REGRET IT FOREVER!

NOT ONCE IN EVERY LIFETIME, DAD ---



--- ONCE IN EVERY LOVETIME!

DARLING!



NO MORE EMPTINESS FOR ME! NO MORE RESTLESSNESS AND WONDERING! I HAVE FOUND MY LOVE, AND TOGETHER WE'LL LIVE A LOVETIME OF HAPPINESS!

The End

Girl comics



NO. 4 JUNE 10¢



MY HEART
LIVED in a
"FOOL'S
PARADISE!"

52 Pages of
TENDER LOVE TALES!

DON'T MISS THIS
ISSUE'S STARTLING
CONFESSION:

CAN A GIRL
BE HAPPY

with

"BORROWED
LOVE?"

STORIES OF
LIFE AND LOVE...
AS THRILLING
AS A MOONLIGHT
KISS!



Discovered at Last!

NEW KIND of **LUSTROUS**

HOME WAVE

That CAN'T Go Wrong!

- NO BOTHER
- NO FUSS
- NO FRIZZY, SPLIT ENDS

Only
\$1.50
PLUS
TAX

**Gives Soft, Easy to Manage
CURLS & WAVES that rival
NATURALLY CURLY HAIR**

This new kind of home wave is as easy as setting your hair! In just 20 minutes you get lustrous, natural-looking waves and curls that last far longer than you dreamed possible. Your hair takes on glossy new body because Marlene's Lustre Oil Home Wave conditions hair as it curls. Gives softer, lovelier, more natural-looking waves—quickly and inexpensively!

BRAND-NEW FORMULA

This sensational new discovery contains a pure processed, vegetable oil. Completely SAFE for all types of hair... it just can't "go wrong". No oil shampoo necessary. There's never a stiff "new permanent" look. No harsh chemicals to dry out hair, no breaking of ends.

EASY TO USE AS 1-2-3

- 1 Shampoo hair, and rinse completely.
- 2 Apply New Lustre Oil Wave Solution and put hair up in curlers.
- 3 Apply Neutralizer.

EXTRA—for Prompt Action

If you order NOW, you will receive at no extra cost, a regular \$1.25 package of MARLENE'S MINIT CURL for those "between permanents" days.

SEND NO MONEY. Just fill in and mail coupon. When your LUSTRE OIL HOME WAVE arrives, pay postman only \$1.50 plus tax and C.O.D. postage. Use as directed. If not completely satisfied, return carton and your MONEY BACK. Mail coupon NOW.

MARLENE'S INC.
Dept. 54C, 349 W. Ontario St.
Chicago 10, Illinois

I NEVER REALIZED
WHAT GORGEOUS
HAIR YOU HAVE,
PAT...IT'S LOVELY!



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

MARLENE'S INC., Dept. 54C
349 W. Ontario St., Chicago 10, Illinois

Please send me Marlene's LUSTRE OIL HOME WAVE PLUS \$1.25 package of MINIT CURL at no extra cost as a reward for prompt action. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50 plus tax and C.O.D. postage. If not delighted, I may return carton for Money Back.

Name _____

Address _____

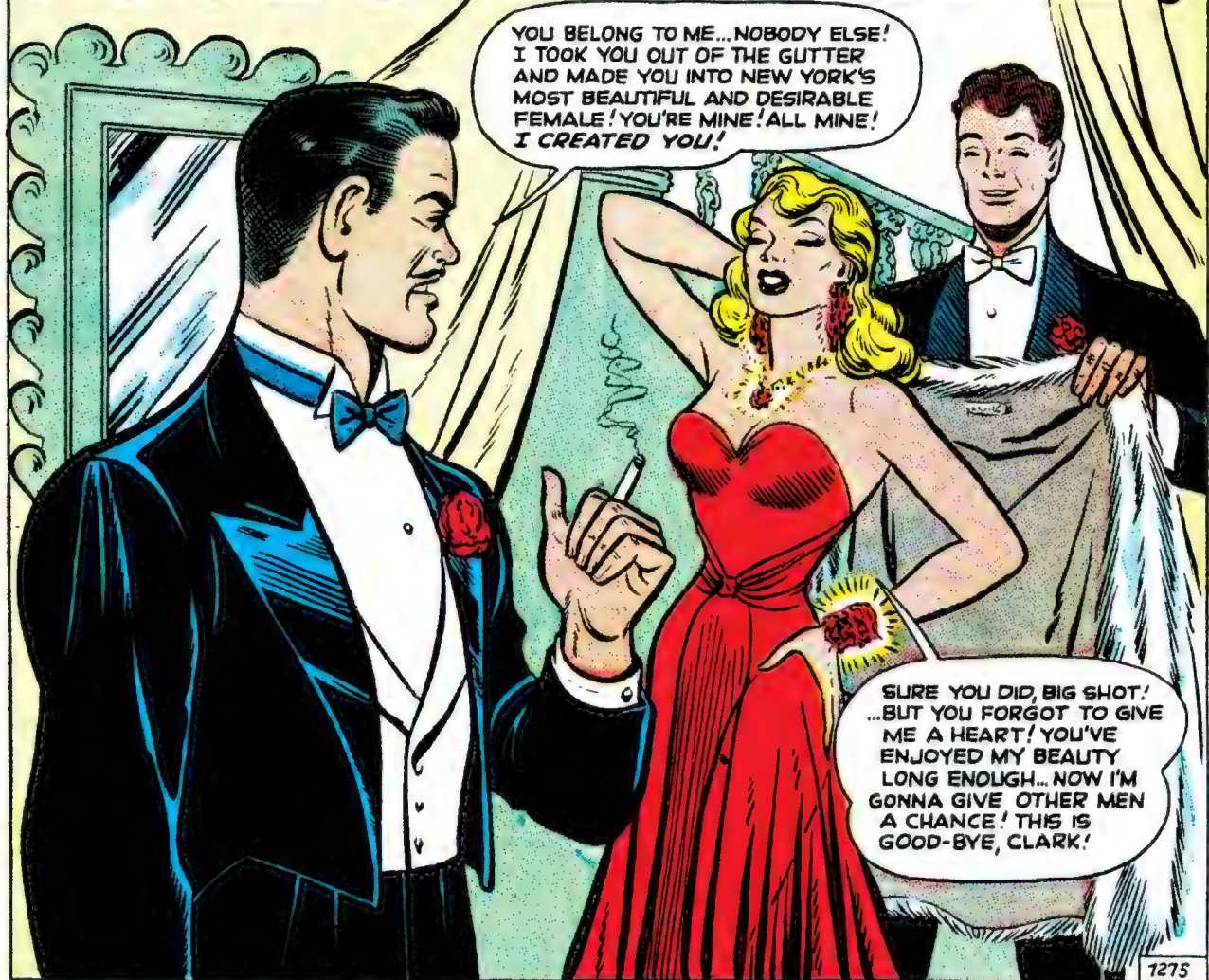
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Save Money! Send cash. We pay postage.

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N.Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Meriden, Conn. Published bi-monthly. Copyright 1950 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. Vol. 1, No. 4, JUNE, 1950 issue. Price 10c per copy. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

WAS I REALLY HAPPY? WELL, READ MY STORY AND SEE WHAT **YOU** THINK!
SEE HOW HAPPY A PERSON CAN BE LIVING IN A...

FOOL'S PARADISE!



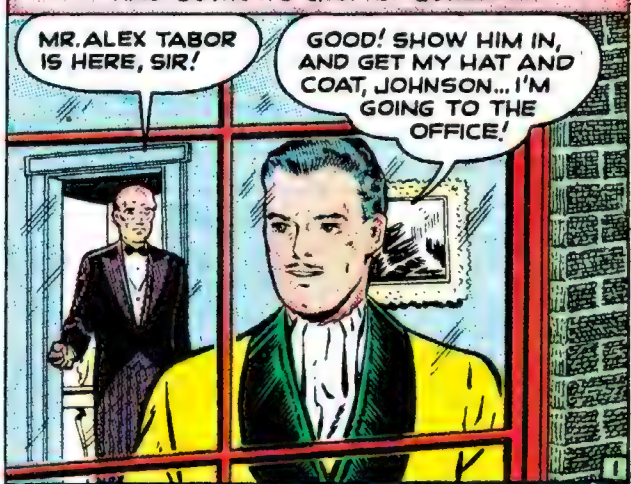
1275

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY ENTIRE PRODUCING CAREER **I WAS BORED!** MY LAST SOPHISTICATED, DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY HAD CLOSED A WEEK AGO AFTER A SUCCESSFUL SEASON ON BROADWAY, AND THE PROSPECT OF FINDING ANOTHER GOOD PLAY TO PRODUCE WAS VERY SLIM! ALL OF A SUDDEN LIFE HAD BECOME AS DULL AND SOGGY AS A HAM ACTOR!

WHAT I NEED IS A VACATION... SOMETHING DIFFERENT... PERHAPS A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE WITH SOME OF THE SHOW PEOPLE! BUT NO... EVEN IF I BROUGHT ALONG CELESTE AND SUZANNE AND YVONNE, IT WOULD STILL BE BORING! THERE'S NOTHING DIFFERENT TO DO...



IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE GODS WERE LAUGHING AT ME IN RIBALD MOCKERY... CLARK FORBES, THE PRODUCER WHO GAVE THE WORLD SUCH GAY ENTERTAINMENT, COULD FIND NO WAY OF ENTERTAINING HIMSELF! MY SOPHISTICATION AND WORLDLINESS HAD SOWN ITS CROP OF BOREDOM!



ALEX TABOR WAS MY CLOSEST FRIEND...A BRILLIANT, YOUNG PLAYWRIGHT, WEALTHY, SUCCESSFUL, AND THE POSSESSOR OF A VERY REAL MORAL HONESTY!

ALEX, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! I'M ON MY WAY TO THE OFFICE...COME ALONG AND CHEER ME UP!

WHAT'S HAPPENED, CLARK? DID YOU LOSE YOUR BOOK OF TELEPHONE NUMBERS?

NO, SERIOUSLY, ALEX, I'M DYING OF BOREDOM! I MUST FIND A PLAY TO PRODUCE IMMEDIATELY...BE A GOOD FELLOW AND WRITE ME A SMASH HIT!

JUST LIKE THAT, HUH? ANYWAY YOU KNOW I DON'T WRITE YOUR SORT OF THING--LIGHT FROTHY STUFF ISN'T MY DISH!

IF YOU REALLY FEEL THE NEED OF PRODUCING SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY WHY NOT DO A MUSICAL? THEY'RE ALWAYS DEPENDABLE!

NO, I'M WEARY OF MUSICALS! I'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHING BIG... SOMETHING DIFFERENT! SOMETHING TO BE MY CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT!

I'VE OFTEN TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF DOING A SHOW DEALING WITH THE LEGEND OF GALATEA... YOU KNOW, THE KING WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH A STATUE... AND THE POWER OF HIS LOVE WAS SO GREAT THAT THE STATUE CAME TO LIFE!

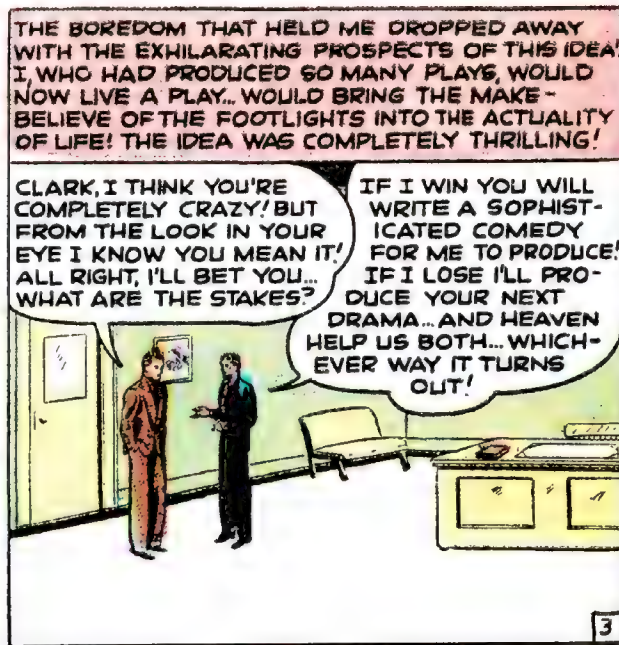
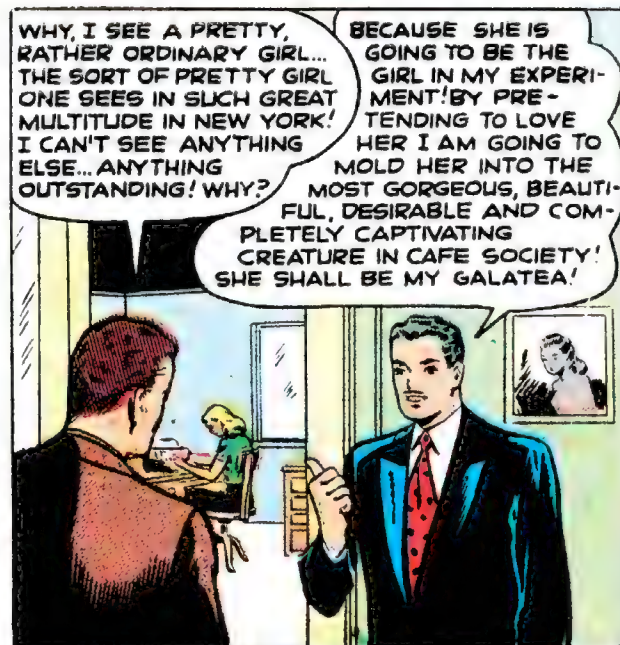
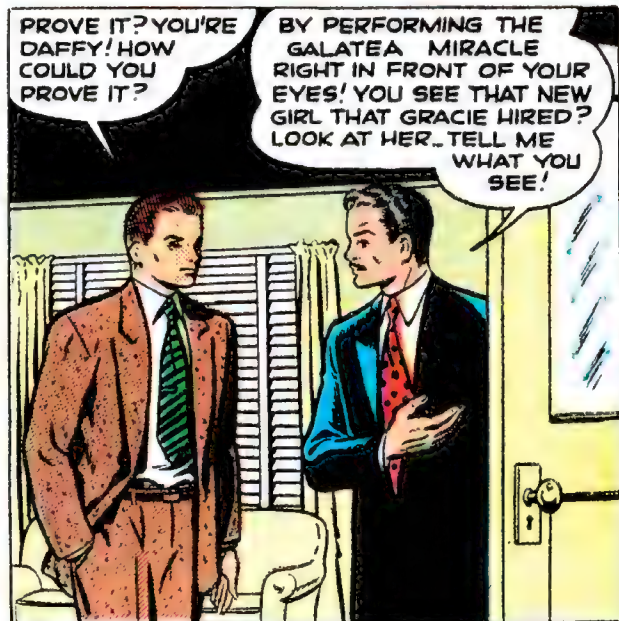
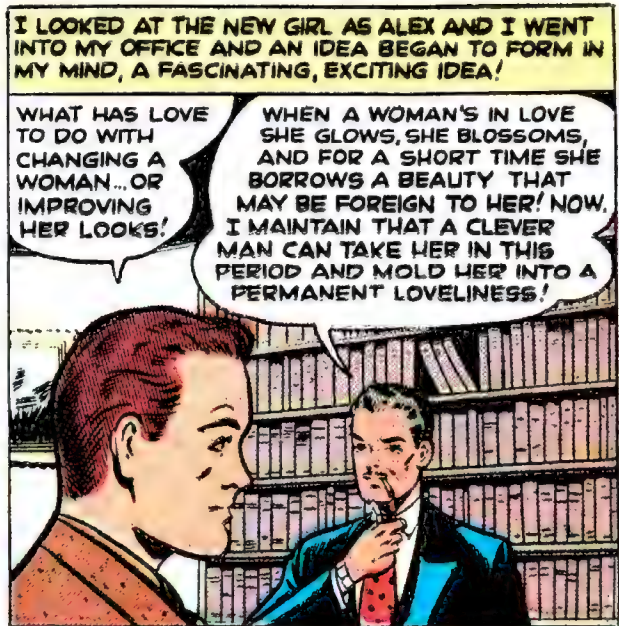
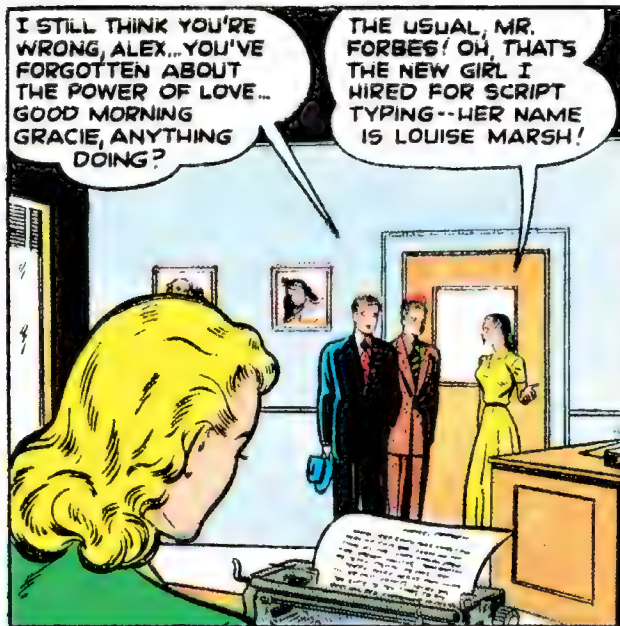
WELL, IT WOULD WITHOUT A DOUBT BE SUCCESSFUL, BUT PERSONALLY I'VE NEVER CARED TOO MUCH FOR THE THEME... I DON'T BELIEVE THAT THE POWER OF LOVE IS GREAT ENOUGH TO CHANGE A PERSON VERY MUCH, LET ALONE BRING A STATUE TO LIFE!

I COMPLETELY DISAGREE WITH YOU! IN FACT I WONDER IF...? OH, NO, FORGET IT...IT'S TOO FOOLISH!

UH OH, I KNOW THAT TONE OF VOICE! WHAT DEVILISH SCHEME IS HATCHING IN THAT FANTASTIC BRAIN OF YOURS NOW?

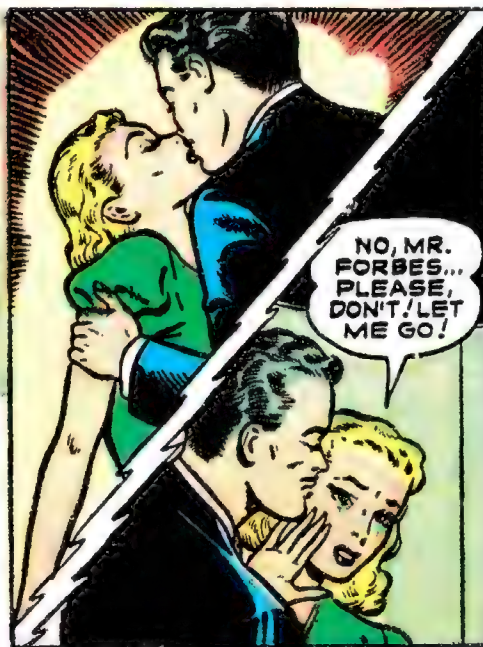
NOTHING REALLY! HOW ABOUT COMING UP TO MY OFFICE AND CONTINUING OUR CONVERSATION FURTHER?

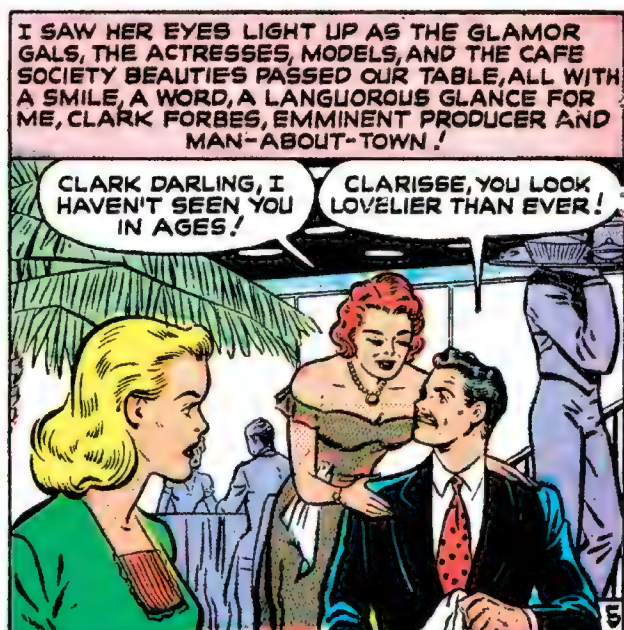
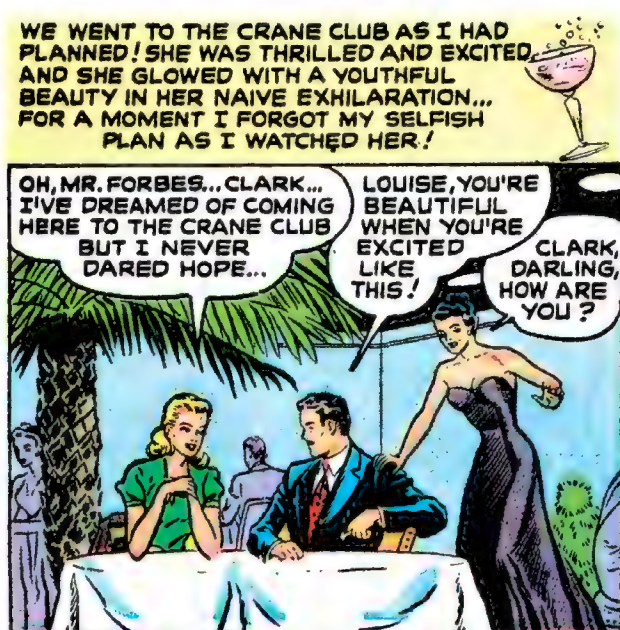
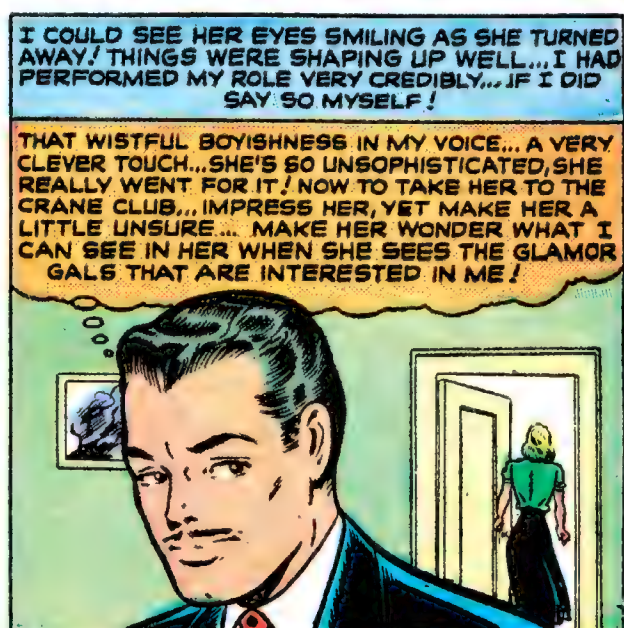
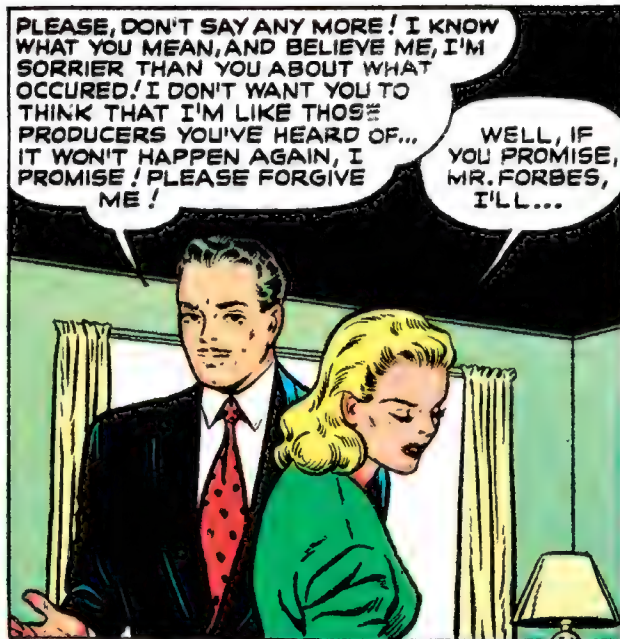
OKAY, CLARK... I'VE GOT A FEW HOURS TO KILL, ANYWAY!





I CRUSHED HER IN MY ARMS AND KISSED HER! HER LIPS WERE SWEET, AND THOUGH I WAS ACTING A PART, THE CONTACT THRILLED ME UNEXPECTEDLY! THE GIRL PULLED AWAY FROM ME, NOT RESPONDING, AND I WAS GLAD... I KNEW THAT IF THE CONQUEST PROVED TOO EASY, THE BOREDOM WOULD RETURN!





THEN I SAW WHAT I HAD BEEN WAITING TO SEE! I SAW HER LOOK AT THE GLAMOR GALS, AT THEIR HAIR, MAKE-UP AND GOWNS, THEN LOOK DOWN AT HER OWN SIMPLE DRESS... AND THEN THE QUESTIONING LOOK CAME AS HER EYES MET MINE! AT THAT MOMENT ALEX CAME TO OUR TABLE...

ALEX, I WANT YOU TO MEET LOUISE MARSH... YOU SHOULD KNOW ALEX, MY DEAR... HE IS MY BEST FRIEND AND THE THREE OF US HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON! HE'S ALEX TABOR, THE PLAYWRIGHT!

MR. TABOR, I'VE SEEN SOME OF YOUR PLAYS AND I THINK THEY'RE WONDERFUL!

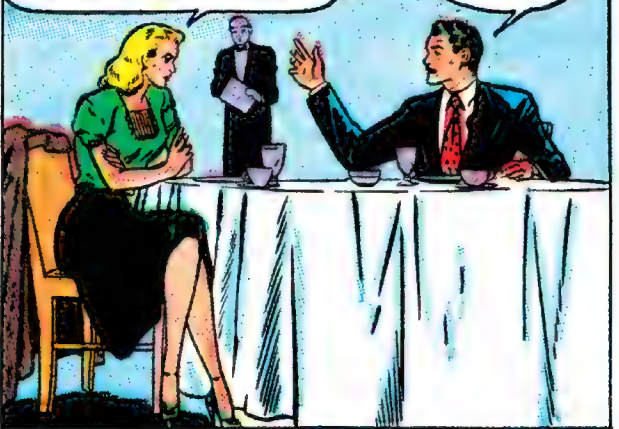
THANK YOU! I LIKE PRAISE WHEN IT'S SINCERE. AND I'M SURE IT COULDN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE COMING FROM A GIRL LIKE YOU, MISS MARSH!



ALEX LEFT THEN, BUT GLANCED BACK AT OUR TABLE WITH A TROUBLED LOOK! LOUISE WORE A TINY FROWN TOO, AND I KNEW WHY AND WAS GLAD... IT WOULD MAKE THE NEXT STEP IN MY PLAN EASIER!

I... THINK I SHOULD BE GETTING BACK TO THE OFFICE... THERE'S LOTS OF TYPING TO DO!

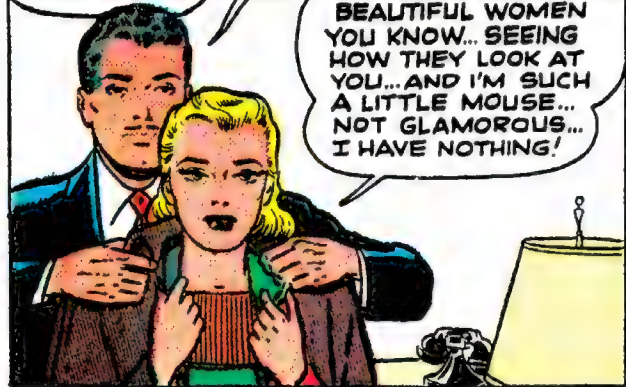
...I'LL CALL FOR THE CHECK!



WHEN WE REACHED THE OFFICE IT WAS DESERTED... THE OTHERS HAD NOT GOTTEN BACK FROM LUNCH!

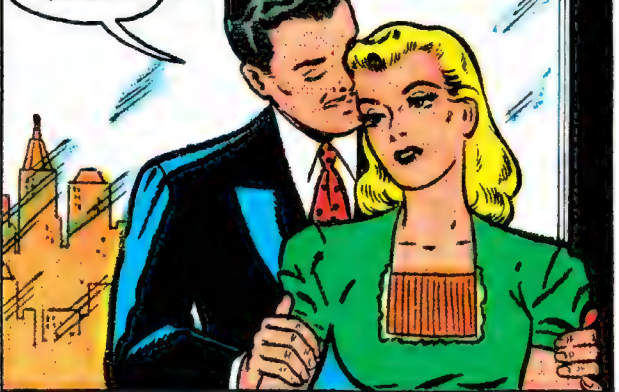
LOUISE, HAVE DINNER WITH ME TONIGHT! AFTERWARD WE CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WISH... SEE ANY SHOW... GO ANY PLACE YOU WANT TO! SAY YOU WILL, PLEASE!

CLARK I... DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT ME TO GO OUT WITH YOU! AFTER SEEING ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN YOU KNOW... SEEING HOW THEY LOOK AT YOU... AND I'M SUCH A LITTLE MOUSE... NOT GLAMOROUS... I HAVE NOTHING!



DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT... YOU'RE LOVELY, TO ME, LOUISE! I REALIZE WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER JUST A FEW SHORT HOURS, BUT... DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I LOVE YOU... TO ME YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

OH, CLARK, IF YOU REALLY MEANT THAT...

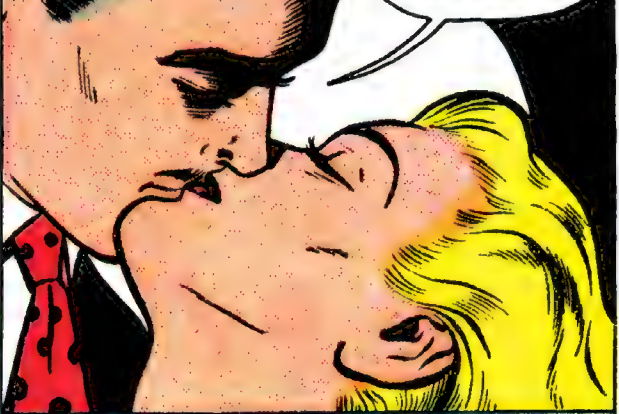


I DO... MEAN IT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THIS WORLD! WHAT DO I CARE IF THE OTHERS ARE BETTER GROOMED, BETTER DRESSED... GLAMOR GALS... IT'S YOU I LOVE! YOU COULD BE MORE EXCITING THAN ANY OF THEM IF YOU WANTED TO BE!

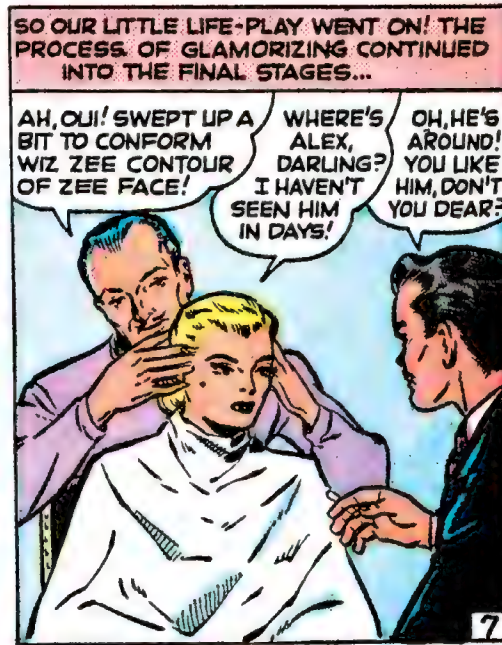
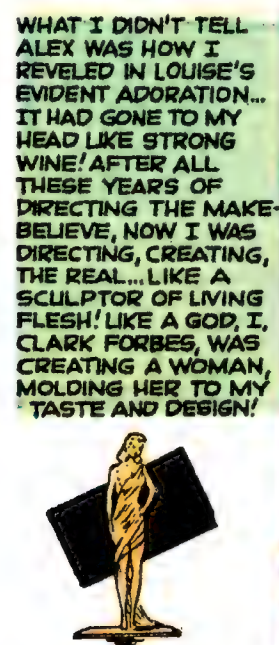
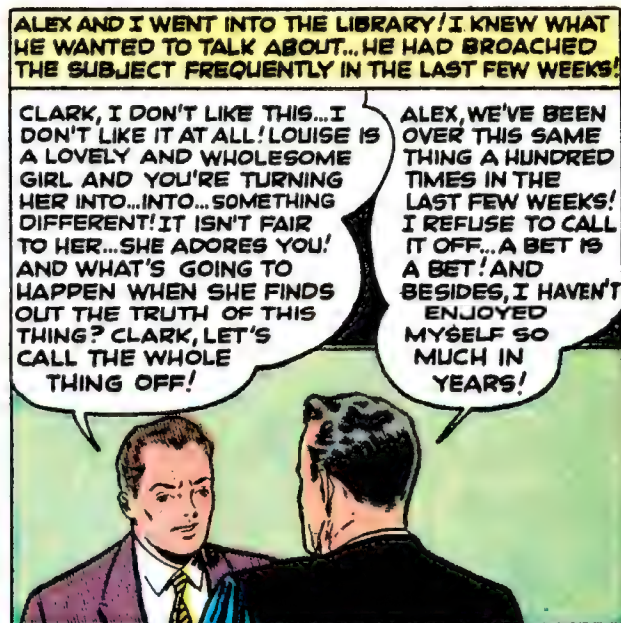
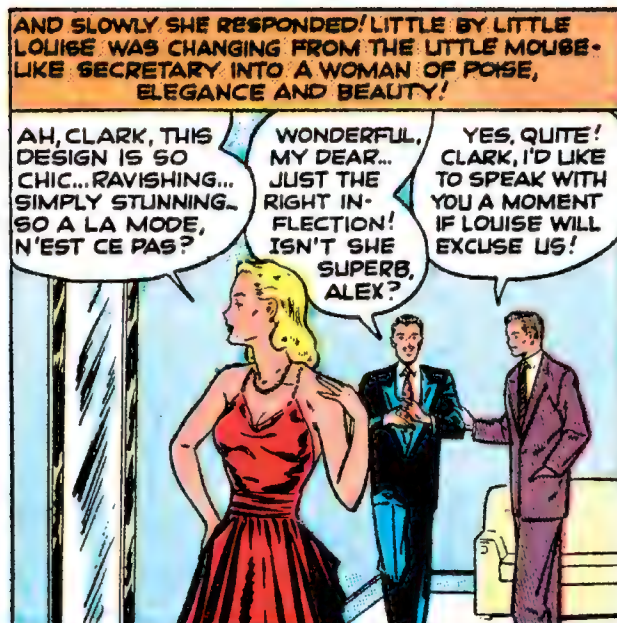
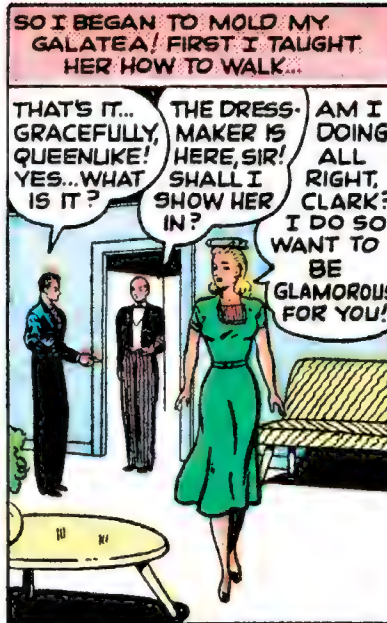
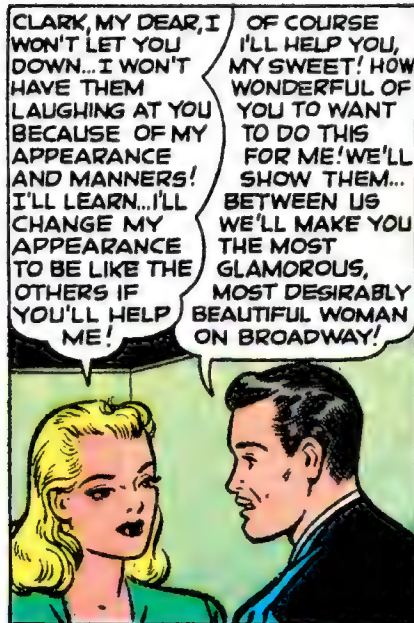
CLARK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST BEING KIND, TAKING ME TO LUNCH, BUT NOW...

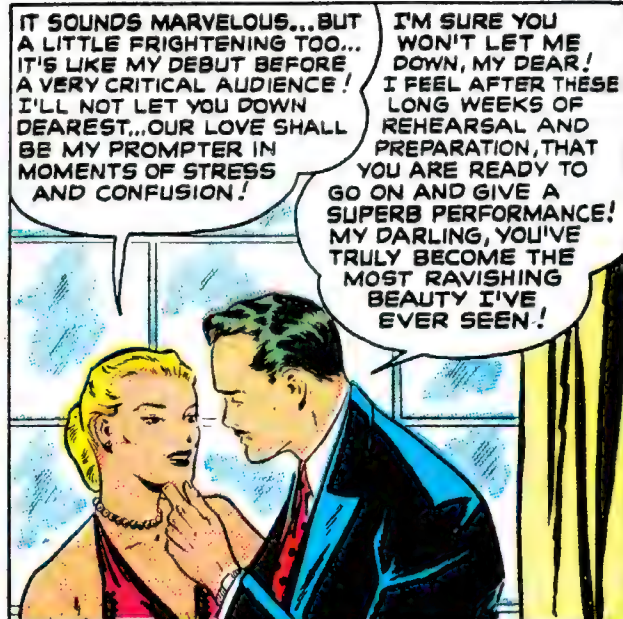


DON'T THINK... DON'T DO ANYTHING BUT LOVE ME, DARLING!

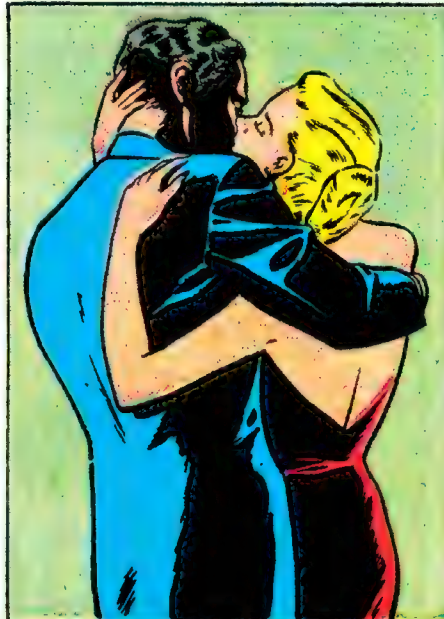


I KISSED HER AND AGAIN FELT THAT CURIOUS THRILL! THIS TIME SHE RESPONDED TO MY KISS... FIRST SHYLY, THEN WITH A CLINGING, SWEET EMBRACE!





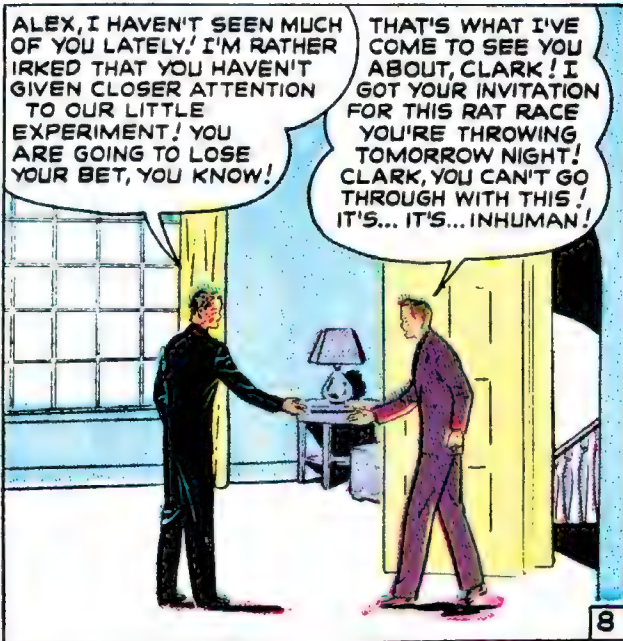
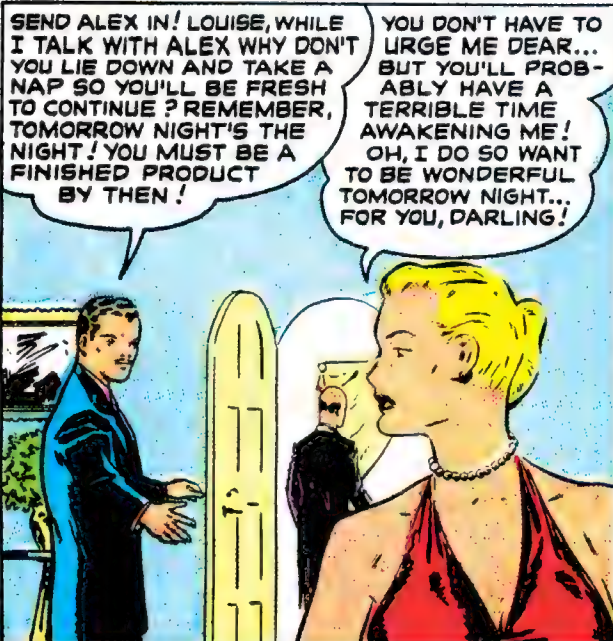
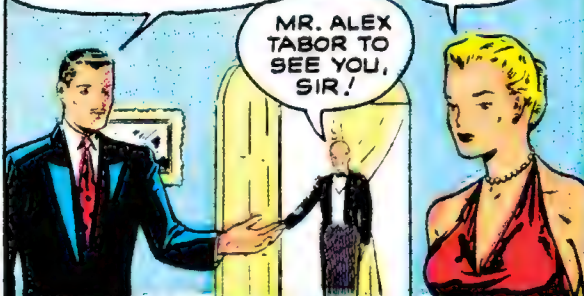
I DREW HER INTO MY ARMS AND OUR LIPS MET! I KNEW THAT I HADN'T LIED... THAT I HELD IN MY ARMS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FEMININE CREATURE MY EYES HAD EVER BEHELD... AND IN OUR KISS I FELT AGAIN THAT STRANGE SWEET SOMETHING THAT HAD HAUNTED ME FROM THE BEGINNING!



AS THE WEEK WANED AND THE TIME FOR THE PARTY DREW NEAR, I WORKED LOUISE LIKE A SLAVE-DRIVER... UNTIL SHE WAS UTTERLY EXHAUSTED... PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES, THE GLITTERING VENEER, ON MY GALATEA!

NOW MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE AGAIN! PROUDLY, LIKE A QUEEN... HEAD HIGH, GRACEFULLY, YET WITH A BIT OF THE COQUETTE! REMEMBER, KEEP YOUR VOICE RICH AND THROATY AS I TAUGHT YOU TO!

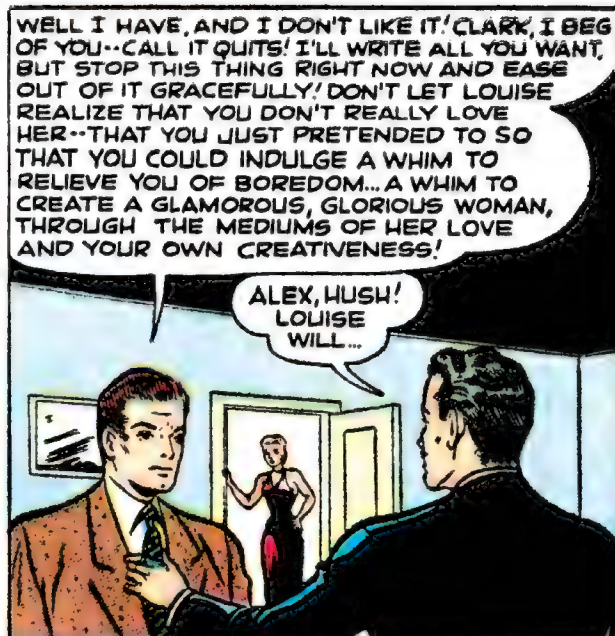
OH, DARLING... I'M REALLY LIMP, I'M SO TIRED! WE'VE BEEN DOING THIS FOR AGES! BUT... I'LL CONTINUE... FOR YOUR SAKE, MY DEAR!





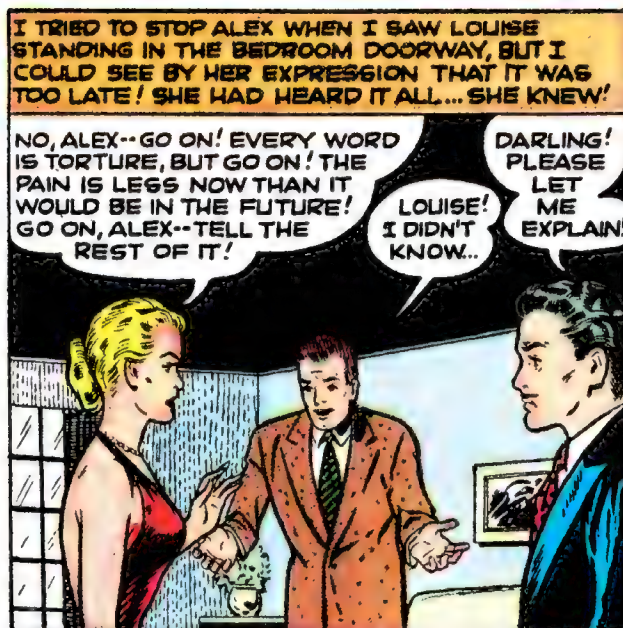
HAVE YOU GIVEN A THOUGHT TO WHAT WILL HAPPEN AFTERWARD... AFTER YOUR TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETED!

WELL... NO I HAVEN'T! I'VE BEEN SO WRAPPED UP IN THIS BUSINESS-- SO EXHILARATED BY THE WHOLE THING... THAT I HAVEN'T REALLY GIVEN A THOUGHT TO WHAT WILL COME AFTERWARD!



WELL I HAVE, AND I DON'T LIKE IT! CLARK, I BEG OF YOU-- CALL IT QUITS! I'LL WRITE ALL YOU WANT, BUT STOP THIS THING RIGHT NOW AND EASE OUT OF IT GRACEFULLY! DON'T LET LOUISE REALIZE THAT YOU DON'T REALLY LOVE HER-- THAT YOU JUST PRETENDED TO SO THAT YOU COULD INDULGE A WHIM TO RELIEVE YOU OF BOREDOM... A WHIM TO CREATE A GLAMOROUS, GLORIOUS WOMAN, THROUGH THE MEDIUMS OF HER LOVE AND YOUR OWN CREATIVENESS!

ALEX, HUSH! LOUISE WILL...

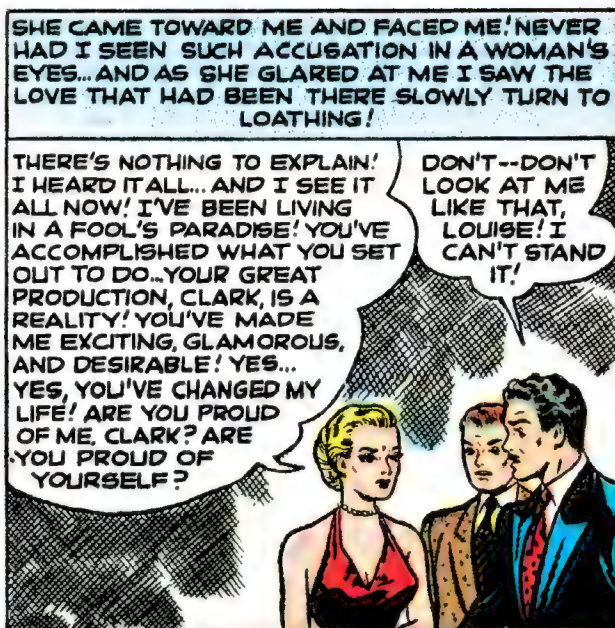


I TRIED TO STOP ALEX WHEN I SAW LOUISE STANDING IN THE BEDROOM DOORWAY, BUT I COULD SEE BY HER EXPRESSION THAT IT WAS TOO LATE! SHE HAD HEARD IT ALL... SHE KNEW!

NO, ALEX-- GO ON! EVERY WORD IS TORTURE, BUT GO ON! THE PAIN IS LESS NOW THAN IT WOULD BE IN THE FUTURE! GO ON, ALEX-- TELL THE REST OF IT!

LOUISE! I DIDN'T KNOW...

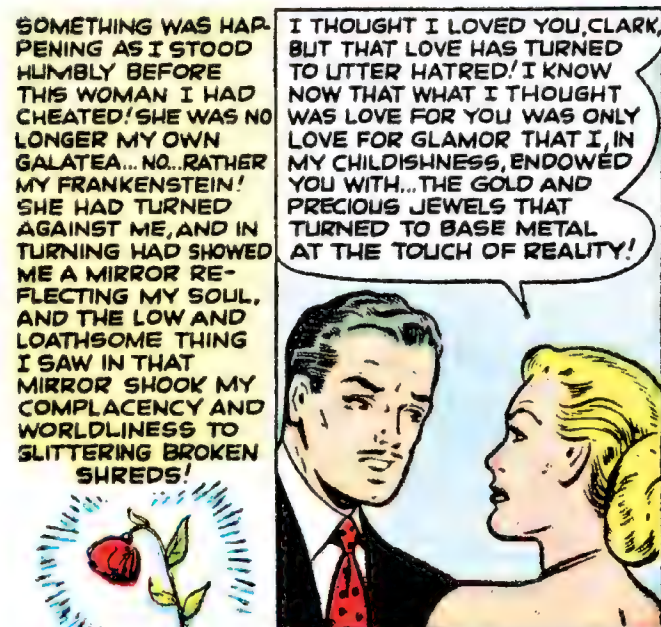
DARLING! PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN!



SHE CAME TOWARD ME AND FACED ME! NEVER HAD I SEEN SUCH ACCUSATION IN A WOMAN'S EYES... AND AS SHE GLARED AT ME I SAW THE LOVE THAT HAD BEEN THERE SLOWLY TURN TO LOATHING!

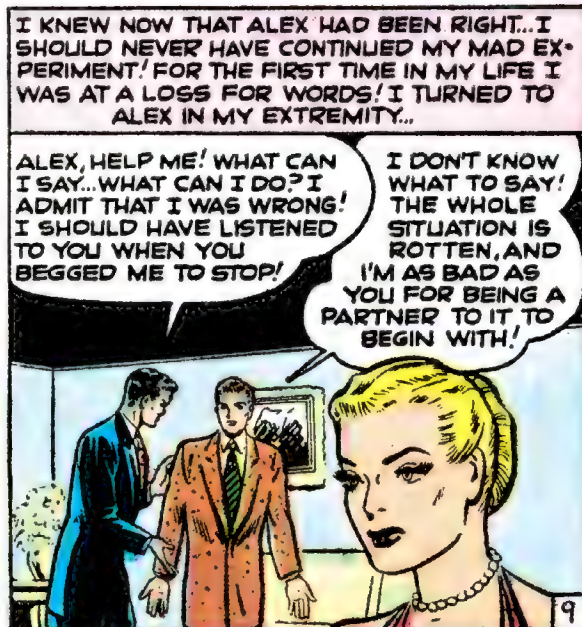
THERE'S NOTHING TO EXPLAIN! I HEARD IT ALL... AND I SEE IT ALL NOW! I'VE BEEN LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE! YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED WHAT YOU SET OUT TO DO... YOUR GREAT PRODUCTION, CLARK, IS A REALITY! YOU'VE MADE ME EXCITING, GLAMOROUS, AND DESIRABLE! YES... YES, YOU'VE CHANGED MY LIFE! ARE YOU PROUD OF ME, CLARK? ARE YOU PROUD OF YOURSELF?

DON'T-- DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, LOUISE! I CAN'T STAND IT!



SOMETHING WAS HAPPENING AS I STOOD HUMBLINGLY BEFORE THIS WOMAN I HAD CHEATED! SHE WAS NO LONGER MY OWN GALATEA... NO... RATHER MY FRANKENSTEIN! SHE HAD TURNED AGAINST ME, AND IN TURNING HAD SHOWN ME A MIRROR REFLECTING MY SOUL, AND THE LOW AND LOATHSOME THING I SAW IN THAT MIRROR SHOOK MY COMPLACENCY AND WORLDLINESS TO SLITTERING BROKEN SHREDS!

I THOUGHT I LOVED YOU, CLARK, BUT THAT LOVE HAS TURNED TO LITTER HATRED! I KNOW NOW THAT WHAT I THOUGHT WAS LOVE FOR YOU WAS ONLY LOVE FOR GLAMOR THAT I, IN MY CHILDISHNESS, ENDOWED YOU WITH... THE GOLD AND PRECIOUS JEWELS THAT TURNED TO BASE METAL AT THE TOUCH OF REALITY!



I KNEW NOW THAT ALEX HAD BEEN RIGHT... I SHOULD NEVER HAVE CONTINUED MY MAD EXPERIMENT! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I WAS AT A LOSS FOR WORDS! I TURNED TO ALEX IN MY EXTREMITY...

ALEX, HELP ME! WHAT CAN I SAY... WHAT CAN I DO? I ADMIT THAT I WAS WRONG! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU WHEN YOU BEGGED ME TO STOP!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! THE WHOLE SITUATION IS ROTTEN, AND I'M AS BAD AS YOU FOR BEING A PARTNER TO IT TO BEGIN WITH!

SLOWLY SHE TURNED TOWARD ALEX, THE TEARS STREAMING FROM HER LOVELY EYES... AND SHE LOOKED AT HIM WITH THAT WIDE-EYED SURPRISE THAT I HAD FIRST FOUND SO ATTRACTIVE...

WHY DID YOU WANT TO STOP IT, ALEX? TELL ME, ALEX... PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT, I WILL! YOU'RE ENTITLED TO A LITTLE MALICIOUS PLEASURE YOURSELF! I WANTED TO STOP IT BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE YOU HEART-BROKEN... AND...

SHE MOVED CLOSE TO ALEX AND SPOKE SOFTLY WHILE I STOOD AS THOUGH FROZEN TO THE SPOT... WITH A SUDDEN REALIZATION THUNDERING THROUGH MY CONSCIOUSNESS!

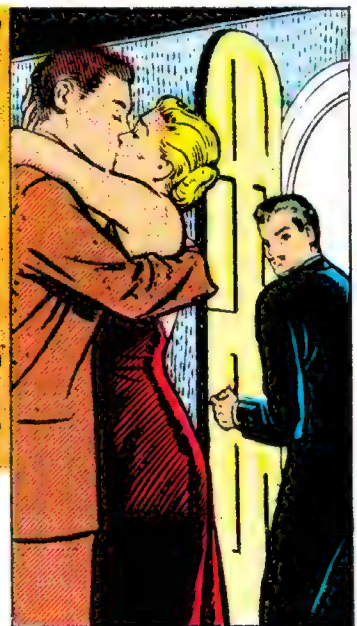
GO ON, ALEX-- PLEASE GO ON!

..BECAUSE I HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU MYSELF... THAT'S WHY I STOPPED COMING AROUND! I HATED TO SEE YOU AND CLARK TOGETHER... TO SEE HIM MAKING LOVE TO YOU... CHEATING YOU OF REAL ROMANCE! I COULD SEE HOW YOU ADORED HIM AND THAT I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! ALL RIGHT NOW-- HAVE YOUR LAUGH AT ME! YOU'RE CERTAINLY ENTITLED TO IT!

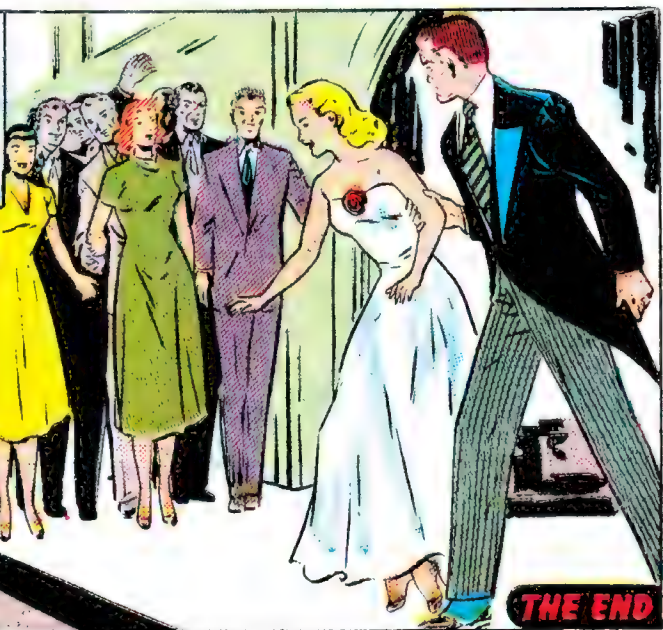
LAUGH AT YOU, DEAR SWEET, ALEX? OH! I'VE BEEN BLIND-- BUT NOW MY EYES ARE OPEN! I REALIZE HOW DECENT-- HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE! I SUPPOSE I ALWAYS KNEW, SOMEWHERE 'WAY BACK IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS, THAT IT WAS YOU I REALLY LOVED! I THOUGHT I ONLY LIKED YOU... NEVER KNOWING UNTIL NOW THAT IT WAS MORE THAN LIKING... THAT IT WAS LOVE! CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS, ALEX?

LOUISE, DARLING-- I WANT TO BELIEVE IT! I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN! OH, MY DARLING!

I WENT OUT QUIETLY, LEAVING THEM THERE WRAPPED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS... TWO SWELL PEOPLE WHO HAD FOUND A LOVE THAT WOULD MAKE THE WORLD A BLAZE OF GLORY FOR THEM THROUGHOUT THEIR LIVES! I ENVIED THEM AND PITIED MYSELF, FOR I KNEW NOW THAT THE SWEET AND THRILLING FEELING THAT HAD FLOWN THROUGH ME WHEN OUR LIPS HAD TOUCHED HAD BEEN LOVE... THAT I LOVED LOUISE WITH ALL MY HEART, BUT THE SHIELD OF SOPHISTICATION THAT I HAD ACQUIRED HAD KEPT ME FROM SEEING IT UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!



TWO WEEKS LATER ALEX AND LOUISE WERE MARRIED! I STOOD AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CROWD AND WATCHED THEM AS THEY LEFT THE LITTLE CHURCH! THE VENEER THAT I HAD CREATED HAD BEEN SHED, AND SHE WAS THE LITTLE GIRL THAT SAT AT A TYPEWRITER IN MY OFFICE, AGAIN... BUT SHE WAS MORE BEAUTIFUL, MORE DESIRABLE THAN EVER.. MADE SO, AS I HAD PREDICTED, BY LOVE..



THE END

SURE, I SAID I LOVED YOU ONCE... BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW HOW DULL AND EMPTY YOU REALLY ARE! ME LOVE YOU? DON'T KID YOURSELF! YOU'RE

STRICTLY SMALL TIME!



6877

HE CAN'T TALK TO KITTY LIKE THAT! LET ME AT 'IM ... I'LL BEAT HIS CONCEITED FACE INTO A PULP!

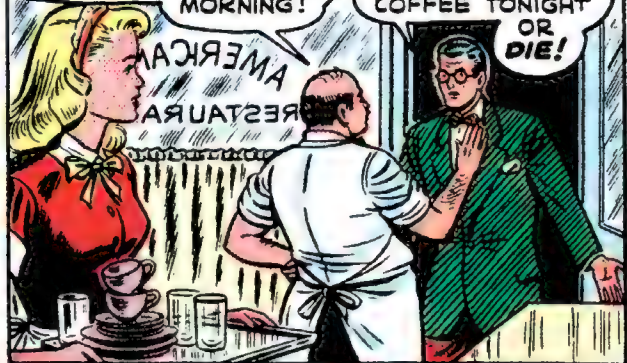
NO... DON'T INTERFERE! IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD! SHE'S SO IN LOVE WITH HIM THAT SHE'LL HATE YOU FOR DEFENDING HER!



I GUESS WAITRESSES ARE ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT THEIR FEET, BUT THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT I WAS EXTRA TIRED AND MY FEET ACHE D LIKE SIXTY! SO I WASN'T SORRY WHEN NICK STARTED CLOSING EARLY! JUST AS HE WAS LOCKING THE DOOR, A MAN ENTERED THE DOORWAY...

SORRY, MISTER! THE RESTAURANT IS CLOSED! COME BACK TOMORROW MORNING!

TOMORROW MORNING?! MAN, I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG-- I'VE GOT TO HAVE COFFEE TONIGHT OR DIE!



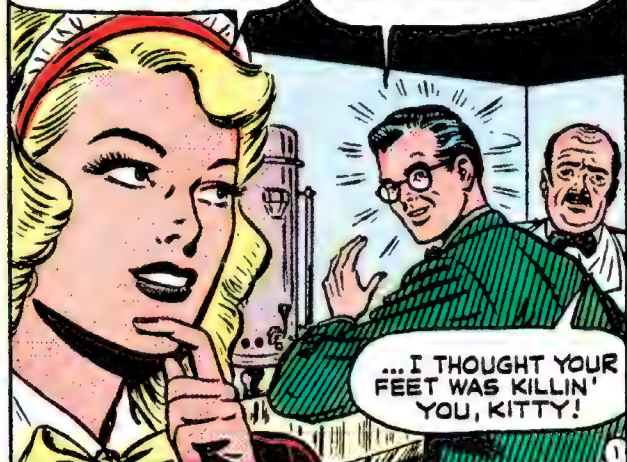
WITH COFFEE, I WRITE... WITHOUT IT, I AM WORDLESS! I CAME TO BLUEBERRY CITY TO FIND SOLITUDE, SIMPLICITY, AND INSPIRATION-- BUT NEVER DID I DREAM I'D RUN INTO AS FOUL A COFFEE-MAKER AS MY LANDLADY! WHY, MAN, I CAN'T EVEN SWALLOW THE STUFF! I'M FRUSTRATED! I CAN'T WRITE WITHOUT COFFEE!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY INK!? ... HONEST, MISTER, I AIN'T GOT ANY COFFEE LEFT! WHY DON'T YOU SCRAM AN' LET ME CLOSE UP MY JOINT!



ER... NICK... THERE'S COFFEE LEFT IN THE SECOND URN! IF THE MAN NEEDS COFFEE SO BADLY WE COULD LET HIM DRINK A CUP WHILE WE CLEAN UP!

WHY, BLESS YOUR HEART... "A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU!" YOUR MAJESTY, YOU HAVE TRUE NOBILITY, I AM YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT... COMMAND AND I WILL OBEY!



... I THOUGHT YOUR FEET WAS KILLIN' YOU, KITTY!

A WRITER--A REAL **HONEST-TO-GOODNESS** WRITER--HERE IN NICK'S AMERICAN RESTAURANT! AND THE BEST PART OF IT--HE COULDN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF ME! EVEN AFTER I SERVED HIM, HE KEPT FOLLOWING ME AROUND...

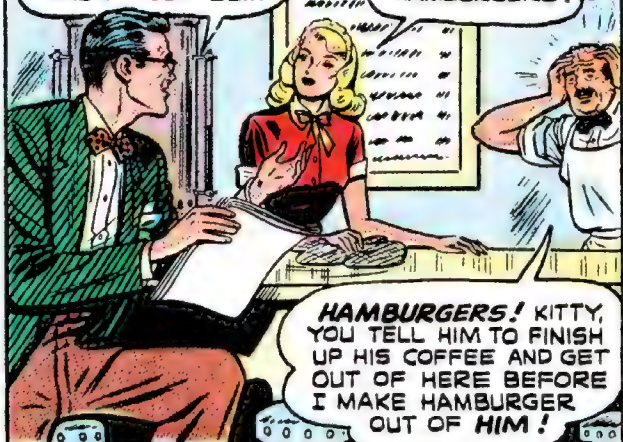
NICK'S A BRUTE TO LET YOU LIFT ALL THESE CHAIRS ALONE! ...DO YOU KNOW... YOU REMIND ME OF THE HEROINE OF MY NEW NOVEL, ENCHANTINGLY SWEET, PURE, AND TENDER-- THE KIND THAT'S ALWAYS SINNED AGAINST! MY HEROINE'S NAME IS ELISSA... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

KITTY! AND YOUR COFFEE'S GETTING COLD-- YOU HAVEN'T TASTED A SPOONFUL!



SEE THESE PAPERS? MANUSCRIPT! MANUSCRIPT I THOUGHT COULDN'T BE FINISHED WITHOUT THE STIMULUS OF COFFEE! I HAD HIT A SNAG... I THOUGHT ONLY COFFEE COULD TAKE ME OVER THE TOP... NOW I SEE I DECEIVED MYSELF! WHAT I WANTED WASN'T COFFEE...

NO? WELL, IT'S TOO LATE TO MAKE HAMBURGERS!



HAMBURGERS! KITTY, YOU TELL HIM TO FINISH UP HIS COFFEE AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I MAKE HAMBURGER OUT OF HIM!

I'D BETTER PRETEND I'M HELPING YOU! HONESTLY, KITTY, I SEE NOW THAT ALL THE COFFEE IN BRAZIL COULDN'T HELP ME OUT OF THIS WRITING SNAG! IT ISN'T MY BRAINS THAT NEED STIMULATING... IT'S MY HEART AND SOUL... I LACK THE EXPERIENCE TO GO ON WITH MY STORY! **YOU** COULD GIVE ME THAT EXPERIENCE, KITTY-- BY FALLING IN LOVE WITH ME!

WHY... YOU'RE CRAZY!



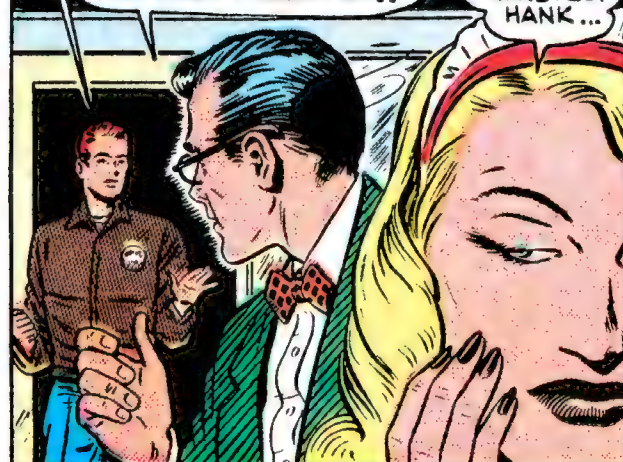
OF COURSE IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN IT'S WRONG OR A MISTAKE! I'M REALLY A NICE GUY, KITTY... I WROTE A PRIZE NOVEL LAST FALL! THE CRITICS THINK I'M TERRIFIC AND AS FOR THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT **YOU, KITTY**-- I FELT FOR YOU THE SECOND I PUT MY EYES ON YOU!



AND THAT'S **ALL** YOU'RE GOING TO PUT ON HER, CHUM! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF, OR I'LL...

NO...ER...MR. BOWERS AND I ARE JUST GOOD FRIENDS! I'LL BE READY TO LEAVE IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES. HANK...

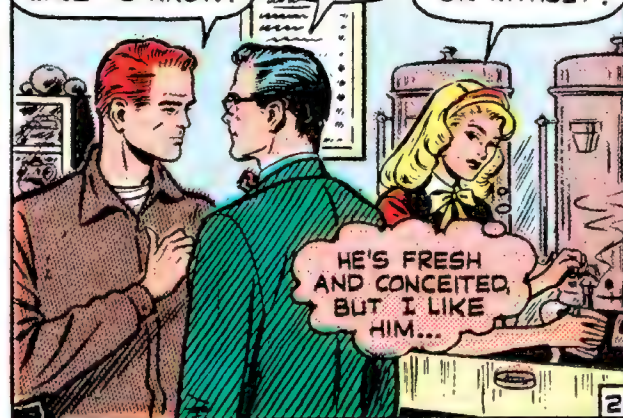
SAY, WAIT A MINUTE... YOU AREN'T **MARRIED?**!



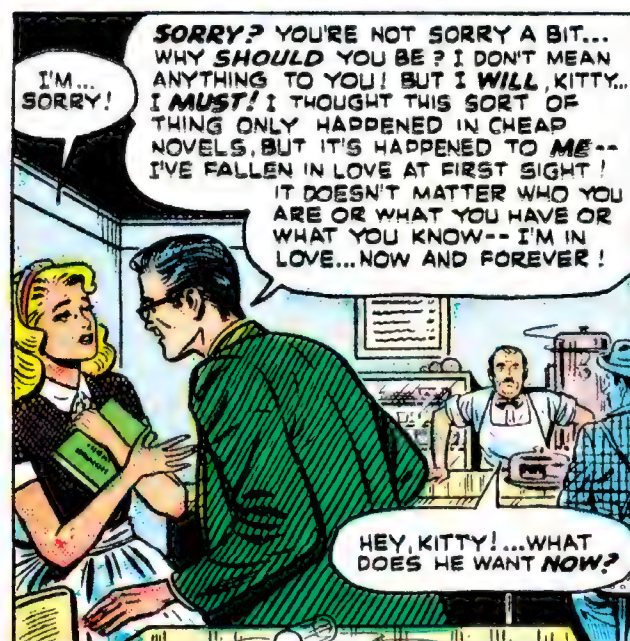
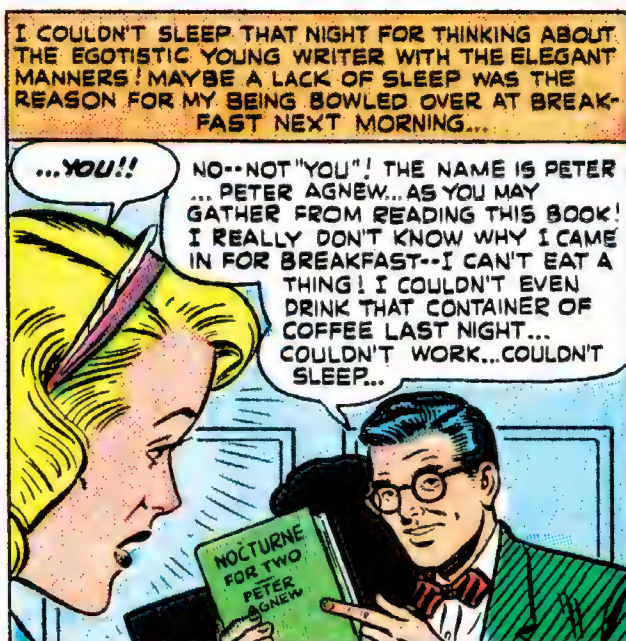
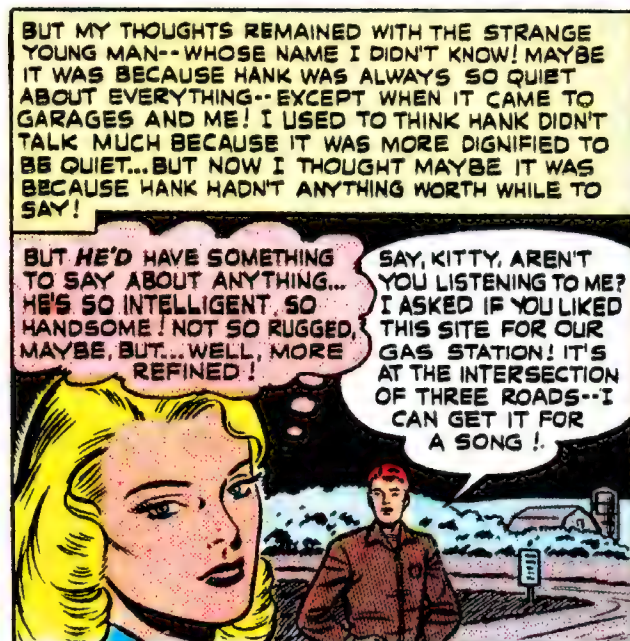
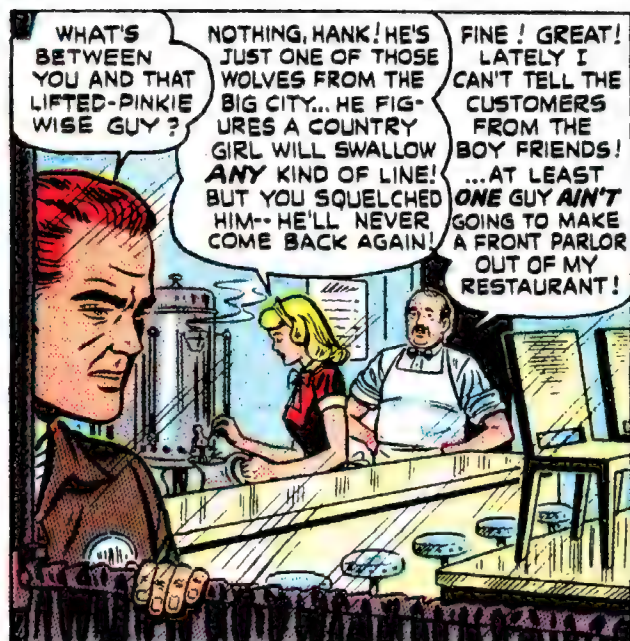
ME AND KITTY ARE ENGAGED! WE'RE WAITING TILL I CAN BUY A GAS STATION OF MY OWN... THEN WE GET MARRIED! I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW!

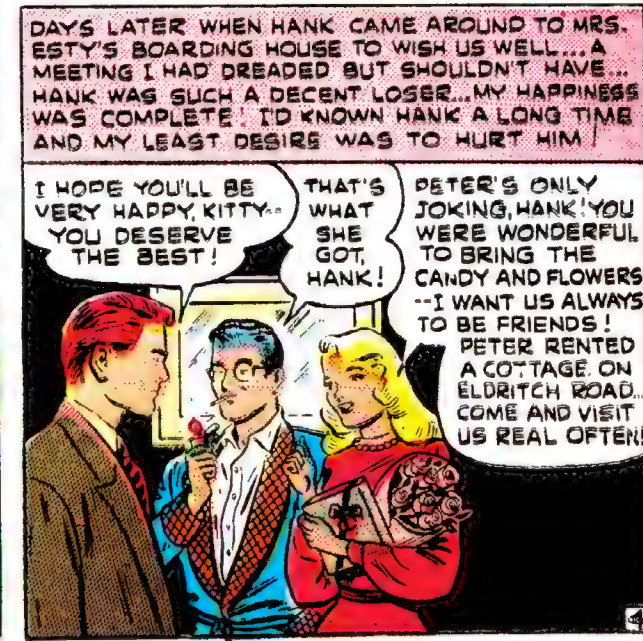
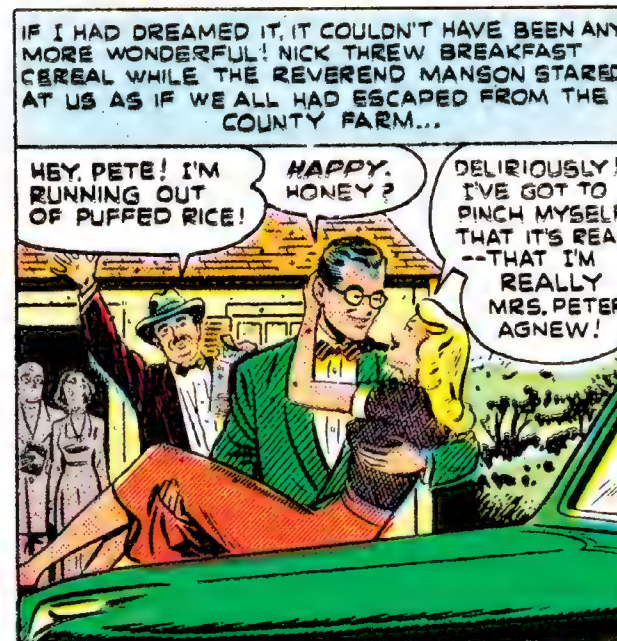
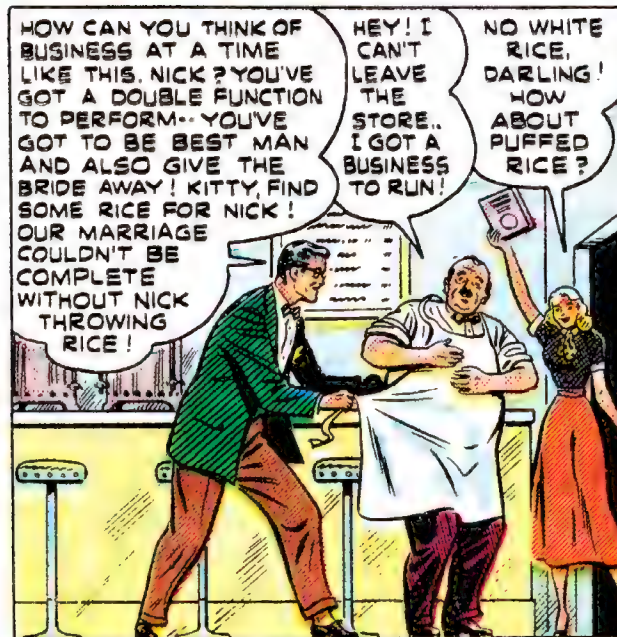
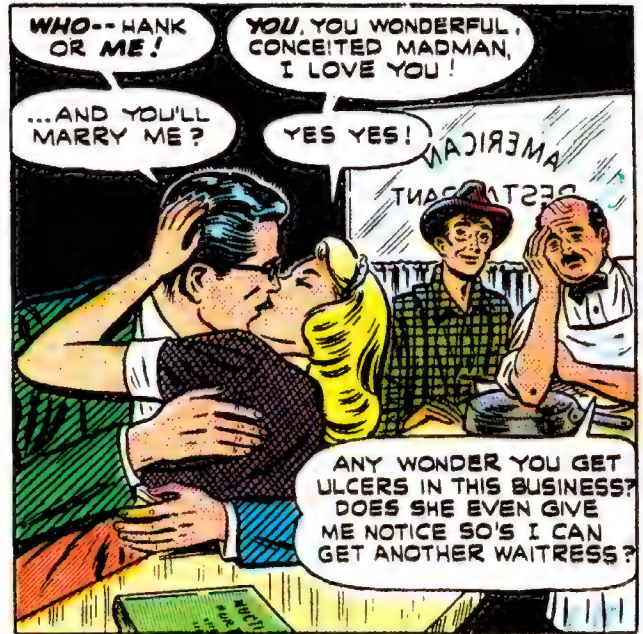
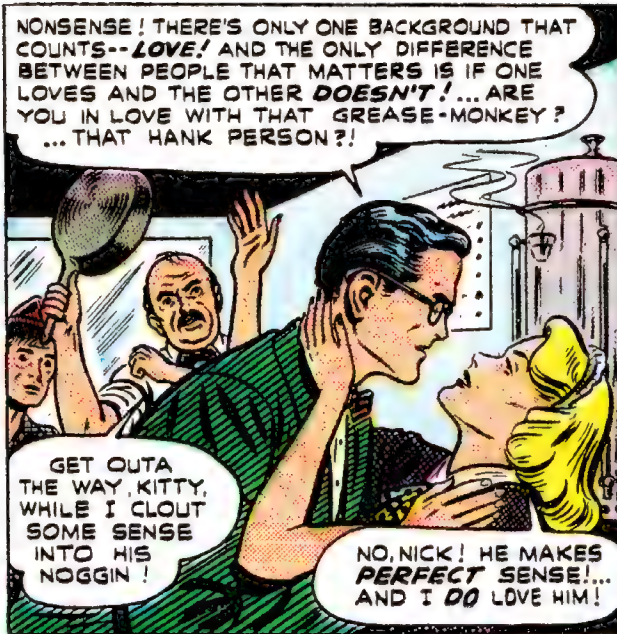
THANKS... I MAKE IT MY BUSINESS TO KNOW EVERYTHING I CAN! KITTY, MAY I HAVE A CONTAINER OF COFFEE TO GO OUT? COFFEE SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY INSPIRATION I'LL GET TONIGHT!

WITH SUGAR OR WITHOUT?



HE'S FRESH AND CONCEITED, BUT I LIKE HIM...





OF COURSE, I COULDN'T EXPECT THE HONEYMOON TO GO ON FOREVER! PETER'S JOB WAS WRITING AND MINE WAS BEING A GOOD WIFE TO HIM! BUT JUST THE SAME...WELL...THINGS TOOK A PECULIAR TURN AFTER OUR WEDDING DAY...

DARLING, I FINISHED NOCTURNE FOR TWO! NO WONDER THE CRITICS RAVED--IT'S TERRIFIC! OF COURSE I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT ALL!

HOW COULD YOU? YOU'RE ONLY A HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE! SOME OF THE FINEST CRITICAL MINDS IN THE COUNTRY COULDN'T GRASP ALL MY PROFUNDITIES! KITTY, PLEASE STAY AWAY WHILE I'M WRITING--IF YOU CAN'T HELP ME, AT LEAST DON'T KEEP DISTRACTING ME!

BUT MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU, PETER! YOU NEVER ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS! I MIGHT NOT HAVE BOOK LEARNING, BUT I HAVE A LITTLE COMMON SENSE AND A LITTLE EXPERIENCE IN LIFE!

LITTLE IS RIGHT! LISTEN, HONEY, WHEN IT COMES TO LITERATURE, I'VE GOT TO BE UNSENTIMENTAL! I'M WRITING A NOVEL ABOUT A SIMPLE, UNEDUCATED COUNTRY GIRL! THAT DOESN'T MEAN A SIMPLE, UNEDUCATED COUNTRY GIRL CAN DISCUSS HER CHARACTER!...NOW WILL YOU BEAT IT AND LET ME WORK OUT THIS MESS BY MYSELF?!

HERE WAS A SIDE TO PETER'S CHARACTER I'D NEVER ANTICIPATED! HOW COULD I? I'D ONLY KNOWN HIS CHARMING SOCIAL SIDE FOR ONLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! BUT AS TIME WENT BY, INSTEAD OF GETTING BETTER THE SITUATION GREW WORSE--FOR DAYS ON END, PETER WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK AT ME, LET ALONE TALK TO ME!

IF THE STORY ISN'T COMING FAST ENOUGH, WHY DON'T YOU LET IT ALONE, PETER? YOU HAVEN'T SLEPT IN 48 HOURS... YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO ME IN 72 HOURS! MAYBE IF YOU'D...

IS THIS GOING TO BE ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR STUPID SUGGESTIONS? DON'T TELL ME WHAT I NEED! I KNOW VERY WELL WHAT I NEED--SOMEONE TO TALK TO, SOMEONE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND ARTISTIC PROBLEMS! I KNOW SUCH A PERSON IN TOWN... IF I HAD HER HERE NOW, EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE!

HER?! ...ANOTHER WOMAN, PETER?

MARCIA LAKE IS MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER WOMAN--SHE'S EDITOR IN CHIEF OF MY PUBLISHING HOUSE! SHE'S CULTURED, BEAUTIFUL, A BRILLIANT CONVERSATIONIST! HERE IN BLUEBERRY CITY THERE'S NOBODY WORTH TALKING TO! BUT MARCIA--SHE'D UNDERSTAND EVERY PHASE OF MY PROBLEM!

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU MARRY HER INSTEAD OF ME?

BECAUSE I HAPPENED TO FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU! BESIDES, THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH LOVE--I SIMPLY MENTION MARCIA AS AN EXAMPLE OF A TRAINED MIND! MATTER OF FACT, I'VE DECIDED TO MAKE A SHORT VISIT INTO TOWN TO DISCUSS THE NOVEL WITH CERTAIN LITERARY FRIENDS OF MINE... I'LL BE LEAVING TOMORROW MORNING!

WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME? WAS IT A SIN NOT HAVING GONE TO COLLEGE OR NOT TO HAVE READ AS MANY BOOKS AS THIS MARCIA LAKE? COULD PETER EVER LOVE ME FOR MYSELF ALONE? WHICH WAS THE REAL PETER--THE MADCAP YOUTH WHO MARRIED ME IN 24 HOURS--OR THIS COLD, SUPERIOR GENIUS WHO KEPT ME AT ARM'S LENGTH EVEN AT THE RAILROAD STATION?

GIVE ME A LIST OF BOOKS TO READ, PETER! I'LL... TRY TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!

NONSENSE, KITTY! YOU SIMPLY WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE LITERARY GIANTS... LEARNING, LIKE ART, IS THE MONOPOLY OF A FEW GIFTED INDIVIDUALS! JUST SIT TIGHT AT THE COTTAGE TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME!

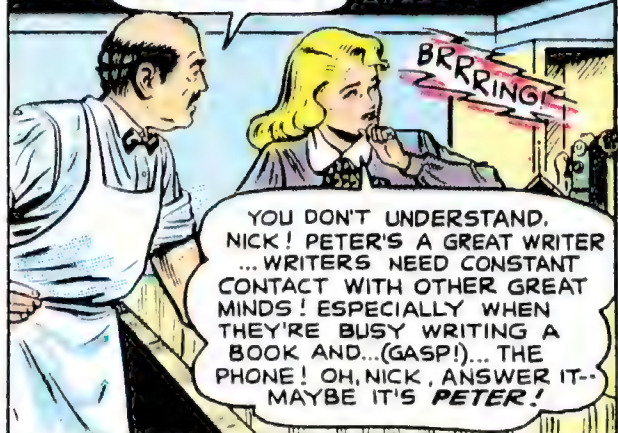
FOR DAYS I FUMED AND FRETTERED, WAITING FOR A CALL OR EVEN A POSTCARD FROM PETER... I HADN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA OF WHERE HE WAS OR WHERE TO REACH HIM! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... I WENT CRAZY SITTING IN THAT COTTAGE, SO I STARTED TO HAUNT NICK'S PLACE...

HE'S NO GOOD, KITTY--A MAN IN LOVE DOESN'T DISAPPEAR ONE WEEK AFTER HIS WEDDING DAY! SO **WHAT** IF YOU CAN'T HELP HIM WRITE HIS NOVEL? WOULD I BE ANGRY IF MY WIFE COULDN'T RUN A RESTAURANT? WOULD **HANK** GET SORE IF YOU COULDN'T TAKE A MOTOR APART?

IT'S NOT THAT--WE'RE NOT ON THE SAME INTELLECTUAL LEVEL! HE'S SO BRILLIANT AND EDUCATED... I'M STUPID AND IGNORANT! AFTER PETER KISSES ME, HE'S GOT NO ONE TO TALK TO! A MAN LIKE PETER CAN'T LIVE ON KISSES ALONE, NICK!



SO WHY DON'T HE TALK TO YOU ABOUT THINGS YOU UNDERSTAND? IS **BOOKS** THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IN LIFE? THIS STUFFED SHIRT'S PULLING THE WOOL OVER YOUR EYES, KITTY! OPEN THOSE BABY-BLUE EYES... PETER'S HIGH-HATTING YOU AND YOU'RE LETTING HIM!

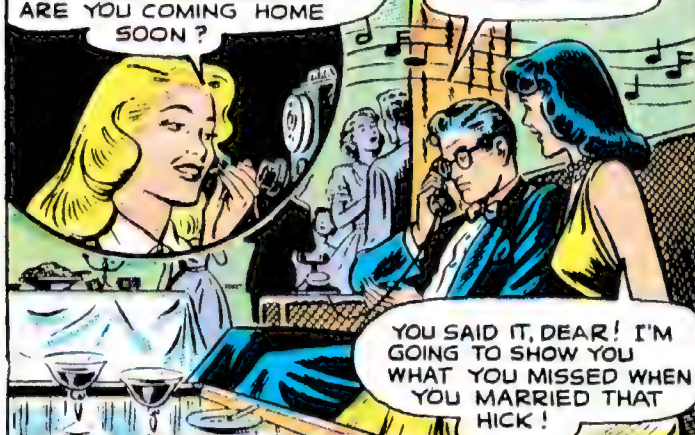


YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, NICK! PETER'S A GREAT WRITER... WRITERS NEED CONSTANT CONTACT WITH OTHER GREAT MINDS! ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE BUSY WRITING A BOOK AND... (GASP!)... THE PHONE! OH, NICK, ANSWER IT--MAYBE IT'S **PETER**!

IT **WAS** PETER! HE'D TRIED ME AT THE COTTAGE AND WHEN NO ONE ANSWERED HE THOUGHT MAYBE NICK WOULD KNOW WHERE I WAS!

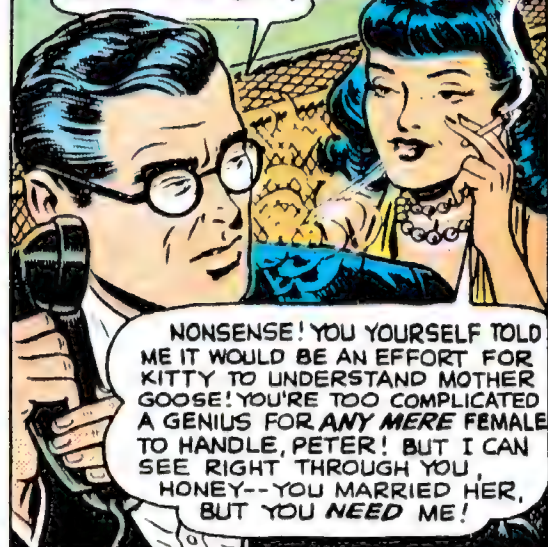
DARLING, DARLING... HOW GOOD IT IS TO HEAR YOUR VOICE AGAIN!... WHAT DID YOUR PUBLISHER SAY? ARE YOU COMING HOME SOON?

NOT FOR A WHILE, KITTY! THERE ARE... ER... CERTAIN THINGS I'VE STILL GOT TO IRON OUT!



YOU SAID IT, DEAR! I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT YOU MISSED WHEN YOU MARRIED THAT HICK!

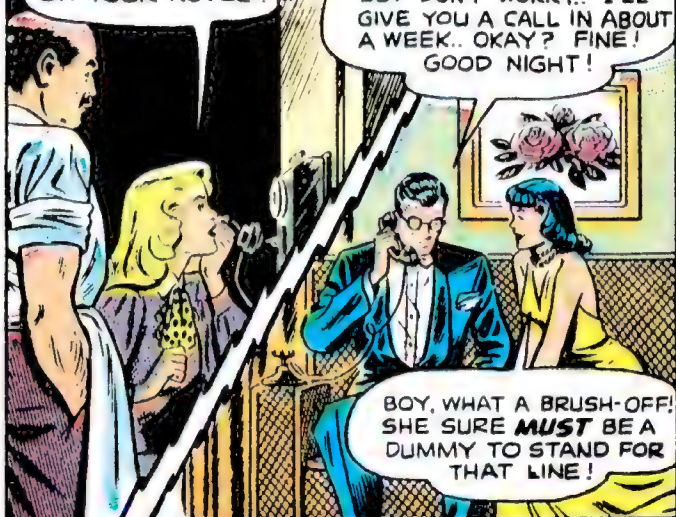
ARE YOU CRAZY, MARCIA? SHE CAN HEAR EVERY WORD YOU SAY!



NONSENSE! YOU YOURSELF TOLD ME IT WOULD BE AN EFFORT FOR KITTY TO UNDERSTAND MOTHER GOOSE! YOU'RE TOO COMPLICATED A GENIUS FOR ANY **MERE** FEMALE TO HANDLE, PETER! BUT I CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH YOU, HONEY--YOU MARRIED HER, BUT YOU **NEED** ME!

PETER, WHERE **ARE** YOU? I CAN HEAR MUSIC AND PEOPLE LAUGHING! AREN'T YOU WORKING ON YOUR NOVEL?

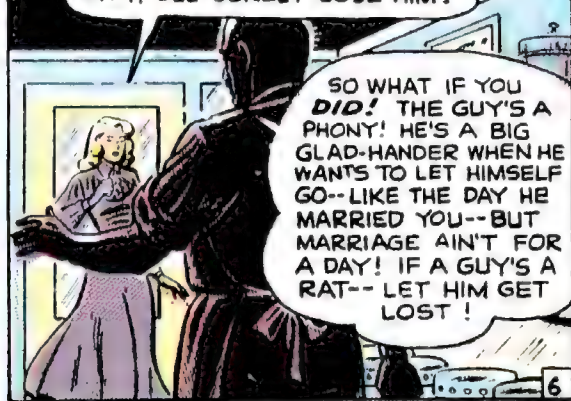
OF COURSE, KITTY, EXCEPT THAT TONIGHT I HAD TO... ER... ATTEND A PUBLISHER'S PARTY. COULDN'T DUCK IT! BUT DON'T WORRY... I'LL GIVE YOU A CALL IN ABOUT A WEEK.. OKAY? FINE! GOOD NIGHT!



BOY, WHAT A BRUSH-OFF! SHE SURE **MUST** BE A DUMMY TO STAND FOR THAT LINE!

SOMETHING WAS WRONG... EVEN **I** UNDERSTOOD THAT! I SUDDENLY FELT THAT IF I HAD TO WAIT IN FRONT OF A TELEPHONE, I MIGHT EASILY WAIT **FOREVER** BEFORE IT WOULD RING! I HAD TO DO SOMETHING--AND FAST!

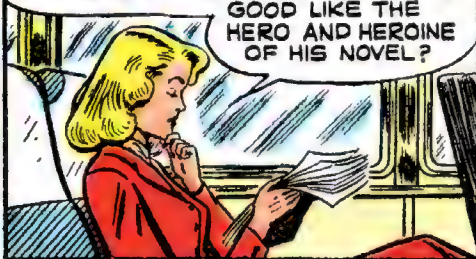
NICK, I'M GOING TO TOWN.. I'M GOING TO FIND PETER! IF I STAY COOPED UP HERE IN BLUEBERRY CITY, I'LL SURELY LOSE HIM!



SO WHAT IF YOU **DID**! THE GUY'S A PHONY! HE'S A BIG GLAD-HANDER WHEN HE WANTS TO LET HIMSELF GO--LIKE THE DAY HE MARRIED YOU--BUT MARRIAGE AIN'T FOR A DAY! IF A GUY'S A RAT-- LET HIM GET LOST!

BUT I COULDN'T LET PETER GET LOST WITHOUT BEING LOST MYSELF! NICK COULD BLAME PETER, BUT NOT I! FOR I LOVED HIM! I TOOK THE BUS BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH FARE FOR THE TRAIN! I WAS GLAD I HAD TAKEN THE LONGER ROUTE BECAUSE IT GAVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO READ **PASTORALE**, PETER'S NEW, UNFINISHED NOVEL...

WHY, IT'S **GREAT!** BETTER EVEN THAN **NOCTURNE FOR TWO!** IT'S SIMPLER...DEEPER...LESS BRAIN, MORE HEART! WHY IS PETER SO **WORRIED** ABOUT IT? IS HE AFRAID OF BEING SIMPLE AND SINCERE AND GOOD LIKE THE HERO AND HEROINE OF HIS NOVEL?



MAYBE THAT'S WHY PETER FELL IN LOVE WITH ME-- BECAUSE I REMINDED HIM OF THIS COUNTRY GIRL HE WAS WRITING ABOUT! MAYBE PETER WAS ONLY IN THE RIGHT **MOOD** WHEN HE FELL IN LOVE WITH ME... JUST AN AUTHOR FALLING IN LOVE WITH ONE OF HIS CHARACTERS! MAYBE THAT'S WHY HE CAN'T FINISH HIS BOOK-- HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO GO ON **HIMSELF** IN REAL LIFE!



I REACHED TOWN AT ABOUT 5 PM AND WENT STRAIGHT TO PETER'S PUBLISHER, HOPING THAT HE'D HAVE PETER'S ADDRESS...

SO **YOU'RE** PETER'S WIFE! WELL, WELL! THE GIRL WHO SNATCHED THE YOUNG LITERARY LION RIGHT OUT OF MARCIA LAKE'S YAWNING MOUTH! WHY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO PETER MYSELF--I WOULDN'T MISS BRINGING YOU AND MARCIA FACE TO FACE FOR THE WORLD!



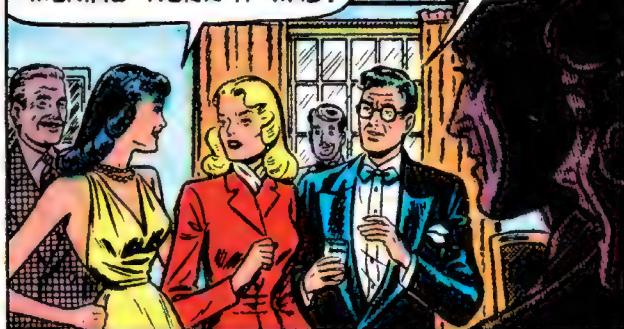
SHE'S GIVING A COCKTAIL PARTY FOR PETER-- IF WE HURRY WE CAN STILL MAKE IT! YOU SEE, PETER REALLY NEEDED A LIFT AFTER THE WAY MARCIA AND I TORE INTO HIS NEW MANUSCRIPT! IT'S THE MOST UTTERLY SENTIMENTAL DRIVEL-- A 1,000 PERCENT DETERIORATION FROM THE BRILLIANCE OF HIS FIRST NOVEL! WRITTEN FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF AN INTELLECTUAL INFANT! WE BLAME IT ON BLUEBERRY CITY-- PETER'S WASTING HIS TALENTS ON THE TOWN YOKELS!



I DIDN'T NEED MR. TELLERSON'S ANSWER! I SAW THE YAWNING GULF BETWEEN MY WORLD AND PETER'S WORLD THE SECOND I WAS USHERED INTO MARCIA LAKE'S APARTMENT--AND INTRODUCED TO HER FRIENDS AS IF I WERE SOME FREAK FROM TIMBUCTOO!

I WANT YOU ALL TO MEET PETER'S WIFE! ISN'T SHE CHARMING, FOR A MILKMAID? ...OR WAS IT A WAITRESS? I FORGET WHAT KIND OF MENIAL WORK IT WAS!

MARCIA, LET KITTY ALONE-- WE CAN DO WITHOUT ALL THOSE DIRTY DIGS, TOO!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, PETER? HASN'T KITTY GOT THE BRAINS TO DEFEND HERSELF? OR ARE YOU ASHAMED OF THE **COMPLETE ZERO** SHE ADDS UP TO?

MISS LAKE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT **YOU'D** DO IN THIS SPOT...

MARCIA!



...AS FOR **ME**, I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING VULGAR-- LIKE **POKING** YOU IN THAT NASTY, VICIOUS MOUTH OF YOURS!

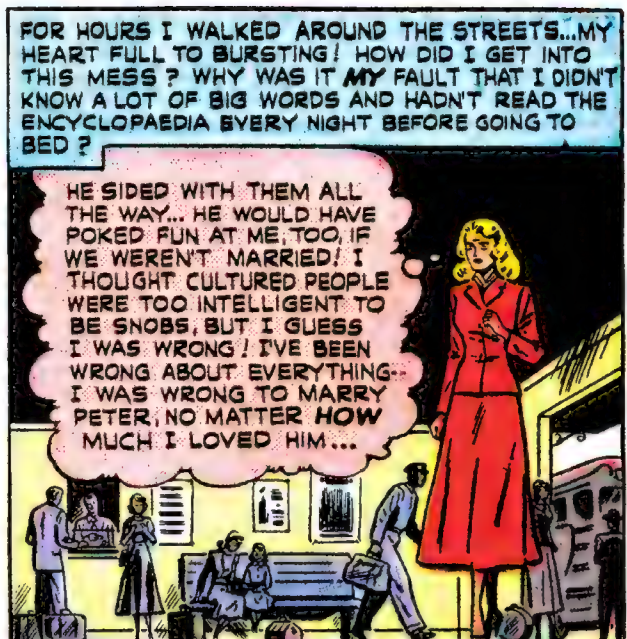
OWWWW!





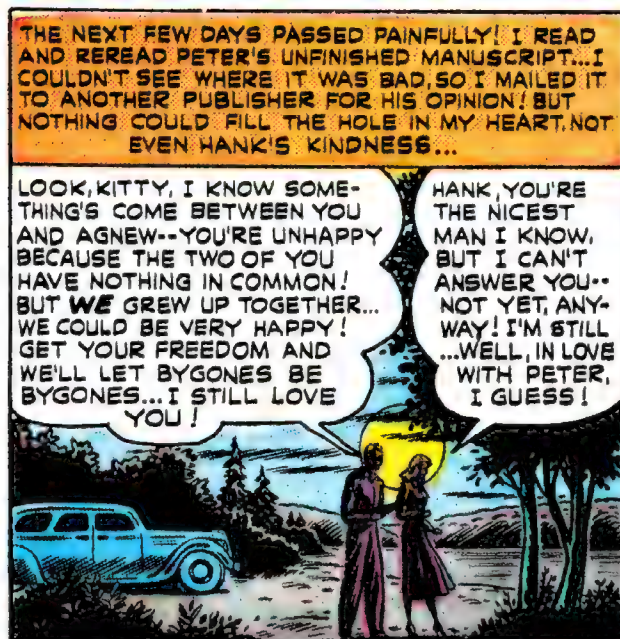
OF ALL THE STUPID, UNCOUTH THINGS TO DO! KITTY, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU! ASHAMED AND MORTIFIED THAT A WIFE OF MINE...

SAVE IT, PETER! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE BREAK OF YOUR LIFE BY WALKING **OUT** OF YOUR LIFE! IF THIS IS THE WORLD YOU GAVE UP BY MARRYING ME, YOU CAN GO BACK TO IT --WITH MY **PITY!** YOU CAN KEEP THESE BACK-BITING CATS AND SNEERING STUFFED SHIRTS! IF THEY REPRESENT **BRAINS**, THANK HEAVENS I'M STUPID!



FOR HOURS I WALKED AROUND THE STREETS...MY HEART FULL TO BURSTING! HOW DID I GET INTO THIS MESS? WHY WAS IT **MY** FAULT THAT I DIDN'T KNOW A LOT OF BIG WORDS AND HADN'T READ THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA EVERY NIGHT BEFORE GOING TO BED?

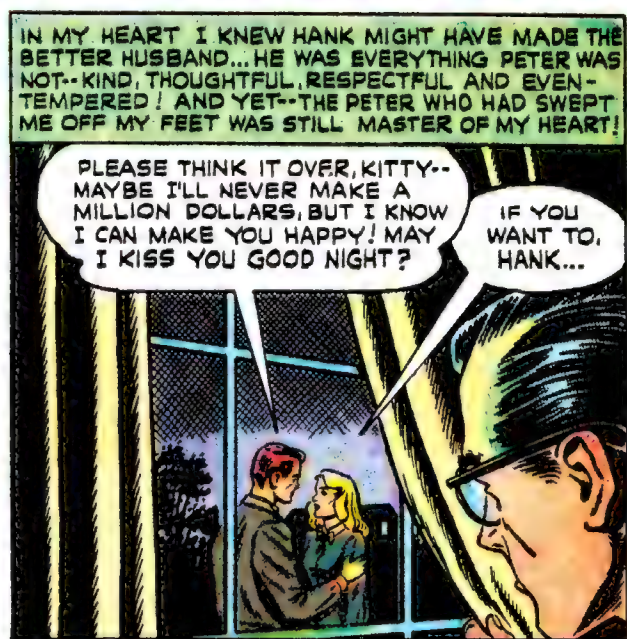
HE SIDED WITH THEM ALL THE WAY... HE WOULD HAVE POKED FUN AT ME, TOO, IF WE WEREN'T MARRIED! I THOUGHT CULTURED PEOPLE WERE TOO INTELLIGENT TO BE SNOBS, BUT I GUESS I WAS WRONG! I'VE BEEN WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING-- I WAS WRONG TO MARRY PETER, NO MATTER **HOW** MUCH I LOVED HIM...



THE NEXT FEW DAYS PASSED PAINFULLY! I READ AND REREAD PETER'S UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT...I COULDN'T SEE WHERE IT WAS BAD, SO I MAILED IT TO ANOTHER PUBLISHER FOR HIS OPINION! BUT NOTHING COULD FILL THE HOLE IN MY HEART, NOT EVEN HANK'S KINDNESS...

LOOK, KITTY, I KNOW SOMETHING'S COME BETWEEN YOU AND AGNEW--YOU'RE UNHAPPY BECAUSE THE TWO OF YOU HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON! BUT **WE** GREW UP TOGETHER... WE COULD BE VERY HAPPY! GET YOUR FREEDOM AND WE'LL LET BYGONES BE BYGONES...I STILL LOVE YOU!

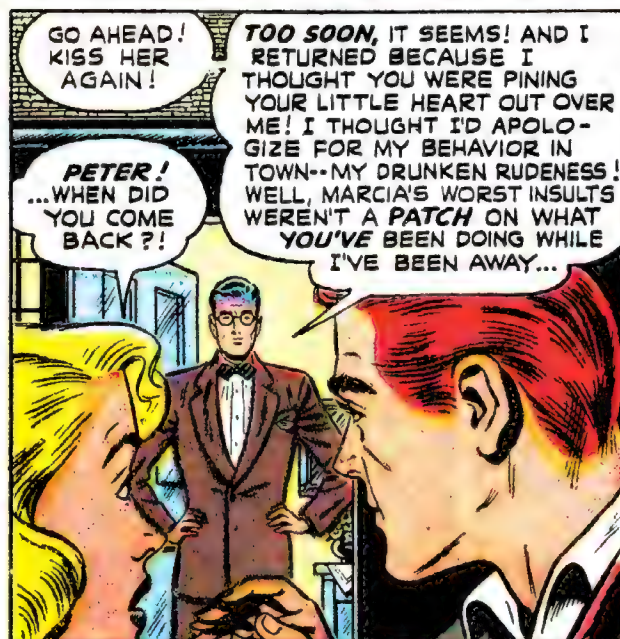
HANK, YOU'RE THE NICEST MAN I KNOW, BUT I CAN'T ANSWER YOU-- NOT YET, ANYWAY! I'M STILL ...WELL, IN LOVE WITH PETER, I GUESS!



IN MY HEART I KNEW HANK MIGHT HAVE MADE THE BETTER HUSBAND... HE WAS EVERYTHING PETER WAS NOT--KIND, THOUGHTFUL, RESPECTFUL AND EVEN-TEMPERED! AND YET--THE PETER WHO HAD SWEEPED ME OFF MY FEET WAS STILL MASTER OF MY HEART!

PLEASE THINK IT OVER, KITTY-- MAYBE I'LL NEVER MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS, BUT I KNOW I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY! MAY I KISS YOU GOOD NIGHT?

IF YOU WANT TO, HANK...



GO AHEAD! KISS HER AGAIN!

PETER! ...WHEN DID YOU COME BACK?!

TOO SOON, IT SEEMS! AND I RETURNED BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE PINING YOUR LITTLE HEART OUT OVER ME! I THOUGHT I'D APOLOGIZE FOR MY BEHAVIOR IN TOWN--MY DRUNKEN RUDENESS! WELL, MARCIA'S WORST INSULTS WEREN'T A **PATCH** ON WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY...



YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, AGNEW! THAT LITTLE GOOD NIGHT KISS MEANT NOTHING-- THERE'S BEEN NOTHING BETWEEN KITTY AND ME! SHE LOVES YOU...THOUGH HEAVEN KNOWS WHY! YOU'VE GIVEN HER A ROUGH ENOUGH TIME!

SURE! I BELIEVE A LOT OF THINGS NOW! I BELIEVE YOU AND I HAVE NO BUSINESS BEING MARRIED... YOU HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST SENSITIVITY OR REFINEMENT! NO **WONDER** YOU LIKED MY NOVEL--IT'S A COMPLETE REFLECTION OF YOUR CHARACTER...

THIS IS THE ONLY TIME I'VE SEEN HANK SINCE OUR MARRIAGE! YOU...MUST BELIEVE ME, PETER!

...STUPID, PRIMITIVE, **VULGAR!** NO WONDER THE BOOK'S A FAILURE! AND IT'S A GOOD THING I CAME BACK WHEN I DID--NOW I SEE YOU FOR THE DECEITFUL SIMPLETON YOU REALLY ARE! **GOOD BYE!**

WHY, YOU CRUMMY BOOKWORM! YOU CAN'T TALK TO KITTY LIKE THAT! I'LL...

NO, HANK! DON'T FIGHT WITH HIM... LET HIM GO...

WEEKS PASSED WHILE I WAITED FOR SOME WORD FROM PETER! THE NIGHTS AND DAYS WERE FULL OF MISERY AND TEARS... I WAS NUMB WITH DOUBT AND HURT! I GUESS I **WAS** A FOOL--IT SEEMS THE HARDER PETER KICKED ME, THE MORE MY HEART ACHED, THE MORE MY ARMS LONGED TO HOLD HIM!

OH, PETER, PETER... WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?!

HE MUST BE WITH MARCIA LAKE, LAUGHING ABOUT MY STUPIDITY... MY CRUDENESS! YES... WHEN I STRUCK MARCIA I DESTROYED MY FUTURE WITH PETER...

...AND HE MUST HAVE DESTROYED **PASTORALE!** HE MUST BE PLANNING ANOTHER NOVEL WITH MARCIA... SOMETHING BRILLIANT AND GLITTRY...

ABOUT A WEEK LATER, I WAS IN NICK'S RESTAURANT--NOT AS A CUSTOMER BUT AS AN APPLICANT FOR A JOB! MY MONEY HAD RUN OUT! AND NICK, THE BELLIGERENT DARLING, BAWLED ME OUT FOR EVER QUITTING, BUT SAID HE'D TAKE ME BACK! SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR FIGURE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY...

PETER!

DON'T WORRY, KITTY! ONE KNOCK OF THIS BROOM AGAINST HIS NASTY HEAD WILL SEND HIM BACK INTO THE HOLE HE CRAWLED OUT OF!

BEAT IT, YOU HEEL! NOBODY WANTS YOU HERE!

I DON'T BLAME YOU! A HEEL IS UNWELCOME EVERYWHERE...AND I **AM** A HEEL!

I RECEIVED A LETTER YESTERDAY FROM ANOTHER PUBLISHER! IT SEEMS MY WIFE SENT HIM A COPY OF MY UNFINISHED MANUSCRIPT! THIS PUBLISHER THINKS THAT THIS LITTLE PASTORAL ROMANCE--WHICH MY WIFE HAD SO MUCH ADMIRER, WHICH HAD BEEN LAUGHED AT BY PERSONS I THOUGHT WERE CONNOISSEURS--IS THE FINEST SHORT NOVEL HE'S EVER READ, AND HE'D LIKE TO **PUBLISH** IT!

TERRIFIC! SO YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER PRIZE NOVEL! IS THAT ALL YOU CAME HERE TO TELL US?

NO, I CAME HERE TO TELL KITTY THAT I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT A HEEL I'VE BEEN, WHAT PHONIES I AND MY SO-CALLED FRIENDS WERE! I HAD NO FAITH IN THE HUMAN HEART! I WORSHIPPED ONLY THE MIND, WHEN THE GREATEST TREASURES IN LIFE COME FROM EMOTION, FROM HONESTY AND SIMPLICITY! KITTY, I COMMITTED THE SIN OF INTELLECTUAL ARROGANCE! CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

I CAN FORGIVE YOU ANYTHING, PETER! ANYTHING... BECAUSE I LOVE YOU!

AND I LOVE YOU! I'LL SPEND MY ENTIRE LIFE PROVING IT TO YOU, KITTY!

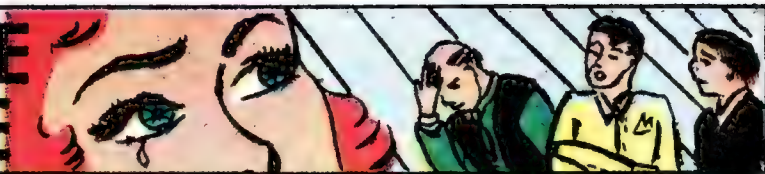
OH, MY DARLING, KISS ME! KISS ME!

YES, I WAS A SIMPLE, INNOCENT FOOL, BUT PETER WAS WORTH BEING FOOLISH ABOUT! HE HAS A GREAT FUTURE AHEAD OF HIM, AND I'M PART OF IT! MY FAITH IN HIM--MY FEMALE INSTINCT TO HOLD ON TO THE THING I LOVED--WON OUT IN THE END!

KITTY, I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! I'M SO LUCKY YOU MADE ME UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S THE **HEART** THAT COUNTS--NOT THE MIND!

EVERYTHING COUNTS, DARLING, BUT NOTHING SO MUCH AS BEING IN LOVE!

A CHANCE FOR LOVE



MAYBE I sound too callous, but I've never loved my brother, Mike. I knew as far back as when I was a child that Mike would never bring anything except unhappiness to everyone his life touched. He was older than I, and our parents had doted on him and had spoiled him from his crib days until he was a man. Perhaps I'm being unfair in placing the blame on Mike's shoulders entirely—perhaps I should, also, blame my parents for being so extravagant with their love.

Mike had been in and out of trouble for years, but my parents managed to keep him out of jail and pay his bail. It wasn't always easy to scrimp enough money together to pay the bail, but Mom would come to me with those big, beautiful brown eyes of hers and ask me to "lend" her money that she knew I saved from the small salary I received from working at Duff's book store. I had been saving that money for years to pay for my night classes at the university, but I could never resist her pleading eyes. Mike made the mistakes and I paid for them—that's the way it has always been.

When Chris Dell walked into the book store and into my life, I was so fed up with my home life and brother, Mike, that I was determined to hide all that background as if it never did exist. I didn't want Chris to know my troubles.

I had awoken early one morning with a strange feeling that something important would happen to me before the day was

over . . . and when I heard the tinkling of the bell and watched Chris come into the bookshop, I knew that my premonition had been right.

This had not been my first meeting with Chris; I had seen him several times at the university where he taught ancient history, and I had thought him handsome. We had never spoken, but he had tipped his hat to me one day when I met him leaving class. I could barely keep my hands from shaking when he walked into the store, and when he smiled in recognition, I felt that my life might have a chance for happiness.

After that first day, Chris Dell came frequently to browse through the books and to talk to me. Sometimes he came late and waited until I had finished with my work and then we'd have a late dinner.

I never spoke of my family to Chris, although he asked me about them many times. I told him that my parents were strict with me, and that I was waiting for the proper time to introduce him. It was a flimsy lie, but why should Chris harm his fine reputation by meeting Mike.

Late one night after a date with Chris, I walked into the living room to find Mother and Dad and Mike waiting for me. The three of them looked as if they had been quarreling, and I knew that something terrible had happened.

I didn't even bother to take off my coat when I asked, "What kind of trouble are you in now?"

No one said anything for a

moment, and then Mike spoke up haughtily, "I needed some money so I took it."

"From where?" I asked, dryly.

"From Duff's."

I sank down into a chair. Mother and Dad just sat there with their eyes filled with shame and embarrassment. This is my family, I said to myself. This is what I'm asking Chris to accept.

"Why did you steal from Duff's?" I asked, dully.

"I was gambling and I needed money quick. It was the only place where I knew my way around," he said. "What's the dif?"

When I told him that he should give himself up, he laughed, and with that laugh ringing in my ears, I went to my room and lay down on the bed. I knew tomorrow would be a hectic day, because I would be the one to report the burglary.

Over a hundred dollars had been taken from the book store, and when the police arrived to investigate our loss, I overheard them say that it had been a "mighty slick operation." Our safe had been built in the wall, and it wouldn't be easy for a common thief to discover it.

When I walked out of the store that day, I felt that it would be only a matter of hours before they would knock on our door asking for Mike. He had a criminal record—they couldn't miss him.

Chris took me to lunch from the store, and he was particularly attentive. His behavior just emphasized the fact that he shouldn't be mixed up in the

scandal that was destined to come. Wasn't it enough that I had to be a part of it?

"I realize that this isn't the place to ask important questions," Chris said, indicating with his hand the small restaurant in which we were waiting for our coffee. "But Kay darling, I wonder if you'd be willing to be a professor's wife?"

I had been building up my resistance to this question for weeks, but even then it was difficult for me to say no. I had fallen in love with Chris, and I wanted to marry him more than anything else in the world.

"It's the nicest compliment I've ever had, Chris," I said, softly, "but the answer is no. I can't marry you."

He looked startled for a moment and then hurt. It was painful for me to see his expression, but I kept my face straight and held back the tears I felt in my eyes.

"I don't understand why . . ."

"Don't try to understand," I interrupted. "Let's just say good-bye and leave it at that."

I tried to keep smiling as I grabbed my coat and rushed out of the restaurant. The only consolation that I had as I headed toward home was the fact that I was sure that I had taken the right course. I had saved Chris from the frustration his life would have been married to me.

When I arrived home, Mom told me that Chris had called and she liked the sound of his voice. I told her if he called again, tell him that I wasn't there.

"Why do that, Kay?" she asked, innocently. "You're in love with him, aren't you?"

"Of course I am," I sighed. "But what right have I to introduce him to a family that harbors a criminal?"

She looked hurt and I mentally kicked myself for my outburst. I knew Mom was suffering for her past. She was well

aware that she had unwisely given Mike everything he wanted—one way or another—and that he had become accustomed to having what he wanted . . . even if he had to steal for it.

When Mom told me that she'd taken money out of my savings, I shook my head in resignation. I knew that Mike needed money to leave town, and as usual I would be the likely one to pay for his sins. I planned to quit my job the following day and leave town for awhile myself. Perhaps Mike was right in running away from life instead of facing it and tak-



ing the bitter medicine.

The next day I decided to take a long bus ride. I didn't come home until late that night, and when I opened the door, I found Mom and Dad waiting for me.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

"I talked to your friend, Chris Dell today," she said. "He's a nice young man."

"So?"

"So he told me how he feels about you," she said, "and I told him all about us."

"You mean about Mike, too?" I asked.

"He knows everything. I felt it was only fair."

All of my well-laid plans blew up in my face with the knowledge that Chris knew about Mike.

"And Kay," she said, "I also called the police. I told them where they could find Mike."

Mom went on to tell me that Chris had convinced her that it was the right thing to do under the circumstances, and perhaps, if she and Dad told the judge the entire story and requested him to place Mike in their custody, after they paid back the book store the money, he might be lenient. Dear Chris had convinced them of something I've been trying for years to get across.

When Chris called me again late that night, I hurried to the phone. Whether he still wanted to marry me or not, I didn't dare hope, but I felt that he deserved a "thank you."

"Thank you, Chris," I said into the phone. "Thanks for helping us the way you did."

"What do you mean by a formal 'thank you,'" he said. "I did it because I'm in love with you."

"Still?" I asked. "After all of this?"

"Look, Kay," he said, "I'm no child. You surely didn't expect me to walk out on you just because your brother got on the wrong side of the tracks, did you?"

"But your reputation," I protested.

"My reputation is made of firmer stuff," he said. "And, anyway, when I introduce you as Mrs. Christopher Dell, they can judge for themselves what kind of gal I've married."

When I finally put the receiver on the hook, I felt a freedom and happiness that I'd never felt before. At last I was free from paying Mike's debt. Now I had one to pay of my own!

THE END 7246

HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, DEAR... HE'S LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!
I'M DOING THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD... REMEMBER,

MOTHER KNOWS BEST!



YES... THE *BEST* WAY TO BREAK MY HEART! PLEASE, MOTHER, DON'T CHASE HIM AWAY AS YOU'VE CHASED AWAY ALL THE OTHERS! PLEASE DON'T RUIN MY ONE LAST CHANCE FOR HAPPINESS!

7268

MOTHER WAS ALL THE FAMILY I HAD EVER KNOWN! DAD PASSED AWAY WHEN I WAS JUST A BABY AND THAT DREW MOM AND ME CLOSER TOGETHER. I GREW UP HAPPILY UNDER HER LOVING CARE... BUT EVEN THOUGH I WAS A YOUNG LADY, SHE STILL TREATED ME LIKE A CHILD...

MOTHER HAD ALWAYS LAVISHED LOADS OF AFFECTION ON ME... IT SEEMED THAT SHE WAS TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR THE LACK OF A FATHER AND BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN MY LIFE! SHE DIDN'T SPOIL ME, BUT I WAS SMOTHERED WITH HER LOVE... AND SOMETIMES IT WAS MORE THAN I COULD BEAR!

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF ON THE PICNIC, DEAR... YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE YOU TO BE OUT OF MY SIGHT! I WORRY ABOUT YOU SO!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO, MOM... I'M A BIG GIRL NOW AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. GOOD-BYE DARLING, THE GANG IS WAITING!

DON'T FORGET, MARGOT... YOUR MOTHER LOVES YOU VERY MUCH AND SHE WANTS TO DO WHAT'S BEST AND WISEST FOR YOU! NOW HAVE A GOOD TIME.

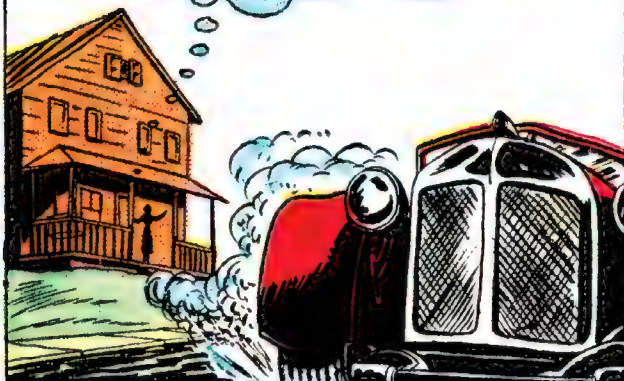
OH, MOTHER, ...PLEASE!

HI, MARG!



AS WE CHUGGED AWAY IN PETE'S CONVERTIBLE I LOOKED BACK AND SAW MOTHER LOOKING AFTER US! AND I KNEW WHAT SHE WAS THINKING AS WELL AS IF I COULD READ HER MOST SECRET MIND...

I'VE BROUGHT YOU UP CAREFULLY, MARGOT--SEE THAT YOU ARE CAREFUL TOO! ESPECIALLY WITH YOUR LOVE, AND WITH THE ONE YOU CHOSE FOR YOUR HUSBAND, MY DEAR... FOR THERE ARE VERY FEW WHO ARE WORTHY OF SUCH AS YOU!



I FEARED MOTHER'S OVER-BEARING SOLICITUDE FOR ME! I KNEW HER ATTITUDE AND WAS AFRAID OF THE CLASH THAT WOULD SOON TAKE PLACE BETWEEN US... A CLASH THAT WAS INEVITABLE... ONE THAT I DREADED WITH ALL MY SOUL... BUT KNEW HAD TO HAPPEN BEFORE I COULD DISCOVER MY OWN PEACE AND HAPPINESS!

HEY! SNAP OUT OF IT, DREAM BOAT! WHY THE DEEP BROWN STUDY? THIS IS A PICNIC WE'RE GOING ON, REMEMBER?

OH, SORRY, JIMMY! I GUESS I WAS IN A MOOD -- BUT I'M OUT OF IT NOW! CARRY ON KIDS! LET THE DAY RING WITH OUR GAY LAUGHTER!



JIMMY YORK WAS JUST ONE OF THE GANG, A PLEASANT, HAPPY, GO-LOUCKY FELLOW, AND FUN TO DATE! WE OFTEN DOUBLE-DATED WITH ANOTHER YOUNG COUPLE STEVE AND CORA, WHO WERE VERY MUCH IN LOVE... AND ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED SOON!

LET'S TAKE A WALK, JIMMY, WE DON'T BELONG HERE WITH THESE LOVEBIRDS!

UTTERLY DELIGHTED LOVELY ONE! I COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED THIS BETTER MYSELF...I WAS LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO GET YOU TO MYSELF!



I HAD NEVER TAKEN JIMMY SERIOUSLY BEFORE! MAYBE IT WAS THE ENCHANTMENT OF THAT WONDERFUL SUMMER DAY...PERHAPS THE CHARM OF STEVE AND CORA'S LOVE WAS SPREADING ITS MAGIC...WHATEVER IT WAS I FOUND MYSELF IN JIMMY'S ARMS, EAGER FOR THE TOUCH OF HIS LIPS ON MINE.

MARGOT! YOU'RE...SO BEAUTIFUL... YOU MAKE MY HEAD SPIN... I NEVER KNEW I COULD FEEL THIS WAY ABOUT ANYONE!

I'M VERY FOND OF YOU, JIMMY... BUT DO YOU THINK THIS IS LOVE...REAL LOVE, LIKE STEVE AND CORA FEEL?



ALTHOUGH THE NEARNESS OF EACH OTHER MADE OUR HEARTS BEAT LIKE TRIPHAMMERS, WE KEPT OUR HEADS! WE WERE YOUNG... BUT WEREN'T FOOLISH! WE TALKED IT ALL OUT CAREFULLY, TRYING TO DECIDE WHAT WOULD BE THE SENSIBLE THING TO DO...

I DON'T HONESTLY KNOW, DARLING BUT WE WON'T RUSH INTO ANYTHING...WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO MAKE SURE! MEANWHILE...

MEANWHILE IT'S EXCITING AND BEAUTIFUL, JIMMY! OH, I DO HOPE IT'S THE REAL THING!



THEN I WAS IN A CLOUD TRANSPORTED TO A REALM BEYOND THE FARTHEST DREAM--OUT WHERE THERE WAS NOTHING EXCEPT JIMMY'S KISS-- AND MY DREAM OF LOVE!

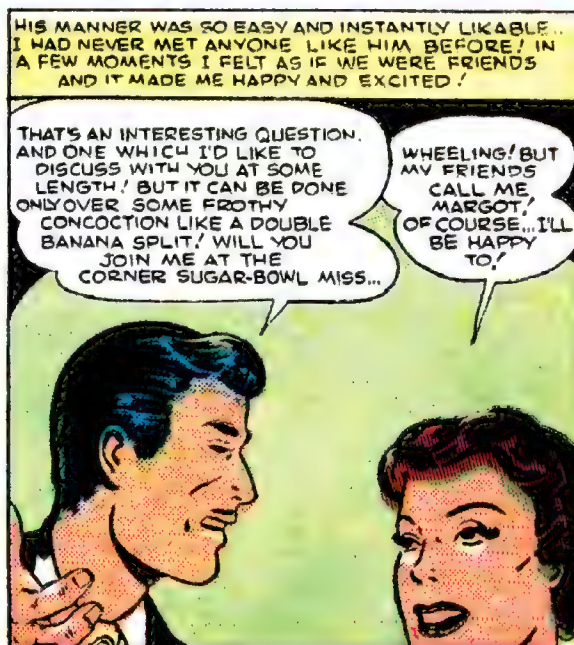
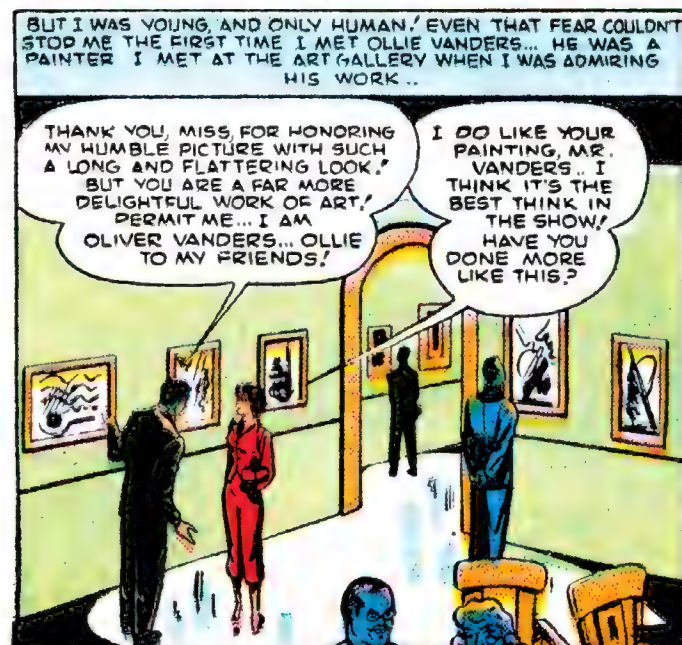
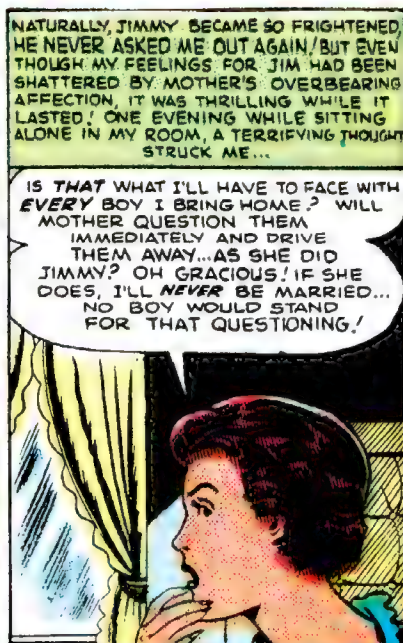


WHEN I GOT HOME THAT EVENING, MY FACE WAS FLUSHED WITH MY NEW-FOUND EXCITEMENT! JIMMY ESCORTED ME TO THE DOOR CLASPING MY HAND TIGHTLY... WE WERE JUST STANDING THERE, LOOKING INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, WHEN...

WHAT IS THIS? HAVE YOU NO SHAME? MY DAUGHTER MAKING AN EXHIBITION OF HERSELF THAT WAY! COME INSIDE, BOTH OF YOU!

MOTHER! IT'S NOT...

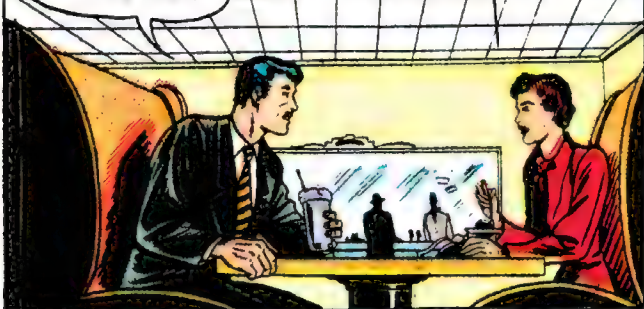




WE SPENT A GAY AND WONDERFUL AFTERNOON TOGETHER TALKING, GETTING ACQUAINTED. I KNEW I WANTED TO SEE MORE OF OLLIE, BUT I SHIVERED INWARDLY WHEN HE SAID...

I HOPE I HAVEN'T BORED YOU TOO MUCH ALL AFTERNOON, MARGOT! YOU SEE, I'VE TWO TICKETS TO A GOOD PLAY TONIGHT THAT I'M GOING TO TEAR UP UNLESS YOU GO WITH ME! HOW ABOUT IT? I COULD PICK YOU UP AT SEVEN! I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR FAMILY... IF THEY'RE ANYTHING LIKE YOU!

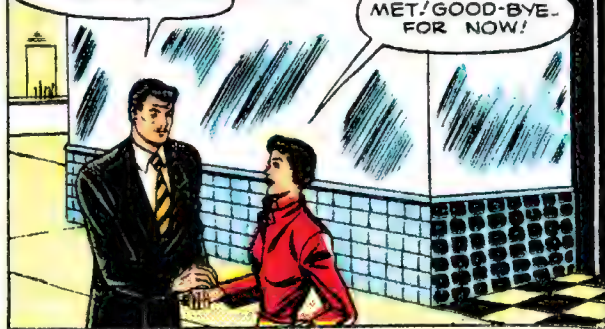
NO! OH...ER. I MEAN, THERE'S ONLY MY MOTHER! BUT YOU HAVEN'T BORED ME A BIT, OLLIE... I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU!



WHEN WE SAID GOOD-BYE, HE MERELY SQUEEZED MY HAND... OH, SO TIGHTLY... AND WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER! AND IN THAT LOOK THERE WAS THE PROMISE OF HAPPINESS TO COME... OF A FRIENDSHIP THAT COULD VERY EASILY BLOSSOM INTO LOVE, IF MY MOTHER WOULD LET IT! SUDDENLY I WAS NO LONGER AFRAID! JIMMY HAD BEEN A BOY... OLLIE WAS A MAN... SOPHISTICATED, WISE! HE WOULD KNOW HOW TO HANDLE MOTHER... HE WOULDN'T LET MOTHER STOP HIM!

I'LL CALL FOR YOU TONIGHT, MARGOT! AND THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW YOU-- YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

OLLIE, I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW GLAD I AM THAT WE MET! GOOD-BYE-- FOR NOW!



MOTHER WASN'T HOME WHEN I GOT THERE! I HAD A HASTY SUPPER, ALONE AND PREPARED MYSELF FOR THE EVENING, HOPING THAT SHE WOULDN'T SHOW UP BEFORE OLLIE CAME. SO THAT THE THING I DREADED COULD BE POSTPONED, AT LEAST UNTIL OLLIE AND I GOT TO KNOW EACH OTHER A LITTLE BETTER! BUT SHORTLY BEFORE SEVEN SHE DID COME HOME...

DARLING, YOU LOOK BREATH-TAKING! ARE YOU GOING OUT TONIGHT?

YES, MOTHER-- WITH OLLIE VANDERS. AN ARTIST I MET THIS AFTERNOON... HE'S A VERY NICE PERSON AND I THINK A LOT OF HIM... I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO DRIVE HIM AWAY... AS JIMMY WAS! MOTHER, PLEASE! I ONLY MET HIM TODAY AND...



THE BELL RANG JUST THEN! IT WAS OLLIE, HANDSOME AND CHARMING! I HOPED AGAINST HOPE THAT MOTHER WOULDN'T START ASKING QUESTIONS WHEN I INTRODUCED THEM...

CHARMED MRS. WHEELING! I SEE NOW WHERE MARGOT GETS HER BEAUTY!

THANK YOU, OLLIE! YOU'RE AN ARTIST, I UNDERSTAND... THERE ARE ARTISTS... AND ARTISTS... SOME MAKE GOOD HUSBANDS, SOME ARE TOO ECCENTRIC TO MAKE A WIFE HAPPY!



THERE IT WAS! I COULD SEE A CLOUD COME OVER OLLIE'S FACE, A PUZZLED, FRIGHTENED LOOK CAME INTO HIS EYES! I HELD MY BREATH, PRAYING THAT NOT TOO MUCH DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE!

WHY... A WIFE? NO, MA'AM, I GUESS NOT! BUT I DON'T INTEND TO...

THEN WHY DO YOU WASTE MY DAUGHTER'S TIME, YOUNG MAN? WHAT'S THE PURPOSE? JUST A DATE OR TWO... THEN IT'S OVER? TELL ME, ARE THOSE YOUR INTENTIONS?



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT MY INTENTIONS ARE MRS. WHEELING-- TO GET OUT OF HERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE! WHAT IS THIS-- AN INQUISITION? SO LONG, MARGOT! IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU... EVEN IF IT WAS FOR ONLY A LITTLE WHILE!

GOOD-BYE, MR. VANDERS!

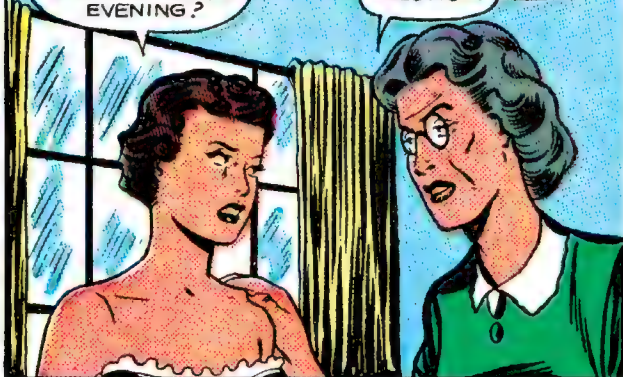
MOTHER! HOW COULD YOU!



ANOTHER MAN WAS GONE FROM MY LIFE FOREVER. ANOTHER CHANCE AT ROMANCE DESTROYED. IN THAT MISERABLE MOMENT I CAME VERY CLOSE TO HATING MY MOTHER. I HAD TO EXERCISE STRONG CONTROL TO SPEAK TO HER AS CALMLY AS I DID...

WELL? ARE YOU SATISFIED? IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT? DOES IT MAKE YOU HAPPY TO SEE ME HUMILIATED -- TO HAVE ME DATELESS EVENING AFTER EVENING?

DEAR, HE WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! I LOVE YOU AND I KNOW WHAT'S BEST! WHEN THE RIGHT ONE COMES ALONG...



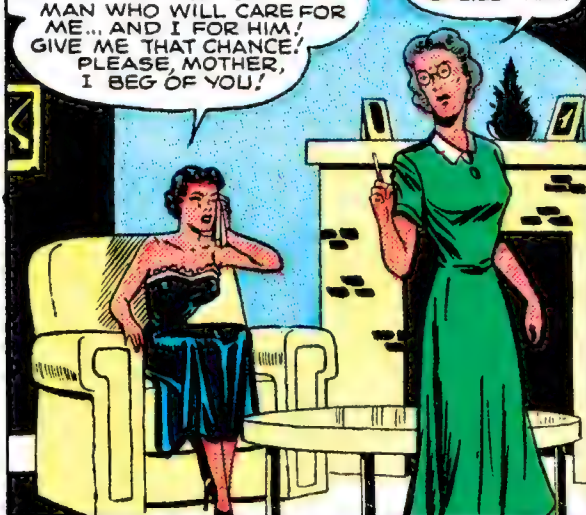
THE **RIGHT ONE**! MAYBE JIMMY WAS THE RIGHT ONE! MAYBE OLLIE WAS! HOW DO I KNOW? HOW WILL I EVER KNOW? YOU'VE FRIGHTENED THEM... INSULTED THEM... SCARED THEM AWAY! AND YOU SAY THEY'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! IT'S I WHO WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM -- WITH A MOTHER SUCH AS YOU!

MARGOT... BABY!



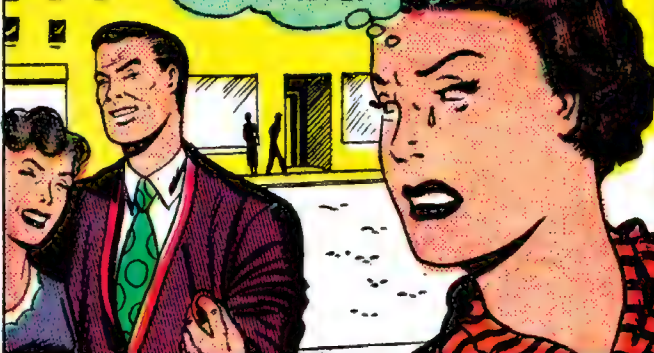
LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M NOT A BABY! I'M A GROWN WOMAN, DO YOU HEAR? A GROWN WOMAN! AND I WANT WHAT EVERY WOMAN HAS A RIGHT TO EXPECT... A CHANCE AT LOVE... A CHANCE TO FIND A MAN WHO WILL CARE FOR ME... AND I FOR HIM! GIVE ME THAT CHANCE, PLEASE, MOTHER, I BEG OF YOU!

MOTHER STILL KNOWS BEST, DEAR -- SOMEDAY YOU WILL REALIZE THAT!



THE ONLY THING I REALIZED WAS THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO BRING ANY BOY HOME AGAIN -- MOTHER WOULD ONLY DRIVE HIM AWAY! WEEKS PASSED BY -- WEEKS WHICH WERE LONELY... FOR THE WORD HAD GOTTEN AROUND AMONG THE BOYS IN MY CROWD ABOUT MOTHER! I WAS POISON AS FAR AS THEY WERE CONCERNED. NOW I HAD NO ONE TO BRING HOME, EVEN IF I WANTED TO!

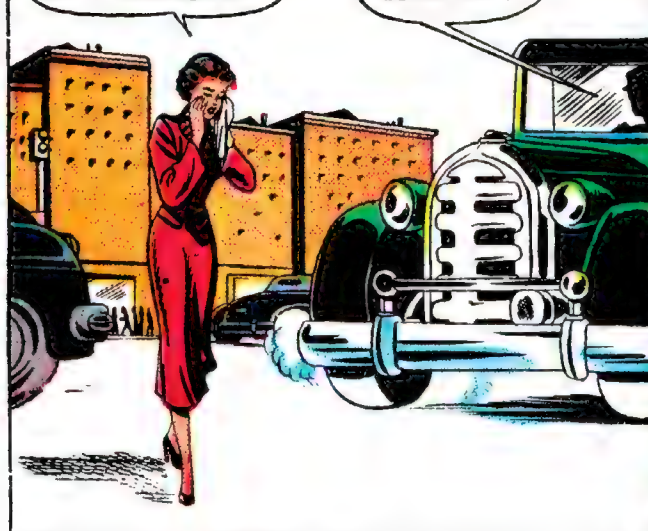
WHY CAN'T I BE LIKE THEM? WHY CAN'T I HAVE CAREFREE FUN, TOO? I GUESS I NEVER WILL -- NOT WHILE MOTHER LOVES ME SO MUCH THAT SHE'S RUINING MY LIFE!



I TURNED AWAY FROM THE GAY SCENE, MY EYES BLINDED WITH TEARS OF LONGING AND REGRET! THEN...

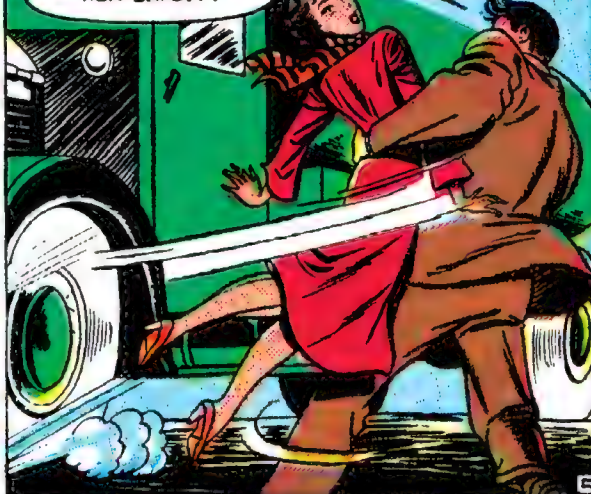
I'M MISERABLE... OH, SO MISERABLE...

HEY, GIRLIE! LOOK OUT!



IT ALL HAPPENED IN AN INSTANT! A STRONG ARM WAS AROUND ME, SWEEPING ME OUT OF THE WAY OF THE HUGE TRUCK!

EASY, MISS! A GAL AS PRETTY AS YOU OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT HER SAFETY!



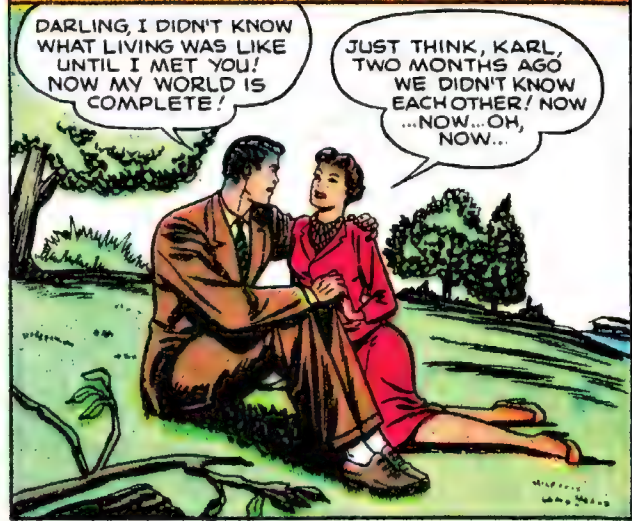
THAT'S HOW I MET KARL WESTMORE! IT WAS AS BREATH-TAKING AN INTRODUCTION AS ANY ONE EVER HAD! JIMMY HAD BEEN EXCITING, OLLIE HAD BEEN CHARMING, BUT FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I LOOKED INTO KARL'S EYES, I KNEW THAT HE WAS THE ONE. THE RIGHT ONE. THE ONLY ONE!



YOU'RE A LITTLE SHAKEN UP. AS A MATTER OF FACT SO AM I! SHALL WE GO IN HERE AND SETTLE OUR JANGLED NERVES WITH SOME HOT COFFEE?

YES I... THINK I'D LIKE TO THANKS! I GUESS I WASN'T LOOKING WHERE I WAS GOING!

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING... I SAW KARL MANY TIMES AFTER THAT AND WITH HIM I FOUND THE PEACE AND CONTENTMENT THAT COMES ONLY WHEN THE RIGHT GIRL IS WITH THE RIGHT BOY! WITH HIM I HAD THE DREAM OF WHAT COULD BE... IF MOTHER WOULD ONLY LET US ALONE!



DARLING, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT LIVING WAS LIKE UNTIL I MET YOU! NOW MY WORLD IS COMPLETE!

JUST THINK, KARL, TWO MONTHS AGO WE DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER! NOW... NOW... OH, NOW...

HE STOPPED MY WORDS WITH HIS KISS... AND WHILE WRAPPED IN BLISS I FORGOT FOR A MOMENT THE LURKING FEAR THAT I COULD LOSE HIM, TOO! BUT ONE THING I KNEW FOR SURE... IF KARL WAS LOST TO ME I DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE!



I KEPT MEETING KARL AWAY FROM HOME... I TRIED IN EVERY WAY TO PREVENT HIM FROM MEETING MOTHER, BUT IT COULDN'T KEEP UP FOREVER!



SWEETHEART, THERE'S A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION I WANT TO ASK YOU! BUT BEFORE I DO, I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR MOTHER... I WANT TO KNOW WHETHER SHE'D APPROVE OF ME!

NO, I'M OLD ENOUGH TO GIVE MY OWN CONSENT, KARL... YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK MOTHER! ASK ME, DARLING... I'LL GIVE YOU THE RIGHT ANSWER!

MARGOT, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD! I KNOW THAT YOU'D SAY YES AND WE COULD GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY... BUT LET'S DO THIS THE PROPER WAY... WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE! I KNOW YOUR MOTHER WOULD WANT TO MEET THE MAN WHO'S GOING TO BECOME HER SON-IN-LAW!



YOU... YOU CAN'T MEET HER... I DON'T WANT YOU TO!

WHAT I SAID HIT KARL WITH THE SHOCK OF LIGHTNING! BUT I WAS DETERMINED THAT, IF I HAD TO LOSE HIM, TOO, IT WOULDN'T BE BECAUSE OF MOTHER THIS TIME! I WOULD SPARE MYSELF THAT HUMILIATION, AT LEAST--SO I PROVE HIM AWAY MYSELF!



IN FACT, KARL, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU ANY MORE! IT'S BEEN FUN AND ALL THAT, BUT IT'S OVER NOW! PLAYING AT LOVE WAS ALL RIGHT--FOR A WHILE! BUT I'M... I'M TIRED OF YOU! GOOD-BYE!

MARGOT! WHAT IS THIS? YOU MUST BE KIDDING-- I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

OH, HOW I LONGED TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH... THAT I **DID** LOVE HIM **DEARLY!** BUT WHAT WOULD BE THE USE? HE INSISTED ON MEETING MOTHER... THEN HE, TOO, WOULD BE DRIVEN AWAY LIKE THE OTHERS! IT WAS BETTER THIS WAY, I REASONED, SO I SAID GOOD-BYE TO LOVE FOREVER, LOCKED MY HEART AWAY WHERE IT COULD NEVER AGAIN KNOW THE BRIGHT, HAPPY GLITTER OF ROMANCE!

MARGOT! WHAT IS IT, DEAR? YOU LOOK TERRIBLY UPSET!

IT'S NOTHING, MOTHER, NOTHING THAT YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND... I'M GOING TO MY ROOM AND... PLEASE... I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED! I WANT TO BE ALONE!

I CRIED MY HEART OUT BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR! HOW WOULD I EVER AGAIN GET A CHANCE TO MEET ONE SUCH AS KARL? THE FUTURE WAS BLACK... IT HELD NOTHING FOR ME! THEN THE DOOR-BELL RANG AND MY HEART BEAT LIKE A TRIPHAMMER WHEN I HEARD...

MRS. WHEELING? I'M KARL WESTMORE-- IS MARGOT AT HOME?

WHY, YES, BUT SHE ASKED NOT TO BE DISTURBED!

KARL! IT'S YOU! OH, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME? GO! PLEASE GO, MY DEAR, BEFORE YOU HATE ME AS THE OTHERS DID!

I LONGED TO SEE HIM ONCE MORE FOR I KNEW IT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME! WHEN MOTHER GOT THROUGH WITH HIM, HE'D NEVER COME BACK! I PEEKED OUT... JUST WHEN MOTHER STARTED ON HIM!

I GATHER YOU LIKE MY DAUGHTER, MR. WESTMORE! BUT AFTER ALL, AS HER MOTHER, I'D LIKE TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOUR INTENTIONS TOWARD HER ARE!

YOU CERTAINLY MAY, MRS. WHEELING! I'M NOT EARNING TOO MUCH NOW, BUT WE CAN MANAGE ALL RIGHT... THAT IS, IF SHE'LL HAVE ME!

SOMETHING WAS WRONG... I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS... THIS WASN'T GOING ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE! AT THIS POINT HE WAS SUPPOSED TO STORM OUT, SCARED! INSTEAD HE SMILED POLITELY, WAITING FOR MOTHER'S NEXT QUESTION...

HMM... I SEE! AND EXACTLY WHAT SORT OF WORK IS IT YOU DO?

I'M A CIVIL ENGINEER! IT'S NOT AN EASY LIFE... I'M LEAVING FOR MEXICO NEXT MONTH... A WIFE OF MINE WOULD HAVE TO ROUGH IT, I'M AFRAID! ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, MRS. WHEELING?

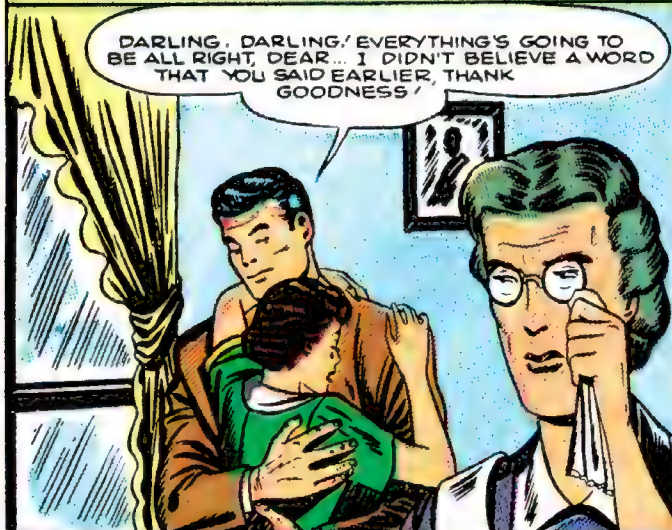
NOW HE WAS CERTAINLY FINISHED... MOTHER WOULD NEVER PERMIT HER OVERLOVED DAUGHTER TO LEAD THE DIFFICULT LIFE OF A CIVIL ENGINEER'S WIFE IN MEXICO! NOW SHE SURELY WOULD SEND HIM SCURRYING FOR THE FRONT DOOR, BUT...

NO MORE QUESTIONS, MY BOY! WAIT! I'LL CALL MARGOT!

!?

MARGOT! HE'S THE ONE, DEAR-- THE **RIGHT** ONE!

THE NEXT INSTANT I WAS IN KARL'S ARMS, SOBBING... TEARS OF ECSTASY! I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT THIS WAS HAPPENING TO ME. AT LAST I HAD FOUND SOMEONE WHO WASN'T AFRAID OF MOTHER... WHO COULD STAND HIS GROUND UNDER HER BARRAGE OF QUESTIONS...



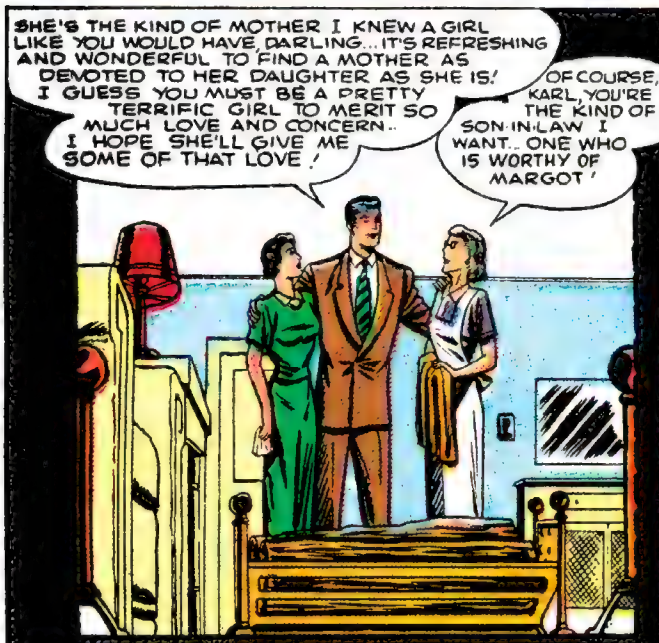
DARLING, DARLING! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, DEAR... I DIDN'T BELIEVE A WORD THAT YOU SAID EARLIER, THANK GOODNESS!



BUT MOTHER'S QUESTIONS? DIDN'T THEY FRIGHTEN YOU?

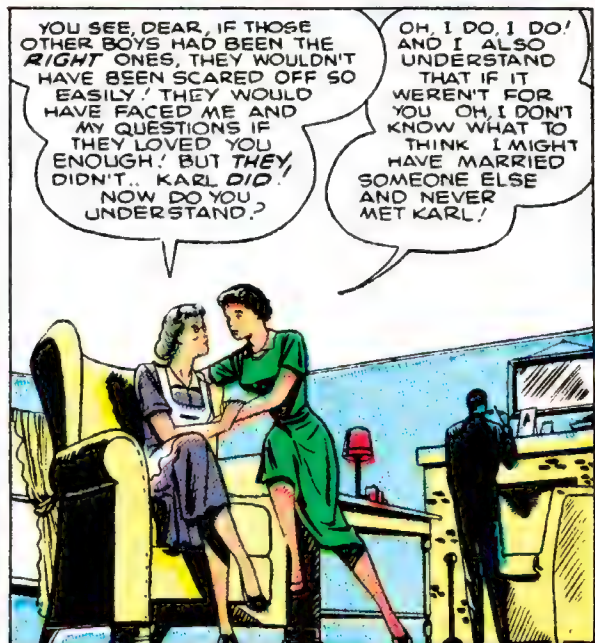
WHY SHOULD THEY? MARGOT, I LIKE YOUR MOTHER. IT'S TOO BAD THERE AREN'T MORE LIKE HER!

THANK YOU, KARL. I'M GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND.



SHE'S THE KIND OF MOTHER I KNEW A GIRL LIKE YOU WOULD HAVE, DARLING... IT'S REFRESHING AND WONDERFUL TO FIND A MOTHER AS DEVOTED TO HER DAUGHTER AS SHE IS! I GUESS YOU MUST BE A PRETTY TERRIFIC GIRL TO MERIT SO MUCH LOVE AND CONCERN... I HOPE SHE'LL GIVE ME SOME OF THAT LOVE!

OF COURSE, KARL, YOU'RE THE KIND OF SON-IN-LAW I WANT... ONE WHO IS WORTHY OF MARGOT!



YOU SEE, DEAR, IF THOSE OTHER BOYS HAD BEEN THE RIGHT ONES, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SCARED OFF SO EASILY! THEY WOULD HAVE FACED ME AND MY QUESTIONS IF THEY LOVED YOU ENOUGH! BUT THEY DIDN'T... KARL DID! NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

OH, I DO, I DO! AND I ALSO UNDERSTAND THAT IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU OH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE MARRIED SOMEONE ELSE AND NEVER MET KARL!



SPEAKING OF MARRIAGE I HAVEN'T ASKED YOU YET, DARLING! YOUR MOTHER APPROVES... HOW ABOUT YOU?

THE ANSWER IS ON THE TIP OF MY LIPS, DEAREST!



YOU SEE, MOTHER DOES KNOW BEST!

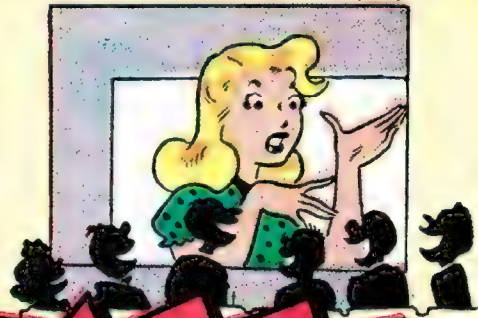
AND SO I FOUND MY LOVE... MY ONLY LOVE... MY RIGHT LOVE! THIS IS WHAT MOTHER WANTED FOR ME... HER AFFECTION WAS LOYAL AND UNSELFISH, BASED ONLY ON A WISH FOR MY TRUE HAPPINESS! AND I FOUND IT... WITH KARL!

The End

**YOU HOWL
AT HER ON THE
RADIO!**



**YOU LOVE
HER IN THE
MOVIES!**



**AND
NOW**

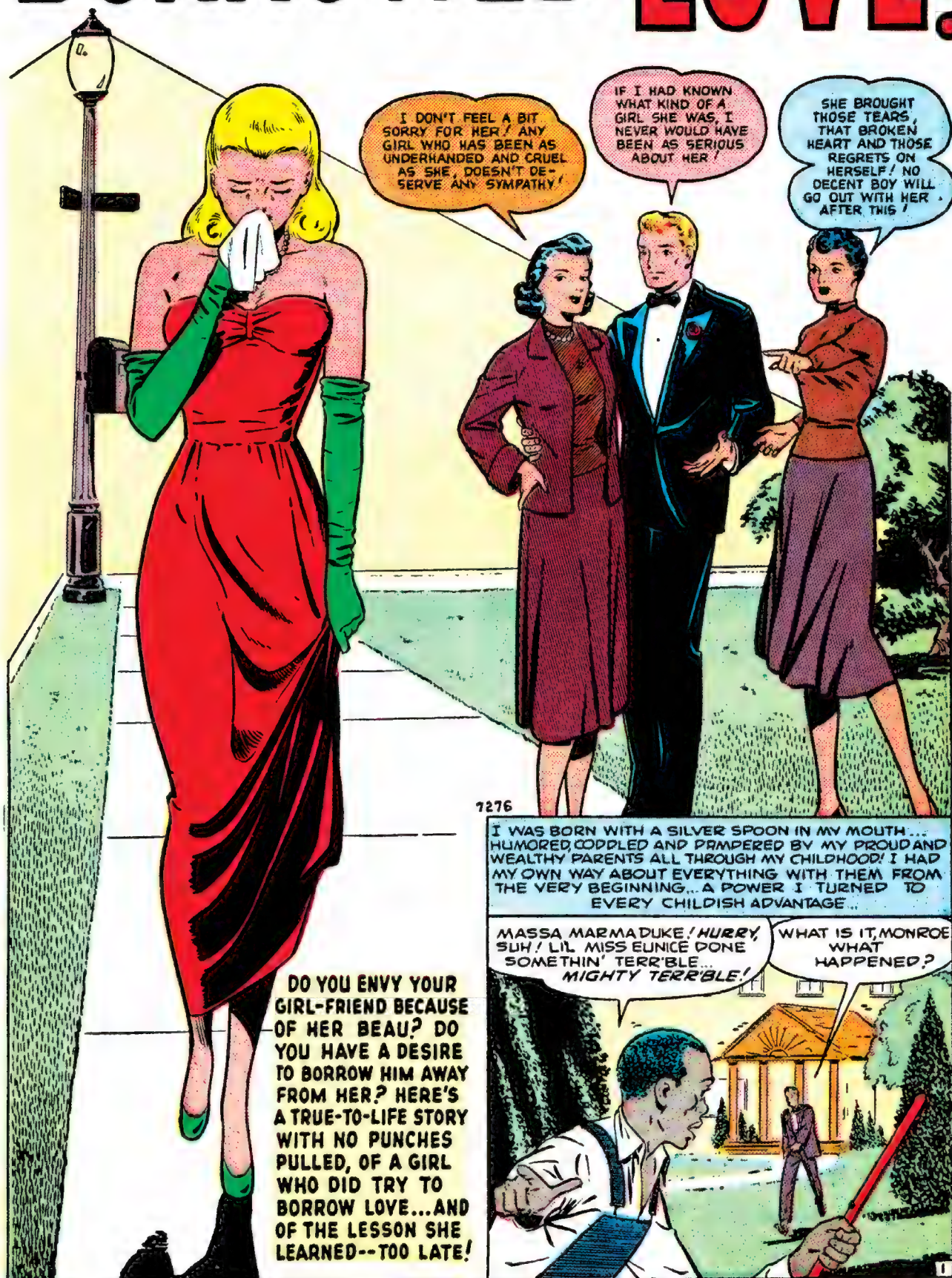
**HERE SHE IS...
IN HER
OWN
MAGAZINE!**

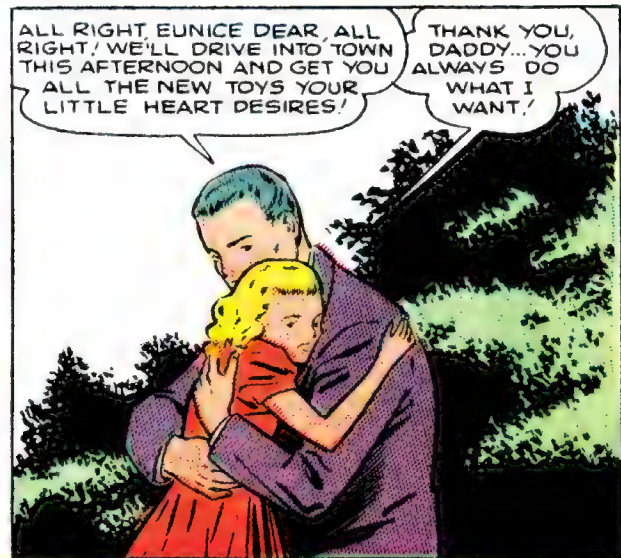
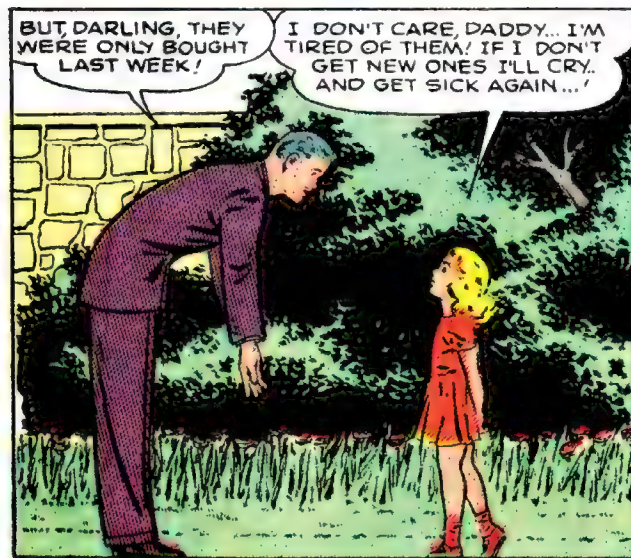
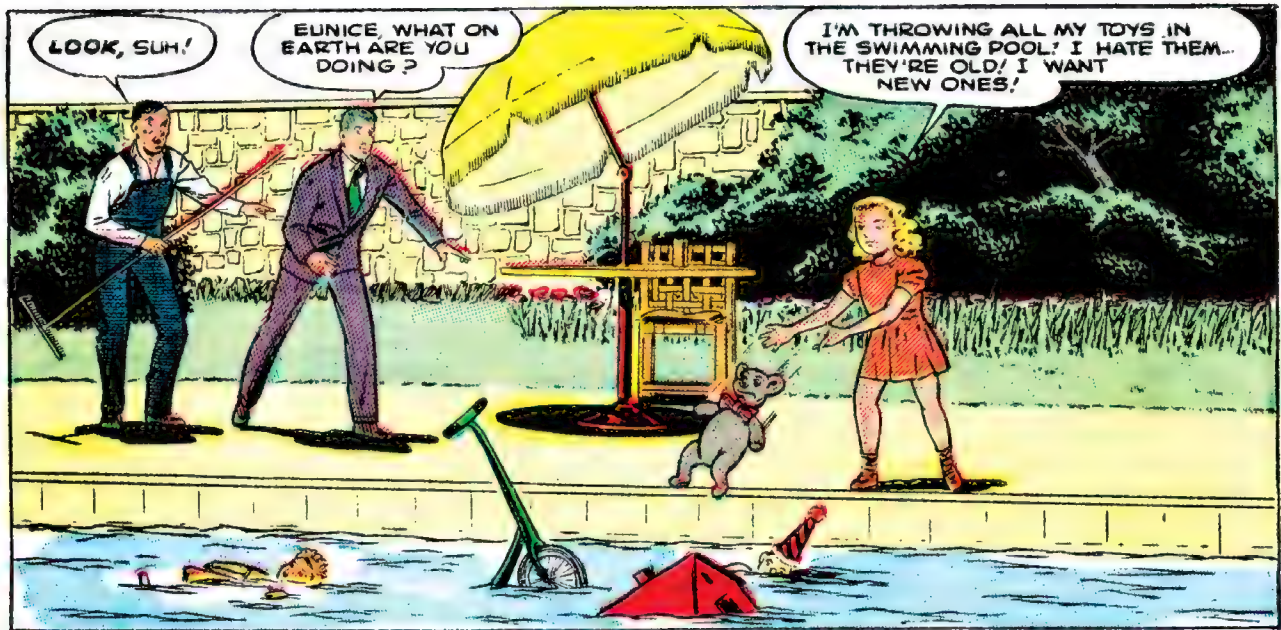
**RESERVE
YOUR
COPY
NOW!**



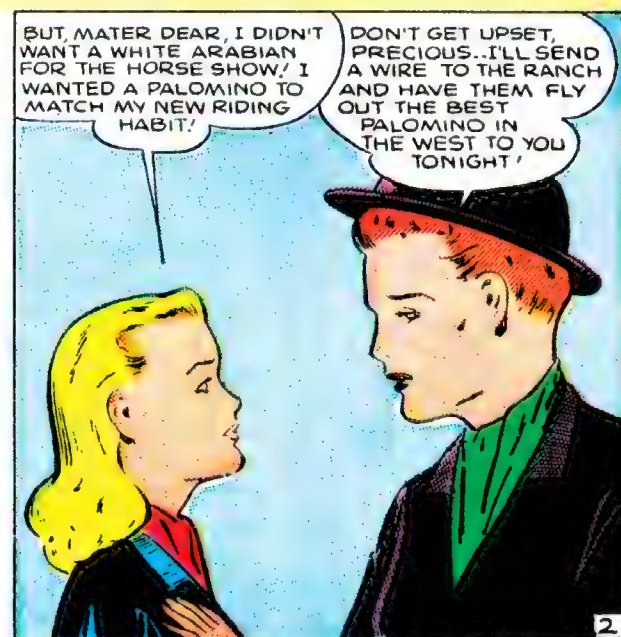
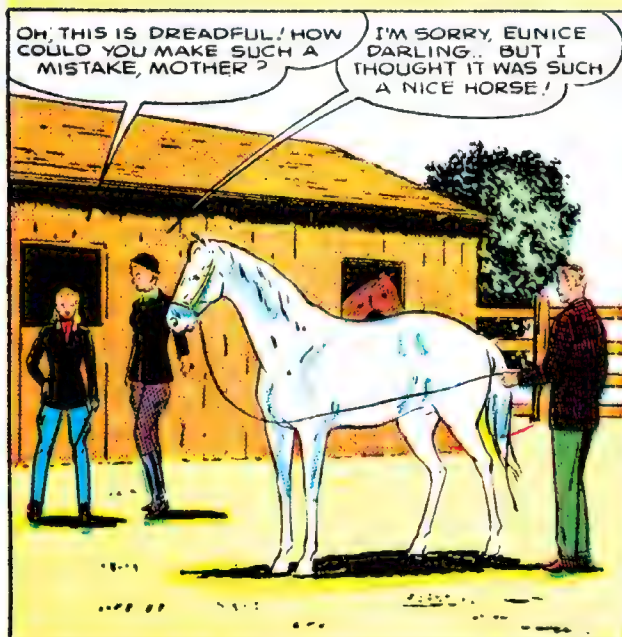
I LEARNED WHAT AN AWFUL PRICE YOU MUST PAY FOR HAPPINESS THROUGH

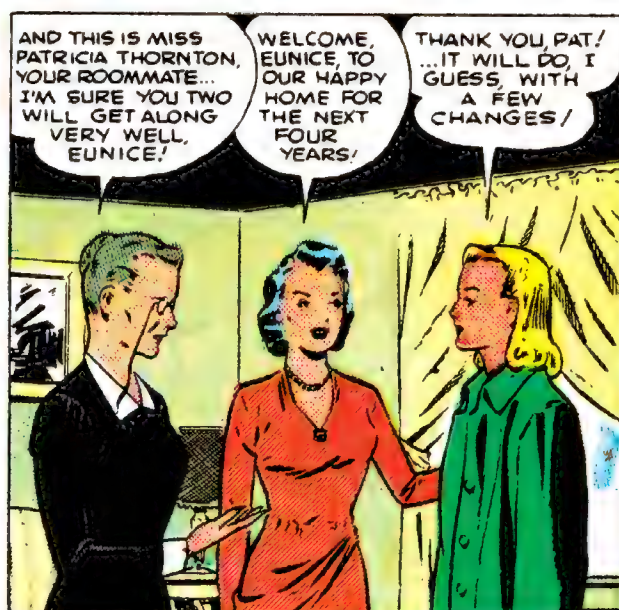
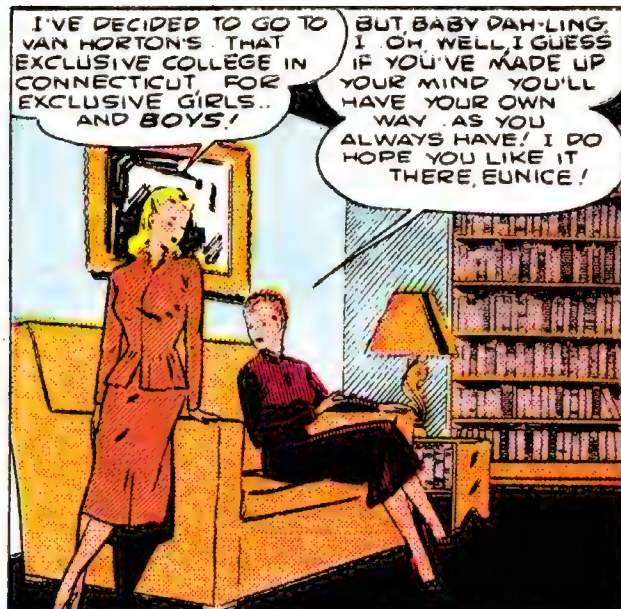
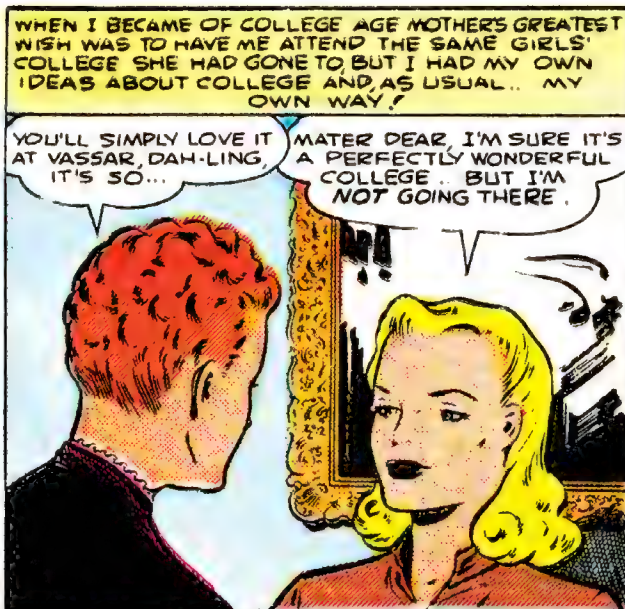
BORROWED LOVE!



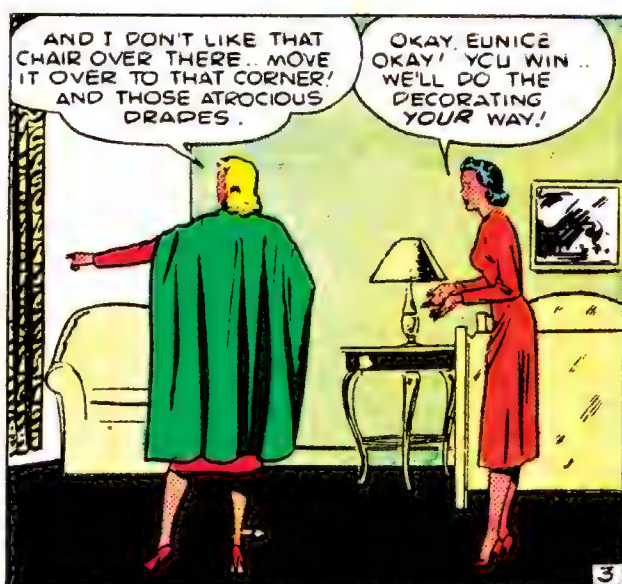
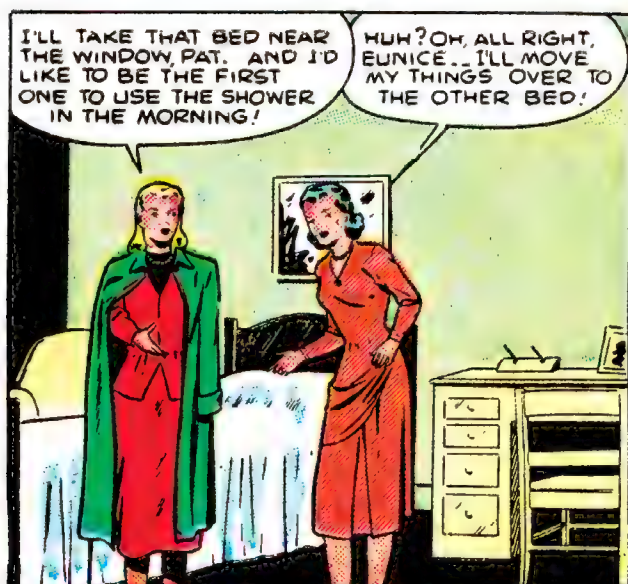


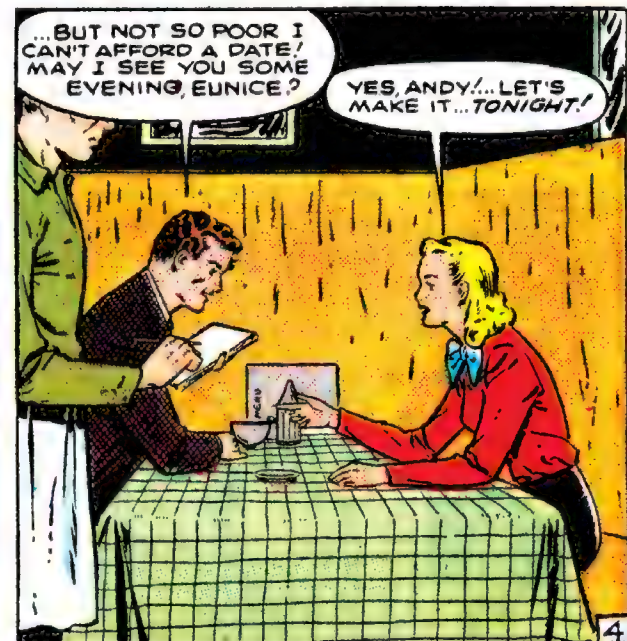
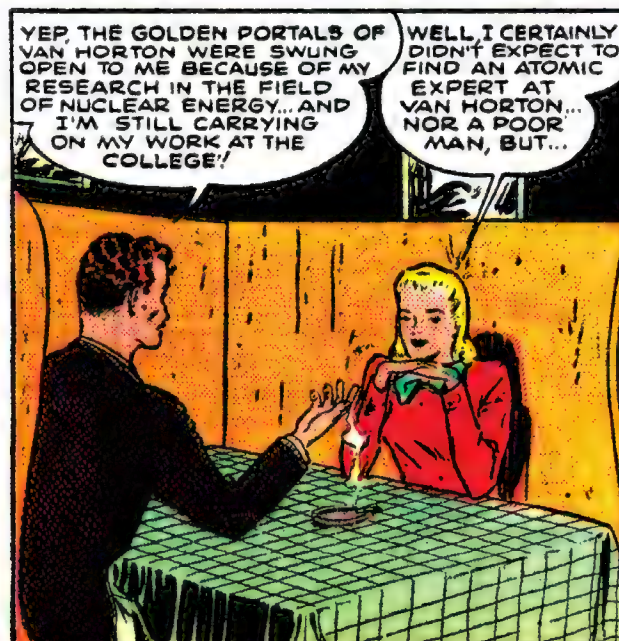
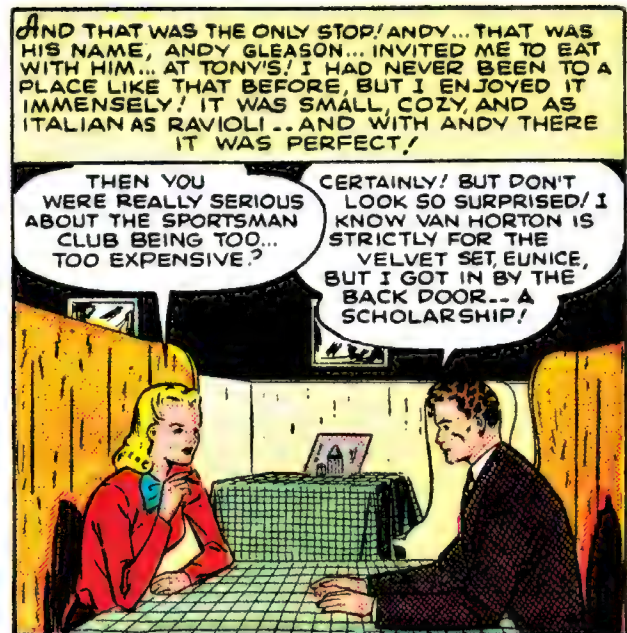
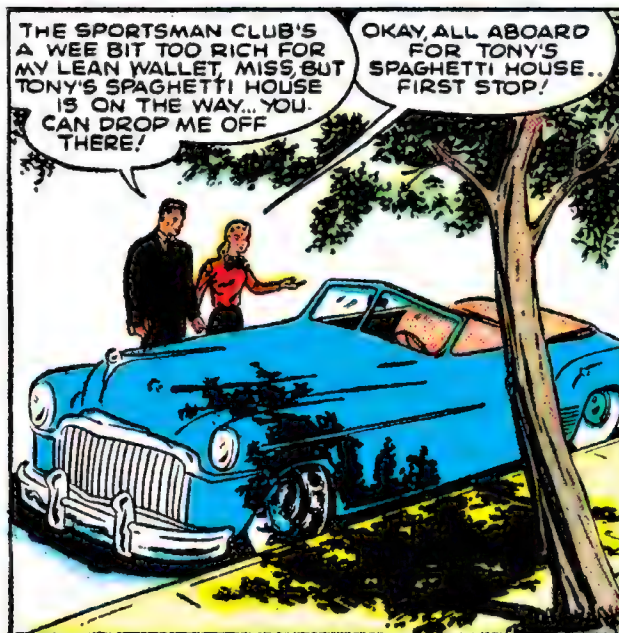
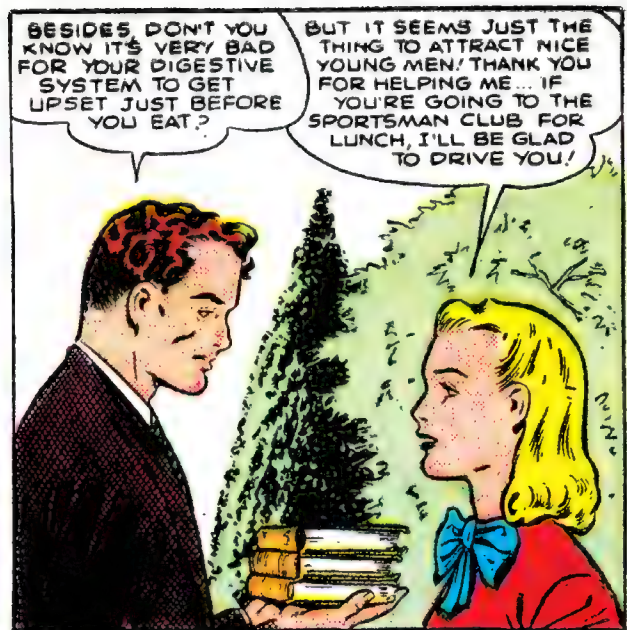
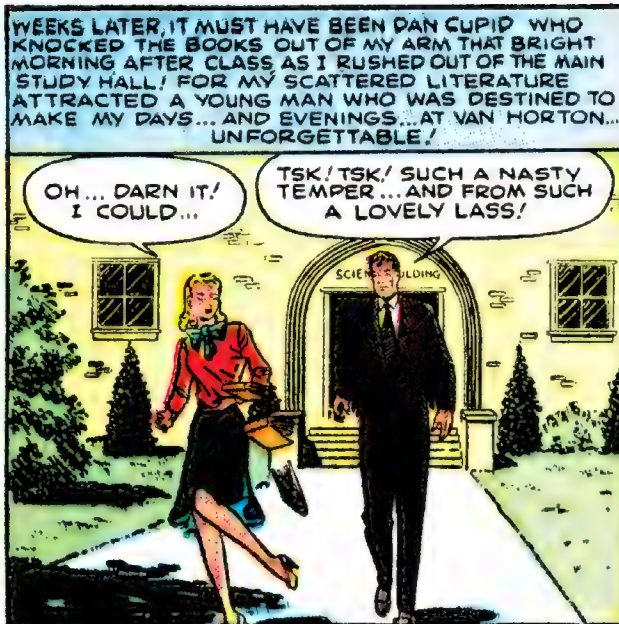
Yes, HE DID... AND SO DID MOTHER! I WAS THEIR ONLY CHILD... THEIR PRIDE AND JOY... AND TO SHOW THEIR GREAT LOVE FOR ME, THEY GRANTED ME MY EVERY WHIM... MY EVERY WHIM... NO MATTER HOW UNREASONABLE, FOOLISH OR FANTASTIC! BY THE TIME I WAS SIXTEEN HAVING MY OWN WAY WITH EVERYTHING HAD GROWN TO BE AS MUCH A PART OF ME AS MY HEART AND MY SOUL!





PAT WAS A SWEET GIRL AND CAME FROM A WEALTHY FAMILY TOO, BUT I COULD SEE THAT SHE WASN'T USED TO HAVING HER OWN WAY AS I WAS! AND PERHAPS IT WAS JUST AS WELL, BECAUSE IF BOTH OF US WERE LIKE ME WE WOULD HAVE QUARRELED AND FOUGHT LIKE TWO CATS! SHE WAS WILLING AND OBLIGING... I WAS DOMINEERING AND DEMANDING!



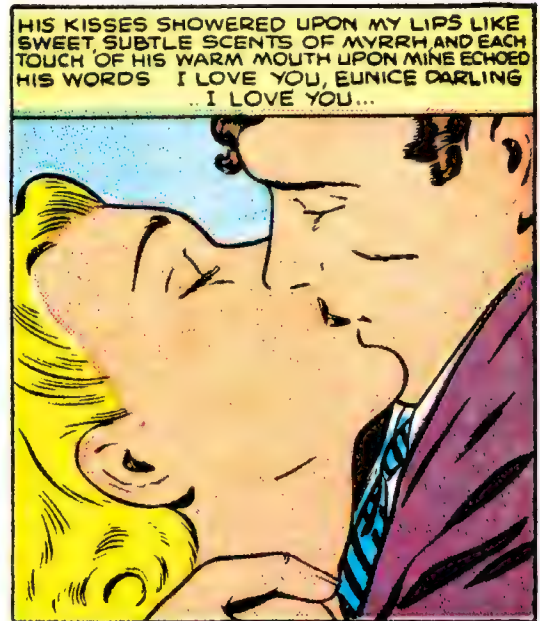


I HAD MANY DATES WITH ANDY AFTER THAT FIRST NIGHT. DATES THAT WERE WONDERFUL AND DIFFERENT... NOT THE USUAL STUFFY DINNER AND DANCE AT SOME FLUFFY NIGHT SPOT! NO! WITH ANDY IT WAS RED WINE AND RAVIOLI OR PIZZA PIE AT TONY'S THEN A MOVIE OR A STROLL IN THE MOONLIGHT! SIMPLE, YES... BUT EVERY MOMENT OF IT WAS EXCITING FOR ME... ESPECIALLY WHEN HE HELD ME IN HIS ARMS AND WHISPERED...



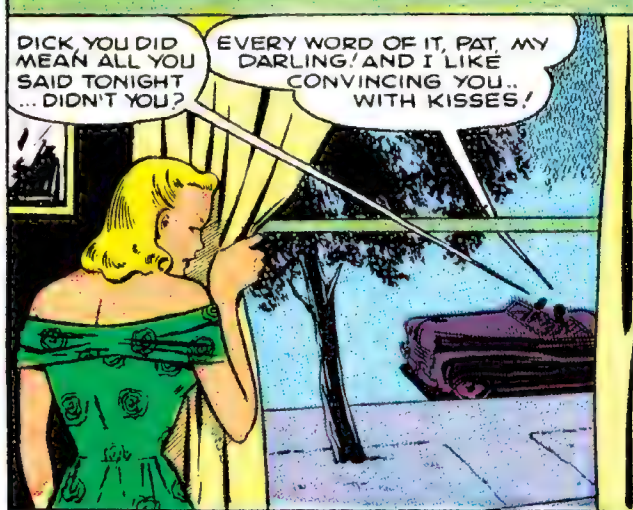
I LOVE YOU EUNICE DARLING... LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART!

OH, ANDY... KISS ME AGAIN! TAKE ME INTO YOUR ARMS... AND NEVER LET ME GO!



HIS KISSES SHOWERED UPON MY LIPS LIKE SWEET, SUBTLE SCENTS OF MYRRH AND EACH TOUCH OF HIS WARM MOUTH UPON MINE ECHOED HIS WORDS I LOVE YOU, EUNICE DARLING... I LOVE YOU...

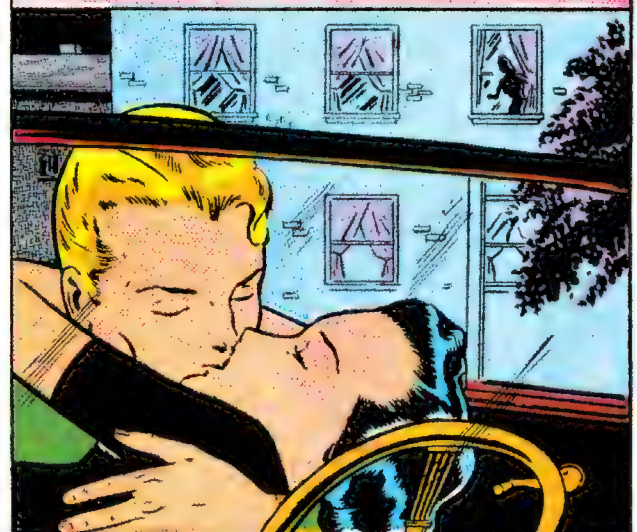
WHEN I GOT TO MY ROOM AFTER THAT DATE WITH ANDY, PAT WASN'T IN YET! BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER I HEARD A CAR PULL UP AND AS I LOOKED OUT I SAW HER PARKED WITH HER DATE... A BLONDE, ATTRACTIVE, MUSCULAR FIGURE OF A MAN!



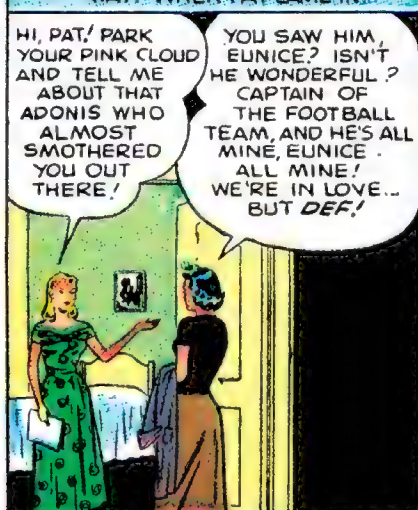
DICK, YOU DID MEAN ALL YOU SAID TONIGHT... DIDN'T YOU?

EVERY WORD OF IT, PAT, MY DARLING! AND I LIKE CONVINCING YOU... WITH KISSES!

I WATCHED AS HE CRUSHED PAT TO HIS LIPS AND BOTH OF THEM REMAINED MOTIONLESS IN AN EMBRACE WHICH, STRANGELY, FILLED ME WITH ENVY AND JEALOUSY...



SOMEHOW I FELT CHEATED! ANDY'S KISSES WERE TENDER AND GENTLE... THIS MAN'S WERE FIERCE AND DEMANDING! I WANTED MY LIPS TO FEEL THE FORCE OF HIS MAD KISS... AND I WOULD... FOR I ALWAYS HAD MY WAY! WHEN PAT CAME IN...



HI, PAT! PARK YOUR PINK CLOUD AND TELL ME ABOUT THAT ADONIS WHO ALMOST SMOTHERED YOU OUT THERE!

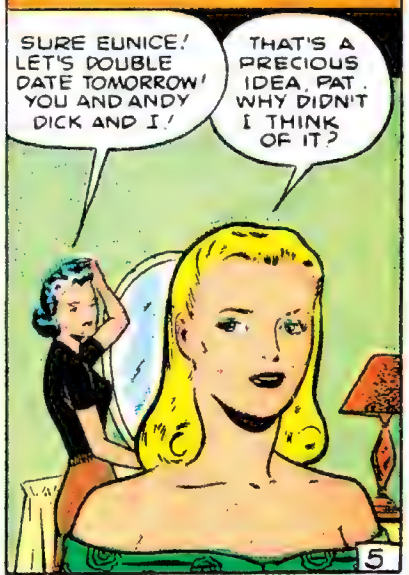
YOU SAW HIM, EUNICE? ISN'T HE WONDERFUL? CAPTAIN OF THE FOOTBALL TEAM, AND HE'S ALL MINE, EUNICE... ALL MINE! WE'RE IN LOVE... BUT DEF!

HOW'S ABOUT YOU, EUNICE? HOW ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT SCIENTIFIC, TERRIFIC GUY OF YOURS?



OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT AS GLAMOROUS AS YOUR HANDSOME BRUTE I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM, PAT!

AND PAT... POOR INNOCENT AND TRUSTING PAT! SHE MADE THE SUGGESTION I TRAPPED HER INTO...



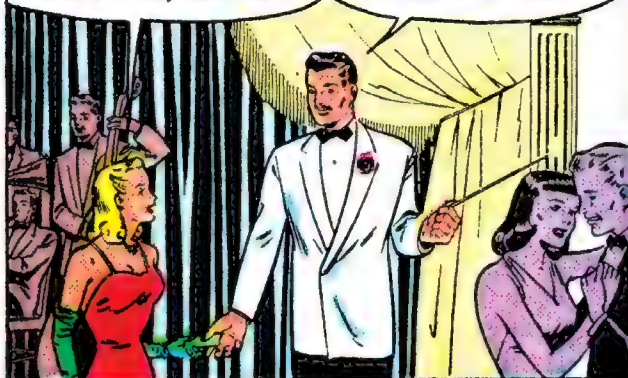
SURE EUNICE! LET'S DOUBLE DATE TOMORROW! YOU AND ANDY DICK AND I!

THAT'S A PRECIOUS IDEA, PAT. WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT?

THE DOUBLE DATE WAS A HUGE SUCCESS... FOR ME! AFTER I MET DICK I WAS POSITIVE THAT MY FRIEND PAT HAD THE MORE DESIRABLE MALE...AND I WANTED HIM FOR MYSELF! I USED EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK TO BE WITH DICK AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE THAT EVENING...

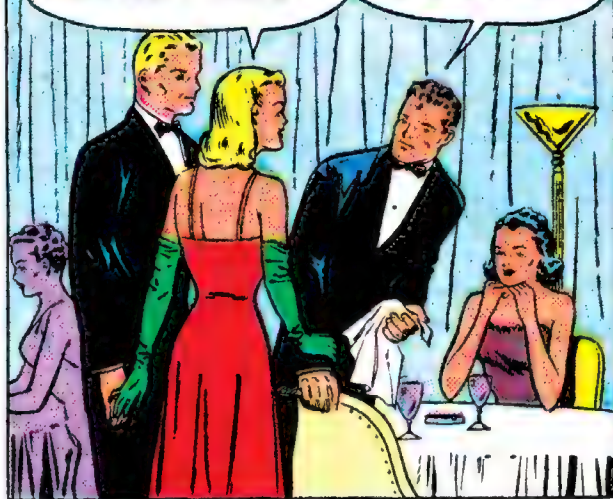
AND HERE'S A HUNDRED, IF YOU PLAY NOTHING BUT RUMBAS FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING, MANUEL!

THANK YOU, MISS EUNICE... I'LL PLAY SO MANY RUMBAS YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE IN CUBA!



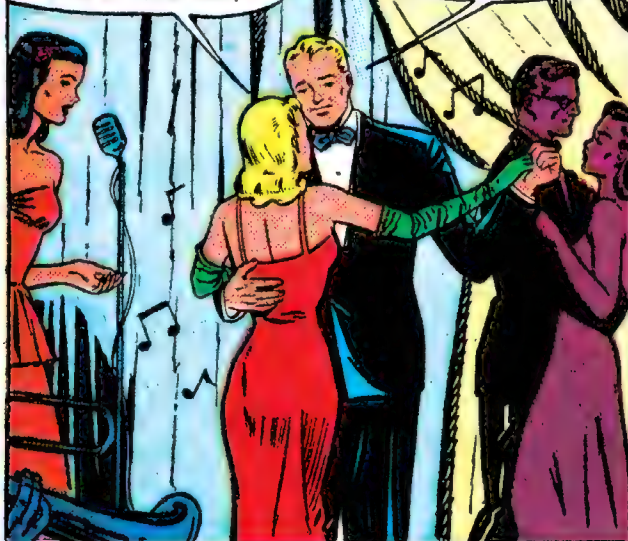
ANDY, IT'S A SHAME NEITHER YOU OR PAT CAN RUMBA! WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER ALL ABOUT YOUR ATOMIC THEORY WHILE DICK AND I DANCE?

YOU TWO WILL WEAR OUT THAT FLOOR TOGETHER... SEEMS ALL THE DANCES ARE RUMBAS TONIGHT!



HOLD ME TIGHTER, DICK... I JUST LOVE TO FEEL YOUR STRONG ARMS AROUND POOR LITTLE ME!

YOU DO? WELL, ALL RIGHT, IF... IF YOU WANT ME TO!



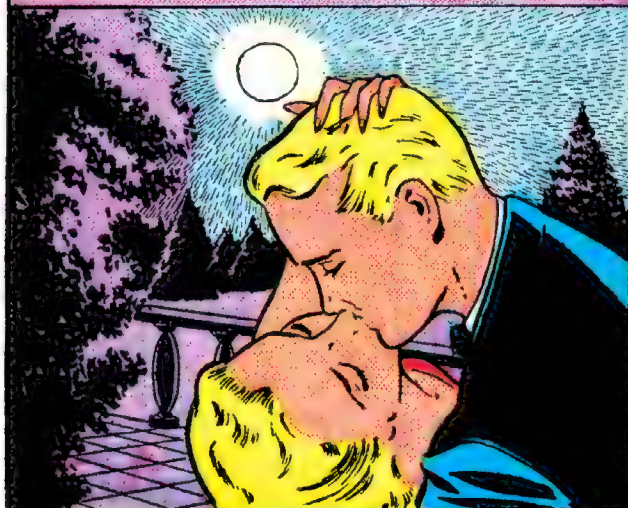
I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER I WANTED HIM BECAUSE HE BELONGED TO PAT, OR WHETHER I GENUINELY WAS FALLING FOR HIM! BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO FIND OUT!

OH, DICK! DICK... I... FEEL RATHER FAINT... PLEASE TAKE ME OUT ON THE PATIO FOR SOME AIR!

SURE, EUNICE... TAKE IT EASY! PUT YOUR HEAD ON MY SHOULDER... I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



THERE WAS A MOON OF GOLD OUTSIDE AND I HAD ON THE RIGHT KIND OF PERFUME... BUT DICK DIDN'T KISS ME UNTIL I RAISED MY LIPS NEAR HIS! FOR A WISP OF A SECOND HIS MOUTH TREMBLED, HESITATED, THEN POSSESSED MINE IN A WILD, RAMPANT DELUGE OF KISSES...



DICK'S VIBRANT KISSES WERE STILL TINGLING ON MY LIPS WHEN WE RETURNED TO OUR TABLE... AND I PROMISED MYSELF I WOULD HAVE MORE OF THEM...AND SOON!

WELL, WE THOUGHT YOU TWO GOT LOST!

I HAD A SLIGHT DIZZY SPELL... BUT DICK TOOK CARE OF ME... HE'S AN EXPERT, IT SEEMS!

WHAT DID YOU DO, DICK?

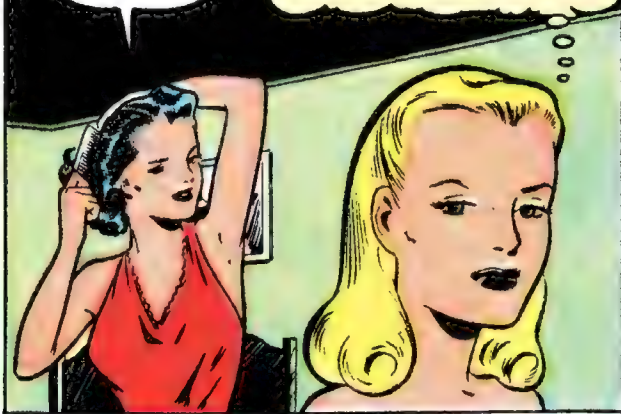
OH, NOTHING... NOTHING! I JUST GAVE HER SOME...SOME... AIR!



LATER THAT EVENING IN OUR ROOM, PAT AND I TALKED ABOUT OUR DATE! SHE WAS SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH DICK SHE INTERPRETED MY ENTHUSIASM FOR HIM AS... FRIENDSHIP!

YOU AND DICK GOT ALONG FAMOUSLY, EUNICE.. I'M GLAD YOU REALLY LIKE HIM!

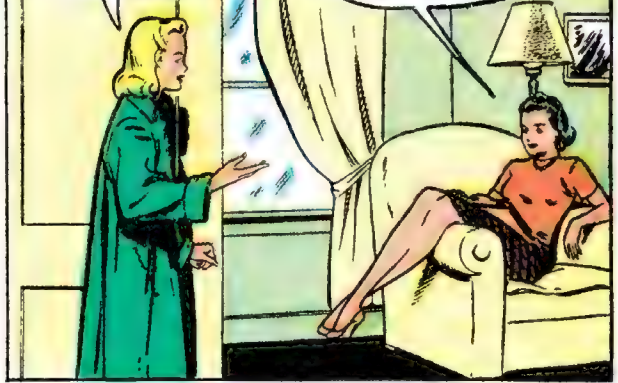
LIKE HIM? THAT'S PUTTING IT MILDLY... I LOVE HIM! AND, MY LITTLE UNSUSPECTING PET, I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM AWAY FROM YOU!



YES I WANTED DICK AND I WAS GOING TO HAVE HIM NO MATTER WHO GOT HURT...AS LONG AS IT WASN'T ME! THE NEXT DAY I GOT MY OPPORTUNITY TO DRIVE A WEDGE OF MISTRUST BETWEEN PAT AND DICK WITH A WELL-PLACED LIE!

GREETINGS, PAT...THOUGHT YOU'D BE OUT WITH THAT LOVER-LAD OF YOURS TONIGHT?

NOPE! DICK HAD TO ATTEND A TEAM POWPOW, SO I THOUGHT I'D STAY IN THE BASTILLE AND STUDY!



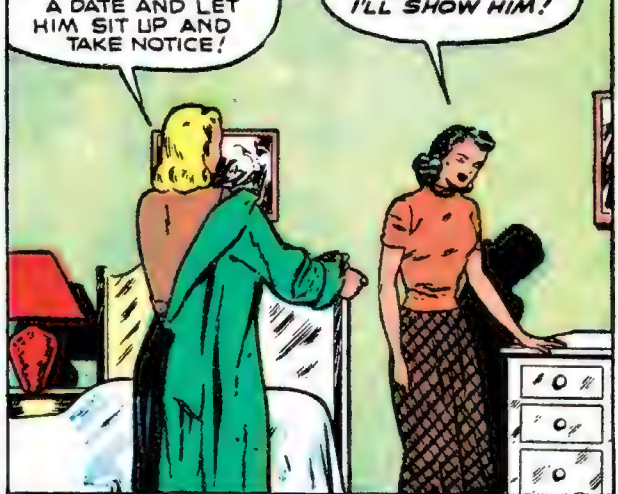
PAT, I HATE TO HURT YOU, BUT I... I JUST SAW DICK WITH THAT NEW GIRL, KATHY FRAZER, HOLDING HANDS OVER A TWIN SODA... BUT PLEASE DON'T TELL THEM I TOLD YOU!

OH, NO, EUNICE...PLEASE SAY IT ISN'T SO! DICK AND KATHY?... OH, HOW COULD HE LIE TO ME? I LOVE HIM SO... HE... HE...



HE'S A HEEL, PAT! BUT YOU SHOULD FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE! SHOW HIM TWO CAN PLAY THE SAME GAME... GRAB YOURSELF A DATE AND LET HIM SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE!

YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, EUNICE! I'LL BREAK MY REGULAR DATE WITH HIM TOMORROW AND GO OUT WITH SOMEONE ELSE... I'LL SHOW HIM!



AND SHE DID...AND I MADE SURE THE FOLLOWING EVENING THAT DICK SAW PAT WITH HER OTHER DATE! MY PLAN WAS WORKING...THE GAP BETWEEN THEM WIDENED... I MADE IT COMPLETE...

I SEE IT...BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD A HEADACHE WHEN I CALLED HER EARLIER!

YES, DICK, SHE'S BEEN MAKING A FOOL OUT OF YOU FOR A LONG TIME! SHE'S MY GIRL FRIEND AND I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING!...

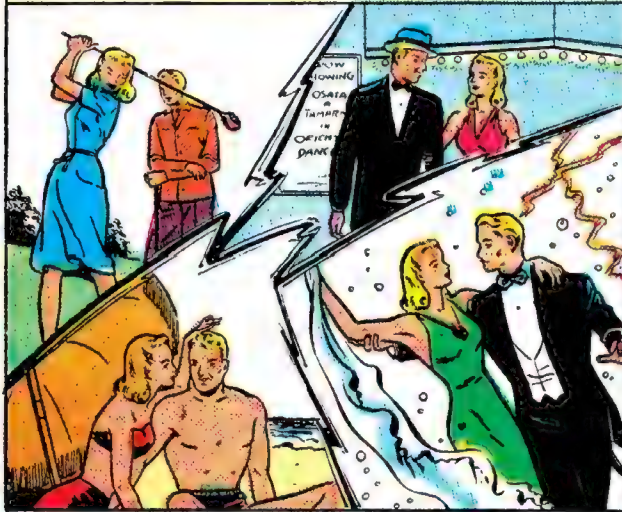


...BUT I LIKE YOU A LOT, DICK...AND I COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE YOU HURT ANY LONGER! DEAR, PLEASE DON'T TELL ANYONE I WAS THE ONE WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT PAT!

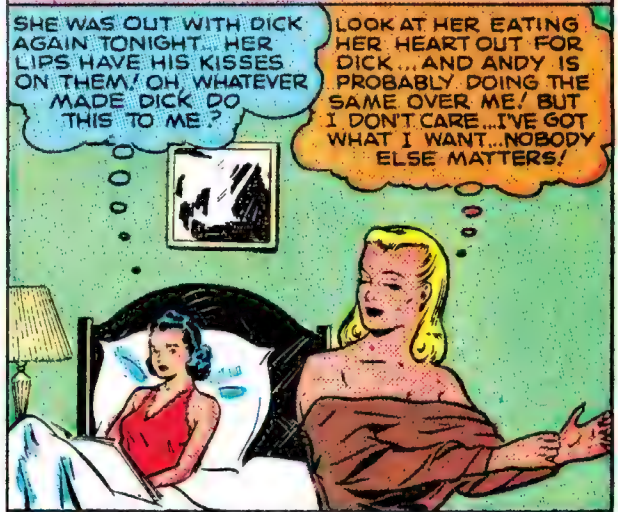
I WON'T, EUNICE! YOU SAID THAT YOU AND ANDY BROKE OFF TOO... THAT MAKES US BOTH STRAY SHEEP! HOW ABOUT YOU BEING MY STEADY DATE, EUNICE?



I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT MY ANSWER WAS, DO I? THE SWEET FRUITS OF VICTORY WERE MINE... I HAD RID MYSELF OF THE COLORLESS, UNGLORIFIED SCIENTIFIC ANDY AND GAINED THE PRIDE OF THE CAMPUS... FOOTBALL-FAMOUS DICK RALSTON...



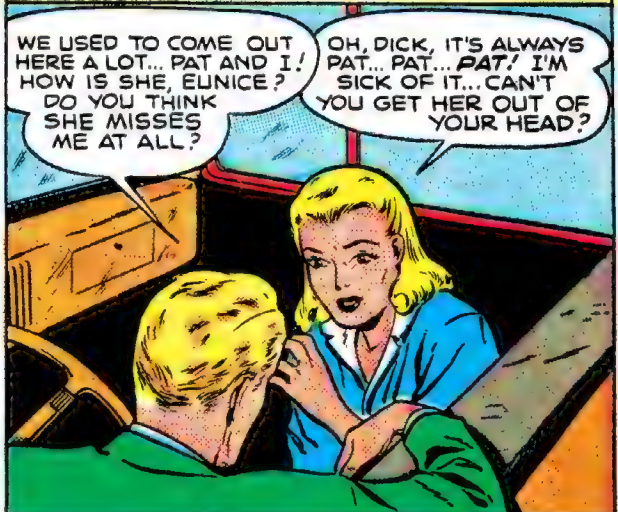
BECAUSE OF OUR DATES TOGETHER, BOTH DICK AND I LOST PAT AND ANDY'S FRIENDSHIP. I STILL SHARED THE SAME ROOM WITH PAT, BUT WE DIDN'T SPEAK TO EACH OTHER... HOWEVER, I COULD IMAGINE WHAT SHE WAS THINKING.



THE FIRST FEW WEEKS OF STEADY DATING WITH DICK WERE EXCITING... INVIGORATING! I THRILLED TO HIS MANLINESS... HIS POPULARITY... AND MOST OF ALL TO HIS FORCEFUL, SPINE-TINGLING KISSES...

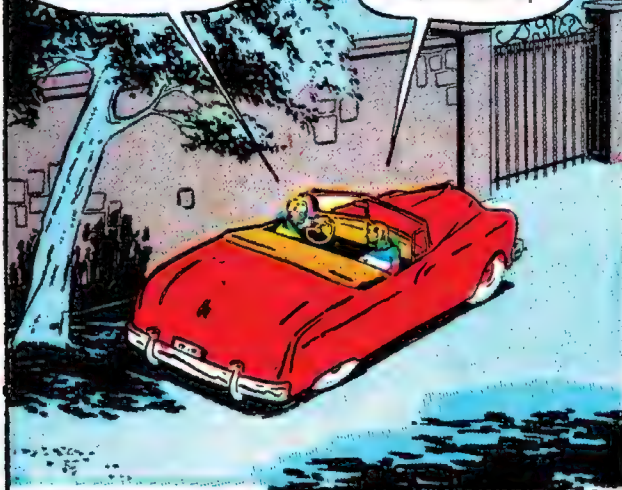


BUT THEN THOSE EXCITING FRUITS OF MY TRIUMPH BEGAN TO SOUR. OUR DATES BECAME BORING, DULL... AND KISSLESS. DICK'S CONVERSATION ALWAYS TURNED TO MEMORIES OR QUESTIONS ABOUT... PAT!



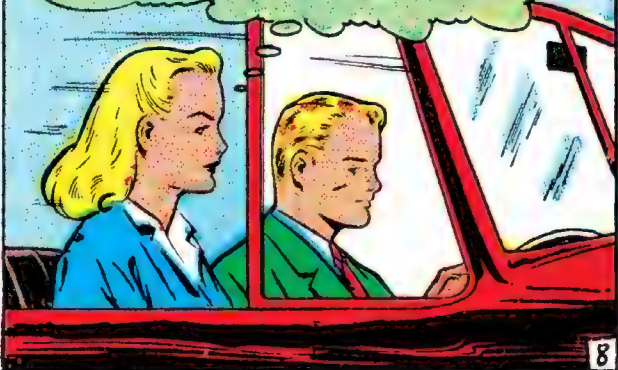
NO, I'M AFRAID NOT, EUNICE... NOR OUT OF MY HEART EITHER! I NEVER REALIZED HOW MUCH I LOVED HER... UNTIL I LOST HER!

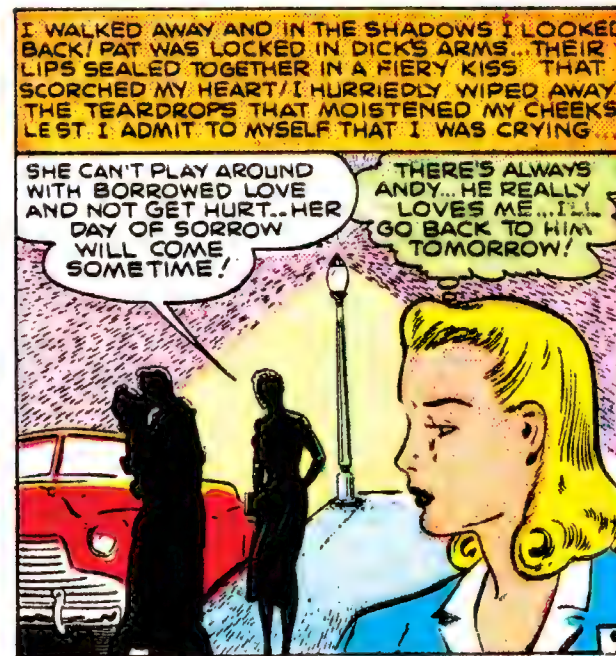
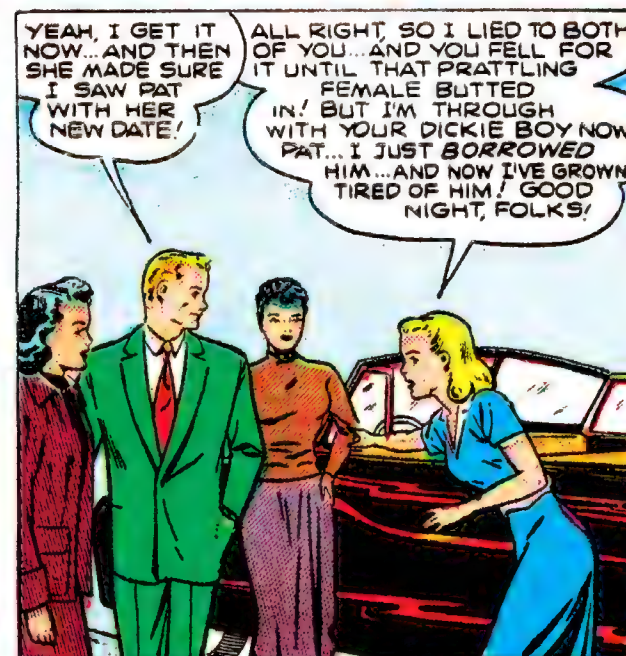
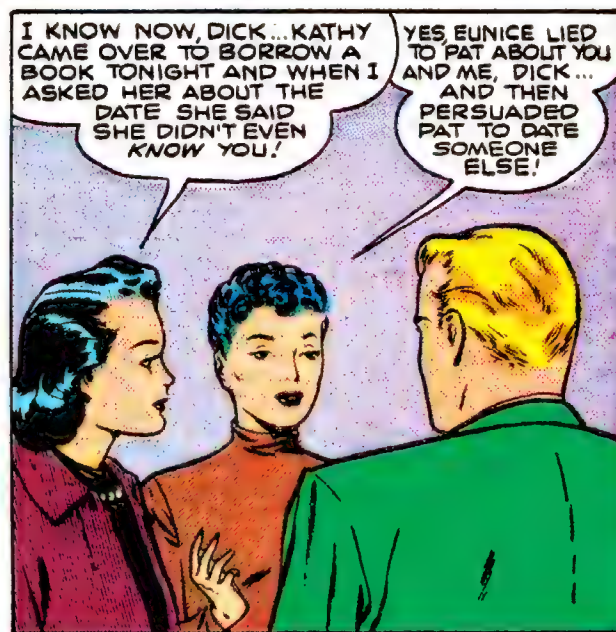
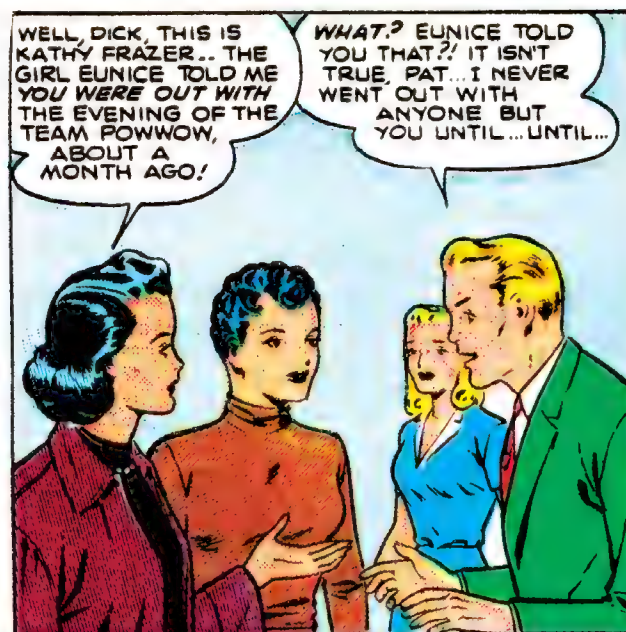
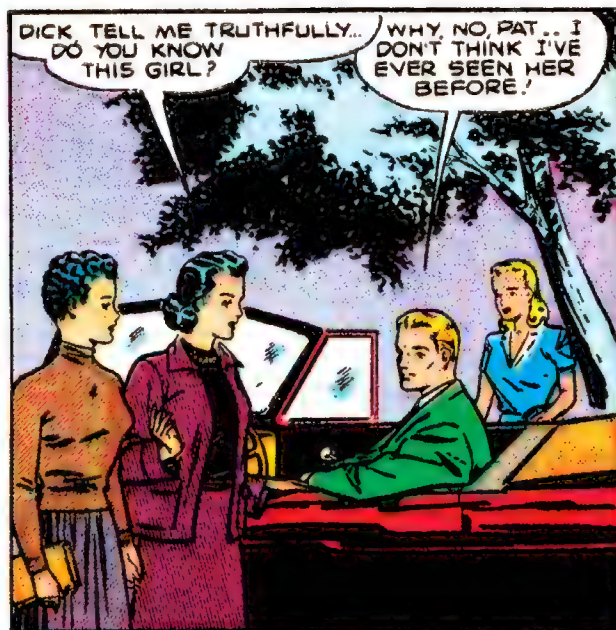
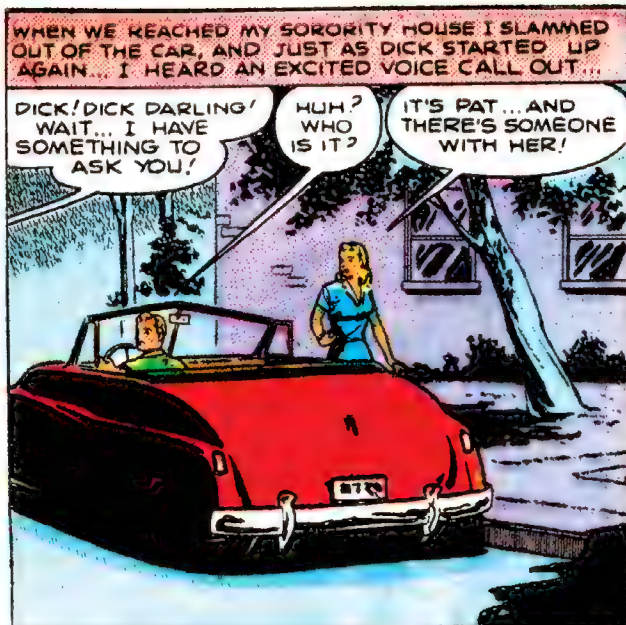
WELL, THAT'S THE STRAW THAT BROKE THE CAMEL'S BACK! YOU TAKE ME OUT... AND TELL ME HOW MUCH YOU LOVE PAT! TAKE ME HOME, DICK... RIGHT THIS MINUTE!



WE DROVE BACK IN COMPLETE SILENCE. I WASN'T HAVING MY WAY AND THE THOUGHT OF IT SCALDED MY PRIDE! I HAD SUCCEEDED IN STEALING DICK AWAY FROM PAT, BUT ALL MY TRICKERY AND CUNNING COULDN'T DESTROY THEIR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER... OR MAKE DICK LOVE ME!

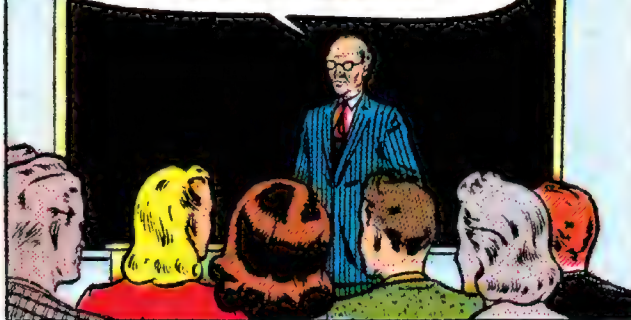
SO HE PREFERS PAT TO ME, HUH? WELL, I'LL TELL MORE LIES... I'LL GET THEM TO HATE EACH OTHER! HE'S NOT AS DESIRABLE AS I THOUGHT HE WAS ANYWAY... HE BORES ME TO TEARS!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING UNFURLED IN A GLORIOUS SUNRISE... MY TOMORROW WAS BORN... YESTERDAY WAS DEAD! I THRILLED AT THE THOUGHT OF SEEING ANDY AGAIN... EVEN THOUGH I HAD TO GO TO HIM! I WAS BEGINNING TO REALIZE THAT IT WAS HE I REALLY LOVED! SUDDENLY ANDY'S NAME RANG OUT IN THE CLASS ROOM... I LOOKED UP AND HEARD THE PROFESSOR SAY...

YES, ONE OF VAN HORTON'S SCHOLARSHIP STUDENTS... MR. ANDREW GLEASON--HAS BROUGHT A GREAT HONOR TO OUR COLLEGE! YOU WILL BE TOLD ABOUT IT THIS AFTERNOON IN A SPECIAL CEREMONY..

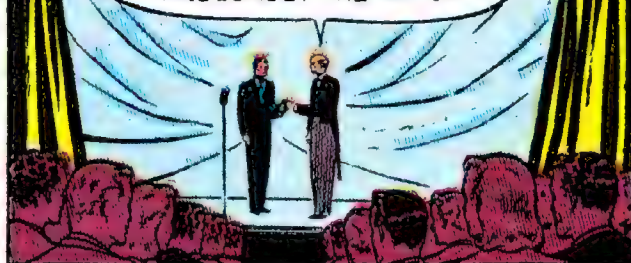


...WHEN THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE WILL PRESENT MR. GLEASON WITH THE ATOMIC ENERGY PEACE AWARD! THIS DAY IS HEREBY DECLARED A HOLIDAY AS A TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND APPRECIATION TO MR. ANDY GLEASON! CLASS DISMISSED!



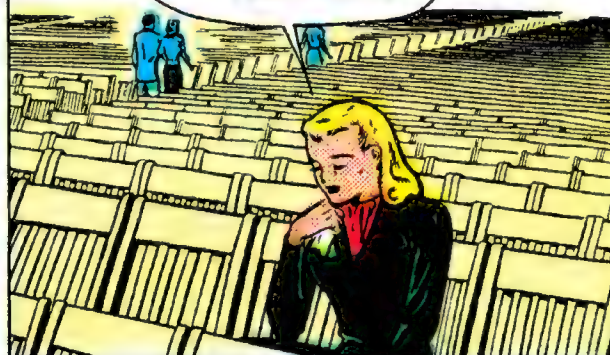
I LEFT THE CLASS ROOM WITH A TURMOIL OF EMOTIONS INFECTING MY SOUL! JOY FOR ANDY'S SUCCESS BROUGHT TEARS... AND PITY FOR MYSELF FILLED MY HEART WITH A HOLLOW MOCKERY! I COULDN'T RUN TO ANDY NOW... HE WOULD THINK I WANTED TO SHARE HIS GLORY... INSTEAD OF HIS LOVE! PRIDE AND AFFECTION SURGED THROUGH ME THAT AFTERNOON AS I WATCHED THE GOVERNOR PRESENT HIM WITH THE AWARD!

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE, ANDREW, TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS ATOMIC ENERGY PEACE AWARD! YOUR DISCOVERY OF A PROCESS TO MANUFACTURE ATOMIC RADIATION AND ISOTOPES FOR USE IN MEDICAL AND BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH IS A WORTHY CONTRIBUTION TO THE FUTURE PEACE OF THE WORLD... YOUR NAME SHALL BE KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE NATION!

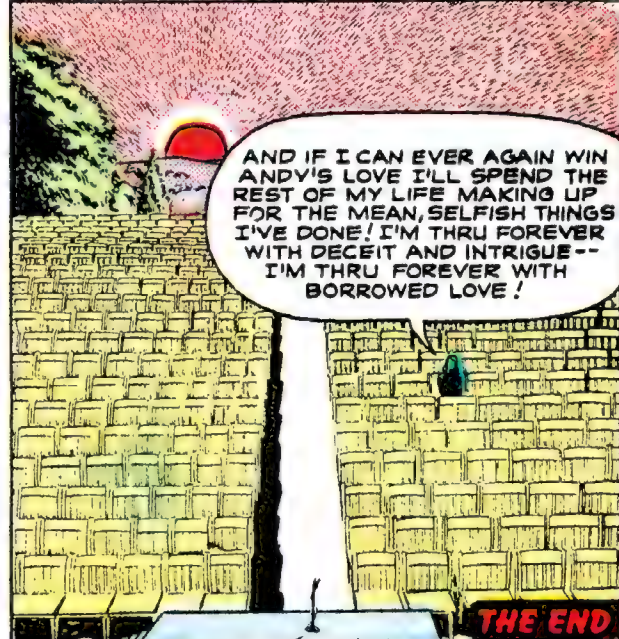
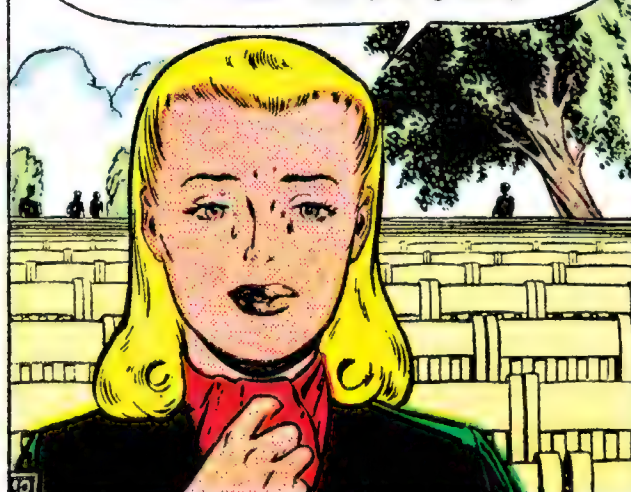


AFTER THE CEREMONY I REMAINED IN MY SEAT UNTIL EVERYBODY HAD LEFT... I HAD GIVEN ANDY UP BECAUSE I THOUGHT DICK WAS MORE GLAMOROUS! I HAD GIVEN UP A DIAMOND FOR A PIECE OF SHINY GLASS!

I HAD ANDY'S DEEP SINCERE LOVE IN MY EMBRACE, BUT I LET IT SLIP AWAY BY REACHING FOR THE FRIVOLITY OF A... BORROWED LOVE! NOW I'M REAPING THE HARVEST OF ANGUISH WHICH I SOWED FOR PAT AND DICK... AND ANDY, THE MAN I REALLY LOVE!



I DESERVE ALL THE AGONY AND TORMENT! I'M SUFFERING... AND I'VE LEARNED A LESSON I SHALL NEVER FORGET! YES, I'M HURT... BUT NOT BITTER... AND I'LL DO EVERYTHING MY HEART DICTATES TO CONVINCE ANDY THAT I'M A CHANGED GIRL... THAT I LOVE HIM SINCERELY... FOR HIMSELF AND NOT BECAUSE OF HIS FAME!



AND IF I CAN EVER AGAIN WIN ANDY'S LOVE I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE MAKING UP FOR THE MEAN, SELFISH THINGS I'VE DONE! I'M THRU FOREVER WITH DECEIT AND INTRIGUE-- I'M THRU FOREVER WITH BORROWED LOVE!

THE END

GIRLS' ADVENTURES

MYSTERY • ADVENTURE • SUSPENSE •

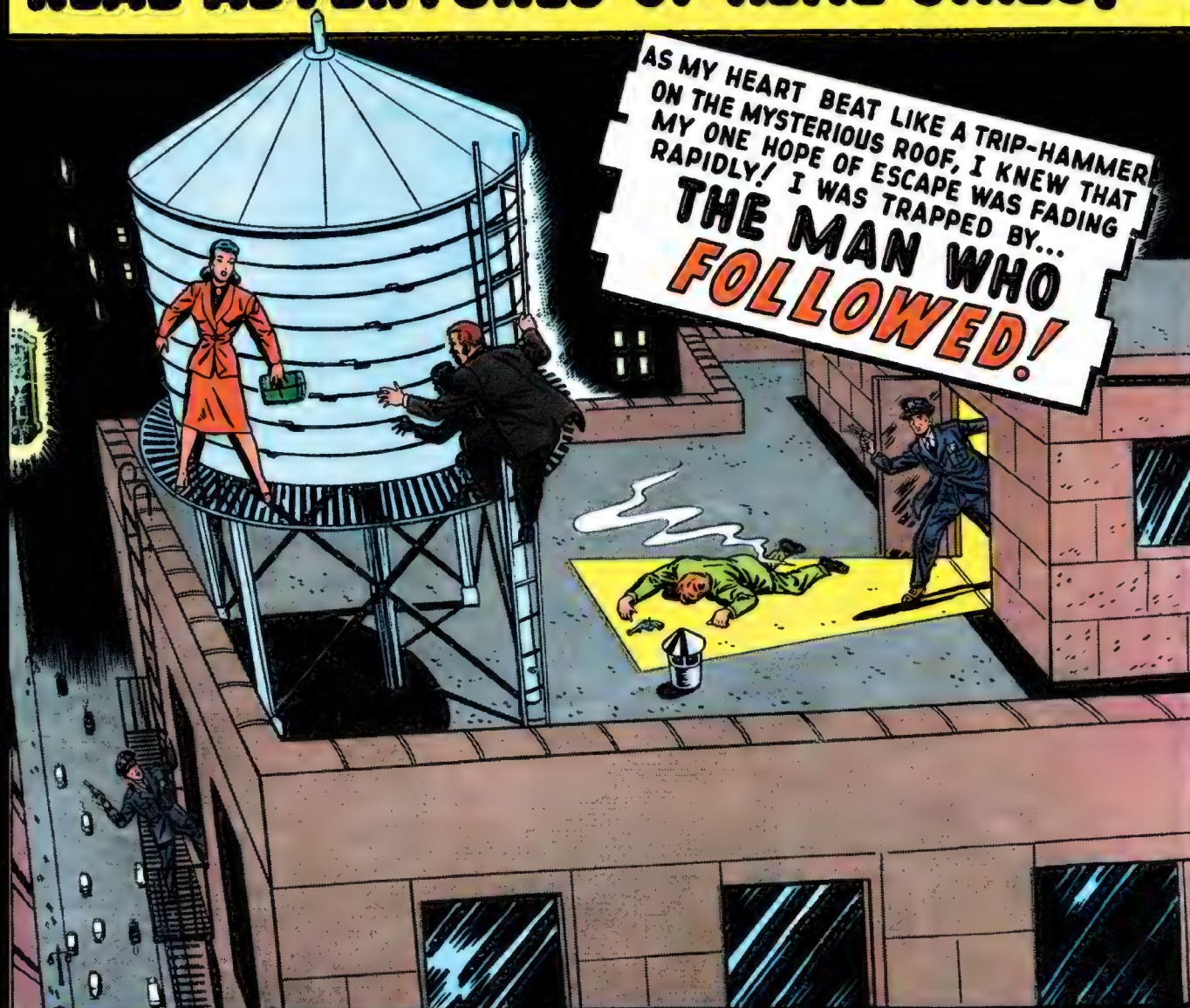
GIRL

OCT.
NO. 5

COMICS

10¢
K

REAL ADVENTURES OF REAL GIRLS!



AS MY HEART BEAT LIKE A TRIP-HAMMER
ON THE MYSTERIOUS ROOF, I KNEW THAT
MY ONE HOPE OF ESCAPE WAS FADING
RAPIDLY! I WAS TRAPPED BY...

**THE MAN WHO
FOLLOWED!**

ALSO
IN THIS
ISSUE

THE
HAUNTED
TERROR!

CONFLICT!

THE
DEATH
PLUNGE!

New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame



*Sensational
Offer
Only* **19¢** EACH

**FROM YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT,
PHOTOGRAPH OR NEGATIVE**

Send Any Photo For Beautiful
5x7 Inch ENLARGEMENT On This
SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER!
Your Original Returned

Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 19c each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 19c each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

RUSH YOUR ORDER! Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios!

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today!

**IMPORTANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY
to Receive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish
ENLARGEMENT and Ivory Gold-Tooled Frame**

Here's What to Do:—**SEND NO MONEY!** Just send us a snapshot, photograph or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the coupon. Accept your beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives and pay postman only 19c each plus small mailing cost for picture and frame. If not completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *But you may keep the frame as a gift for promptness.* Limit 2 to a customer. Original snapshot or negative will be returned. *NOTE: Be sure to enclose color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in oils. Rush coupon with photo or negative today before offer is withdrawn.

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1950 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 5 OCTOBER 1950 issue. Price 10c per copy. Published quarterly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 7910-C
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Enclosed find.....snapshot or negative.
(Specify number, limit 2)

Fill out description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

Please make.....Enlargement and Frame.
(Specify number, limit 2)

COLOR—Picture No. 1

I will pay postman only 19c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

NAME.....

COLOR—Picture No. 2

ADDRESS.....

Hair.....

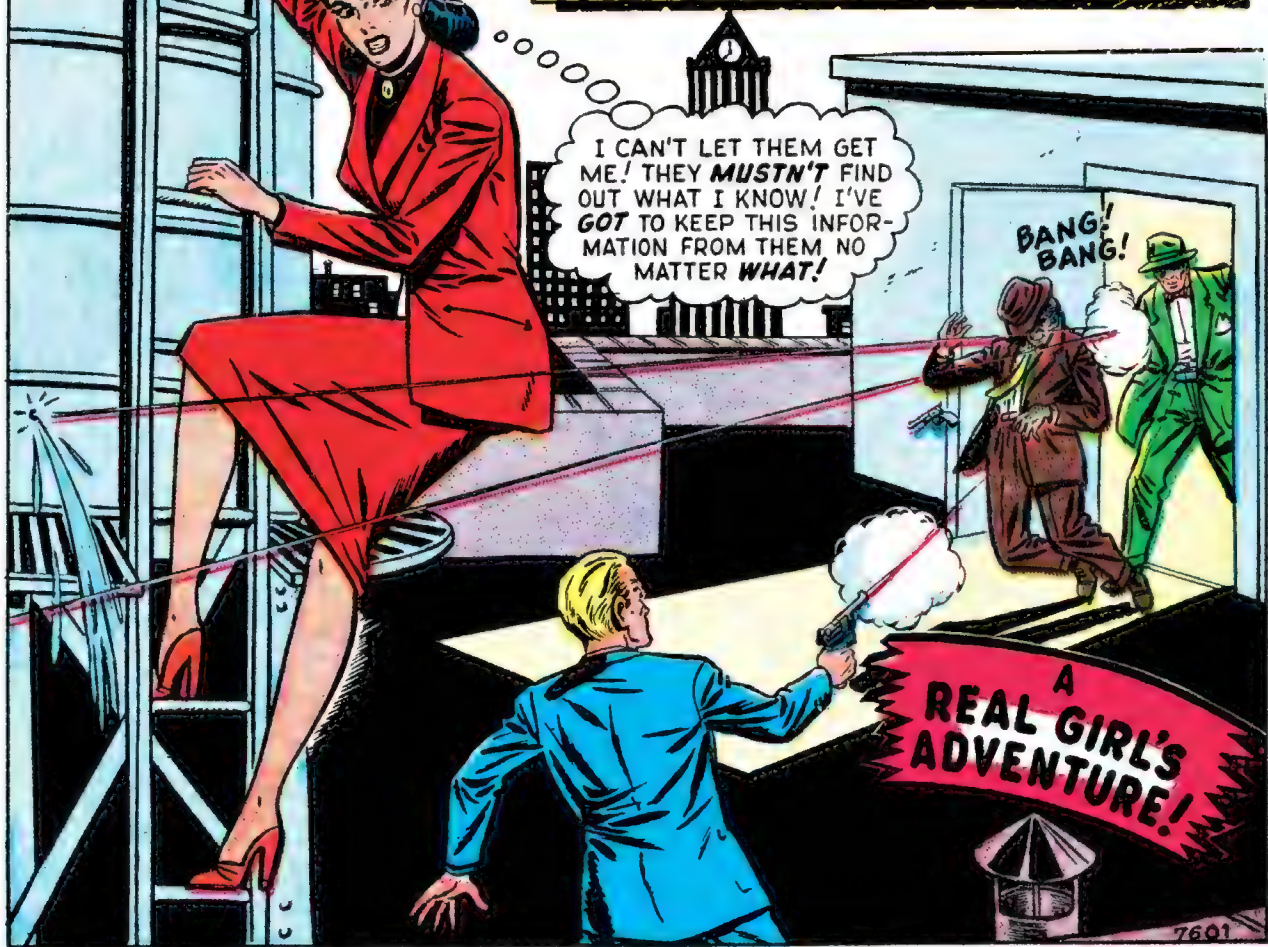
Eyes.....

CITY..... () STATE.....
(Zone)

Clothing.....

The Man Who Followed!

THEY GAVE NO WARNING, BUT STRUCK WITH ALL THE SUDDENNESS AND TREACHERY OF A STRIKING SNAKE! IN LESS THAN TWELVE HOURS, LINDA GREY, YOUNG GOVERNMENT WORKER, WAS PLUNGED INTO A WORLD OF SPYS AND KILLERS...A WORLD WHERE SHE WAS SOON TO LEARN THE FULL MEANING OF SUCH WORDS AS VIOLENCE, FEAR AND DEATH...



IT HAPPENED FAST! SO FAST THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO THINK! ONE MINUTE I WAS UP TO MY NECK IN WORK, AND IN THE NEXT MOMENT MY BOSS, MAJOR HAINES, WAS TELLING ME THINGS I COULDN'T BELIEVE...

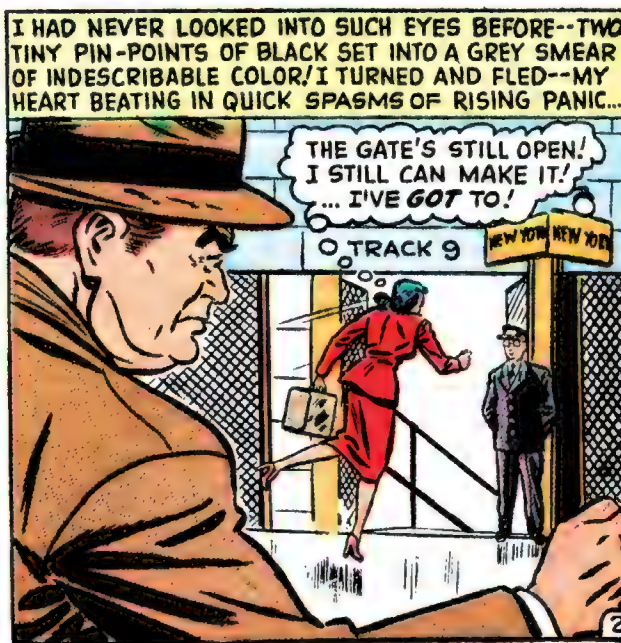
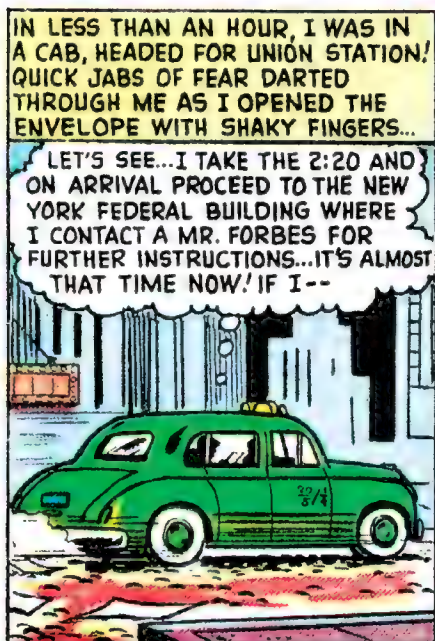
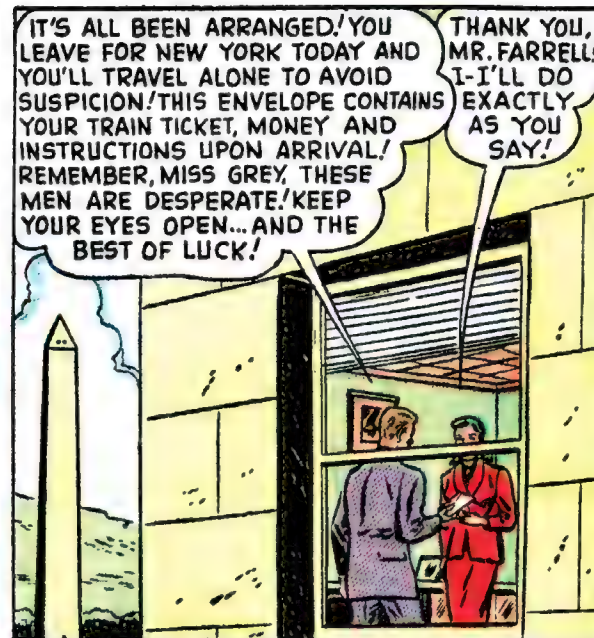
I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY, LINDA; BUT OUR STAFF WILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF WASHINGTON FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS! THIS IS MR. FARRELL OF THE F.B.I.! HE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY!

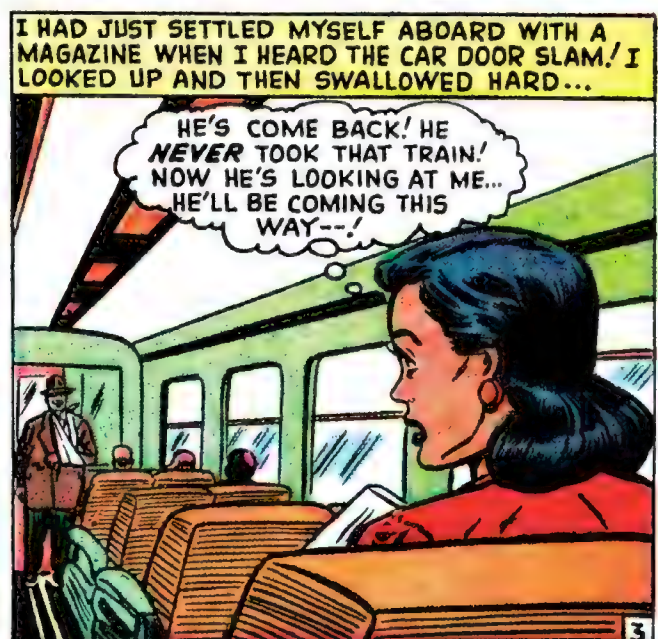
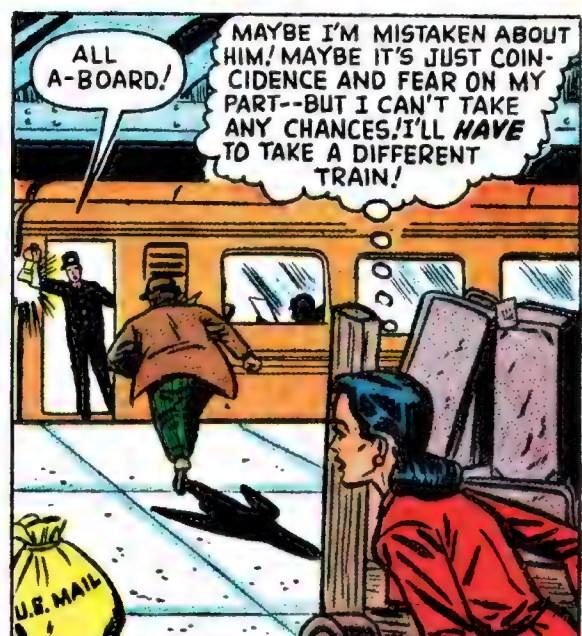
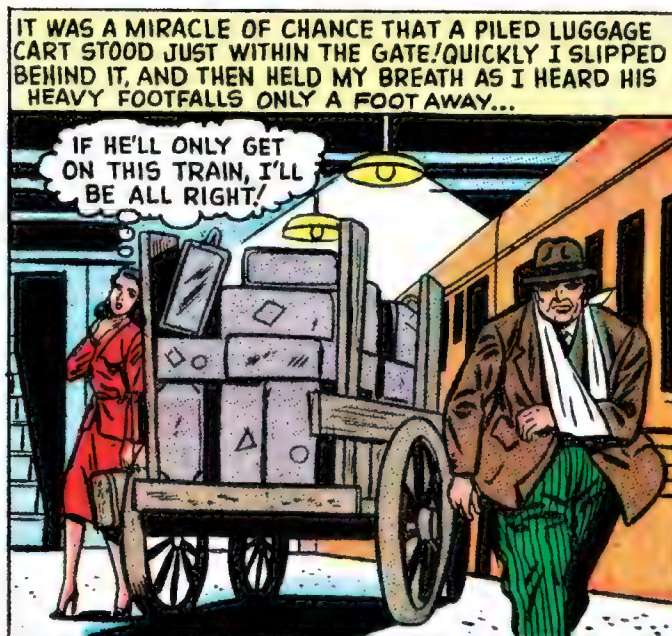
THE F.B.I.! BUT WHA-?



DON'T LET THOSE THREE LETTERS THROW YOU, MISS GREY--I'M HERE TO HELP! WHAT I **CAN** TELL YOU IS THAT OUR OPERATORS HAVE DISCOVERED A RED SPY RING WHOSE ACTIVITIES HAVE BEEN DIRECTED TOWARDS **THIS** DEPARTMENT...







THE SCREAM OF TERROR WAS ALMOST ON MY LIPS WHEN A KIND FATE ONCE AGAIN INTERVENED! I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE CAME FROM, BUT THE FACT THAT HE WAS THERE WAS ALL THAT MATTERED...



SEAT TAKEN, MISS?

NO! NOT AT ALL! DO SIT DOWN, PLEASE!

YOU SEEM TO BE THE FRIENDLY TYPE, AND LET ME TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING I HATE MORE THAN TO BE STUCK WITH A TIGHT LIPPED GIRL ON A LONG TRIP! THE NAME'S BOB-- CIGARETTE?



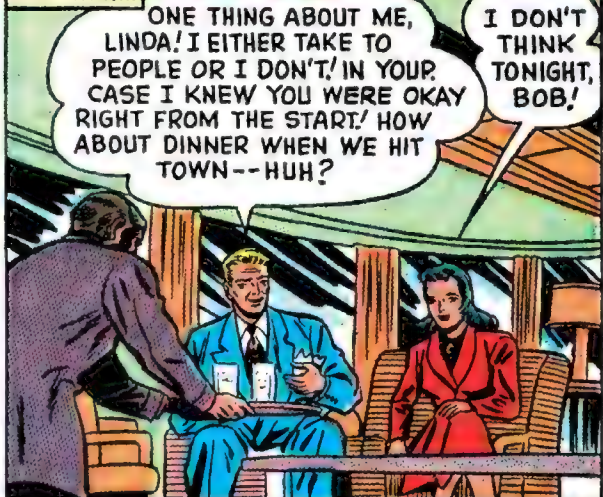
SAY, YOU MUST HAVE IT BAD--OR DO YOU LIKE READING MAGAZINES STANDING ON YOUR HEAD?



WHAT'S A MATTER--CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE? AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE FRIENDLY TYPE!

I--I'M SORRY! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MOMENT!

BOB WAS A TYPICAL WOLF RIGHT DOWN TO HIS FINGERTIPS! AT ANY OTHER TIME HE WOULD HAVE BEEN A FRIGHTFUL BORE--BUT RIGHT THEN I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE WITH OUT HIM...



ONE THING ABOUT ME, LINDA! I EITHER TAKE TO PEOPLE OR I DON'T! IN YOUR CASE I KNEW YOU WERE OKAY RIGHT FROM THE START! HOW ABOUT DINNER WHEN WE HIT TOWN--HUH?

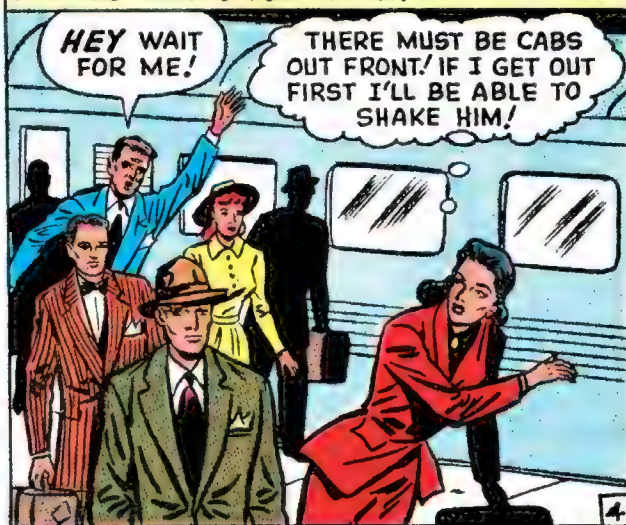
I DON'T THINK TONIGHT, BOB!



OKAY, THEN I'LL KEEP ASKIN' YOU TILL--SAY, WHAT'S EATING YOU?

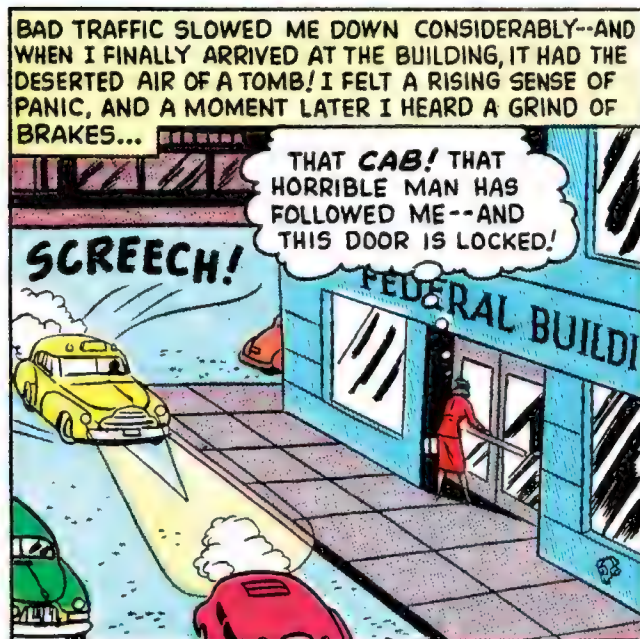
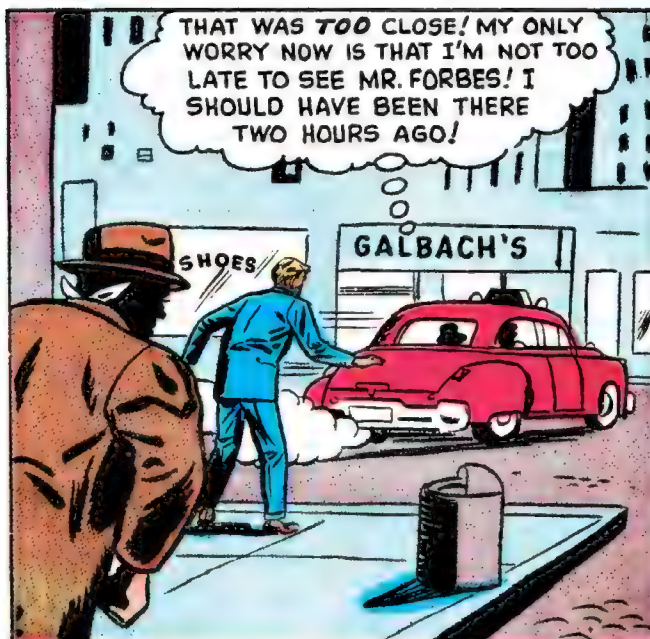
N--NOTHING! SHALL WE GO BACK TO OUR SEATS? I THINK WE'RE DUE IN ANY MINUTE!

NOT MANY MINUTES LATER WE PULLED IN, AND I WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO GET OFF THE TRAIN! AS THE CROWD PRESSED FORWARD, I SLIPPED PAST BOB AND HEADED FOR THE GATE...



HEY WAIT FOR ME!

THERE MUST BE CABS OUT FRONT! IF I GET OUT FIRST I'LL BE ABLE TO SHAKE HIM!



MAYBE IT WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE PIECES OF COINCIDENCE TO HAVE EVER HAPPENED, BUT AS HE STEPPED FORWARD MY HEART SEEMED TO LEAP WITH A SURGE OF NEW FOUND COURAGE...



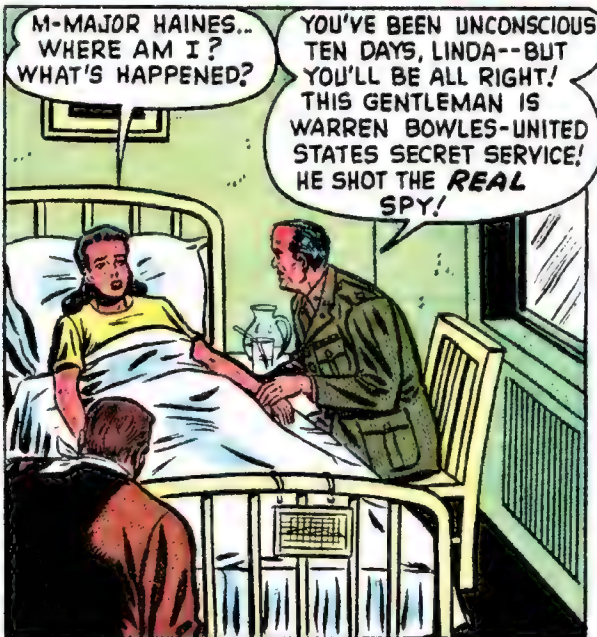
HE HAD BARELY FINISHED SPEAKING WHEN I HEARD THE ELEVATOR DOORS SLIDE OPEN! I TURNED QUICKLY AND...



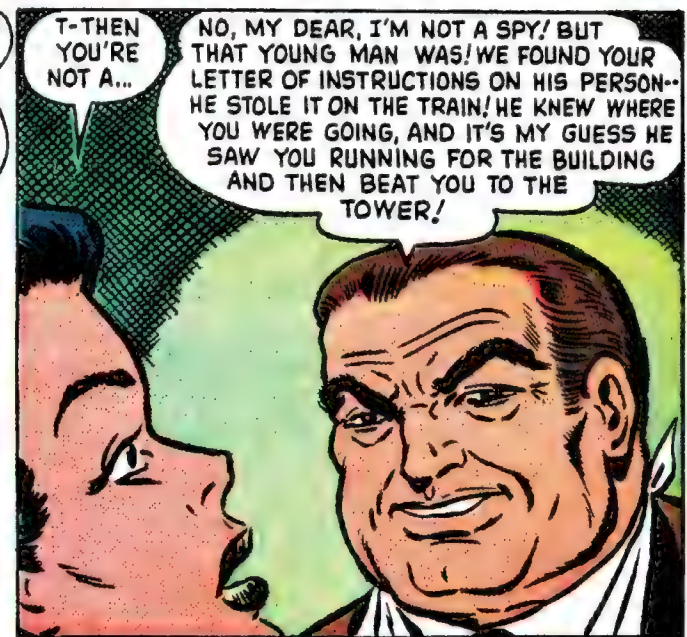
I SEEMED TO BE CLIMBING FOR HOURS AND SUDDENLY MY HANDS WERE GRIPPING NOTHING BUT AIR! THEN I FELL INTO A WORLD OF DARKNESS...



FOR A LONG WHILE THERE WAS ONLY THE DARKNESS, WHICH WAS BROKEN AT TIMES BY STRANGE AND UN-CONNECTED SOUNDS! WHEN THE LIGHT FINALLY RETURNED IT WAS A BLURRY HAZE--THEN I SAW SOMETHING AND MY TERROR RETURNED IN ALL ITS FURY...



YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS TEN DAYS, LINDA--BUT YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! THIS GENTLEMAN IS WARREN BOWLES--UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE! HE SHOT THE **REAL** SPY!

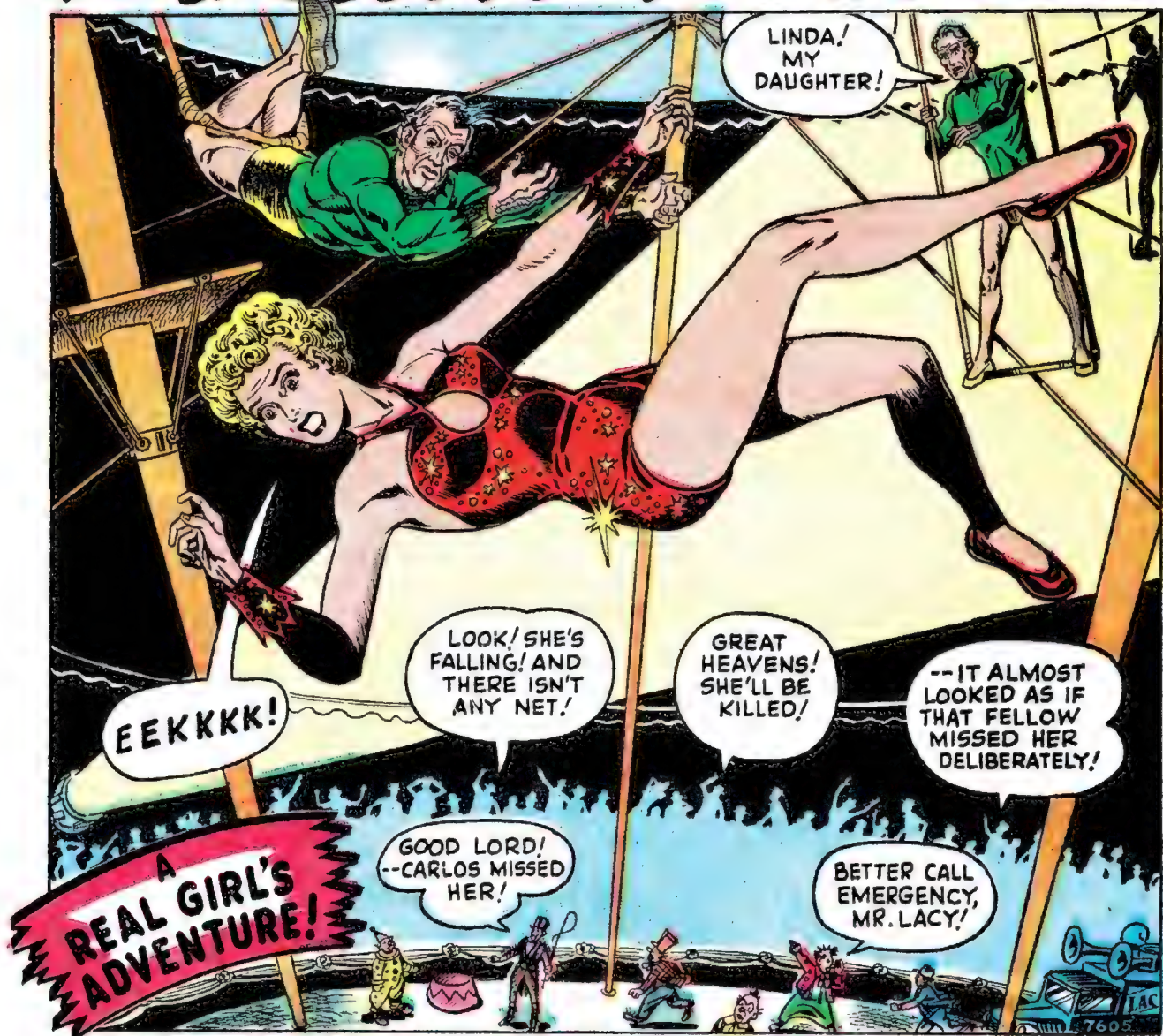


IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE NOW! THEY CAN READ IT IN THE PAPER SAME AS ANY-ONE ELSE!



THE END

The DEATH PLUNGE



THE BRIGHT LIGHTS, THE SMELL OF SAWDUST, THE SWEEPING FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE--YES, THAT WAS MY LIFE, AND NOW, SLOWLY IT CAME TO ME THAT IT WOULD BE MY DEATH, TOO! A NEW ELEMENT HAD ENTERED INTO THE DEATH DEFYING ACT OF THE FLYING CORDELLOS-- THE ELEMENT OF **FEAR**... FEAR OF THE MAN WHO LITERALLY HELD MY LIFE IN HIS HANDS!

WE WERE PERFORMING IN LACY BROTHERS' CIRCUS THAT SUMMER! IT WAS TIME FOR US TO GO ON, BUT OUR CATCHER COULDN'T BE FOUND-- FINALLY--

I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE, PAUL! DRUNK AGAIN, HUH? WELL THIS IS THE LAST TIME-- YOU'RE FIRED!

O.K.! BUT YOU AIN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS --I'LL MAKE YOU PAY! YOU'LL SEE!

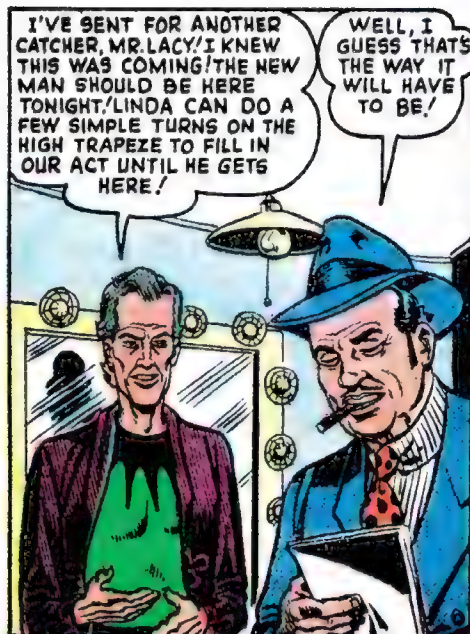


I'LL GET YOU! A MAN'S GOTTA TAKE A DRINK ONCE IN A WHILE DOIN' THIS KIND OF WORK! O.K.! I'LL FIX YOU!

I HAVE TRUSTED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE TO THAT DRUNKEN SOT TOO MANY TIMES WHILE WE WERE OUT THERE UNDER THE BIG TOP! BUT NO MORE!

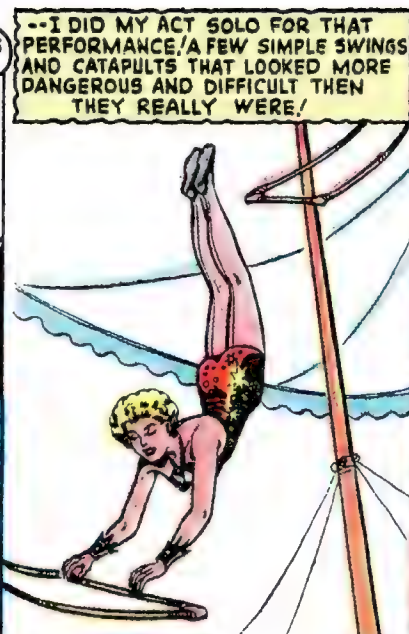
BUT JUST THE TWO OF YOU CAN'T DO THE ACT!



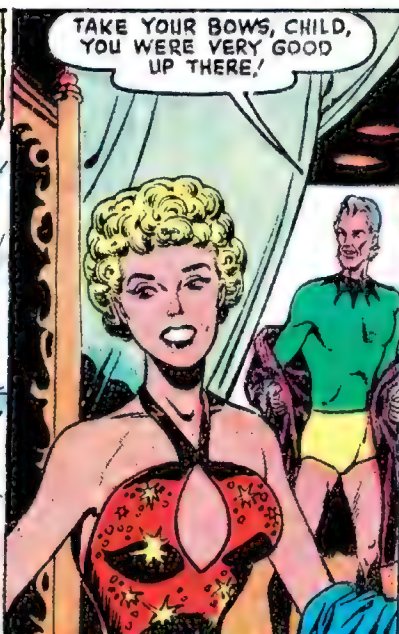


I'VE SENT FOR ANOTHER CATCHER, MR. LACY! I KNEW THIS WAS COMING! THE NEW MAN SHOULD BE HERE TONIGHT! LINDA CAN DO A FEW SIMPLE TURNS ON THE HIGH TRAPEZE TO FILL IN OUR ACT UNTIL HE GETS HERE!

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S THE WAY IT WILL HAVE TO BE!



--I DID MY ACT SOLO FOR THAT PERFORMANCE! A FEW SIMPLE SWINGS AND CATAPULTS THAT LOOKED MORE DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT THEN THEY REALLY WERE!

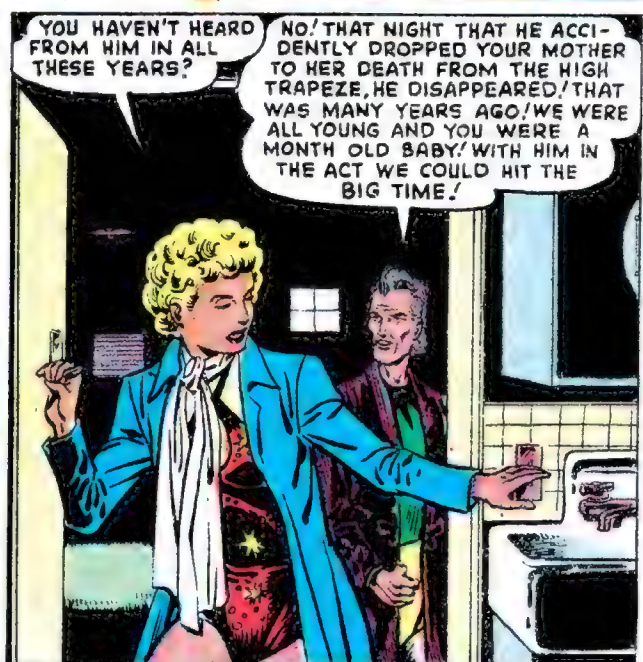


TAKE YOUR BOWS, CHILD, YOU WERE VERY GOOD UP THERE!



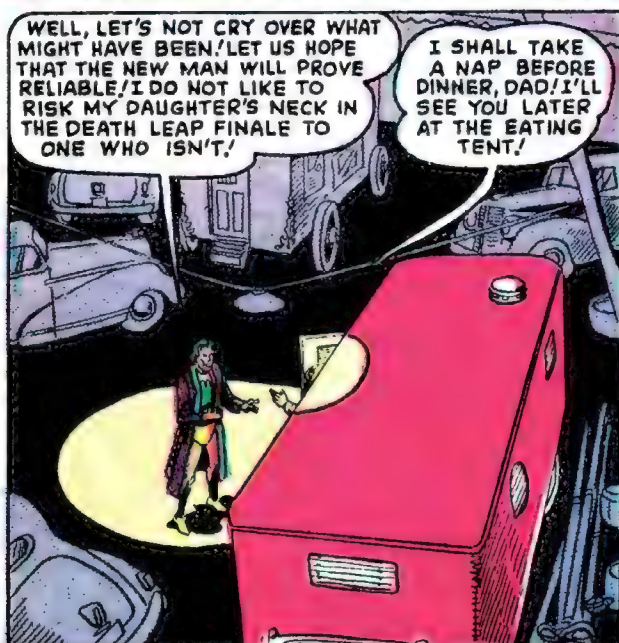
WHO IS THE NEW CATCHER YOU'VE HIRED, DAD?

I DO NOT KNOW! HE WAS RECOMMENDED BY AN OLD FRIEND IN THE CABLE CIRCUS! AHHH, MY DEAR, IF YOUR UNCLE WERE WITH US NOW AS CATCHER, WE COULD USE SOME OF OUR REALLY DANGEROUS TURNS! HE WAS A WIZARD ON THE BARS!



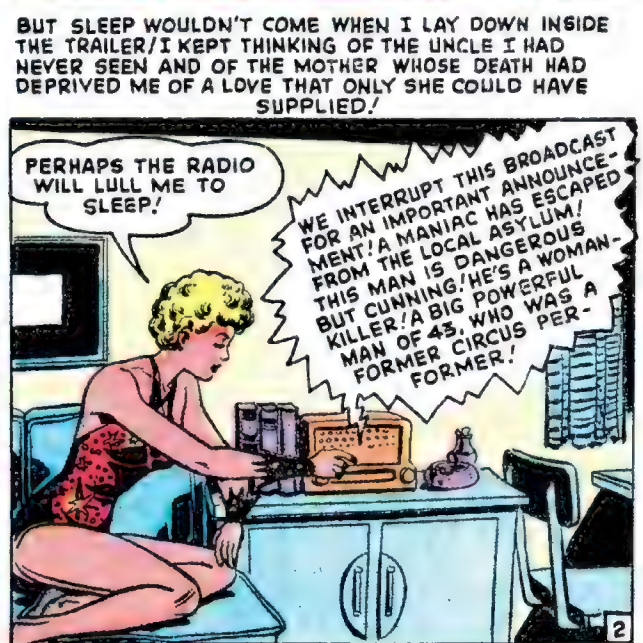
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN ALL THESE YEARS?

NO! THAT NIGHT THAT HE ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED YOUR MOTHER TO HER DEATH FROM THE HIGH TRAPEZE, HE DISAPPEARED! THAT WAS MANY YEARS AGO! WE WERE ALL YOUNG AND YOU WERE A MONTH OLD BABY! WITH HIM IN THE ACT WE COULD HIT THE BIG TIME!



WELL, LET'S NOT CRY OVER WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN! LET US HOPE THAT THE NEW MAN WILL PROVE RELIABLE! I DO NOT LIKE TO RISK MY DAUGHTER'S NECK IN THE DEATH LEAP FINALE TO ONE WHO ISN'T!

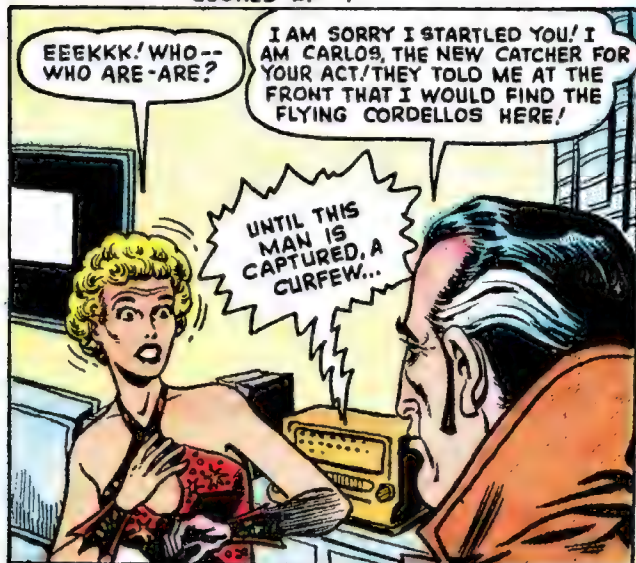
I SHALL TAKE A NAP BEFORE DINNER, DAD! I'LL SEE YOU LATER AT THE EATING TENT!



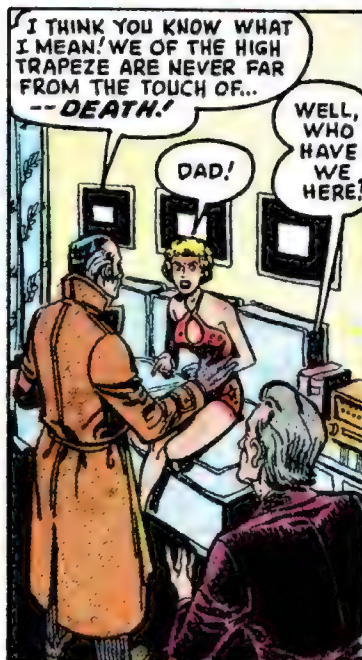
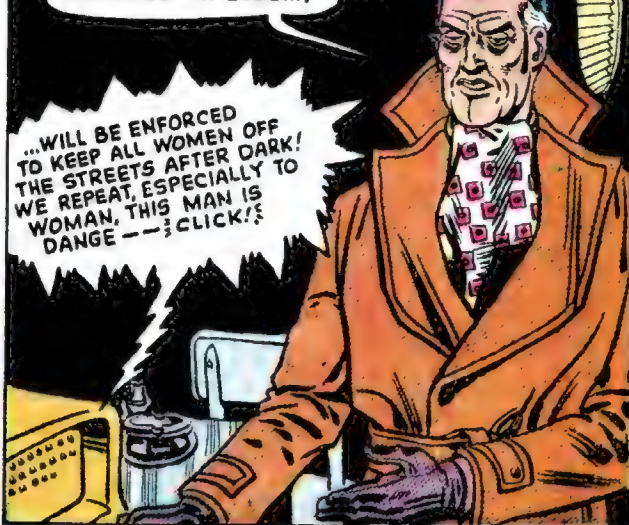
PERHAPS THE RADIO WILL LULL ME TO SLEEP!

WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT! A MANIAC HAS ESCAPED FROM THE LOCAL ASYLUM! THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS BUT CUNNING! HE'S A WOMAN-KILLER! A BIG POWERFUL MAN OF 43, WHO WAS A FORMER CIRCUS PERFORMER!

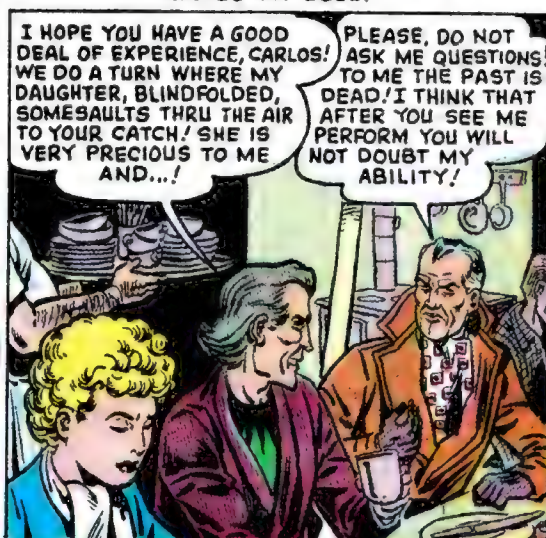
THEN I FELT IT... FELT THE EYES UPON ME--I KNEW THE TERROR, ALIEN EYES ON ME HERE IN THE TINY ROOM! I LOOKED UP--!



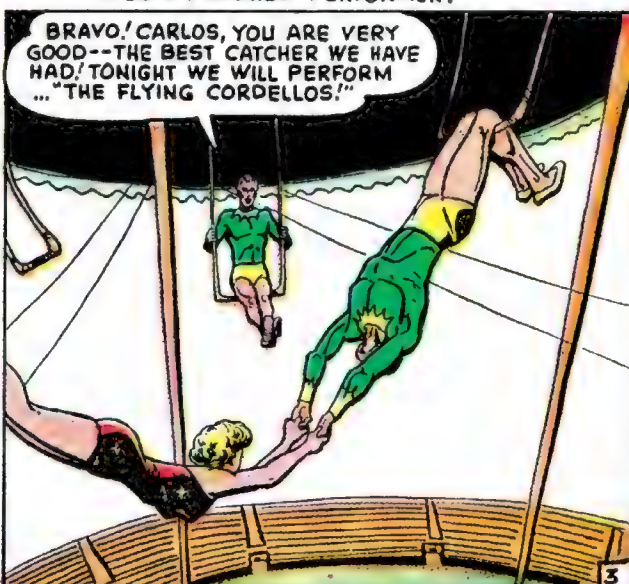
IT IS NOT GOOD THAT A TRAPEZE PERFORMER SHOULD LISTEN TO SUCH UNSETTLING NEWS! ONE MUST KEEP THE NERVES AS PLIANT AS THE MUSCLES OR ELSE...!



ALL THROUGH DINNER I WATCHED THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF, CARLOS! HE WAS A STRANGE, SILENT MAN, AND I CAUGHT HIM, MANY TIMES GAZING AT ME WITH A LOOK SO INTENSE THAT IT CHILLED MY SOUL!



LATER, WE PRACTISED OUR ACT, AND CARLOS PROVED TO BE A FINISHED PERFORMER!

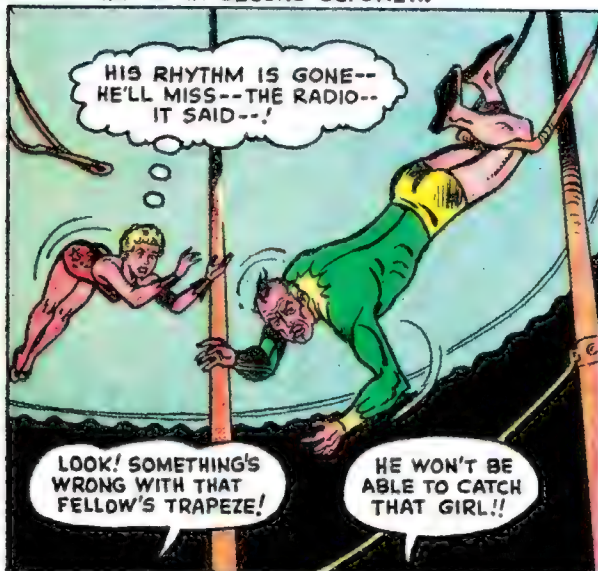


THE STRANGE MAN'S GREAT ABILITY LULLED MY FEARS! HIS COMPETENCE WAS A RELIEF AFTER THE TROUBLE WE HAD WITH OUR FORMER CATCHER! I WENT TO THE EVENING PERFORMANCE WITH EAGERNESS!



...INTRODUCING, "THE FLYING CORDELLOS" IN THEIR SENSATIONAL DEATH DEFYING SPECTACLE ON THE HIGH TRAPEZE! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE MANAGEMENT REQUESTS THAT YOU WILL KINDLY BE AS QUIET AS POSSIBLE DURING THIS AWE INSPIRING PERFORMANCE! WORKING, AS THEY DO, WITHOUT NETS, THE SLIGHTEST NOISE COULD CAUSE A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT! AND HERE THEY ARE... "THE FLYING CORDELLOS!"

IT WAS TOWARDS THE END OF THE ACT, WHEN I DID A DOUBLE TWIST TO CARLOS, THAT IT HAPPENED! I WAS IN THE AIR STRAIGHTENING OUT FOR THE CATCH AND IN THAT SPLIT SECOND BEFORE...



HIS RHYTHM IS GONE-- HE'LL MISS-- THE RADIO-- IT SAID--

LOOK! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THAT FELLOW'S TRAPEZE!

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO CATCH THAT GIRL!!

BACK ON THE TRAPEZE I WAS TERRIBLY SHAKEN! THOUGHTS CHASED THROUGH MY MIND LIKE MICE!



SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE TRAPEZE! DID HE TRY TO MISS DELIBERATELY? OR DID HE TRY TO I--I ALMOST CATCH ME? WAS IT MISSED HE THAT HAD CAUGHT ME, OR HAD I, IN THAT LAST DESPERATE SECOND, GRABBED AND HELD HIS HAND SO HE COULDN'T DROP ME?

LOOK! A BOLT SNAPPED! I EXAMINED THEM CAREFULLY BEFORE THE PERFORMANCE! THE METAL MUST HAVE CRYSTALLIZED, AS IT SOMETIMES DOES, WITHOUT SHOWING!



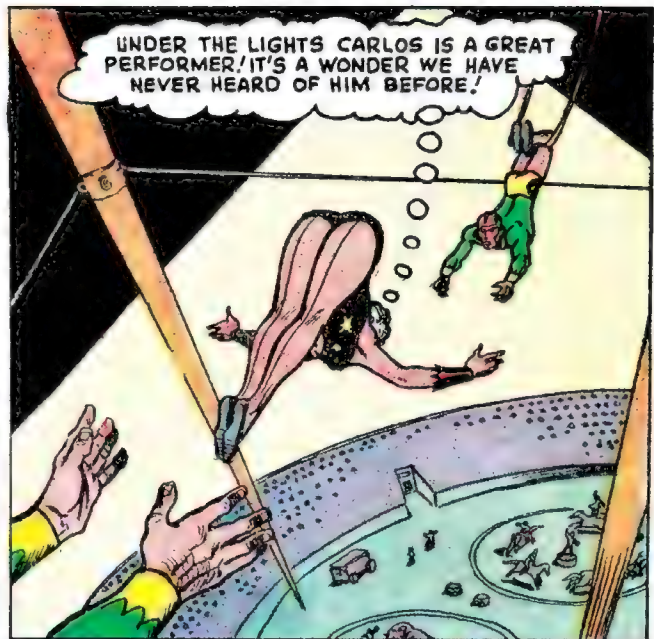
YES! LET'S GET DOWN TO THE GROUND!

THAT WAS A NEAR THING! SOMETHING GAVE WAY I THINK! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LINDA?



A BOLT SNAPPED!

YES, DAD, I--I'M ALL RIGHT!



UNDER THE LIGHTS CARLOS IS A GREAT PERFORMER! IT'S A WONDER WE HAVE NEVER HEARD OF HIM BEFORE!



HE CAUGHT HER! THANK HEAVEN!

I THOUGHT SHE WAS A GONER

WHEW!



WE MOVE TO THE NEXT TOWN, TONIGHT, SO TOMORROW WE WILL EXAMINE THE GEAR CAREFULLY BEFORE WE SET UP! LUCKY IT WAS NOT ME TONIGHT! I'M TOO OLD TO GRAB SO QUICKLY--I WOULD HAVE PLUNGED DOWN!

NO, DAD, IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN YOU! THE RADIO SAID--

A WOMAN KILLER!

THAT NIGHT AS WE SPED ALONG THE HIGHWAY TO THE NEXT TOWN, SLEEP AVOIDED ME! WORDS KEPT POUNDING AT MY CONSCIOUSNESS-- WORDS TWISTING LIKE SNAKES IN MY BRAIN!



WOMAN-KILLER! MANIAC! DANGEROUS! MURDERER! WOMAN-KILLER! WOMAN-KILLER! WOMAN-KILLER!

WITH THE MORNING LIGHT I FELL INTO A REST-LESS SLEEP AND UPON AWAKENING, FELT SOMEWHAT BETTER! NIGHT FEARS ALWAYS SEEM TO LEAVE WITH THE LIGHT!



GET UP, SLEEPYHEAD, IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE PERFORMANCE! WE MUST PRACTICE!

I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG!



HE IS SO SURE, SO SMOOTH...I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS! IF HE WANTED TO KILL ME HE WOULD DO IT NOW, WHILE WE PRACTICE! NOT IN FRONT OF AN AUDIENCE!

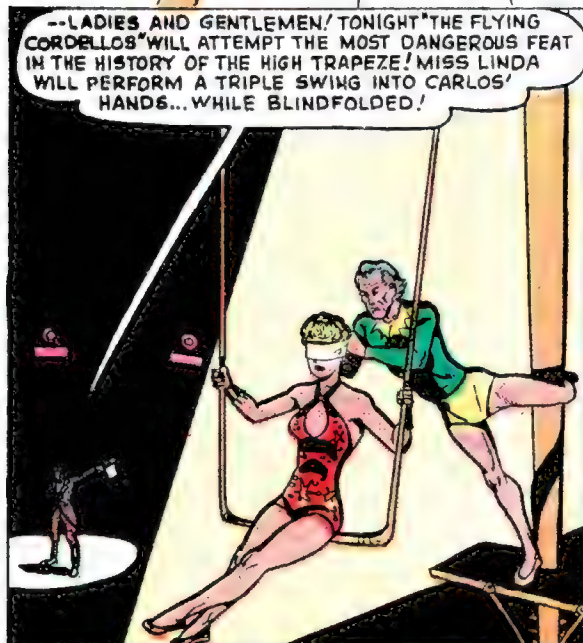
THE TENT FILLED AFTER WE HAD FINISHED, AND A STORM BLEW UP, SMASHING RAIN-GUSTS AT THE TENT WALLS!



TIGHTEN THOSE GUY ROPES, MEN!

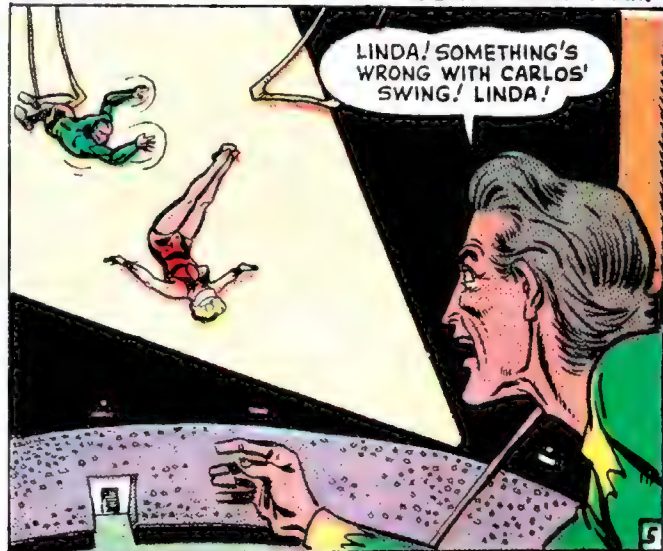
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, LINDA! CARLOS HAS BEEN WORKING SO WELL WITH US THAT TONIGHT WE WILL USE THE TRIPLE SWING, BLINDFOLDED FOR A FINALE!

BUT--BUT, DAD!



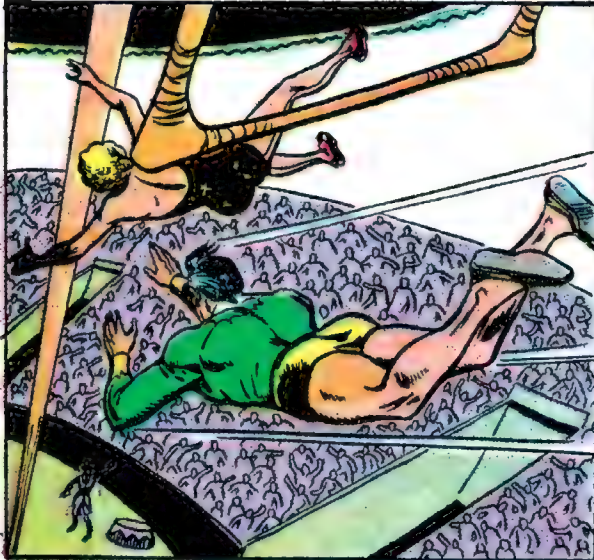
--LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! TONIGHT "THE FLYING CORDELLOS" WILL ATTEMPT THE MOST DANGEROUS FEAT IN THE HISTORY OF THE HIGH TRAPEZE! MISS LINDA WILL PERFORM A TRIPLE SWING INTO CARLOS' HANDS... WHILE BLINDFOLDED!

...MY HEART WAS POUNDING AS I SWUNG OUT! SUDDENLY I WAS CONVINCED THAT CARLOS WAS THE ESCAPED MANIAC... THE WOMAN-KILLER, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! I HAD ALREADY BEGUN THE TRIPLE SWING TOWARD HIM... IN THE BLINDFOLDED DARK!

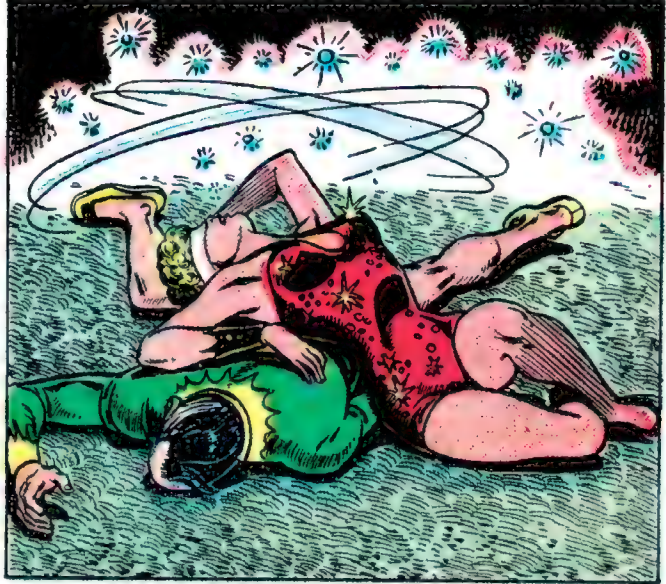


LINDA! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH CARLOS' SWING! LINDA!

I HEARD THE THUNDER OF THE STORM OUTSIDE...I FELT MY HANDS TOUCH, AND SLIP FROM HIS--/THEN I WAS PLUNGING DOWN INTO NOTHINGNESS!



SOMETHING STRUCK ME...BROKE MY FALL JUST BEFORE I SMASHED TO THE GROUND--THEN I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS!

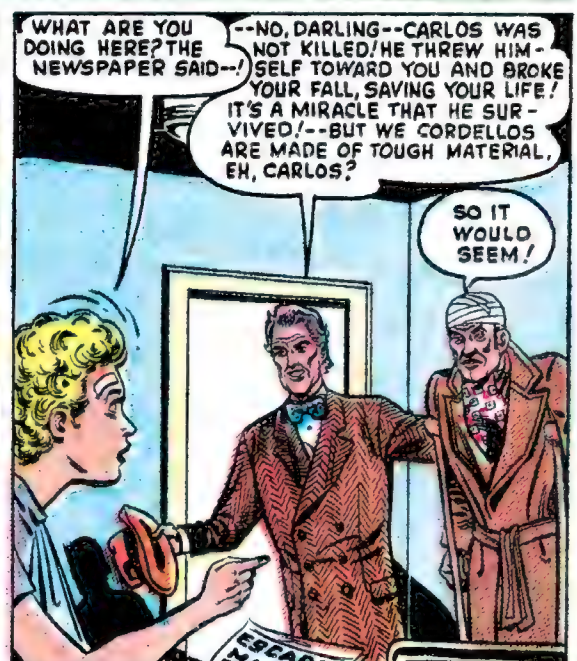


--WH...WHERE AM I... WHAT? OH, I REMEMBER NOW! THE FALL-- CARLOS--!



--THEY GOT HIM-- THEY GOT HIM-- AND I'M STILL ALIVE!

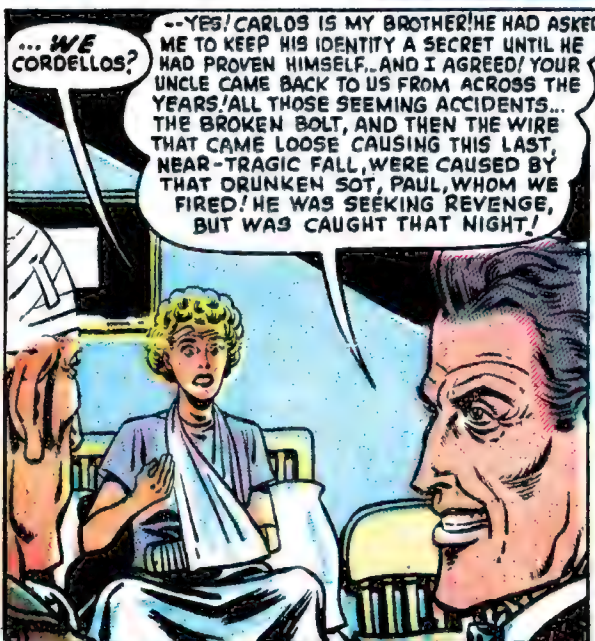
LINDA, DARLING! YOU'VE COME TO!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THE NEWSPAPER SAID--!

--NO, DARLING--CARLOS WAS NOT KILLED! HE THREW HIMSELF TOWARD YOU AND BROKE YOUR FALL, SAVING YOUR LIFE! IT'S A MIRACLE THAT HE SURVIVED!--BUT WE CORDELLOS ARE MADE OF TOUGH MATERIAL, EH, CARLOS?

SO IT WOULD SEEM!



... WE CORDELLOS?

--YES! CARLOS IS MY BROTHER! HE HAD ASKED ME TO KEEP HIS IDENTITY A SECRET UNTIL HE HAD PROVEN HIMSELF...AND I AGREED! YOUR UNCLE CAME BACK TO US FROM ACROSS THE YEARS/ALL THOSE SEEMING ACCIDENTS... THE BROKEN BOLT, AND THEN THE WIRE THAT CAME LOOSE CAUSING THIS LAST, NEAR-TRAGIC FALL, WERE CAUSED BY THAT DRUNKEN SOT, PAUL, WHOM WE FIRED! HE WAS SEEKING REVENGE, BUT WAS CAUGHT THAT NIGHT!

--SO THE FEAR WAS GONE, BANISHED BY THE WHITE LIGHT OF TRUTH AND KNOWLEDGE, AND THE "FLYING CORDELLOS" WENT ON TO GREATER TRIUMPHS UNDER THE BIG TOP IN THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!



THE END



"HEY, O'HARA, are you in there?" Valo shouted. The response was muffled but the answer seemed to satisfy the policeman and he sauntered on. The warehouse behind him was quiet once more, the only sound being the noise of the patrolman's departing feet.

O'Hara grimaced as he sat at his desk inside the dark building. Valo knew he was there but he always tried to knock talk out of him these days. It was part of his job, O'Hara knew, especially now that the warehouse was filled with bales of silk, the first fine material brought back since the end of the war.

O'Hara glanced at the battered alarm clock ticking away on the top of the desk. Two minutes to twelve and time he made his hourly rounds. He grunted as he got up and muttered curses at the dampness of the building that made him so stiff. The time clock in its leather case and sling gave him something else to growl at. It was heavy, it was a nuisance and it was his lord and master. If it wasn't for that clock, life would indeed be easy for Martin O'Hara. Now, its ticking works turning the hands inexorably would provide evidence to his employers as to whether Martin O'Hara had performed his prescribed rounds or not. One more invention of the devil, designed solely to make man miserable.

A slight noise at his fourth punching station gave the night watchman his first intimation that this night would be any different from the endless ones preceding it. It was a small noise; the scurrying of a rat across the dark floor, a shifting of a carelessly stowed bale of silk, or it could be the scrape of leather soles. O'Hara's nerves tingled warningly but the grating voice was still a surprise when it came.

"Get 'em up, Pop!" the command was accom-

panied by the beam of a powerful light in O'Hara's eyes. "I'm covering you with a gun! One quick move and you're finished!"

O'Hara's hands went up and he stopped in his tracks. His mind churned but came up with only one answer. He could do nothing as long as that gun gleaming in the light pointed at his stomach.

"All right, all right, take it easy!" O'Hara said thickly. "I'll do whatever you say! Just point that thing someplace else!"

The other laughed and rapid footsteps sounded behind the night watchman. "Hey, Lefty, take this guy in the back near the truck! Tie him up and fix him so he can't make a squawk!"

"Okay, boss, but hurry it up!" Lefty said nervously. "This joint gives me the jitters!"

Lefty had a hand torch and he lighted the way as he held his gun to O'Hara's back. The loading ramp in the back of the warehouse was their destination and O'Hara's eyes bulged at the sight of the huge red trailer and big tractor. It was one of the warehouse's own, probably taken from the company garage. No policeman, not even the careful Valo, would question this truck when it pulled out.

"Get over 'there, Pop!" Lefty rasped. "Sit in that chair!"

O'Hara sat down obediently in one of the checker's chairs. Lefty signed okay to the two men waiting at the tailboard and they went inside to where the boss was sorting out the most valuable silks. It was a well planned job, going through without a hitch, now that the night watchman was under control.

Lefty was cheerful as he took a length of heavy rope from the cab of the truck. He answered O'Hara's questioning look happily. "We've been in here since the warehouse closed up this after-

noon. One of the boys sat in the cab while the rest of us waited in the trailer in back! The platform boss figured the trailer was waiting for a load in the morning so the driver checked out and left the truck here! The boss is a pretty slick article!"

O'Hara groaned. It was indeed slick and it was of no importance that he, Martin O'Hara would be out of a job in the morning. He hadn't felt this bad since he lost the fight to McNulty two weeks ago and he'd felt pretty bad then.

The loading went smoothly. Lefty's boss had a good eye and the cream of the shipment disappeared into the vast maw of the huge trailer. One hour after they began, the doors of the big red trailer swung shut on a shipment worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Okay, boss, we're ready to roll!" one of the loaders said happily. "Want to take the old guy along or knock him on the head?"

The boss shook his head. "Neither. He didn't make any trouble for us so we'll treat him just as good! Gag him and make sure his arms and legs are tied good and tight!"

O'Hara came to life at that. "No, you *can't* do that! I tell you I won't yell!" O'Hara's voice was thick and the words blurred. Lefty laughed and untied the knots behind him while the loader picked up some waste from the floor.

"We won't hurt you, Pop!" Lefty said amusedly. "I'll just fix the ropes so you don't pull anything fancy while Bobo fixes you a nice little gag!"

Bobo laughed as he came over with the cotton waste. "Don't worry, Pop, I know how to fix a gag so you can still breathe! Open wide!"

O'Hara squirmed and pushed away from Bobo's prying fingers. Lefty cursed him heartily and tried to draw the ropes tighter but O'Hara was going crazy. He freed one hand and pushed Bobo away, then Lefty and Bobo both grabbed him.

"No, no! I tell you, you can't do that . . . Aaanh!" the thickly uttered words were interrupted by a scream of real pain. The next minute, O'Hara, Bobo and Lefty were a scrambled mess of flailing arms, gouging fingers and kicking feet on the cement floor.

The boss was startled but he swung into action. "Break that up, *quick!* We'll have every badge

toter in New York on our ears in a minute!"

O'Hara was a whirlwind of action. Disregarding Lefty's frantically clutching hands around his neck, he swung one hamlike hand and Bobo's head smacked sharply back onto the cement floor. The next instant, O'Hara had Bobo's gun and it boomed twice at the oncoming boss. He coughed once and fell on his face.

"That'll bring the coppers sure!" the remaining loader yelled. "I'm getting out of here!"

Lefty seemed to agree as he released his grip on the aroused night watchman but O'Hara was started now. He grabbed one leg as the other started to run and brought him down with a crash. A police whistle blasted outside, then the sharp yammer of Valo's night stick sounded the alarm to brother officers in the district.

O'Hara had Lefty's throat in two powerful hands when Valo arrived on the scene. Lefty's face was turning blue and Valo had trouble getting O'Hara to turn him loose. Lefty rubbed his neck and looked at O'Hara in surprised awe.

"Pop, you're a humdinger when you get started!" he croaked ruefully. "I cased this job with the boss and we both figured you for a soft touch!"

Valo turned the body of the slain boss and whistled in surprise.

"O'Hara, this guy you put two slugs into is none other than Lou Heller, a boy the department's been after for a long time!"

A siren wailed outside and two more policemen came in with the second loader walking ahead of their drawn guns. "Found this guy running after we heard shots! Was he on this job?"

O'Hara nodded and rubbed his jaw. Lefty was still looking at him in reluctant admiration as Valo snapped handcuffs on him. "I still can't see why he jumped on us like that!"

Valo stooped and picked the cotton waste they had attempted to gag O'Hara with.

"You were going to gag O'Hara?" Lefty nodded and Valo chuckled. "That's why O'Hara turned into a bearcat! McNulty broke his jaw in a fight two weeks ago! It's been wired together ever since! O'Hara'd rather be shot than have someone pry that jaw apart!"

THE END

The HOUSE of SHADOWS!



IT'S ONLY SUMMER LIGHTNING! BESIDES, THEY'RE PROBABLY STILL WATCHING TO SEE IF I REALLY GO IN. I'LL SHOW THEM I'M NOT AFRAID!



I HAD ONLY TAKEN A FEW STEPS ACROSS THE THRESHOLD WHEN I HEARD A RUSH OF WIND BEHIND ME. I TURNED QUICKLY AND...

I--IT WAS ONLY THE WIND! I'M BECOMING SCARED OVER NOTHING!

CAUTIOUSLY, I ENTERED THE FIRST ROOM OFF THE HALL, AND PLACED MY BURNING CANDLE IN THE WINDOW! AS THE MINUTES TICKED BY, A STRANGE VIBRATION SEEMED TO COME FROM THE WALLS--AND THEN ALL AT ONCE I HEARD...

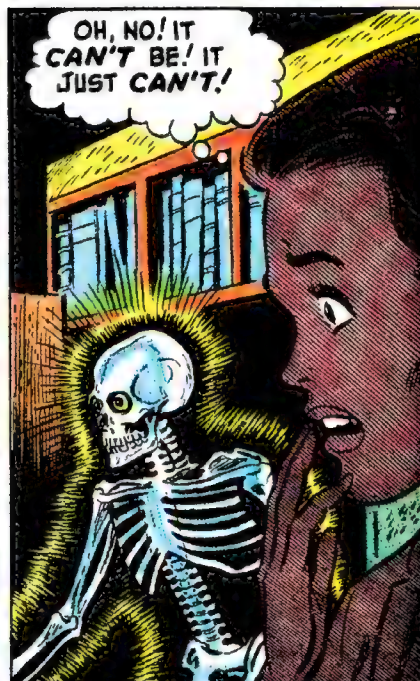


QUICKLY I BLEW OUT THE CANDLE AND HELD MY BREATH...

IT'S A PASSAGEWAY--AND I CAN HEAR SOMETHING COMING UP THE STAIRS! I'VE GOT TO--



OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT JUST CAN'T!

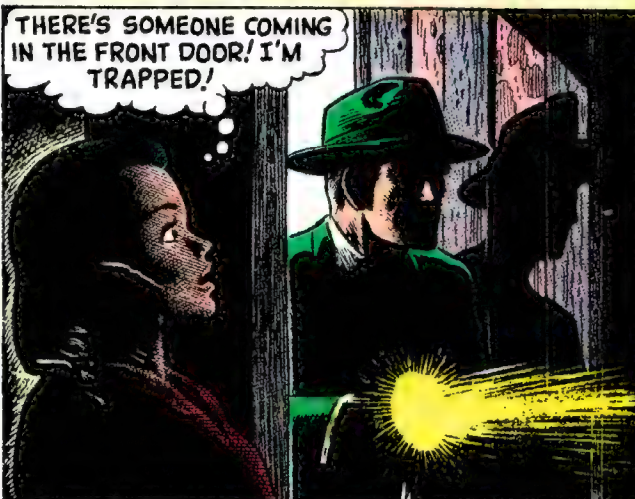


I--I MUST GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE--AND THIS WINDOW IS **BARRED!** MAYBE THAT TERRIBLE THING WILL GO TO SOME OTHER ROOM--IF I CAN ONLY GET TO THE FRONT DOOR!



I WAITED A FEW MINUTES UNTIL I WAS CERTAIN THAT WHATEVER IT WAS I HAD SEEN, HAD GONE AWAY! THEN, AS I WAS ABOUT TO STEP FROM THE ROOM, A NEW SOUND MADE ME DRAW BACK IN TERROR...

THERE'S SOMEONE COMING IN THE FRONT DOOR! I'M TRAPPED!



I TORE MY EYES FROM THE SCENE AND THEN A NEW HORROR BEGAN TO TAKE PLACE! ONCE AGAIN THE BOOKCASE SWUNG OPEN ON ITS RUSTY HINGES...



MY ONLY THOUGHT WAS TO GET OUT OF THE ROOM--AWAY FROM THAT LEERING SKULL!



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THEM--ANYWHERE!



THAT WINDOW! I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH OF A DROP IT IS! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN STAYING HERE!



THE WINDOW LED TO THE ROOF, AND THEN ALONG ITS EDGE SPREAD THE BRANCHES OF A LARGE TREE! I CHOSE THE LARGEST ONE, AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...



IT'S COMING AFTER ME!-- BUT I'VE GOT TO GO ON!



GET AWAY FROM ME! D-DON'T COME NEAR ME--WAIT! THE BRANCH--IT'S--





A FEW MINUTES LATER HE HAD HELPED ME TO THE GROUND, I COULDN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF THEIR TWISTED UGLY FORMS...



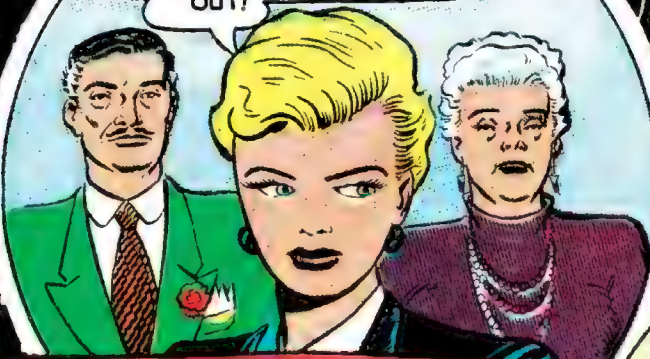
WHEN THE GANG ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES LATER, THEIR EYES POPPED WHEN I LED THEM THROUGH THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY AND INTO THE BASEMENT BELOW!



THE END

CONFLICT!

YOU HEARD ME, O'LEARY!
GET OUT OF HALSEY! A BAD
APPLE LIKE YOU CAN SPOIL EVERY
THING IT TOUCHES! THIS IS A SCHOOL
FOR DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH... NOT
GUTTERSNIPE! NOW...GET OUT...
BEFORE I HAVE YOU THROWN
OUT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY
MY POP SETTLED ARGUMENTS
LIKE THIS...AND IF IT'S GOOD
ENOUGH FOR MIKE O'LEARY,
IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIS
DAUGHTER! LOOK OUT, MISS
BLUE BOOK! I'M GOING TO
RIP YOU APART...PAGE
BY PAGE!



CONFLICT! BITTER AND DEVASTATING!
THAT'S WHAT IVY O'LEARY, DAUGHTER OF
THE SLUMS, RAN INTO WHEN SHE DARED TO
ENLIST IN AN EXCLUSIVE FINISHING SCHOOL!
BUT THE O'LEARYS CAME FROM AS GOOD A STOCK
AS ANY BLUE BLOOD, AND WHEN THE SHOW-
DOWN CAME, SHE FACED IT IN HER OWN WAY...
A WAY LEARNED ON THE SIDEWALKS OF
NEW YORK!

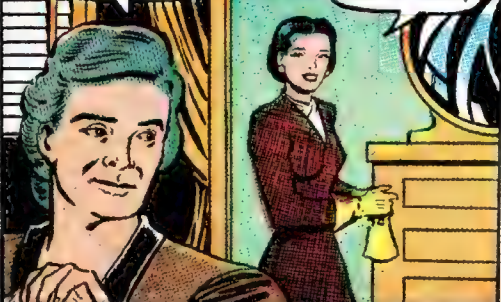
**A
REAL GIRL'S
ADVENTURE!**

7579

SEPTEMBER 2, 1949 WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT DATE OF MY LIFE, FOR THEN BEGAN THE DREAM MY MOTHER HAD PLANNED FOR ME SINCE I WAS BORN! FOR I, BORN AND BRED IN THE SLUMS, WAS ABOUT TO DO WHAT WAS POSSIBLE ONLY FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH! I WAS GOING TO AN EXCLUSIVE FINISHING SCHOOL!

REMEMBER, IVY, YOUR POP AND I HAVE WORKED HARD TO GIVE YOU THIS CHANCE, DON'T DO ANYTHING TO SPOIL IT!

DON'T WORRY MOM! I'LL MAKE YOU PROUD OF ME! YOU'LL SEE!

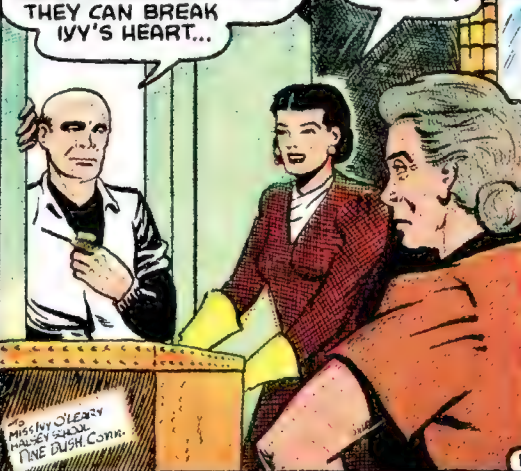


I WANT YOU TO HAVE EVERY CHANCE! I'VE SAVED MONEY FOR YEARS AND PULLED STRINGS TO GET YOU ADMITTED TO HALSEY! BUT IT'S WORTH IT! IT'S THE BEST FINISHING SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY...AND THAT'S WHAT I WANT FOR YOU...THE BEST!

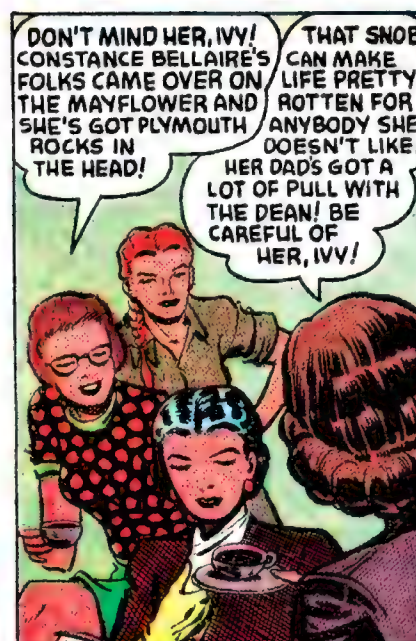
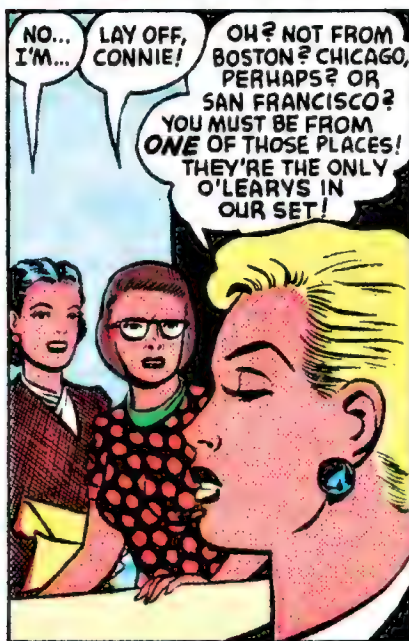
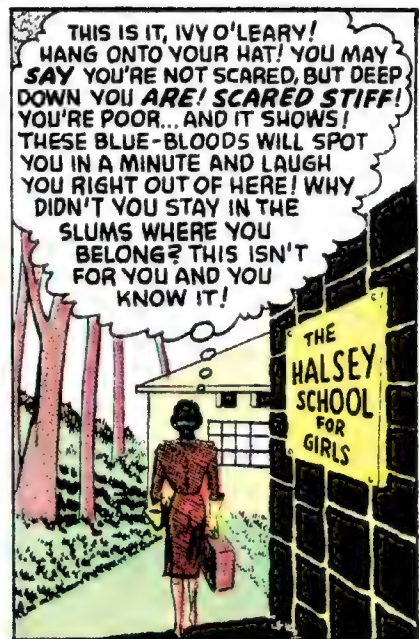
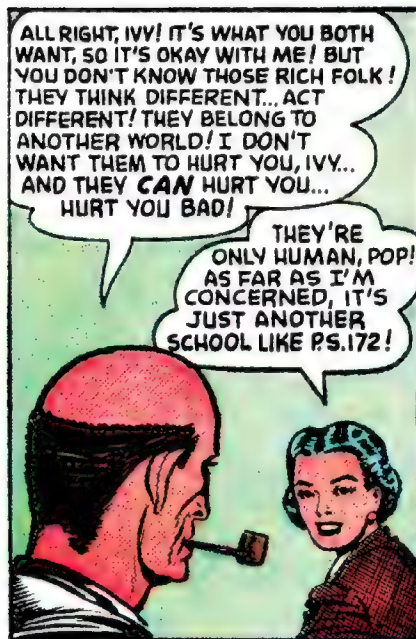


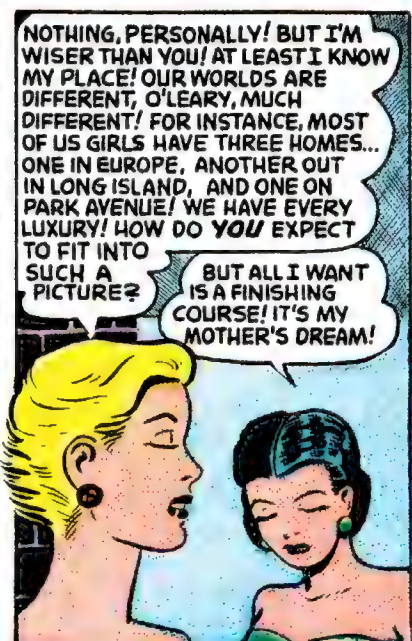
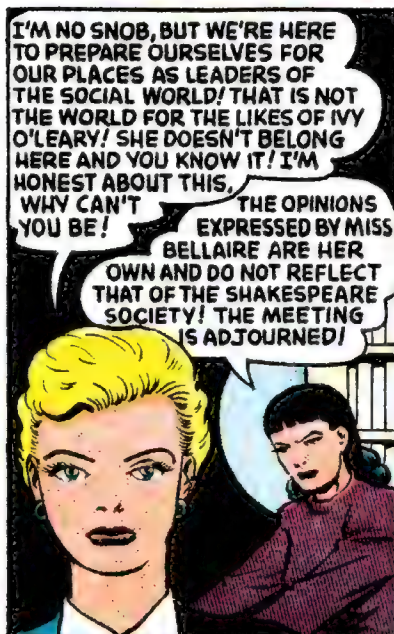
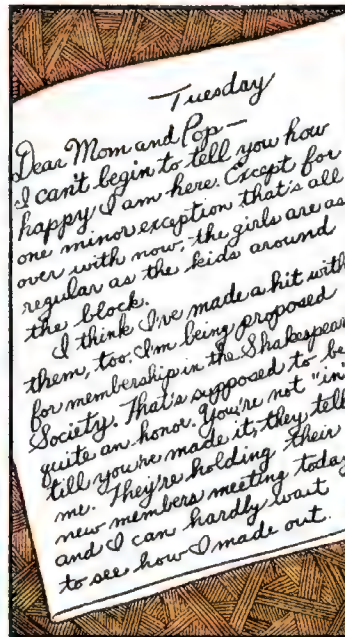
IT'S NOT RIGHT, MAMIE! IVY'S A WONDERFUL GIRL, BUT THE GIRLS AT THAT SCHOOL AREN'T OUR KIND! THEY'RE BORN RICH! DON'T FORGET THAT! THEY KNOW A DIFFERENT LIFE! THEY CAN BREAK IVY'S HEART...

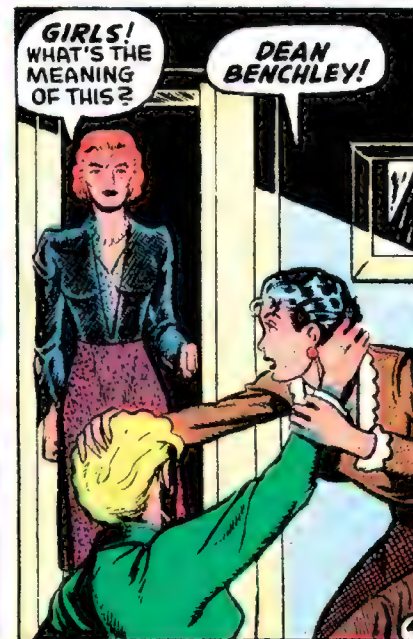
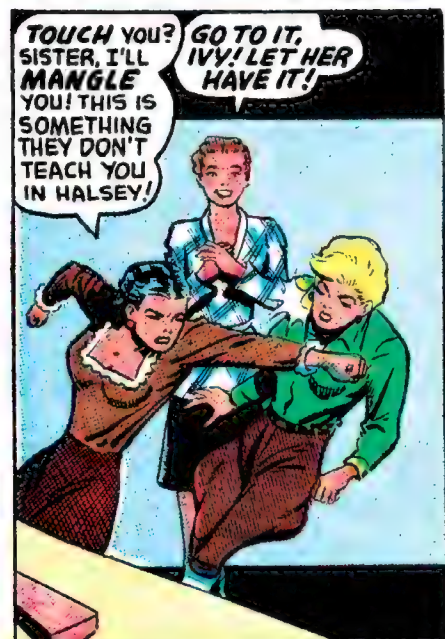
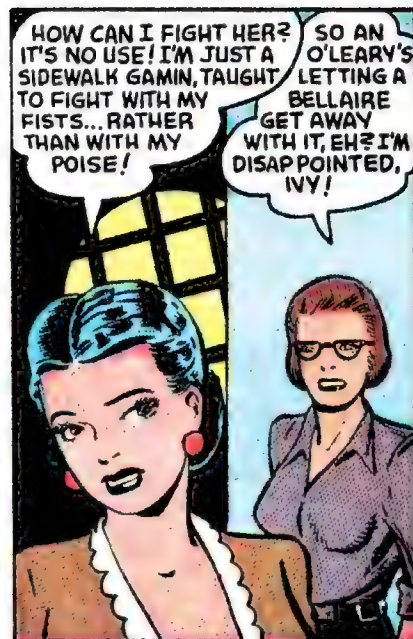
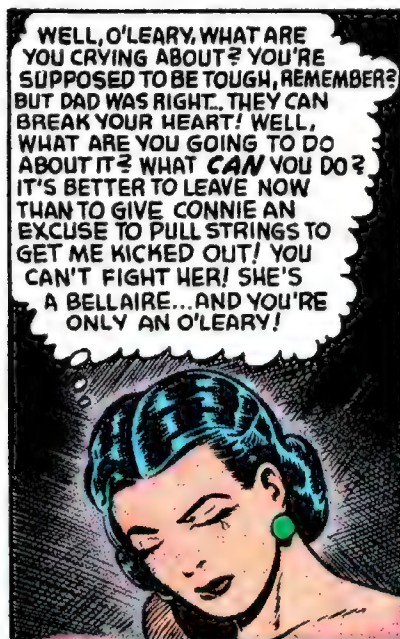
THEY'RE BORN RICH... BUT I WAS BORN TOUGH, POP, THEY CAN'T HURT ME! I'M AN O'LEARY... YOU KNOW!

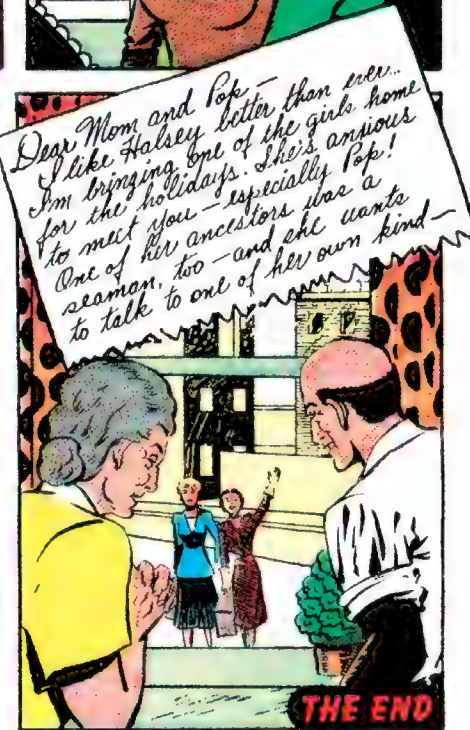
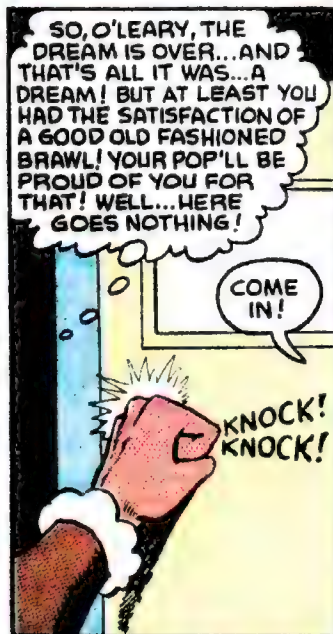


MISS IVY O'LEARY
HALSEY SCHOOL
FINE DUSH CORN.









GIRLS' ADVENTURES

MYSTERY • ADVENTURE • SUSPENSE •

GIRL



10¢

COMICS

JAN.
NO. 6

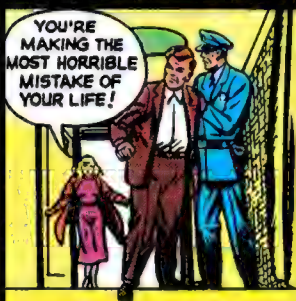
REAL ADVENTURES OF REAL GIRLS!

ALSO IN THIS
ISSUE

THE VICTIM
WAS ME!



MURDERER'S
DAUGHTER!



TURNING
POINT!



I HAVE
BAD NEWS
FOR YOU...
VERY BAD!



FUN FOR ALL! ORDER TODAY!

Beautiful BLONDIE "WONDER DOLL WITH 'RUBBER SKIN'"

"SQUEEZE ME ... I COO!"

- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes

Here she is now, that CUDDLY, HUGGABLE, love-me baby Beautiful Blondie. She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is of REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN. Squeeze her and she "COOS" ... just like a baby. Every little mother will want Blondie for her carriage. She's got Blondie curls aplenty, and they're thick and long just like real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in ribbons at night and tucked her in bed and watch her long lashes sleepily close those big blue eyes. She rests soundly till her next day of fun. Every child will have the time of her life giving her body a bath and powdering her soft, baby RUBBER WONDERSKIN. She comes dressed in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress, cute panties, shoes and stockings. Wonderful, beautiful amazing dolly is yours for this unbelievably low price. **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

IMAGINE \$2.98 complete

EVERYBODY LOVES ME ... WON'T YOU? **BUY NOW FOR XMAS**

JUNIOR CHAMP PUNCHING BAG!

DEVELOPS COORDINATION * BUILDS MUSCLES * LOADS OF FUN

Youngsters will have hours of fascinating entertainment and health building fun with this wonderful muscle developer. Dad will join in the fun too! It's made just like a professional punching bag with real snap! Teaches youngsters to defend themselves successfully—develops muscle coordination. Made of REAL RUBBER, — the bag is attached to a flexible steel rod standing 36 inch high. The stand is made of sturdy wood, carefully constructed to withstand lots of action. Each unit is packed individually with the stand and bag in a special stowaway case for storage when not in use. An inflating needle is supplied for quick air-filling. Get this unusually low priced gift now. Start that youngster on his way to robust muscle building. **SEND NO MONEY**—Rush your order today. Remit your order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

Imagine ONLY \$3.98 complete

AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVIEW!

SUPER DELUXE ELECTRIC MOVIE PROJECTOR

SHOWS REAL MOVIES

• A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"

• A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!

• A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!

• COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS \$1.00 ONLY

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSEY CAT JUNGLE CAT THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINKIN WILLIE

Imagine Only \$2.98 COMPLETE Projector, One film and Screen!

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful and theatre in separate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all! **SEND NO MONEY.** Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

LOOK! NEW 1951 ELECTROCAR with 3 real speed shifts

STREAMLINED ELECTRIC MOTOR REAL SHIFTS

TOUCH IT — IT GOES THE OTHER WAY!

More is the sensationally new scale-model car that captivates every child (and mommy and daddy, too.) One flick of the magic lever and off it goes — in low, second, high — or reverse. Flashlight batteries safe, economical — easily replaced. Over 10 inches long — comes completely assembled with batteries, headlights, ballpoint-type rubber tires — in shiny red durable plastic body. Lasts forever. **RUSH ORDER TODAY!** we pay postage! (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order.

Imagine \$2.98 complete

Hello! I'm SANDY! I drink I wet I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

NEW! WAVE A DOLL HAIR KIT

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK AND WET DOLL in washable rubber WONDERSKIN with life-like hair and realistic hair-wave kit complete with... plastic curlers, ...rubber waving bands, ...waving end papers, plastic comb and... bottle of doll hair lotion. ADORABLE SANDY, 11 inches tall, has sparkling blue eyes that open and close — she drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her — move her cuddly arms, legs and head — make her stand, walk and sleep.

TERRIFIC VALUE! \$3.98 complete

SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D. you pay postage.) **RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!**

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 65
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

☐ Sandy \$3.98 ☐ Junior Champ \$3.49
☐ Electro Car \$2.98 ☐ Blondie Coo \$2.98
☐ Film Projector \$2.98 (3 Films \$1.00)

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

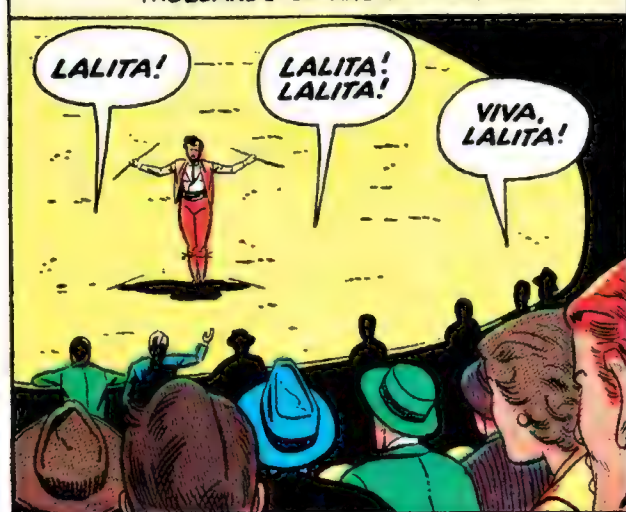
NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N.Y.

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1950 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 6 JANUARY 1951 issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate \$1.00 for 12 issues. Published bi-monthly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

FEAR CAN BE A DEADLY THING! IT CAN MAKE YOU SEE HORRORS THAT AREN'T THERE!



SPAIN HAS HAD MANY GLORIOUS TOREADORS, HEROS OF THE PEOPLE, IDOLS OF THE MASSES! BUT NONE WAS EVER MORE POPULAR THAN A SLIGHTLY BUILT WISP OF A FIGURE WHOSE PRESENCE IN THE RING CAUSED THOUSANDS OF VOICES TO CRY OUT...



LALITA, MOST ADORED OF ALL THE BULL-FIGHTERS OF SPAIN, BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE, THE MOST DARING PERSON TO EVER FACE AN ENRAGED BULL, WAS...
A GIRL!



WITH A GRACE BEAUTIFUL TO SEE, LALITA CONFUSED THE BULL, ENTICING IT TO RUSH FORWARD, SIDE-STEPPING ITS ENRAGED CHARGES AS THE CROWD CHEERED MADLY!



BUT ONE MAN IN THE STANDS DID NOT CHEER! HE SAT THERE, AN OLD, BROKEN MAN, STARING AHEAD WITH EYES THAT DID NOT SEE!



LALITA? SHE IS GLORIOUS! WONDERFUL! BUT WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF?



I AM BLIND, SEÑOR!

OH, FORGIVE ME! I DID NOT KNOW! BUT WHY DO YOU COME HERE TO ATTEND A SPECTACLE THAT YOU CANNOT SEE?

THE KILL! THE KILL!

WITH A FINAL COUP DE GRACE, LALITA DISPATCHED THE BULL CLEANLY, MERCIFULLY, AND TURNED TO FACE THE PLAUDITS OF HER ADORING PUBLIC!



BRAVA, LALITA!

LALITA! LALITA!

VIVA, LALITA!

YOUR ROSE, LALITA! YOUR ROSE!

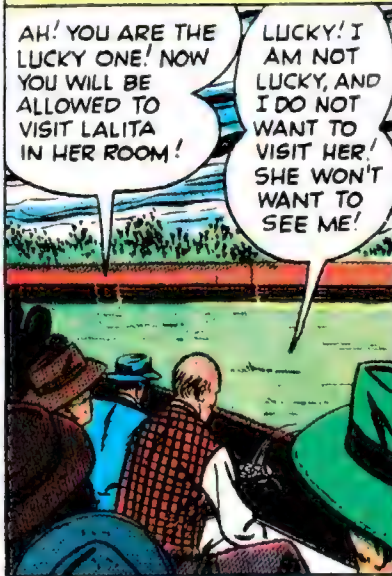
LALITA'S TRIBUTE TO HER FANS WAS HER ROSE WHICH SHE ALWAYS THREW TO THEM! WHOEVER CAUGHT IT WAS THE LUCKIEST MORTAL IN ALL SPAIN!



HERE, LALITA!

NO! HERE! HERE!

BUT THE ROSE FELL INTO THE LAP OF THE BLIND STRANGER!



AH! YOU ARE THE LUCKY ONE! NOW YOU WILL BE ALLOWED TO VISIT LALITA IN HER ROOM!

LUCKY! I AM NOT LUCKY, AND I DO NOT WANT TO VISIT HER! SHE WON'T WANT TO SEE ME!

DON'T BE A FOOL, SEÑOR! THIS IS A CHANCE THAT COMES ONLY ONCE IN TEN LIFE-TIMES! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HER MYSELF! I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR THE WORLD!



YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU DID NOT MISS IT, SEÑOR!



SEÑOR PEREZ LED THE BLIND MAN TO LALITA'S DRESSING ROOM WHERE THE BULL FIGHTERS WAITED FOR THE CUSTOMARY VISITOR WITH THE ROSE...

HE'S HERE, SEÑORITA! THE LUCKY ONE WHO CAUGHT YOUR FLOWER!

BRING HIM IN! I'LL GIVE HIM MY PICTURE TO REMEMBER THIS MOMENT!



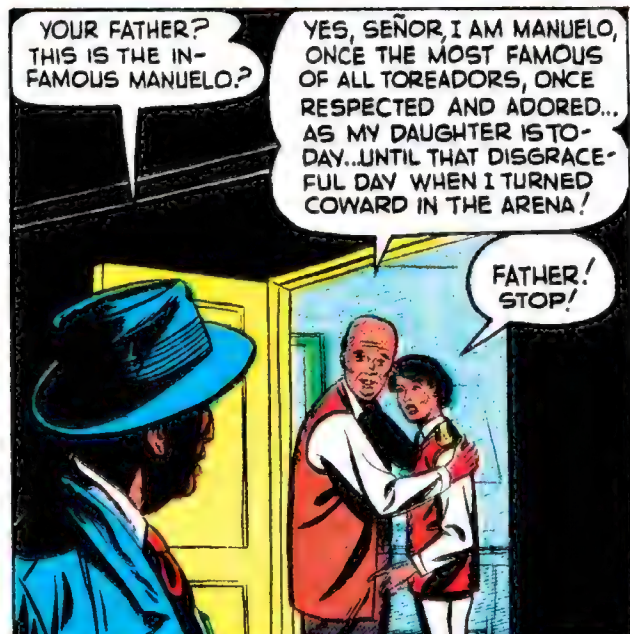
COME IN, SEÑOR!

YOU!



YES, LALITA! I SEE YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN ME!

FORGOT YOU? HOW COULD I FORGET MY OWN FATHER!



YOUR FATHER? THIS IS THE INFAMOUS MANUELO?

YES, SEÑOR, I AM MANUELO, ONCE THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL TOREADORS, ONCE RESPECTED AND ADORED... AS MY DAUGHTER IS TODAY... UNTIL THAT DISGRACEFUL DAY WHEN I TURNED COWARD IN THE ARENA!

FATHER! STOP!



NO! ALL SPAIN KNOWS OF MY DISGRACE... OF HOW I FLED THE RING IN FEAR OF THE BULL... AND HOW I DISAPPEARED, LEAVING YOU TO CARRY ON IN MY PLACE! BUT I'VE COME BACK TO WARN YOU, LALITA! - YOU ARE IN THE SAME DANGER THAT I WAS!

SEÑOR! LALITA IS NOT A COWARD AS YOU WERE! SHE IS BRAVE, FEARLESS!

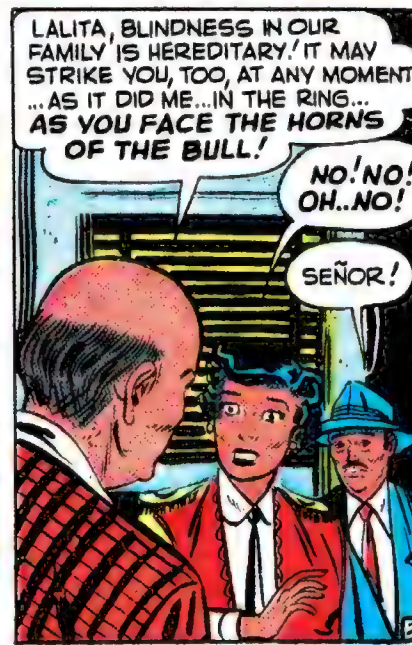


SO WAS I... AND I STILL AM! MY DAUGHTER, I AM BLIND! BLIND! YES! THESE EYES DO NOT SEE YOU AS YOU SEE ME! I FELT MY BLINDNESS COME UPON ME THAT DAY! THAT'S WHY I RAN FROM THE BULL AND BANISHED MYSELF FROM SPAIN!

BLIND! OH! MY FATHER! I DIDN'T KNOW!



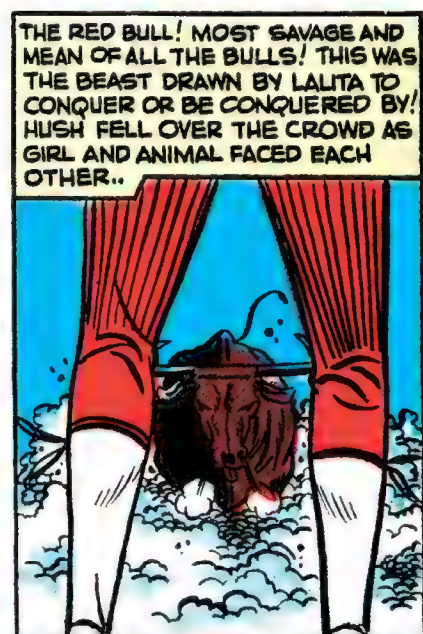
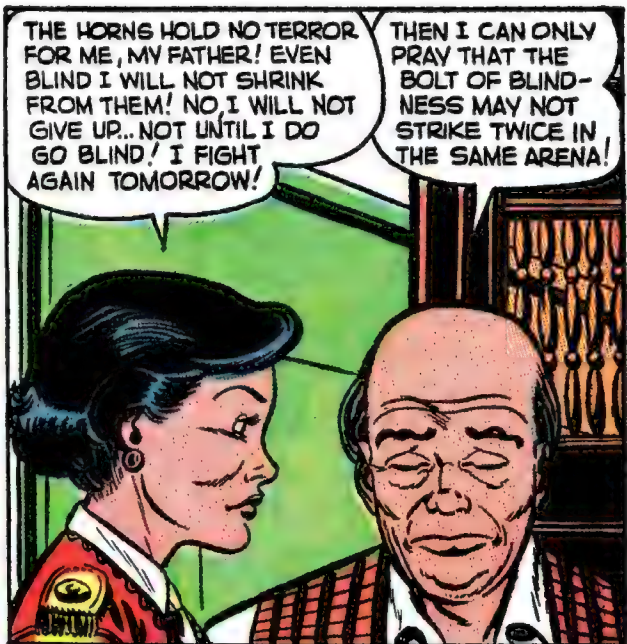
NO ONE KNEW! AND I WOULD NOT COME BACK TO TELL YOU, EXCEPT FOR SOMETHING I FOUND OUT ONLY RECENTLY... SOMETHING MY DOCTOR TOLD ME... NOW I MUST TELL YOU!



LALITA, BLINDNESS IN OUR FAMILY IS HEREDITARY! IT MAY STRIKE YOU, TOO, AT ANY MOMENT... AS IT DID ME... IN THE RING... AS YOU FACE THE HORNS OF THE BULL!

NO! NO! OH..NO!

SEÑOR!

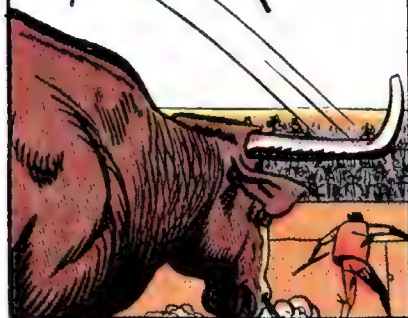


IN THE PANIC AND FEAR OF HER SUDDEN BLINDNESS, LALITA DID AS HER FATHER HAD DONE... SHE TURNED TO RUN FROM THE HORNS!

COWARD!
COWARD!

LIKE FATHER,
LIKE DAUGHTER!

TWO OF A KIND!



RUN, LALITA!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

YES, LALITA!
RUN AS YOUR FATHER RAN!
GO ON, RUN!

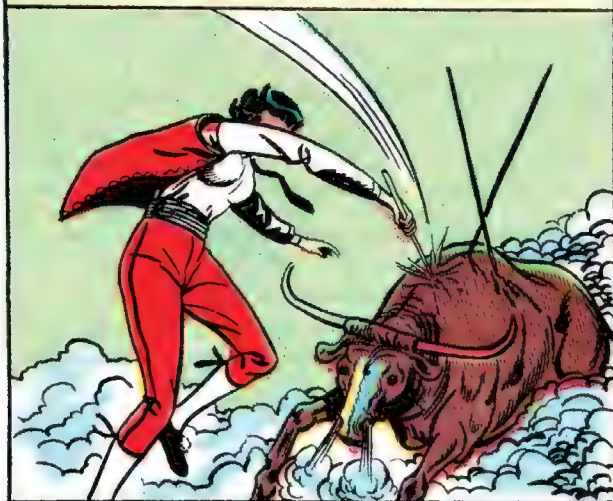


SUDDENLY SHE STOPPED AND FACED THE BULL IN THE TERROR OF THE DARK!

FOR THE HONOR OF MY FATHER I SHALL FACE THE HORNS! YOU SWINE! I AM BLIND AS HE WAS STRIKEN BLIND IN THIS SAME ARENA TEN YEARS AGO!



WITH FIRM HAND SHE LIFTED HER SWORD! CLOSER AND CLOSER CHARGED THE MADDENED BULL, WHO SOMEHOW SENGED THE HELPLESSNESS OF ITS FOE! THEN AT THE LAST SECOND THE BLADE FLASHED IN THE BRILLIANCE OF THE SPANISH SUN!



LALITA HAD KILLED HER LAST BULL! WITH THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD RINGING IN HER EARS, SHE STUMBLED AWAY IN THE LABYRINTH OF BLINDNESS!



MY FATHER!

YES, LALITA!
I AM HERE!



WE CANNOT SEE EACH OTHER, MY FATHER... BUT WE ARE CLOSER NOW THAN ANY TWO IN THE WORLD! HERE, LALITA'S LAST ROSE! IT IS FOR YOU!

THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART, MY DAUGHTER!



VIVA, LALITA!

VIVA, MANUELO!

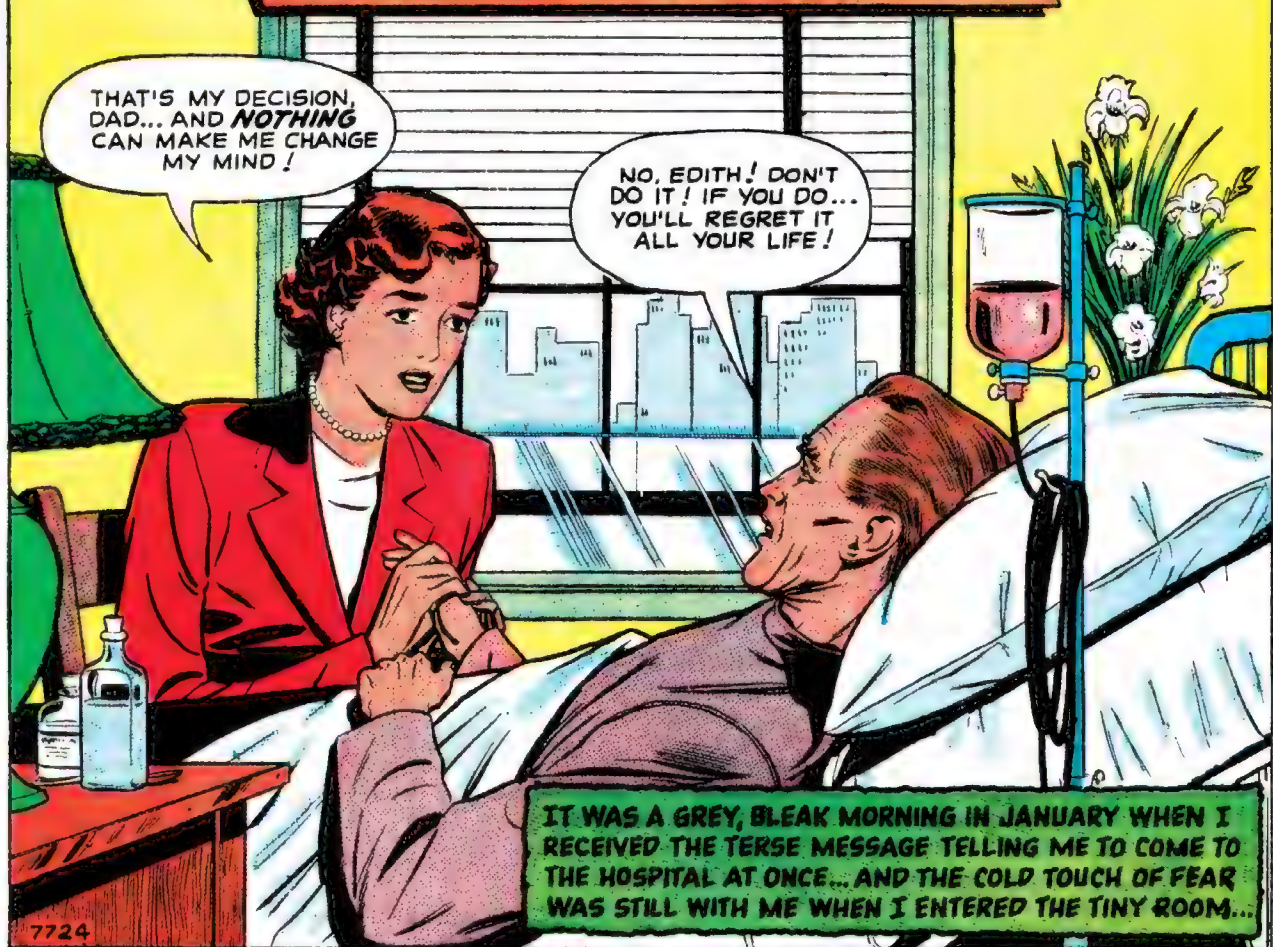
VIVA!
VIVA!



THE END

TURNING POINT

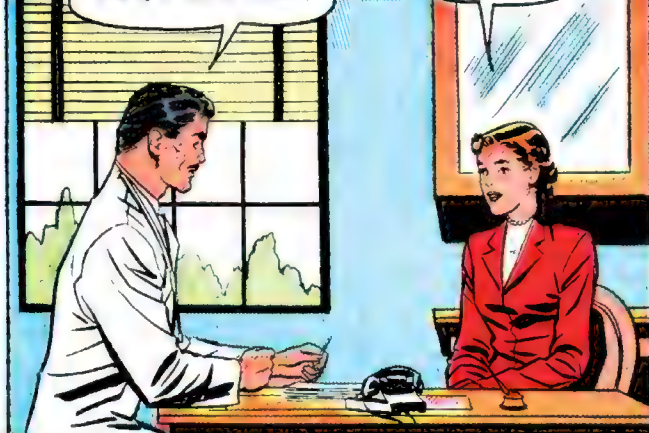
THIS IS THE STIRRING STORY OF EDITH STEWERT, A GIRL WHO IN THE BLOOM OF HER LIFE WAS FORCED TO MAKE A DECISION SO MOMENTOUS IT SHOCKED ALL WHO KNEW HER...



WHEN I LEFT DAD, I TURNED ON MY BRIGHTEST SMILE AND THEN WITH HEAVY STEPS SOUGHT OUT DR. CLAYTON'S OFFICE! IT WAS ONLY WHEN SEATED OPPOSITE HIM THAT I GRASPED THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION...

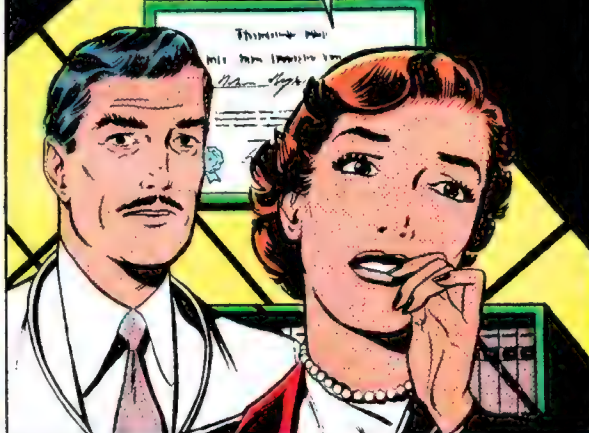
NEWS OF THIS KIND ISN'T EASY TO TELL, BUT IT'S BEST YOU BE PREPARED! YOUR FATHER IS A **VERY SICK MAN!**

HOW SICK, DOCTOR?



THERE'S NO POINT IN TRYING TO DODGE YOUR QUESTION, MISS STEWERT! IT MAY ONLY BE A WEEK! TWO PERHAPS-- A MONTH AT THE VERY MOST!

OH, NO... **NO!**



I REALIZE ONLY TOO WELL WHAT A BLOW THIS MUST BE, AND I'M SORRY I HAD TO BE THE ONE TO TELL YOU! WE'LL CONTINUE DOING ALL WE CAN FOR HIM!

I KNOW THAT, DOCTOR-- AND THANK YOU... FOR EVERYTHING!



DAD DIDN'T LIVE TO SEE MY GRADUATION, WHICH WAS ONLY TEN DAYS LATER! AFTER THE EXERCISES, I WAS PACKING MY THINGS INTO A VALISE, WHEN THE DOOR FLEW OPEN!

HI, EDITH! MIND IF WE STEP IN?

NOT AT ALL! I'LL BE THROUGH IN A MINUTE!



JANICE AND I ARE SIGNED UP FOR DEXTER COLLEGE! WE WERE WONDERING WHICH ONE YOU'RE HEADED FOR?

I'M NOT GOING TO COLLEGE, HARRIET!



NOT GOING TO COLLEGE! WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU EXPECT TO DO?

I'M NOT TOO SURE JUST WHAT-- BUT IT'LL BE SOME KIND OF A JOB!



IT WAS IN HER LOOK AND EVERY GESTURE SHE MADE! A SMUG, SUPERIOR ATTITUDE THAT CARRIED ITS MESSAGE ALL TOO WELL! IN SIMPLE LANGUAGE, I WAS NO LONGER A MEMBER OF THEIR CROWD...

SO LONG, WORKING GIRL! SEE YOU AROUND SOMEDAY!

THANKS!



BEFORE LEAVING, I CHECKED OUT OF THE DEAN'S OFFICE FOR THE LAST TIME! MISS HANLEY WAS A WONDERFUL PERSON--THE ONLY ONE WHO SHOWED GENUINE CONCERN IN MY TIME OF NEED...

I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU WANTED TO GO TO COLLEGE, EDITH...AND IF ANY OF THE GIRLS HERE WAS DESERVING OF THE CHANCE, IT WAS YOU!

THANK YOU, MISS HANLEY-- BUT I GUESS THAT'S OUT NOW! THE LITTLE MONEY DAD LEFT WILL JUST ABOUT HOLD TILL I FIND A JOB!



SPEAKING OF JOBS, WHEN YOU GET BACK TO THE CITY, SEE MR. COLLINS AT THIS ADDRESS! I'M SURE HE'LL DO SOMETHING!

YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL ALL ALONG! I'LL MAKE THIS MY FIRST CALL!



TWO DAYS LATER I PRESENTED MYSELF AT MR. COLLINS' OFFICE! HE WAS A LOT YOUNGER THAN I HAD EXPECTED HIM TO BE, AND I FELT AS WOBBLY AS A BABY TAKING HIS FIRST STEP...

I--I WON'T TRY TO FOOL YOU, MR. COLLINS! I HAVE NO EXPERIENCE AND NO COLLEGE BACK GROUND!



I DIDN'T GO TO COLLEGE, EITHER-- THE WAR TOOK CARE OF THAT! BUT I DON'T THINK I'VE DONE BADLY! COME IN TOMORROW MORNING-- THERE'LL BE A DESK WAITING!

YOU'VE MADE ME FEEL A LOT BETTER ALREADY! I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO TOMORROW!



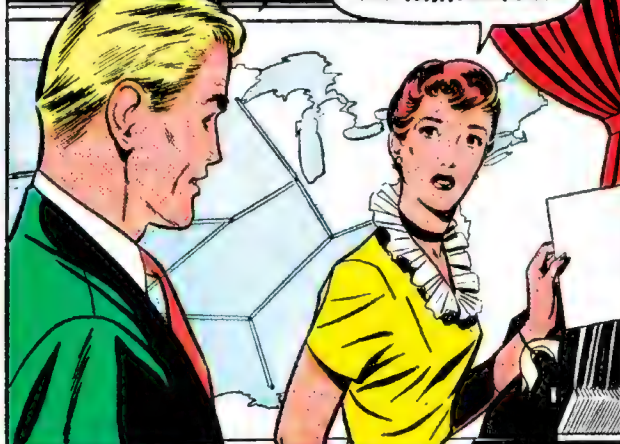
THE FIRST TWO YEARS WENT BY QUICKLY! I WORKED HARD AND A DAY DIDN'T PASS THAT I DIDN'T LEARN SOMETHING NEW! I STILL MISSED MY NOT GOING TO COLLEGE BUT THE PAIN WASN'T AS SHARP AS IT HAD ONCE BEEN...



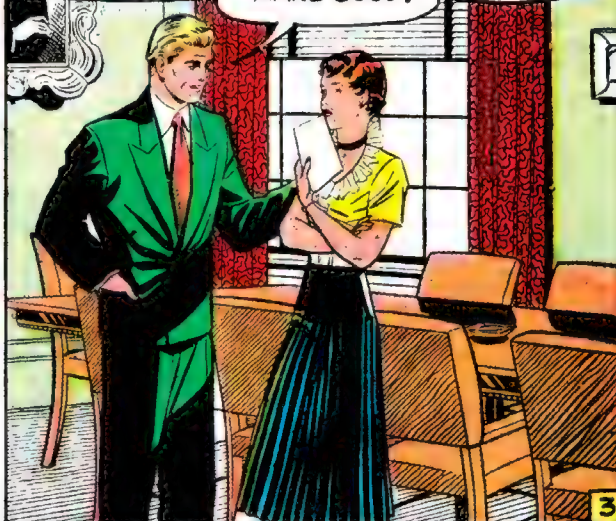
THEN ONE MORNING...

WE'VE GROWN A LOT THESE PAST TWO YEARS, EDITH--AND YOU'VE BEEN DOING A SOLID JOB ALL ALONG! WE'RE OPENING A NEW PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT AND I WANT YOU TO HEAD IT!

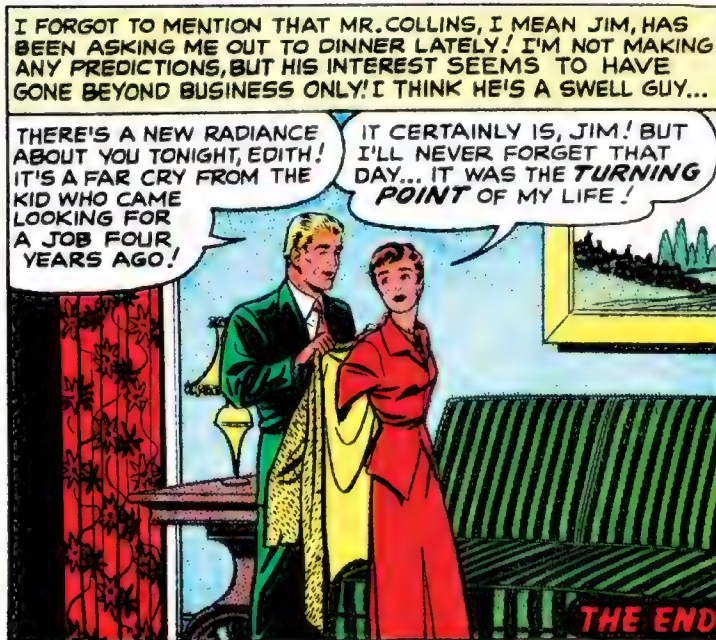
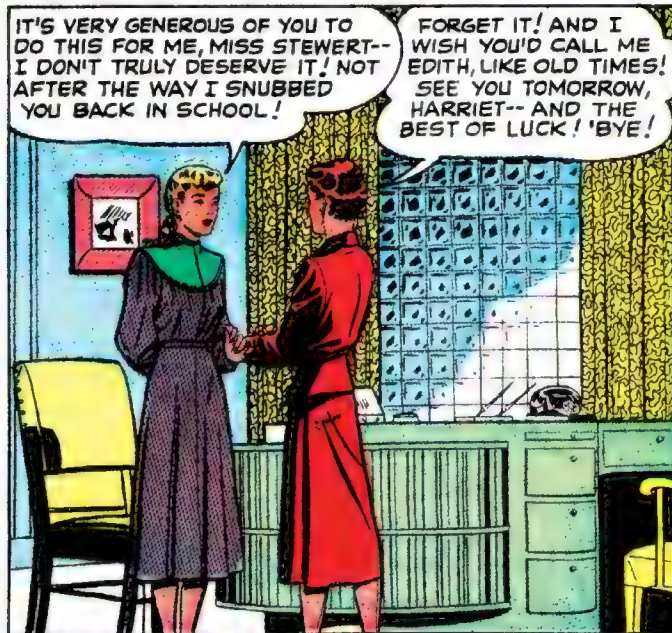
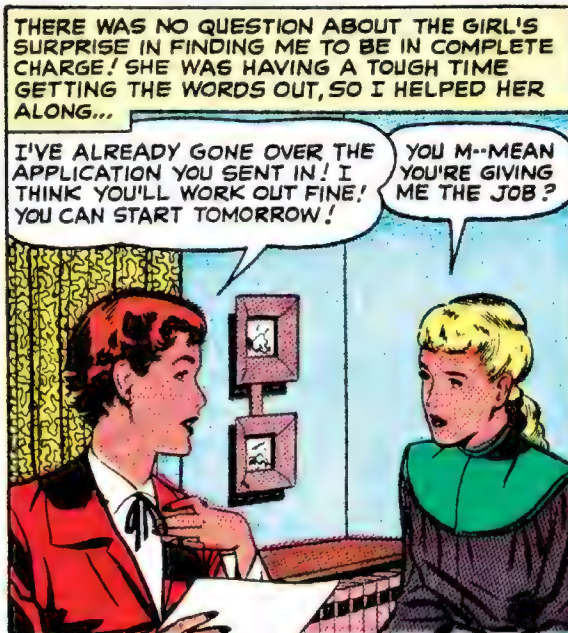
YOU M...MEAN...



THAT'S **EXACTLY** WHAT I MEAN! DON'T LET THE JOB SCARE YOU! IF I DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD DO IT, I WOULDN'T HAVE OFFERED IT TO YOU! I'VE GOT ALL THE CONFIDENCE IN THE WORLD THAT YOU'LL MAKE GOOD!



MR. COLLINS' CONFIDENCE WAS ALL I NEEDED! IN THE TWO YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, MY DEPARTMENT, AS MR. COLLINS HIMSELF PUT IT, WAS A MODEL OF EFFICIENCY! THEN, ONE MORNING ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO...



FEAR WAS MY PLAYMATE

I SHALL never rid myself of the mark of terror that has been stamped upon me. Although the incident occurred more than sixty years ago, it still lives with me. Even if a benevolent God should grant me another twenty years of life, I know that I shall never forget the awful horror of that moment so long ago.

Naturally, it took place during my childhood — in those formative years when the mind and senses look out upon an unfamiliar world with innocence and trust. I was a sensitive child and inclined to be sickly as well. Both of my parents had died before I reached my fifth year, and by the time I was twelve I had lived in a variety of homes and had seen half a dozen different lands.

At this particular time, I was to stay with an uncle of mine—a man I had heard little about and whom I had never seen. He was a Frenchman by birth, like myself, but in his early youth he had gone to Spain, and then saw fit never to return to his native land. At the time of my visit, this period of exile had passed its fifty-fourth year and my uncle, Emile was his name, was then an old man of seventy-three.

I came down by train, an aw-

ful trip in those days, and we must have stopped a half-dozen times a day. The delays were insufferably long and, to a sensitive child like myself, my mind already afire with the thought of new scenes, I found them especially tiring. When at long last we arrived at the Spanish border, I felt as though I had spent six weeks upon that wretched, filthy train instead of only six days.

From here on in, my interest quickened. I had never seen such country before. There was a wild, overgrown appearance to the landscape—a quality that made it seem lunar rather than earthly. Great mountains of barren rock jutted upward across the plain and the sparse vegetation, which grew fitfully in places, seemed hardly sufficient to feed the large herds of goats which roamed freely across the broken terrain.

There was one other thing that attracted my attention. It was the nature of the sky. Not once did I see the sun break through the heavy layer of grey clouds. They were ever present, and as the wind would vary, they would roll across the heavens like an enormous flock of grey-furred sheep.

It was in the evening of the

eight day that my train finally arrived at the tiny station. A carriage was already on hand, since my uncle had been notified of my visit well in advance of my departure from France.

There were few people about, but those who were looked upon me with more than curiosity. At the time, I couldn't understand the reason for their long, solemn stares. It was only later, after the dreadful thing had happened, that I understood their questioning gaze to be one of dread, rather than interest.

The ride to my uncle's house from the station took well over a half hour. I had little opportunity to observe the surrounding countryside as it was already quite dark, and more than that, my eyes were heavy with sleep. I remember one thing in particular, however, as we drove up the path. I had turned my head toward the window of the carriage when I saw what seemed to be two yellow lights. They were small—no larger than the size of an average coin, and about three inches apart. I then pressed my head against the side of the window and rubbed my hand vigorously against the glass which had become cloud-

ed by vapor. What I saw sent a shiver of fright through me. There, at the side of the road, stood a large goat. Its head was thrown back revealing the long sweep of its horns, and the animal's eyes were actually gleaming like a pair of tiny, yellow lamps!

This was the first disturbing incident to take place, and I felt frightened from that moment on.

I didn't see my uncle that first night of my arrival. The old servant who took care of my needs explained that he had retired early and that he would see me the following day. I ate alone in the large dining room and shortly afterwards I was shown to my room.

My meeting with my uncle, the following day, was somewhat unpleasant. After breakfast, the old servant took me to him. I will always remember the room, with its walls lined with books and, at the far side, a huge desk with my uncle seated behind it. When we were alone he motioned me to step forward. I did so tremulously. There was something about his wrinkled, aged face that would frighten any child, and I was no different. When I stood before him he reached out his hand. Perhaps he only wished to touch me, but I instinctively drew back and in doing so, I knocked over a small flask. With a cry of rage, he was on his feet and he seized me fiercely in his bony hands. He didn't

relinquish me until I had given my promise that I would never enter the room again. As I left, a powerful odor reached me. It came from the spilled contents of the flask and it made me violently ill.

I will briefly skip over the weeks that followed. If anything, I was filled with a great unhappiness. There was little in the way of amusement for one of my age, and I found myself spending the days in lonely solitude. I seldom saw my uncle. He stayed almost always in his room, but I had occasional glimpses of him working with strange colored liquids by his desk, which was piled high with musty old volumes.

It was in the fifth week of my visit when the terrible thing took place. The morning was grey and overcast when I left the house. As I walked alongside a small wood, which bordered a barren field, I heard a sound behind me. I turned, but to my surprise I saw nothing. I had gone on but a few yards more when I heard the sound again. This time I turned quickly—and then I saw it. A large goat stood before me, and in an instant I knew it to be the same one I had seen on my arrival. Never before in my life, nor since, did I look upon anything so horrible. Its stringy grey coat was covered with mud, but what was even worse was its odor. There was something hauntingly familiar about it. For

a while it gazed fixedly at me, and never had I seen eyes so filled with hate. In the next instant it lowered its head and charged.

For one long, paralyzing moment I remained rooted to the spot. Then I saw a rock at my feet. I picked it up and, with all my force, I hurled it at the onrushing creature. It struck him between the eyes and without waiting to see the result of the blow, I ran back along the path I had come.

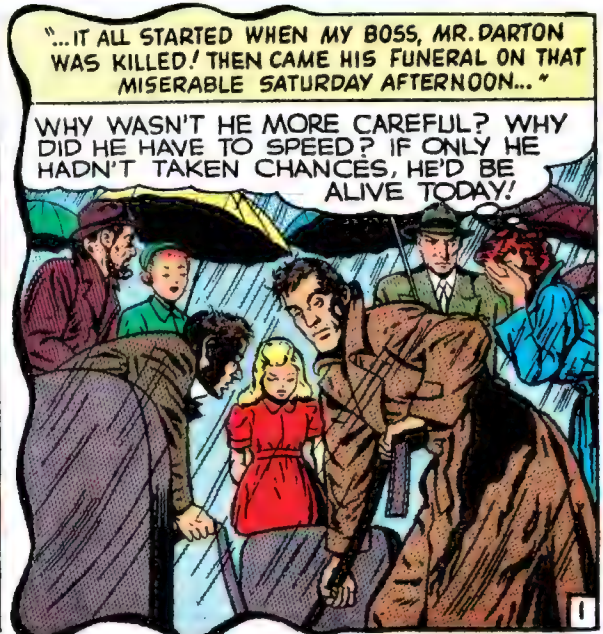
Twenty minutes later, while I still cowered with fear in the large entrance hall, I heard a heavy pounding on the door. When the old servant opened it, three peasants entered. Between them they carried the lifeless form of my uncle. They had found him on the road, beside the small wood which bordered the barren field. His head was horribly crushed—as though he had been struck with a rock which had been thrown with great force . . .

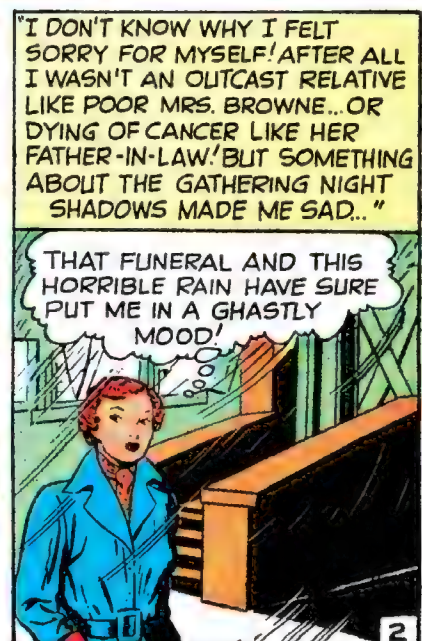
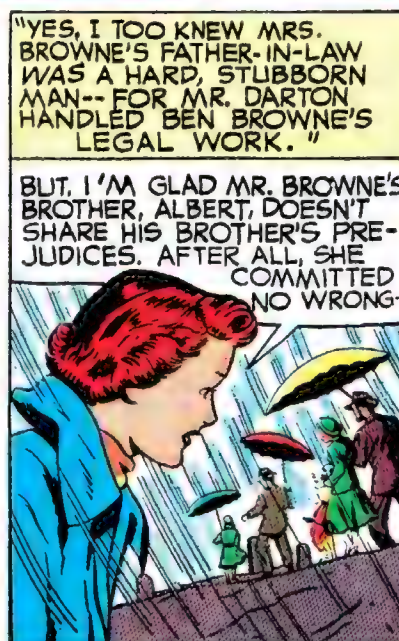
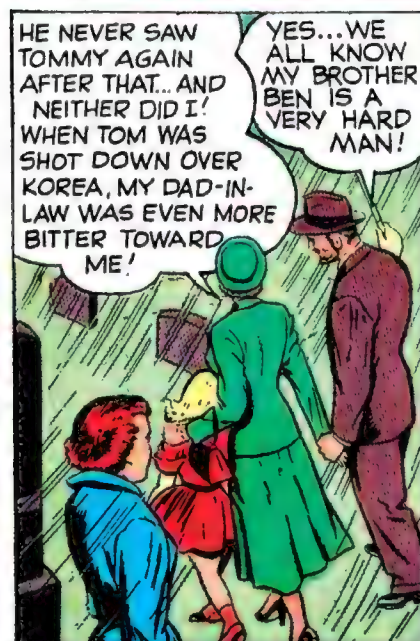
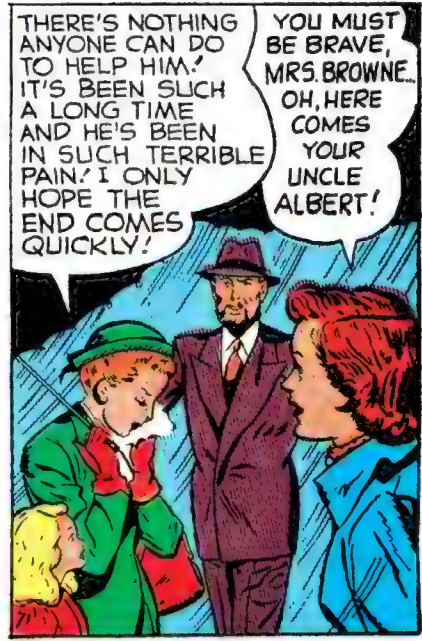
As his only living relative, I received all of his wealth, which was considerable. I returned to France and when I became of age, I set out upon travels which have taken me to the most far-flung corners of the world. In all of these travels I never once set foot in that section where my uncle lived—and there is no force great enough that shall ever make me.

5768

THE END

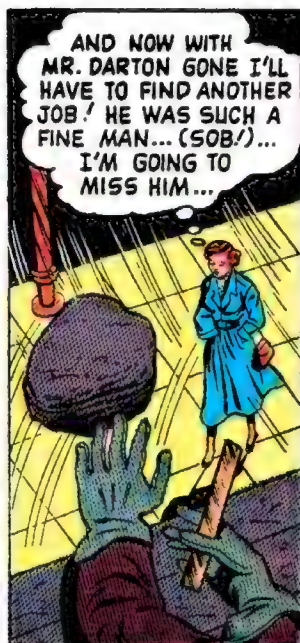
The VICTIM was ME!



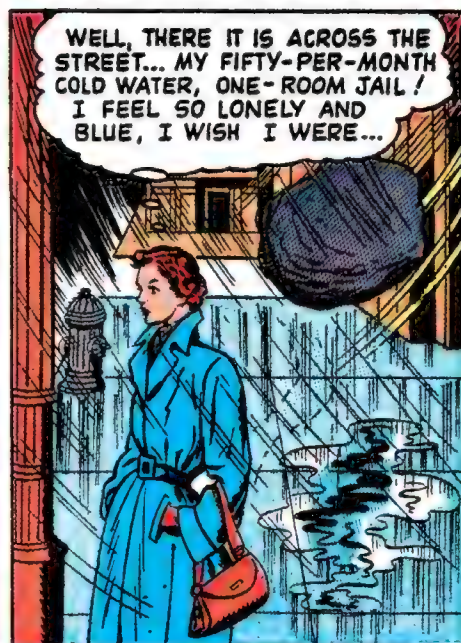




MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M SO ALONE? NO LOVING ARMS TO GREET ME WHEN I COME HOME! NO FAMILY... NO HUSBAND... NOT EVEN A BOY FRIEND! NOTHING BUT THOSE SAME FOUR SILENT WALLS...



AND NOW WITH MR. DARTON GONE I'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER JOB! HE WAS SUCH A FINE MAN... (SOB!)... I'M GOING TO MISS HIM...



WELL, THERE IT IS ACROSS THE STREET... MY FIFTY-PER-MONTH COLD WATER, ONE-ROOM JAIL! I FEEL SO LONELY AND BLUE, I WISH I WERE...



GOOD GRIEF!

CRASH!



"I WAS SO SHOCKED THAT I NEVER EVEN FELT THE ARMS THAT LIFTED ME."

YOU HAD A NARROW ESCAPE, SISTER! IF YOU HADN'T SIDE-STEPPED THAT PUDDLE, YOU'D BE JUST A WET SPOT!

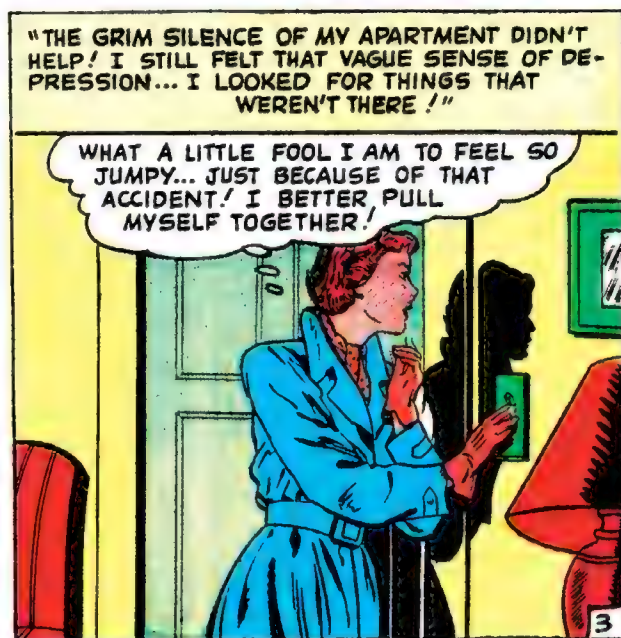
BUT HOW-- WHAT WAS IT?

A LOOSE HUNK OF GRANITE FROM THAT CONDEMNED BUILDING. YOU'RE LUCKY. NOTHING BUT A SCRATCH ON YOUR FACE!



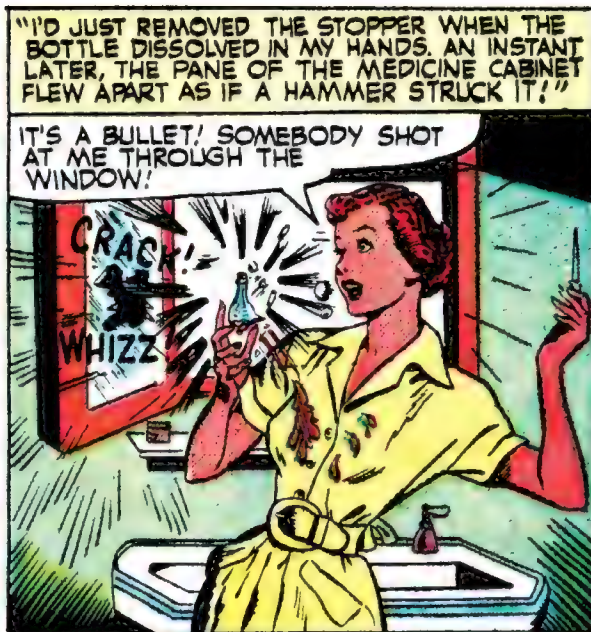
"I HURRIED ACROSS THE STREET TO MY APARTMENT ... MY NERVES TREMBLING! PERHAPS THAT'S WHY I IMAGINED I SAW SOMEBODY WATCHING ME..."

PROBABLY ONLY A SHADOW! GOLLY-- MY NERVES ARE SHOT! AFTER I GO THROUGH MR. DARTON'S PAPERS, I'LL TAKE A LONG VACATION!



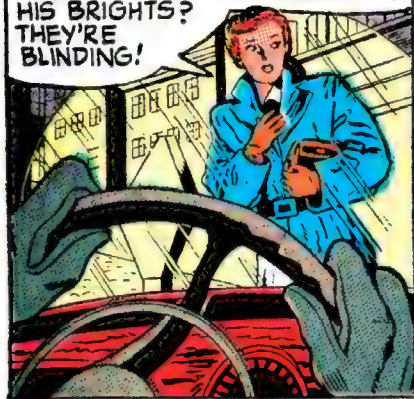
"THE GRIM SILENCE OF MY APARTMENT DIDN'T HELP! I STILL FELT THAT VAGUE SENSE OF DEPRESSION... I LOOKED FOR THINGS THAT WEREN'T THERE!"

WHAT A LITTLE FOOL I AM TO FEEL SO JUMPY... JUST BECAUSE OF THAT ACCIDENT! I BETTER PULL MYSELF TOGETHER!



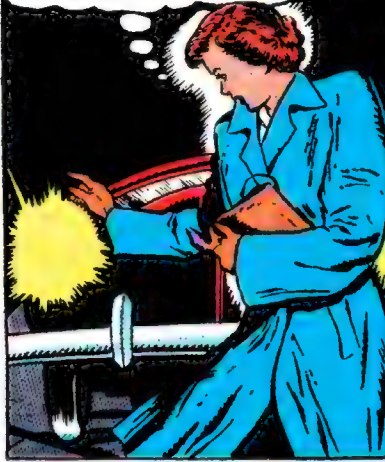
"AS I REACHED THE CORNER OF GRANT STREET, MY HEART SANK. NOT A CAB IN SIGHT! THEY WERE EITHER OUT ON CALLS OR CRUISING..."

I COULD TAKE THE SUBWAY! IT'S ONLY TWO BLOCKS FROM HERE... GOOD HEAVENS! WHY DOESN'T THAT DRIVER TURN OFF HIS BRIGHTS? THEY'RE BLINDING!

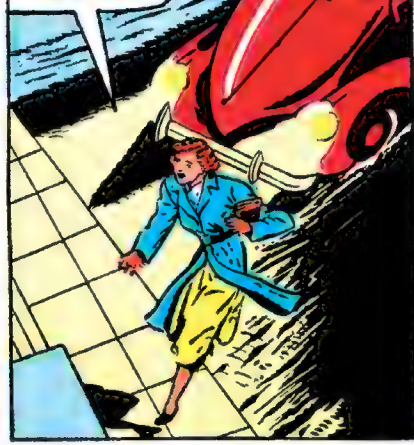


"WHEN THE CAR TURNED IN MY DIRECTION AND PICKED UP SPEED, I KNEW THOSE BRIGHTS WERE ON PURPOSELY."

THAT DRIVER! HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ME!



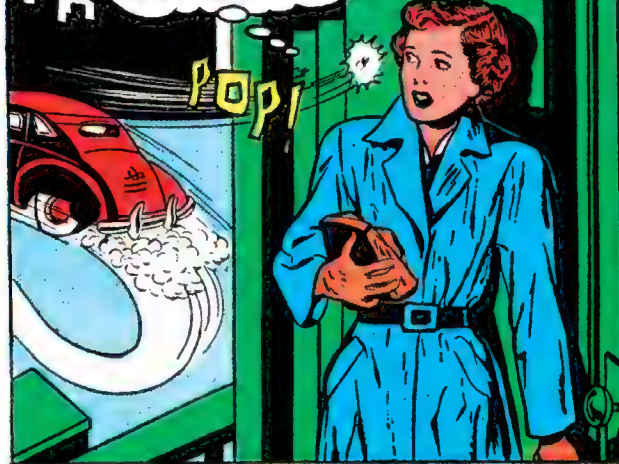
IT MUST BE THE SAME PERSON WHO SHOT AT ME! NOW HE WANTS TO RUN ME DOWN! HE'S MOUNTING THE SIDEWALK! THAT HIGH STOOP! I'VE GOT TO REACH IT! BEFORE HE KILLS ME!



I MADE IT... JUST IN TIME!

"THEN THE CAR TURNED AND WENT BY THE DOOR. I HEARD SOME SOFT POPPING SOUNDS --AND MORE BULLETS SPED PAST ME--"

ANOTHER DELIBERATE ATTEMPT TO KILL ME... WHY? WHAT HAVE I DONE?



"THE MYSTERIOUS CAR DROVE AWAY AND A FEW MINUTES LATER I HAILED A CRUISING POLICE CAR! THEY DROVE ME TO THE STATION..."

ALL RIGHT, MISS... I'LL SEND OUT A CALL... AND IN THE MEANTIME I'LL ASSIGN PATROLMAN BRADY TO ESCORT YOU HOME AND GUARD YOUR APARTMENT HOUSE...

THANKS, LIEUTENANT. AND YOU WILL INVESTIGATE?



"HE DID! THEN ABOUT 3 O'CLOCK THE NEXT AFTERNOON, THE LIEUTENANT CAME TO MR. DARTON'S OFFICE..."

OUR BELIEF IS THAT SOME HOMICIDAL LUNATIC PICKED ON YOU LAST NIGHT, MISS GREY. YOU CAN HAVE A POLICE GUARD IF YOU WISH!

NO, LIEUTENANT. I'M NOT AFRAID NOW--



"LATER, I NOTICED A MAN'S SHADOW ON THE GLASS DOOR..."

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHY... UH... WRONG OFFICE... I'M SORRY!



"IT SEEMED A LAME EXCUSE. HOWEVER, AS THE AFTERNOON WORE ON, I FORGOT ABOUT HIM. BUT ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK WHEN I WENT TO FETCH SOME WATER FOR THE OFFICE PLANTS..."



"I HEARD THE KEY CLICK IN THE LOCK AND I KNEW I'D BEEN **DELIBERATELY** SHUT IN! I BEGAN TO DRUM FRANTICALLY ON THE DOOR--"

IT'S NO USE!! ALMOST EVERYBODY HAS LEFT THE BUILDING AND THIS CLOSET IS AT THE EXTREME END OF THE HALL! I'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!



"JUST WHEN I'D GIVEN UP HOPE, THE DOOR OPENED..."

GRACIOUS, MA'AM, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN THERE? WHY-- YOU MIGHT HAVE SUFFOCATED!

I KNOW-- I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU! DID YOU SEE ANYONE? ANYONE NEAR THIS PART OF THE CORRIDOR?



COME TO THINK OF IT, YES, MA'AM. A TALL, HANDSOME FELLER IN A GREEN SUIT. WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MA'AM? DID I SAY SOMETHIN' WRONG?

THE MAN OUTSIDE MY DOOR! HE MUST BE THE **HOMICIDAL MANIAC!** I'VE GOT TO SEE THE LIEUTENANT! I'VE GOT TO DESCRIBE HIM!



"I HASTENED DOWN THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUBWAY IN MY BUILDING, FEELING SECURITY IN THE THROGS OF PEOPLE AROUND ME. THEN I CASUALLY LOOKED OVER MY SHOULDER. THE MAN IN THE GREEN SUIT WAS FOLLOWING ME!"

HE MUST BE CRAZY! HOW COULD HE HARM ME WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE AROUND ME?!



"TO BE SAFE, I PUT A HALF DOZEN LINES OF PEOPLE BEHIND ME AS I TOOK UP A POSITION AT THE EDGE OF THE PLATFORM. BUT AS THE TRAIN ROARED IN--"

OH!!!

LOOK OUT!



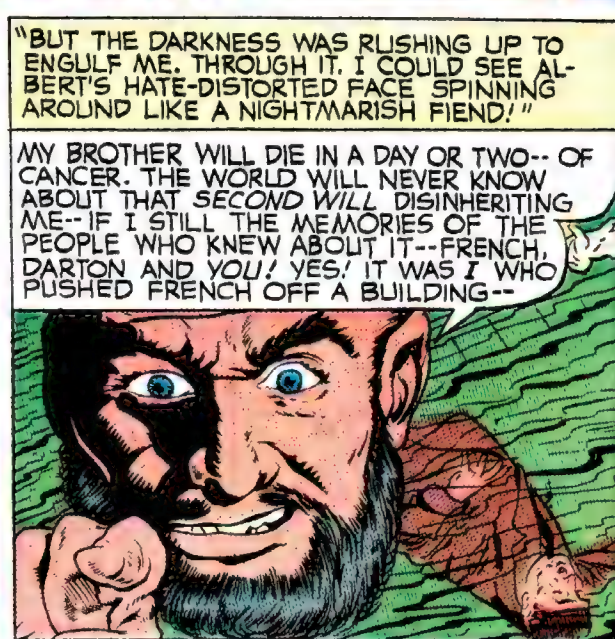
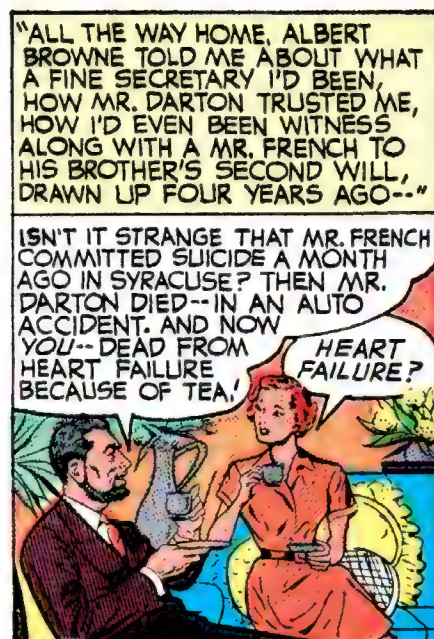
A GIRL FELL OFF THE PLATFORM! SHE'LL BE KILLED!



I CAN'T STOP IN TIME!

"I DON'T KNOW HOW I KEPT MY PRESENCE OF MIND. BUT JUST BEFORE THE TRAIN REACHED ME, I GOT UP AND PRESSED MY BODY CLOSE TO THE SIDE OF THE TRACK PIT..."





THE END

"I WAS A MURDERER'S DAUGHTER"

MURDER IS A THING THAT HAPPENS TO OTHER PEOPLE, NEVER TO YOU OR YOURS! THAT IS WHAT MOST PEOPLE THINK AND THAT IS WHAT JANICE CRAIG THOUGHT UNTIL THE DAY THAT TRAGEDY CAME INTO HER LIFE!

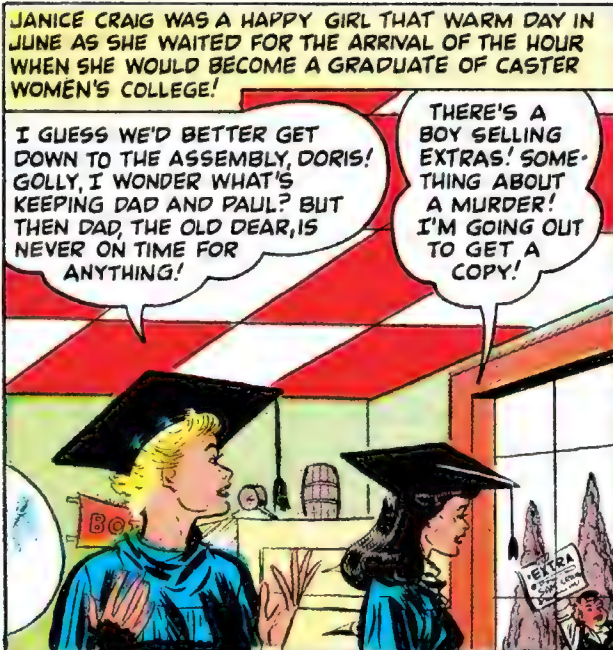
**A
REAL
GIRL'S
ADVENTURE
IN
SUSPENSE!**

7694

JANICE CRAIG WAS A HAPPY GIRL THAT WARM DAY IN JUNE AS SHE WAITED FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE HOUR WHEN SHE WOULD BECOME A GRADUATE OF CASTER WOMEN'S COLLEGE!

I GUESS WE'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE ASSEMBLY, DORIS! GOLLY, I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING DAD AND PAUL? BUT THEN DAD, THE OLD DEAR, IS NEVER ON TIME FOR ANYTHING!

THERE'S A BOY SELLING EXTRAS! SOMETHING ABOUT A MURDER! I'M GOING OUT TO GET A COPY!



JAN... SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!

WHAT? MURDER... SAM CRAIG... DAD... DAD! NO! IT MUST BE A MISTAKE! NOT MY SAM CRAIG... IT CAN'T BE!





... SAMUEL T. CRAIG, WALL STREET
BROKER, ACCUSED OF HAVING
MURDERED HIS PARTNER... IT IS
DAD! BUT IT ISN'T TRUE...
IT CAN'T BE!



OH, JAN!
WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO?

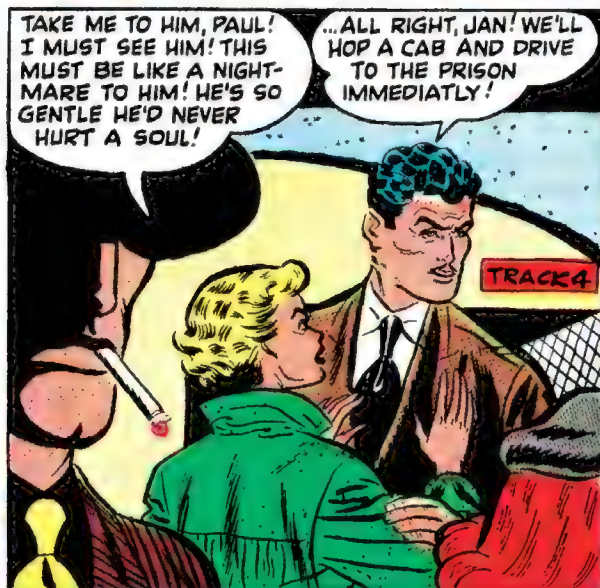
DO? WHY GO TO HIM,
OF COURSE! I MUST
STAND BY HIM UNTIL
THIS TERRIBLE MESS
IS CLEARED UP! I'VE
GOT TO PACK!



JANICE CALLED HER FIANCE, PAUL
CHANNING, AND TWO HOURS LATER,
HE MET HER AT GRAND CENTRAL
STATION!

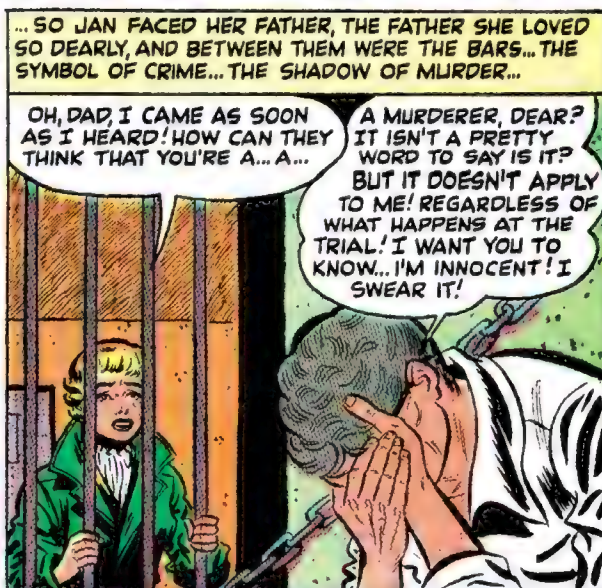
PAUL, PAUL! WHAT'S
HAPPENED? DAD
COULDN'T HAVE
DONE SUCH A
TERRIBLE THING!

EASY, JAN!
YOU MUST
BE BRAVE!
WE'LL GET
THE BEST
LAWYER
MONEY CAN
BUY! YOUR DAD
WILL BE
CLEARED IN
A HURRY!



TAKE ME TO HIM, PAUL!
I MUST SEE HIM! THIS
MUST BE LIKE A NIGHT-
MARE TO HIM! HE'S SO
GENTLE HE'D NEVER
HURT A SOUL!

...ALL RIGHT, JAN! WE'LL
HOP A CAB AND DRIVE
TO THE PRISON
IMMEDIATELY!



... SO JAN FACED HER FATHER, THE FATHER SHE LOVED
SO DEARLY, AND BETWEEN THEM WERE THE BARS... THE
SYMBOL OF CRIME... THE SHADOW OF MURDER...

OH, DAD, I CAME AS SOON
AS I HEARD! HOW CAN THEY
THINK THAT YOU'RE A... A...

A MURDERER, DEAR?
IT ISN'T A PRETTY
WORD TO SAY IS IT?
BUT IT DOESN'T APPLY
TO ME! REGARDLESS OF
WHAT HAPPENS AT THE
TRIAL! I WANT YOU TO
KNOW... I'M INNOCENT! I
SWEAR IT!



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO
TELL ME THAT, DAD!
THIS IS YOUR DAUGHTER!
I'D NO MORE BELIEVE
THAT OF YOU THAN I
WOULD OF MYSELF!

SORRY, MISS...
TIME'S UP!



TIME DRAGGED UNTIL SAMUEL CRAIG'S TRIAL CAME
UP! SOMEHOW JAN LIVED THROUGH THAT PERIOD OF
ANXIETY AND HORROR, THE DARK DAYS LIT ONLY BY
PAUL'S OPTIMISM AND SOLICITUDE!

PAUL, YOU'VE BEEN
WONDERFUL! I'D HAVE
GONE MAD IF YOU
WEREN'T AROUND!

THAT'S WHAT A FIANCE IS
FOR, JAN! NOW KEEP A
STIFF UPPER LIP DURING
THE TRIAL AND YOUR
FATHER WILL BE A
FREE MAN IN A
FEW DAYS!

JAN SAT TENSELY THROUGH THOSE TRYING DAYS, WATCHING THE WEB OF CIRCUMSTANCIAL EVIDENCE BEING WOVEN TIGHTER AND TIGHTER BY A CLEVER DISTRICT ATTORNEY!

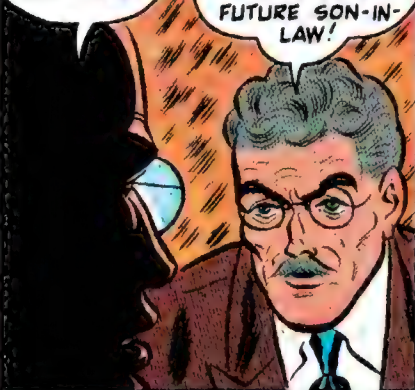
AND YOU ADMIT YOU HAD QUARRELED WITH JOHN SIMPSON THE NIGHT HE WAS MURDERED?

YES, BUT IT WAS NOT UNUSUAL AT ALL FOR JOHN AND I TO QUARREL! WE ALWAYS REMAINED THE BEST OF FRIENDS!



BUT YOU WILL ADMIT THAT THIS WAS A PARTICULARLY BITTER QUARREL, CAUSED BY YOUR MAKING PAUL CHANNING A JUNIOR PARTNER IN YOUR BROKERAGE CONCERN! ISN'T THAT TRUE?

I WOULDN'T SAY BITTER... I'D SAY IT WAS A PARTICULARLY LOUD QUARREL! JOHN WASN'T SO KEEN ABOUT YOUNG CHANNING AS I WAS... POSSIBLY BECAUSE HE IS TO BE MY FUTURE SON-IN-LAW!



THEN CAME THE TIME WHEN THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY CALLED PAUL CHANNING TO THE STAND!

YOU WERE WITH THE DEFENDENT DURING THE HOURS OF SIX TO EIGHT... DURING THE TIME WHEN SIMPSON WAS MURDERED, AND DURING THIS PERIOD HE DID NOT LEAVE THE ROOM! IS THAT TRUE?

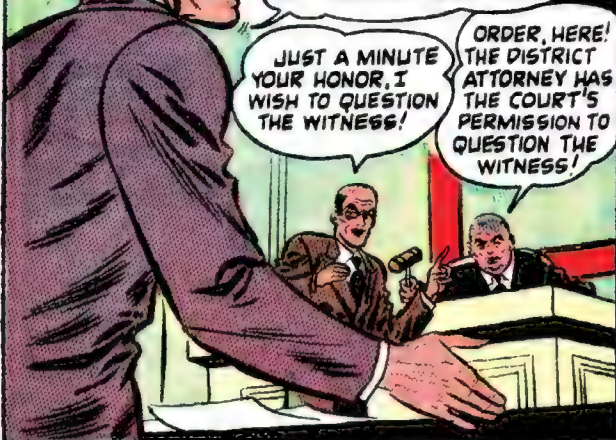
NOT FOR A MOMENT!



YOUR HONOR, FROM THE TESTIMONY OF THE WITNESS WHO WAS THE ONLY WITNESS DURING THE PERIOD OF THE MURDER, I MOVE THAT THIS BE DECLARED A MISTRIAL AND THE DEFENDENT BE DISMISSED AND FREED!

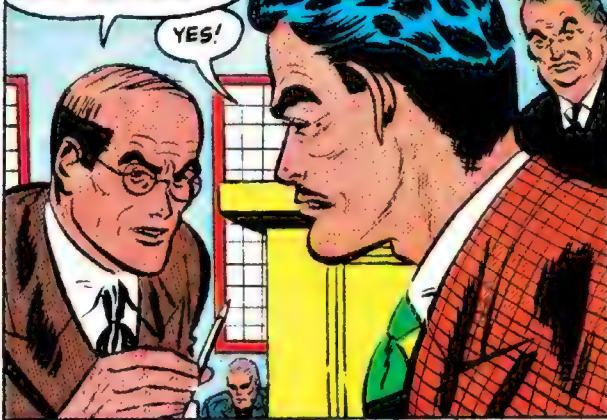
JUST A MINUTE YOUR HONOR, I WISH TO QUESTION THE WITNESS!

ORDER, HERE! THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS THE COURT'S PERMISSION TO QUESTION THE WITNESS!



NOW, MR. CHANNING, YOU TESTIFIED THAT THE DEFENDENT DID NOT LEAVE THE ROOM, HIS OFFICE, DURING THE TIME YOU WERE WITH HIM... THE HOURS BETWEEN SIX AND EIGHT O'CLOCK... THE HOURS DURING WHICH JOHN SIMPSON WAS MURDERED IN HIS OFFICE ON THE NEXT FLOOR ABOVE BY A BLUNT INSTRUMENT?

YES!



NOW THEN, ANSWER THIS QUESTION, AND REMEMBER YOU ARE UNDER OATH! DURING THIS TIME DID YOU LEAVE FOR ANY REASON WHATSOEVER, EVEN FOR ONLY A MOMENT?

I OBJECT YOUR HONOR... THE WITNESS IS NOT ON TRIAL IN THIS COURT!

OBJECTION OVER- RULED! THE WITNESS WILL ANSWER THE QUESTION AS STATED!

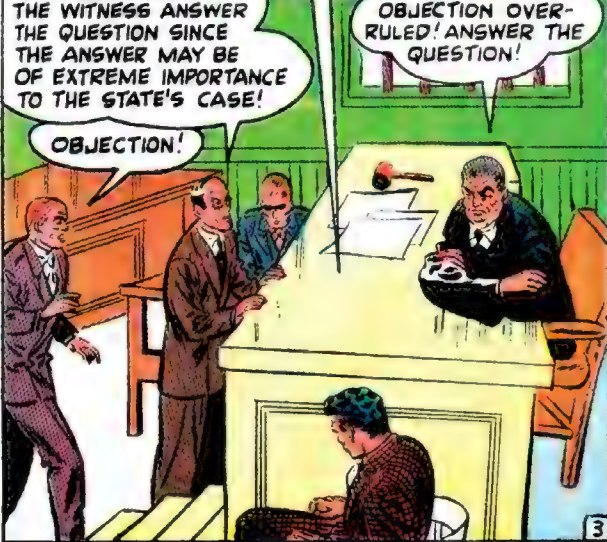


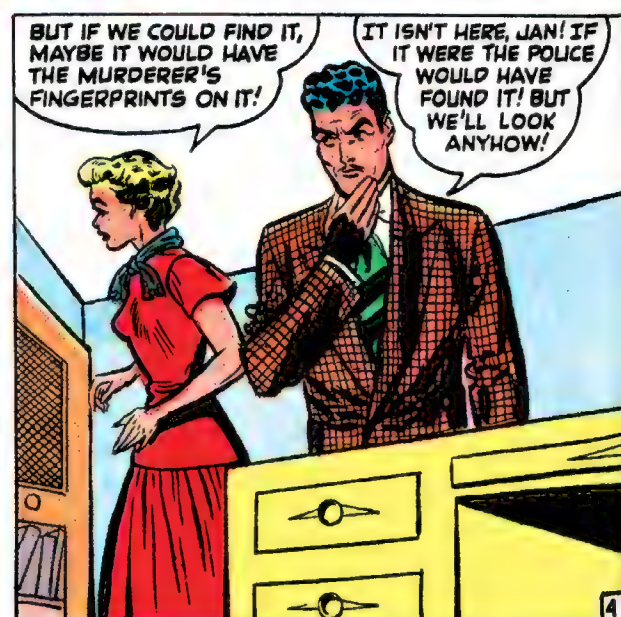
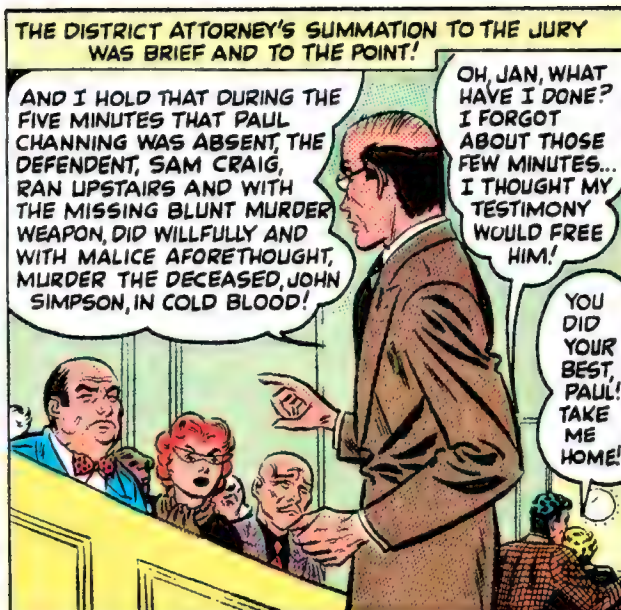
I... I'D RATHER NOT ANSWER THAT QUESTION, YOUR HONOR!

I DEMAND THAT THE WITNESS ANSWER THE QUESTION SINCE THE ANSWER MAY BE OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE TO THE STATE'S CASE!

OBJECTION OVER- RULED! ANSWER THE QUESTION!

OBJECTION!





A FRANTIC SEARCH REVEALED NOTHING THAT LOOKED EVEN REMOTELY LIKE A CLUE!

JAN, YOU'RE ALL IN! WHY DON'T I TAKE YOU HOME AND WE CAN CONTINUE THIS IN THE MORNING!

NO, I WANT TO GO IN! LET'S LOOK OVER JOHN SIMPSON'S OFFICE...PERHAPS WE'LL FIND SOMETHING THERE!



PAUL, YOU LOOK THROUGH THE DESK WHILE I LOOK THROUGH THE FILES!

ALL RIGHT, JAN!



NOTHING IN THE DESK THAT I CAN SEE!

I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMETHING... IN THIS FILE MARKED PERSONAL! LOOK AT THIS LETTER!



DON'T YOU SEE, PAUL, JOHN WAS HAVING SOMEBODY LOOKED INTO BY THIS MAN RYAN WHO IS PROBABLY A PRIVATE DETECTIVE! HE SAID HE'D SEND A REPORT ON THE 15TH... THE DAY JOHN WAS KILLED! JOHN MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN THE REPORT ON THIS MAN AND THE MAN CAME AND MURDERED HIM TO KEEP HIM FROM TELLING WHAT HE KNEW!

BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE THE MURDERER WOULDN'T HAVE WAITED UNTIL NIGHT TIME! MR. SIMPSON COULD HAVE TOLD WHAT HE KNEW BY THEN, ASSUMING IT WAS SOMETHING BAD, BECAUSE, JAN, MAIL IS DELIVERED DURING THE DAY! THE LATEST DELIVERY BEING THREE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON!



YES, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE THE LETTER WILL COME TOMORROW AND... PAUL, WHAT'S THAT... ON THE FLOOR, NEAR THE DESK LEG? IT LOOKS LIKE...

IT'S A STAMP... A SMALL CORNER OF ONE...



BUT LOOK...IT'S THE TORN CORNER OF A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER! PAUL THIS COULD HAVE BEEN FROM THE LETTER CHARLES RYAN SENT! AND SPECIAL DELIVERIES ARE DELIVERED AT ALL HOURS, SO MAYBE JOHN DIDN'T GET THIS UNTIL RIGHT BEFORE HE WAS KILLED AND HAD NO TIME TO TELL ANYONE WHAT IT CONTAINED! PAUL, LET'S CALL THE POLICE!

ALL RIGHT, JAN! MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING! COME INTO MY OFFICE! THE PHONE'S DEAD HERE!

ALL RIGHT, JAN! MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING! COME INTO MY OFFICE! THE PHONE'S DEAD HERE!





WAIT A MINUTE, JAN, LET'S THINK ABOUT THIS FOR A MINUTE! I'LL MIX A DRINK BEFORE WE CALL THE POLICE! IT'S JUST OCCURRED TO ME THAT MR. SIMPSON MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR FATHER! IF THAT'S THE CASE IT WOULD ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE FOR HIM!

BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE FOUND ANYTHING BAD ABOUT DAD!

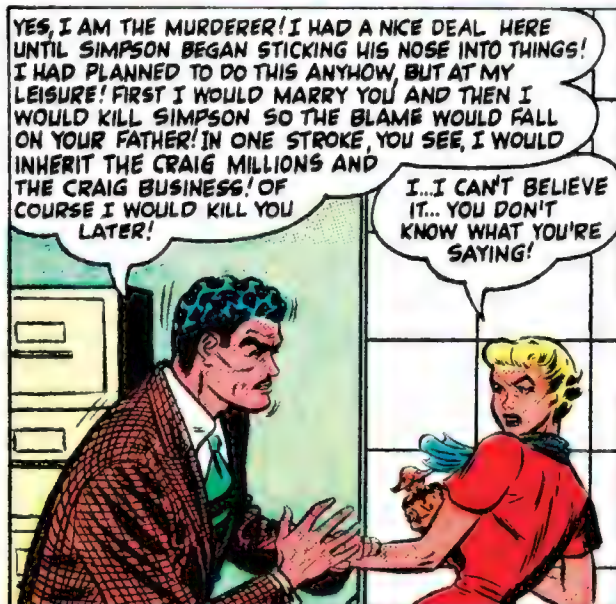


THE LETTER MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT THE MURDERER, AND AFTER HE KILLED JOHN HE TOOK THE LETTER WITH HIM! PAUL, I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN FIND THE NAME OF CHARLES RYAN LISTED IN THE PHONE BOOK! IF WE CAN GET HOLD OF HIM HE CAN TELL US... **THE STATUE... IN YOUR DESK...**



SO YOU FOUND IT... AND NOW YOU KNOW THE TRUTH...

PAUL... I... I... DON'T UNDERSTAND! ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT YOU ARE...?

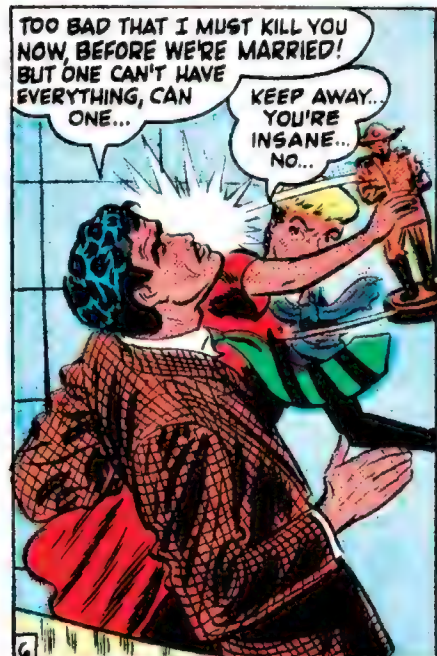


YES, I AM THE MURDERER! I HAD A NICE DEAL HERE UNTIL SIMPSON BEGAN STICKING HIS NOSE INTO THINGS! I HAD PLANNED TO DO THIS ANYHOW, BUT AT MY LEISURE! FIRST I WOULD MARRY YOU AND THEN I WOULD KILL SIMPSON SO THE BLAME WOULD FALL ON YOUR FATHER! IN ONE STROKE, YOU SEE, I WOULD INHERIT THE CRAIG MILLIONS AND THE CRAIG BUSINESS! OF COURSE I WOULD KILL YOU LATER!

I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!



OH, BUT I DO! BUT TO GO ON... SIMPSON PUT THIS PRIVATE DETECTIVE ON MY TRAIL AND HE FOUND OUT THAT I HAD KILLED BEFORE! I WAS PROVEN INSANE AND ESCAPED THE CHAIR! THEN I ESCAPED FROM THE ASYLUM, CHANGED MY NAME AND CAME HERE! I SAW THE SPECIAL DELIVERY BOY ENTER THE BUILDING WHILE I WAS WITH YOUR FATHER, AND KNEW WHAT HE CARRIED! I TOOK THE STATUE WITH ME WHEN I WENT FOR MY CAR, KILLED SIMPSON AND TOOK THE LETTER!



TOO BAD THAT I MUST KILL YOU NOW, BEFORE WE'RE MARRIED! BUT ONE CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING, CAN ONE...

KEEP AWAY... YOU'RE INSANE... NO...



HELLO... POLICE? THIS IS JANICE CRAIG! I'M AT THE CRAIG OFFICES WITH THE MURDERER OF JOHN SIMPSON! NO... HE'S KNOCKED OUT AND I DON'T THINK HE'LL COME TO FOR A WHILE! HURRY PLEASE... I... THINK I'M GOING TO... FAINT!



YES, MURDER IS AN UGLY SHADOW, BUT SOMETIMES THE SHADOW PASSES... TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS AND BLUNTS THE SHARPNESS OF MEMORIES THAT ARE BEST FORGOTTEN!

THE SEA IS CALM TONIGHT! JAN DEAR, ARE YOU HAPPY?

YES DAD, GLORIOUSLY HAPPY TO HAVE YOU BACK LIKE THIS AGAIN! I'VE SHOVED THE UGLY MEMORY OF WHAT HAPPENED INTO THE PAST! I'VE GROWN UP BECAUSE OF IT! AND AS FOR THE FUTURE... WELL, I KNOW IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING BUT BRIGHT FOR BOTH OF US!

THE END

GIRL COMICS

MYSTERY • ADVENTURE • SUSPENSE

GIRL

MAR.
NO. 7

COMICS

10¢
K

REAL ADVENTURES OF REAL GIRLS!

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A DESPERATE
CRIMINAL STRIKES TERROR IN A LONELY
SCHOOLHOUSE? DON'T DARE MISS--

"HIDEOUT!"

COME HERE,
SCHOOLMARM!
POKE YOUR HEAD
OUT OF THE WINDOW
AND TELL 'EM TO
LET ME ESCAPE! 'CAUSE
IF THEY DON'T, IT'S
CURTAINS FOR YA!

ALSO IN THIS
ISSUE...

"IF A GIRL BE MAD!"



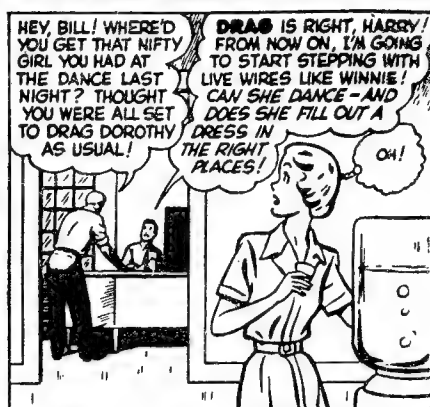
"THE SILVER SHIELD!"



"THEY CALLED ME
A SPY!"

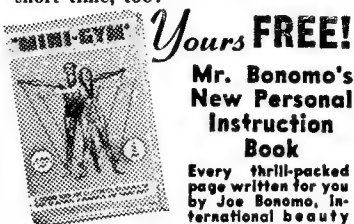


HOW "MINI-GYM" TURNS DATELESS DOROTHY INTO DAZZLING DOTTY!



It's Fun Gaining a Glamorous Figure . . . NEW ♦ EASY ♦ EXCITING 'MINI-GYM' Way!

For a real thrill—wait 'til you get your eager hands (yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's new magic 'MINI-GYM' home exerciser! Even though you always hated exercise before, with Mr. Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book and 'MINI-GYM,' you'll revel in it! And revel still more in the ravishing figure 'MINI-GYM' helps you develop. All in such a short time, too!



Every thrill-packed page written for you by Joe Bonomo, International beauty and physical development authority, this big, 64-page book in 2 colors, gives you a complete Figure Glamour Developing Course! Fun-to-follow text, 96 specially posed photos, charts: Size 5½" x 8½".

BUILDS PEP AND PERSONALITY—FAST!

Just 10 happy minutes a day with 'MINI-GYM,' and your whole body just sings with vibrant, new energy! You're at your best—ready to do anything—go anywhere—all the time! Why? Because 'MINI-GYM'—the scientific, all-over, all-round body conditioner—makes you feel and look gloriously, glamorously alive!



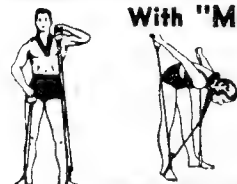
Gals! Get Hep to Happiness Health—and Real Glamour—with JOE BONOMO'S New Magic Deluxe 'MINI-GYM' Formerly \$4.95 Our Special Price **\$3.95** COMPLETE

POSITIVE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Yes, it means just that! Order your 'MINI-GYM' today. Use it, enjoy it for 10 exciting days. If you're not satisfied in every way—in fact, delighted—just return 'MINI-GYM,' and your money will be instantly refunded!

SEND NO MONEY! MAIL 'NO RISK' COUPON NOW!

Watch Out . . . or Your Men Folk Will Walk Off With "MINI-GYM"!



"MINI-GYM" CORP.
1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

Perfect by famous Joe Bonomo, whom your men folk know as a world-renowned professional strong man, "MINI-GYM" is tough enough to give your big brother (husband or son) top training, but so light it can be easily handled by any teen-age girl! Built right into "MINI-GYM" is all Mr. Bonomo's first-hand knowledge as both a physical director and beauty expert. So in "MINI-GYM" you've got everything it takes for genuine professional body building for women—and men, too!

Order Your 'MINI-GYM' by Model S, M or L

Model S

☐ If you are under 5 ft. tall

Model M

☐ If you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

Model L

☐ If you are over 5 ft. 10 in. tall

"MINI-GYM" CORP. Dept. MD-3
1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

PLEASE RUSH ME one complete 'MINI-GYM' MODEL..... with 64-page Bonomo Course Book. I will deposit \$3.95, plus postage, with postman. If I am not satisfied in every way, I may return 'MINI-GYM' and Book within 10 days for full refund.

NAME Print Plainly Please

STREET

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ I enclose \$3.95. You pay postage. Some money-back guarantee. (Canadian and Foreign Orders, \$4.95. Cash with orders.)

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1950 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 7 MARCH 1951 issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate \$1.00 for 12 issues. Published bi-monthly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

IF A GIRL BE MAD

A
TRUE-LIFE THRILLER
WRITTEN AND DRAWN
ESPECIALLY FOR
GIRL COMICS



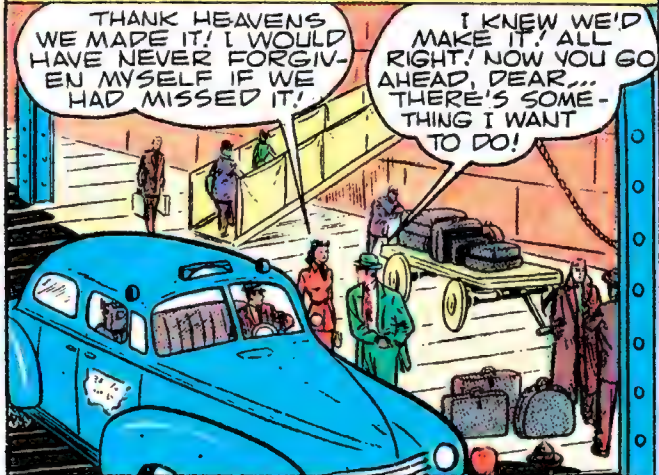
6929

SOMETIMES YOU DREAM AS IF SOMETHING WERE ACTUALLY HAPPENING TO YOU, AND WHEN YOU AWAKEN, YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS ALL IN A DREAM! THAT'S THE WAY I FELT, ALTHOUGH WITH ME... I WAS **WIDE AWAKE**, AND MY DREAM WAS ACTUALLY HAPPENING!

"THE DETAILS REMAIN FIXED IN MY MIND... I SHALL NEVER FORGET THEM! IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I COULD! BUT THEN, TWELVE HOURS OF LIVING HORROR OFTEN LEAVE A LASTING IMPRESSION! HOW DID IT ALL BEGIN? INNOCENTLY ENOUGH, I ASSURE YOU! WE WERE HURRYING TO CATCH A BOAT FOR ENGLAND!

THANK HEAVENS WE MADE IT! I WOULD HAVE NEVER FORGIVEN MYSELF IF WE HAD MISSED IT!

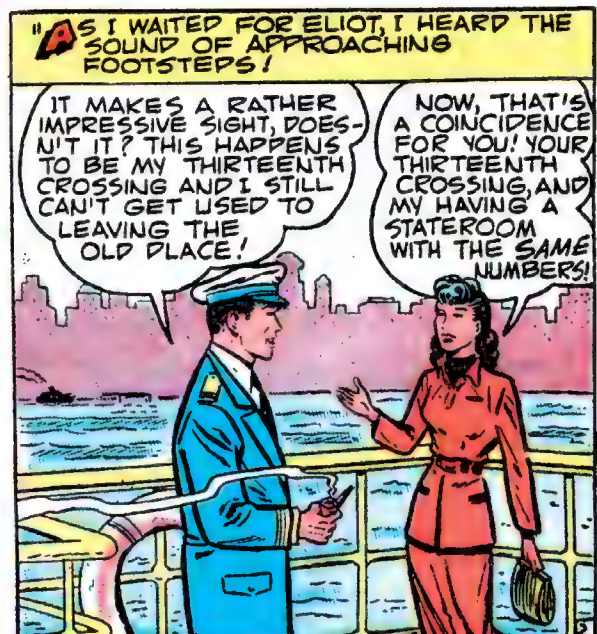
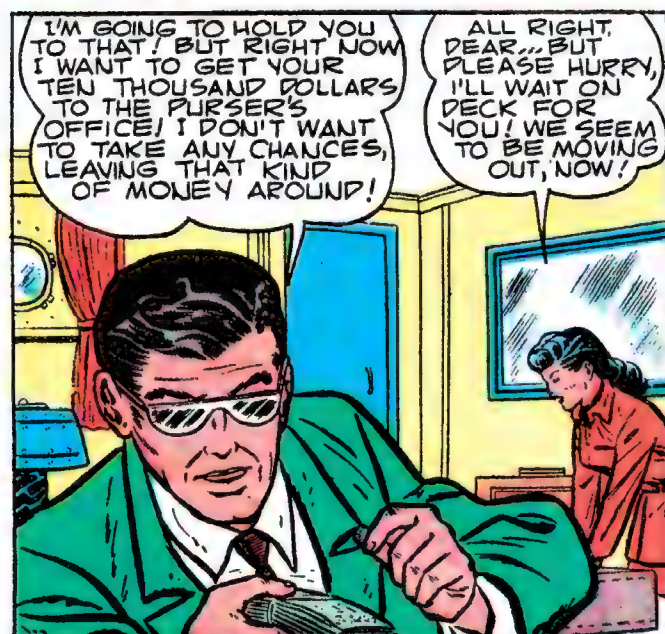
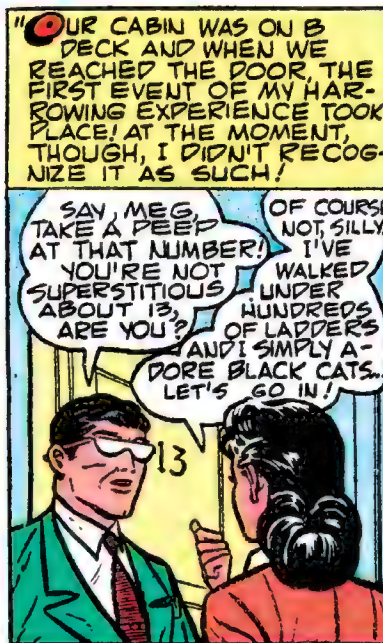
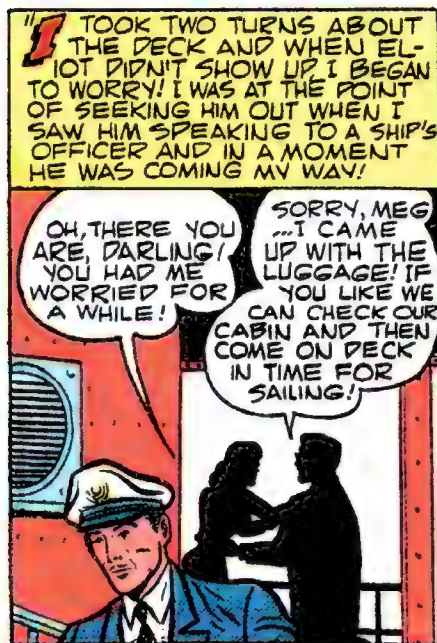
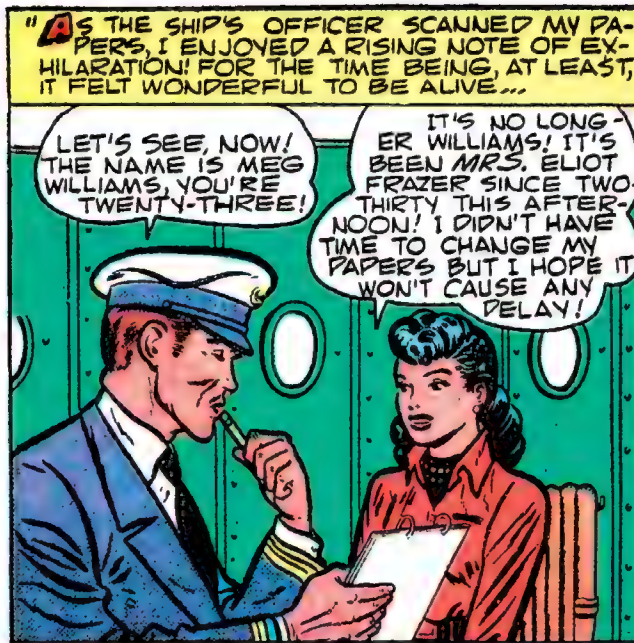
I KNEW WE'D MAKE IT! ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU GO AHEAD, DEAR... THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!

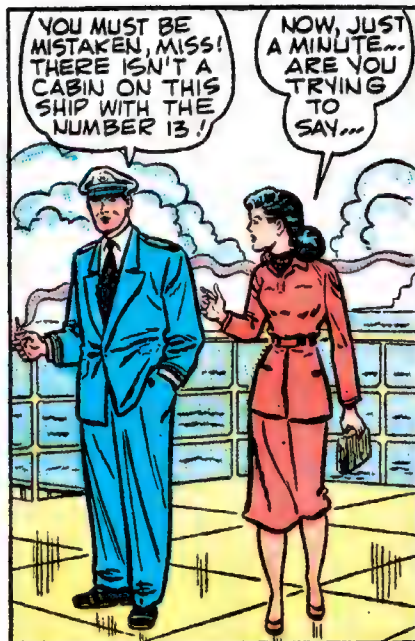


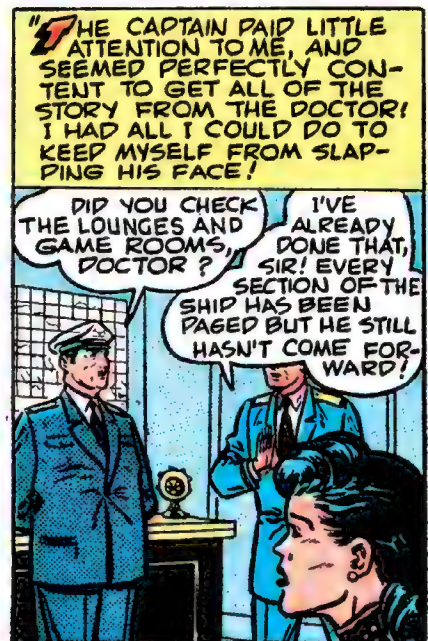
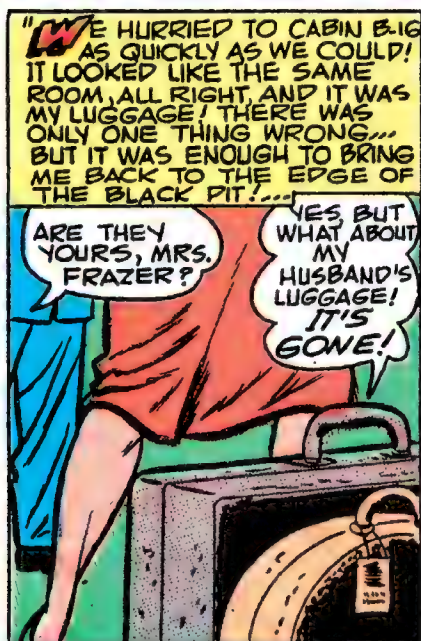
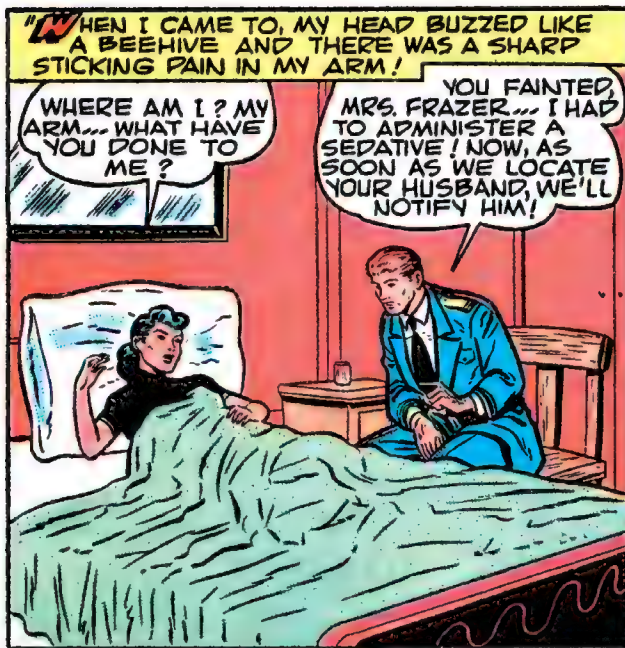
YOU WON'T BE LONG, ELIOT? I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCE OF HAVING YOU LEFT BEHIND!

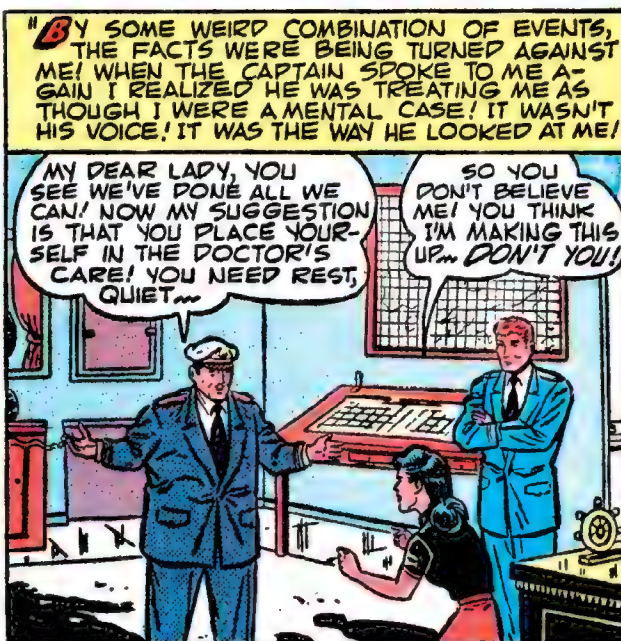
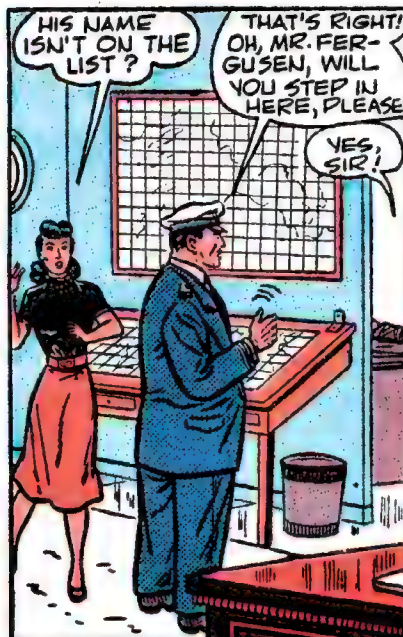
ONLY A MINUTE, MEG, I JUST WANT TO CHECK THE LUGGAGE! YOU GO ON UP AND I'LL MEET YOU ON DECK!

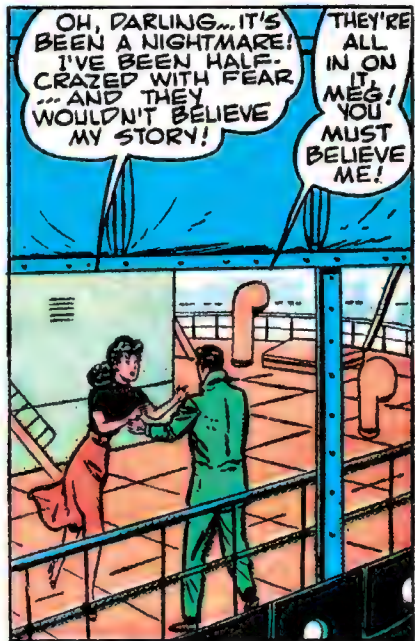
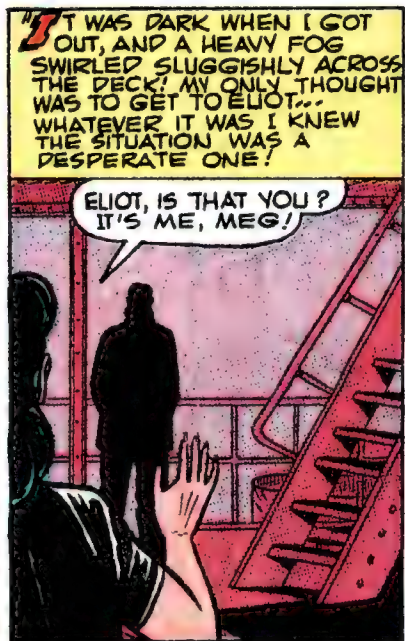
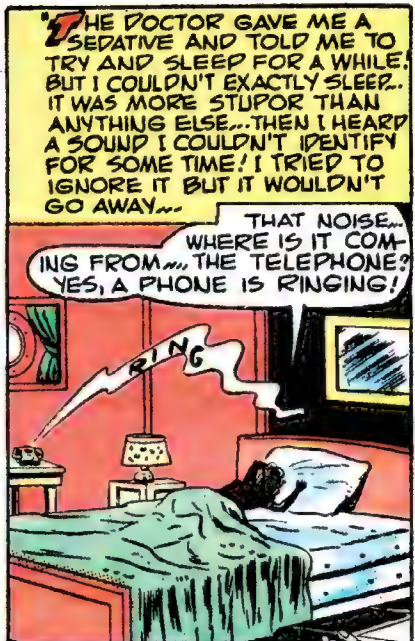












"FOR A FEW MOMENTS, I STRUGGLED... THEN THE STRENGTH EBBED FROM MY BODY! I COULD HEAR A RUSHING OF FOOTSTEPS ALONG THE DECK, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE... TOO LATE..."

LET GO! I'LL...

"DARKNESS FLOATED DOWN LIKE A CURTAIN... I HEARD THE THUD OF FLESH AGAINST FLESH AS IF THERE WAS A DEATH STRUGGLE GOING ON..."

"SUDDENLY A PIERCING SCREAM RIPPED THE CURTAIN... SOMEONE WENT OVER-BOARD... I TRIED TO GET UP BUT I WAS CAUGHT IN A BLACK WHIRLPOOL, GOING ROUND AND ROUND... FINALLY SLEEP CAME!"

"THEN OUT OF THE DARKNESS CAME A PAIR OF ARMS AND I FELT MYSELF BEING CARRIED! I TRIED TO SAY THE WORDS BUT THEY WOULDN'T FORM 'IT'S ALL OVER'... 'THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER'... THEN THE LIGHTS WENT ON AGAIN, AND I SAW THE DOCTOR'S FACE IN FRONT OF ME!"

THIS WILL SURPRISE YOU, MISS WILLIAMS, YOUR HUSBAND WAS RICHARD FABER... THE FIRST OFFICER OF THIS SHIP!

WHAT?

IT EXPLAINS WHY HIS NAME WASN'T ON THE PASSENGER LIST! AS A CREW MEMBER IT WAS EASY FOR HIM TO GET BY FERGUSSON WITHOUT HIM BEING SUSPECTED AS YOUR HUSBAND! THEN HE FEIGNED ILLNESS AND KEPT TO HIS BUNK!

BUT WHY SHOULD HE HAVE DONE THIS?

FOR YOUR MONEY, MEG! WE FOUND IT IN HIS CABIN! YOU SEE, ONCE YOU WERE ABOARD SHIP HE CHANGED THE NUMBER OF YOUR CABIN AND REMOVED HIS LUGGAGE, KNOWING YOUR STORY WOULD SOUND FANTASTIC! WHEN NIGHT CAME HE TRIED DOING AWAY WITH YOU! IF IT HAD WORKED NO ONE WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED HIM...

OH... AND IT WOULD HAVE WORKED IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU!

BY LETTING ME BE YOUR FRIEND! AS A DOCTOR I WOULD PRESCRIBE A SEA VOYAGE IN CASES OF THIS KIND... BUT I GUESS IT'S A LITTLE POINTLESS IN YOUR CASE!

I SUPPOSE IT IS, DOCTOR... JUST A LITTLE!

"THE RECOVERY FROM SUCH A SHOCK IS A LONG, WEARISOME BUSINESS, BUT SOMEHOW WITH THE DOCTOR BESIDE ME, I KNEW I'D SEE IT THROUGH!"

THE END

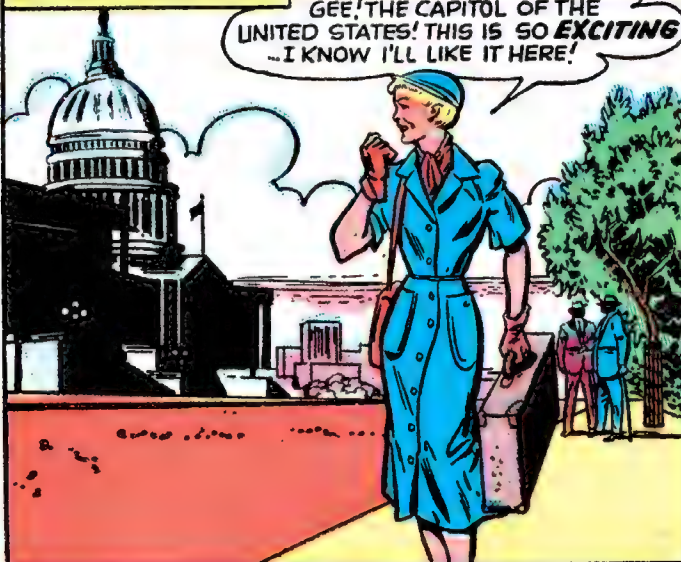
THEY CALLED ME A SPY



STORY BY
HANK CHAPMAN

7828

LIKE THOUSANDS OF OTHER GIRLS FROM ALL PARTS OF THIS COUNTRY, I CAME TO THE CAPITOL CITY IN 1948 TO GET A GOVERNMENT JOB! WASHINGTON, D.C. WAS CERTAINLY DIFFERENT FROM TWIN FORKS, IOWA... AND I WAS THRILLED TO MY VERY FINGERTIPS...



AS I WAITED TO REGISTER AT THE GOVERNMENT PLACEMENT CENTER, I GOT ACQUAINTED WITH ONE OF THE OTHER GIRLS! HER NAME WAS PATTI BURNS, FROM NEW YORK CITY! I LIKED HER INSTANTLY...



SIX WEEKS HURRIED BY AND THE THRILL AND EXCITEMENT WORE OFF BY THE ENDLESS HOURS OF PAVEMENT POUNDING...

HI, PATTI! NOPE, NO LUCK TODAY EITHER! I GUESS I'LL PACK UP AND GO BACK TO TWIN FORKS!

OH, JUDY, DON'T BE A LITTLE HICK ALL YOUR LIFE!



...THIS IS WASHINGTON, D.C...THE LAND OF STRING-PULLERS AND POLITICS! I GOT MY JOB BY BEING NICE TO THE RIGHT PEOPLE, AND YOU CAN DO THE SAME! COME ON, JUDY, DOUBLE-DATE WITH ME TONIGHT... AND IN A FEW DAYS YOU'LL BE A "G" GAL...



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, PATTI, BUT I...I...

NO BUTS ABOUT IT! GET INTO YOUR GLAD-RAGS WHILE I PHONE PAUL TO GET A BOY FOR YOU!



I'M SURE WE CAN FIND A SPOT FOR YOUR CHARMING FRIEND, PATTI, DON'T YOU AGREE, JOE?

I'VE ALREADY FOUND A PLACE FOR HER... RIGHT NEXT TO ME ON THE DANCE FLOOR! EXCUSE US!



PATTI WAS RIGHT! TUESDAY MORNING I GOT A CALL TO REPORT TO THE PERSONNEL SECTION! I WAS HIRED AS A FILE CLERK IN THE CONFIDENTIAL FILES OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

...AND ALL PAPERS HERE ARE STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, MISS COLON! THEY MUST NOT BE TAKEN OUT OF THIS ROOM! RECEIPTS MUST BE SIGNED FOR ALL PAPERS REQUESTED BY OTHER DEPARTMENT HEADS!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. ROFF!



I WAS CRAZY ABOUT MY NEW JOB! EVERYTHING WAS GOING GREAT FOR ME! PATTI AND I DATED JOE AND PAUL OFTEN AND WE HAD FUN! I WAS THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN WASHINGTON UNTIL ONE DAY LAST YEAR WHEN I WAS WALKING TO MY ROOM...

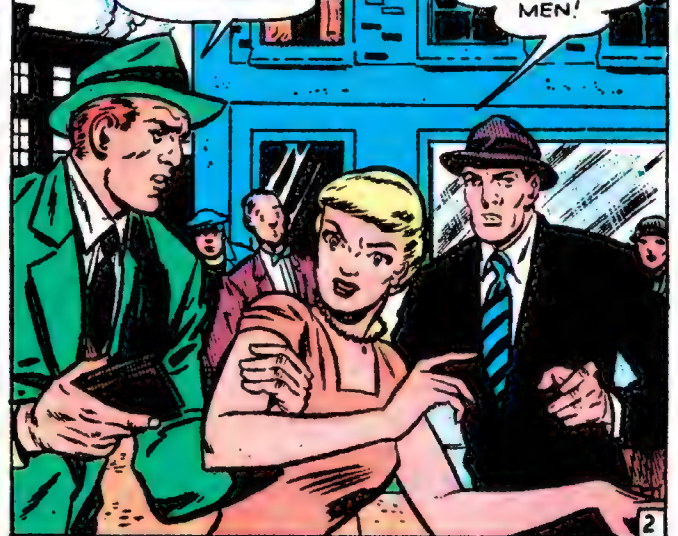
JUST A MOMENT, MISS... WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!

I DON'T KNOW YOU! LET GO OF MY BAG... YOU THIEF!



STOP KICKING AND SCRATCHING, MISS COLON, AND WE'LL INTRODUCE OURSELVES... LOOK HERE...

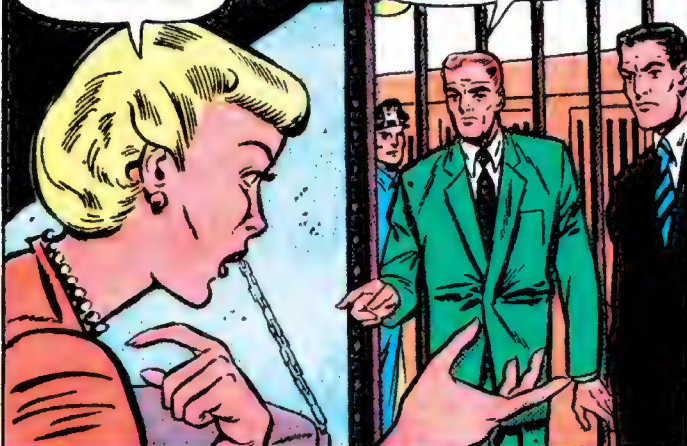
WHAT? OH, MY GOODNESS! YOU'RE F.B.I. MEN!



I WAS ARRESTED AND SPENT THAT NIGHT IN JAIL! THE NEXT MORNING THE FEDERAL INVESTIGATORS CAME TO MY CELL...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, AM I READY TO TALK? ABOUT WHAT? WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHY ARE YOU HOLDING ME?

YOU'RE CHARGED WITH ESPIONAGE, MISS COLON! WE HAVE EVIDENCE THAT YOU ARE A SPY!



THEY CALLED ME A SPY! THIS WAS ALL I COULD REMEMBER WHEN I CAME OUT OF MY FAINT! MY BRAIN ECHOED THE WORDS AND I SCREAMED OUT...

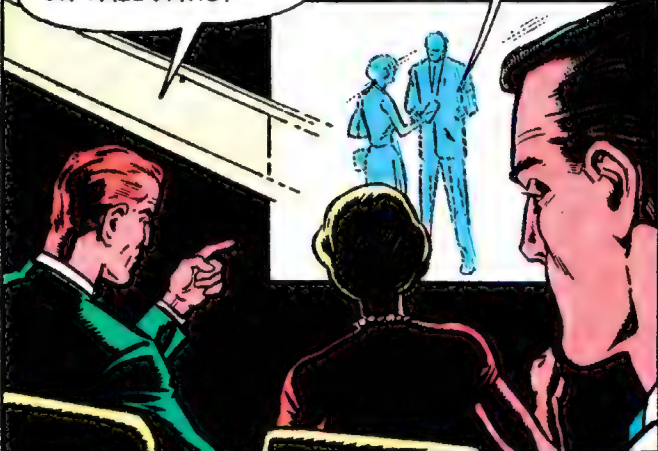
NO! NO! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! I'M NOT A SPY! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! YOU'VE GOT TO!

BRING HER INTO THE PROJECTION ROOM, MAC!



MISS COLON, HERE ARE FBI FILMS TAKEN FROM A PARKED LAUNDRY TRUCK ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 14, 1949! THAT'S YOU PASSING AN ENVELOPE TO A MAN KNOWN AS PAUL DARIEV... OR PAUL DAVIS!

I... I DIDN'T KNOW PAUL WAS A RUSSIAN! BUT THAT WAS ONLY AN INVITATION TO A PARTY I GAVE HIM! IS THAT A CRIME?



THESE NEXT PICTURES WERE TAKEN AT THE KIT-KAT NIGHT CLUB! THE CAMERA WAS BEHIND THE NEW "MAGIC" MIRROR! WE COULD SEE YOU, BUT YOU COULDN'T SEE US! THAT'S JOSEF LOZOSKY... OR JOE LEEDS... PASSING YOU THAT MONEY!

STOP IT! STOP IT!



YOU'RE JUST TWISTING EVERYTHING TO MAKE IT LOOK THE WAY YOU WANT IT TO LOOK! SURE I TOOK MONEY FROM JOE... BUT I NEVER TOOK ANY A-BOMB MEMOS! THAT MONEY WAS A LOAN FOR MY SICK MOTHER IN IOWA! YOU CAN'T HANG ME FOR HELPING HER!



WE CHECKED ON THAT, HARRY... HER MOTHER WAS SICK AND SHE DID GET A CHECK FROM HER!

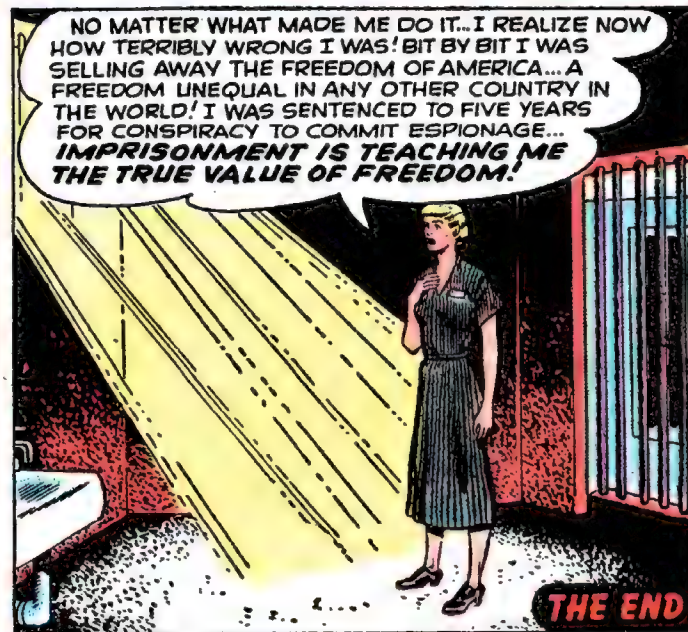
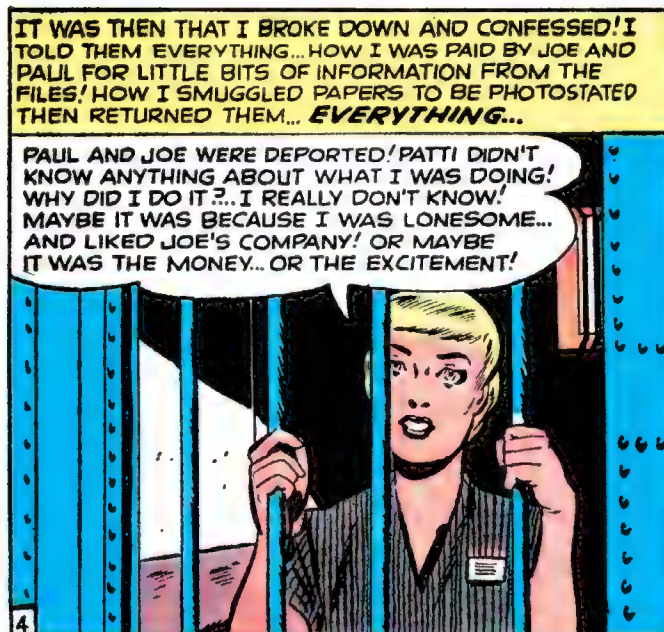
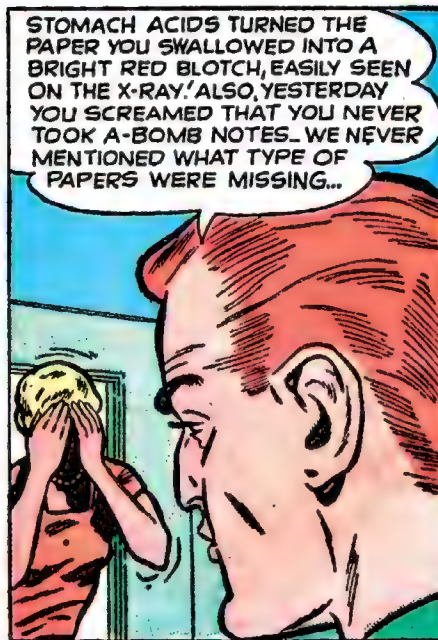
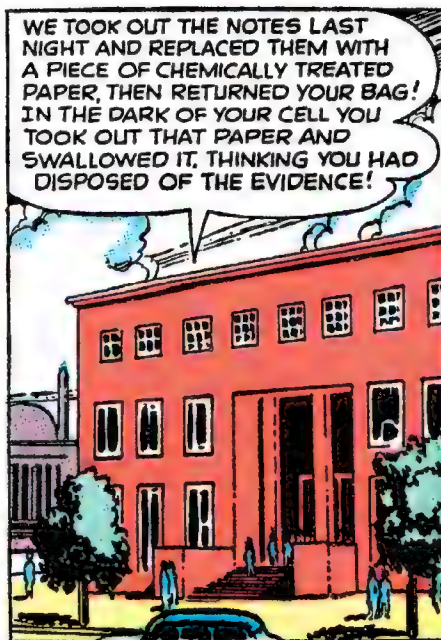
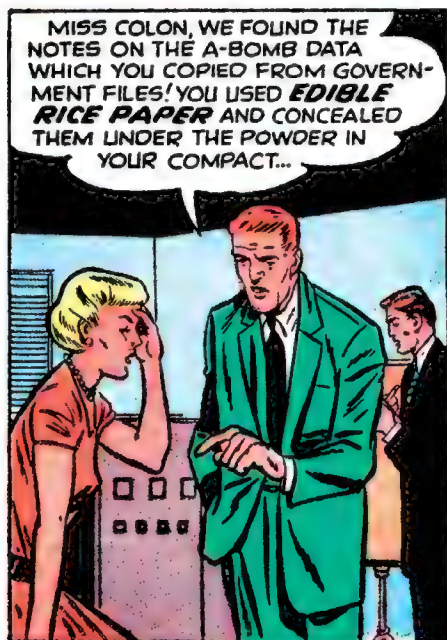
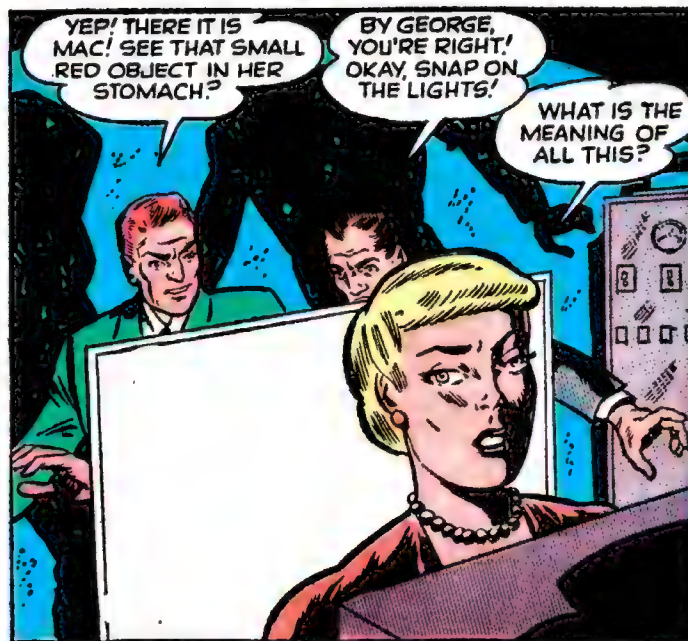
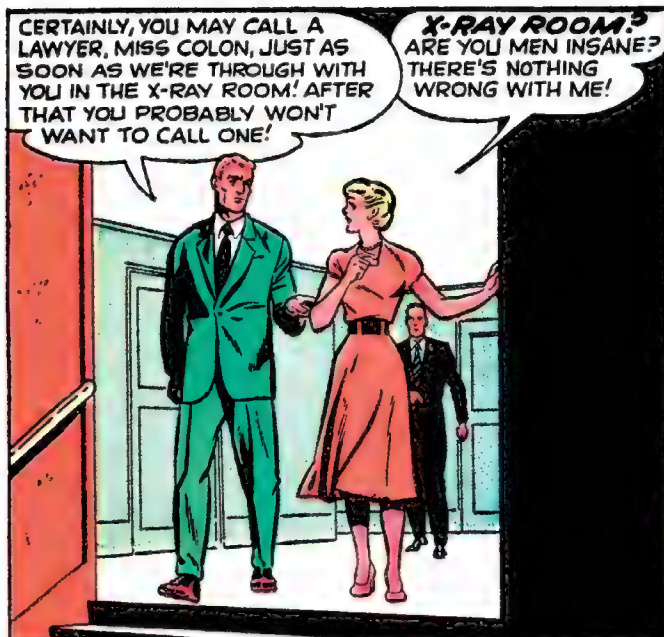
OKAY! OKAY! TAKE HER BACK! RETURN HER BAG, TOO! THE ONE WE TOOK AWAY FROM HER LAST NIGHT!



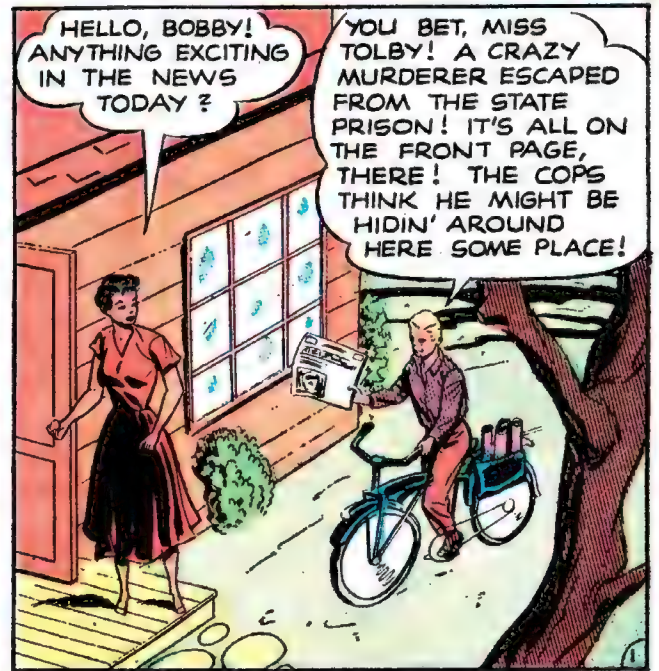
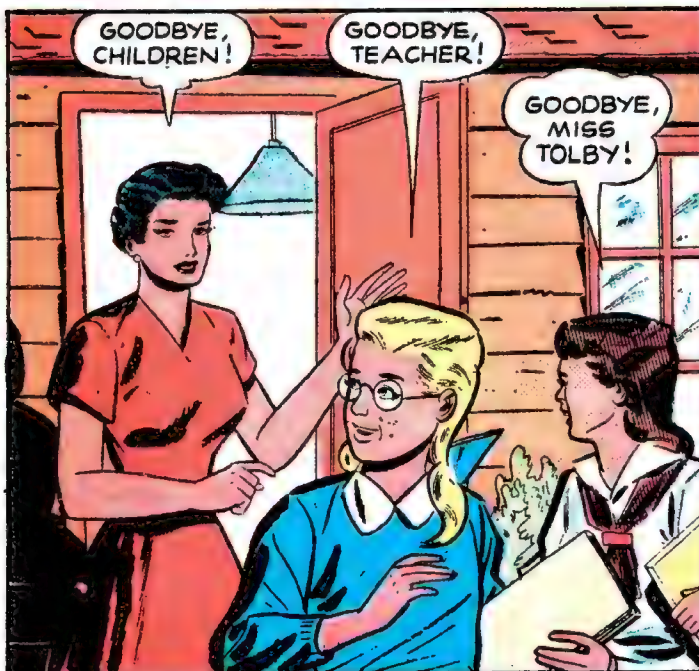
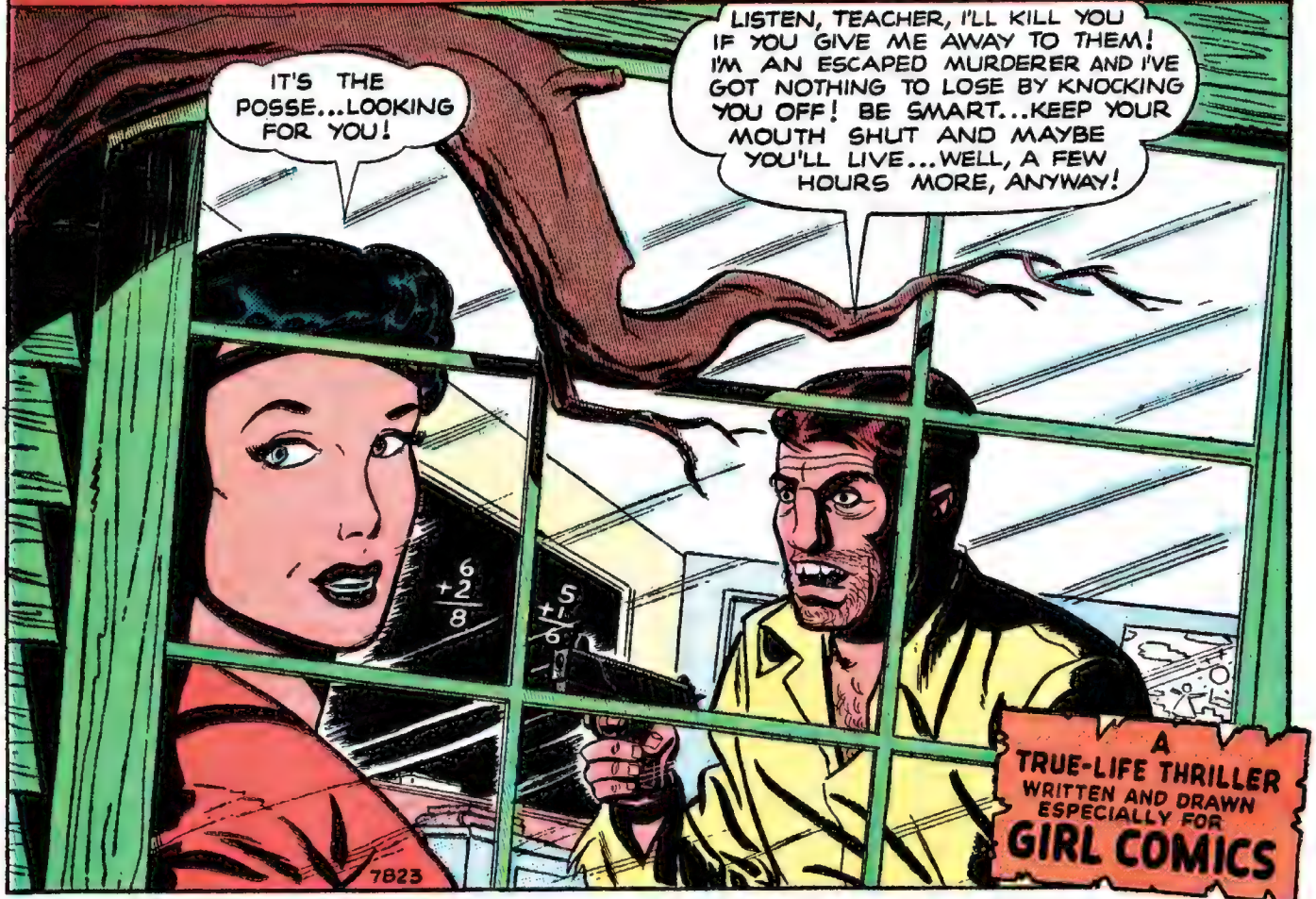
THEY LOCKED ME UP AGAIN! IN THAT TINY DARK CELL! I PLANNED MY BATTLE THAT NIGHT...

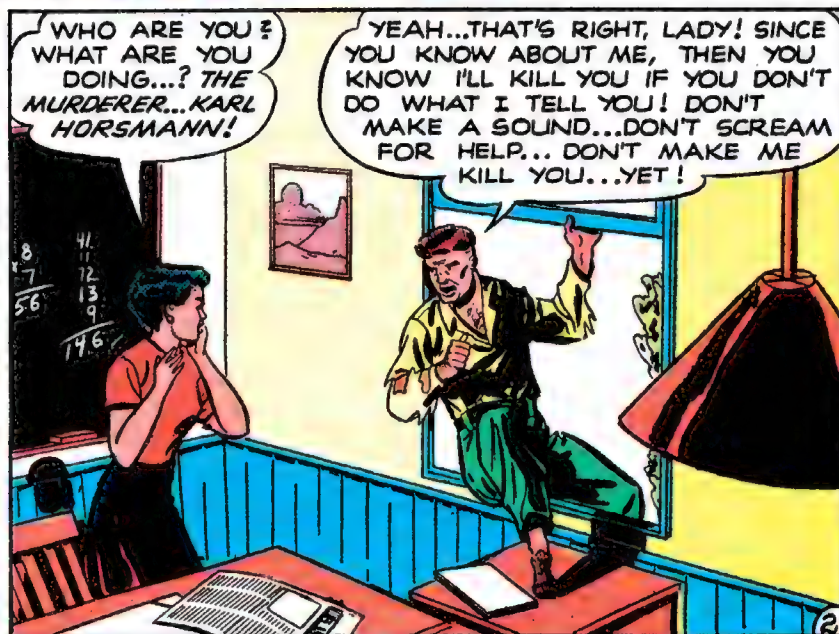
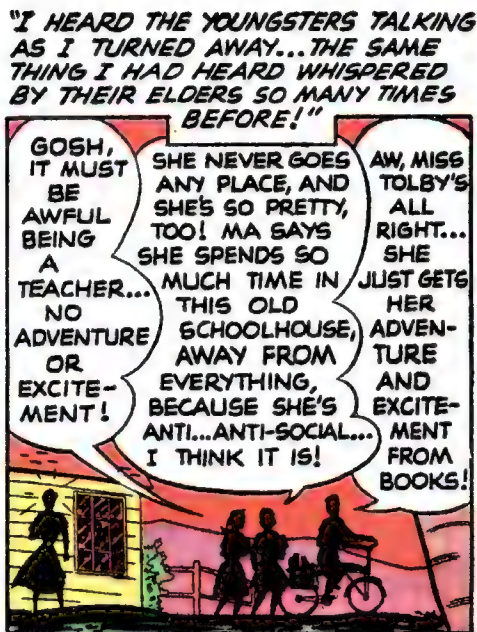
WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS? I MUST FIGHT BACK! I MUST PROVE MY INNOCENCE! THEY PICKED ON ME BECAUSE I'M ALONE! BUT I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL GET A LAWYER! A GOOD ONE! I'LL FIGHT... I MUST!

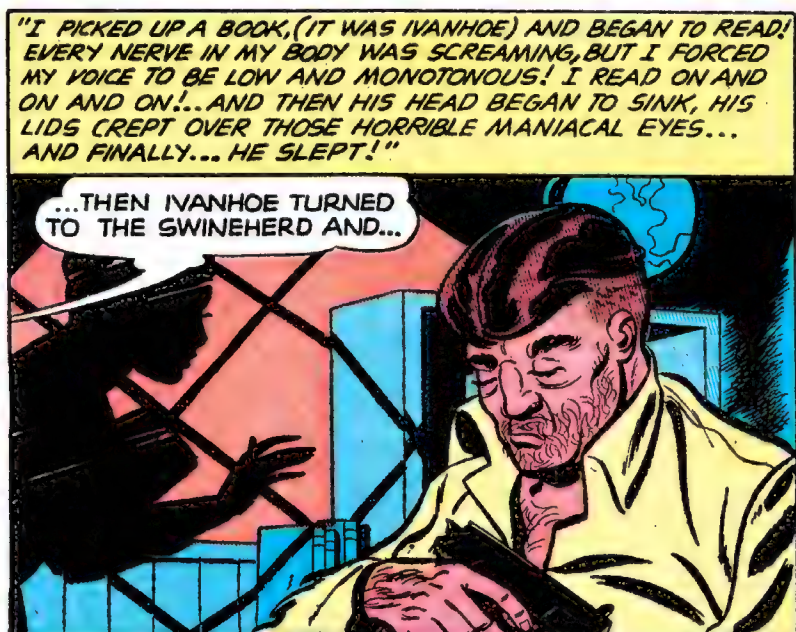
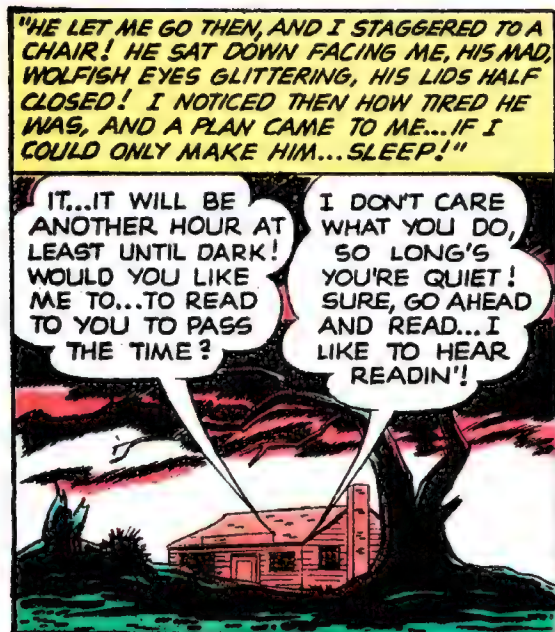
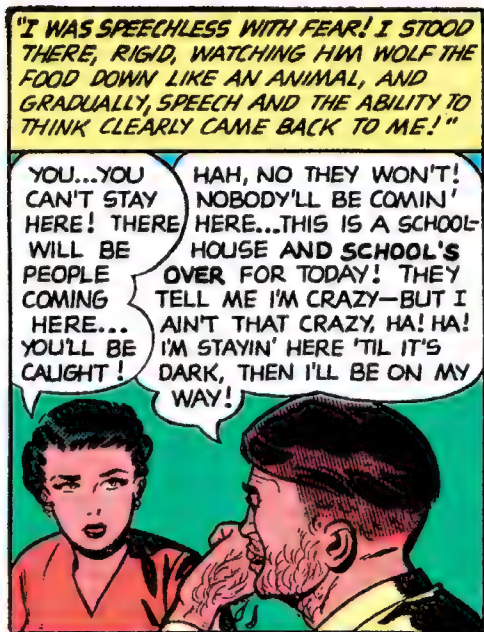
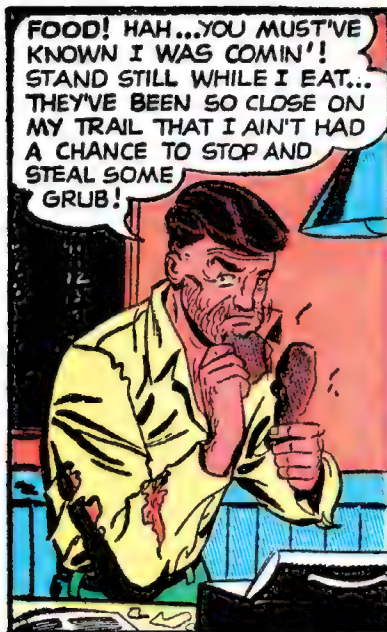




HIDEOUT









MY BOOKS!
STOP IT... STOP
IT I SAY!

BE QUIET
WOMAN!

"HE TORE THE BOOKS AND THREW
THEM IN THE STOVE, THEN HE
KNELT TO LIGHT THEM! THE
FEAR THAT HAD CLAIMED ME
FLED, BEFORE THE RAGE THAT
CONSUMED ME AT THE DE-
STRUCTION OF MY BELOVED
BOOKS! I GRABBED THE
POKER AND STRUCK AT HIM...!

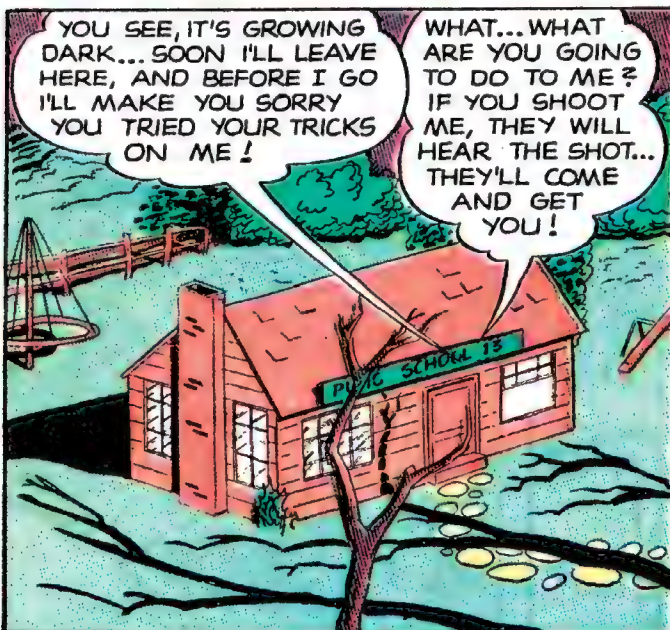


UGH!



WOMAN, I'LL KILL
YOU FOR THIS...
KILL YOU SLOW!

KEEP AWAY...
KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!



YOU SEE, IT'S GROWING
DARK... SOON I'LL LEAVE
HERE, AND BEFORE I GO
I'LL MAKE YOU SORRY
YOU TRIED YOUR TRICKS
ON ME!

WHAT... WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO TO ME?
IF YOU SHOOT
ME, THEY WILL
HEAR THE SHOT...
THEY'LL COME
AND GET
YOU!



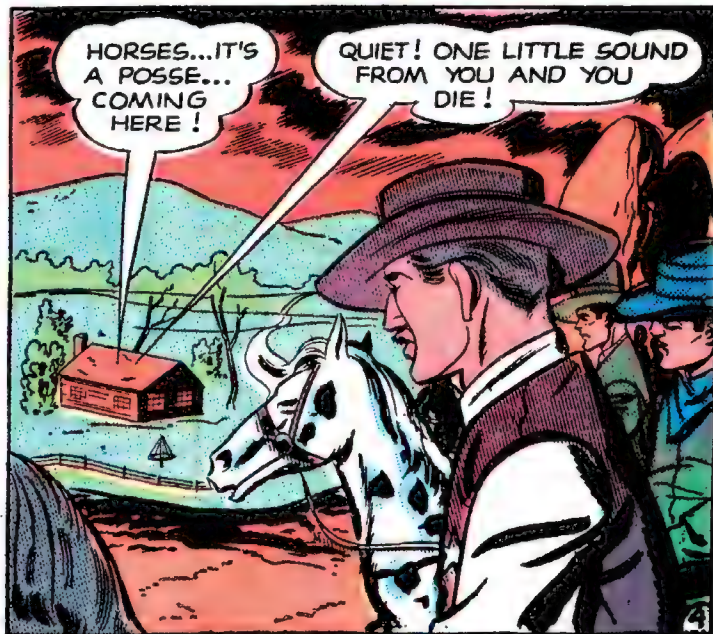
YES, YOU'RE A SMART
ONE! I AIN'T GOIN' TO SHOOT
YOU... I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT...
WITH THIS! IT WILL BE LONG
BEFORE THEY THINK TO
LOOK FOR YOU, AND BY
THAT TIME I'LL BE
FAR AWAY!

NO... DON'T
KILL ME! I'LL
STAY HERE...
I WON'T TELL
THEM YOU WERE
HERE!



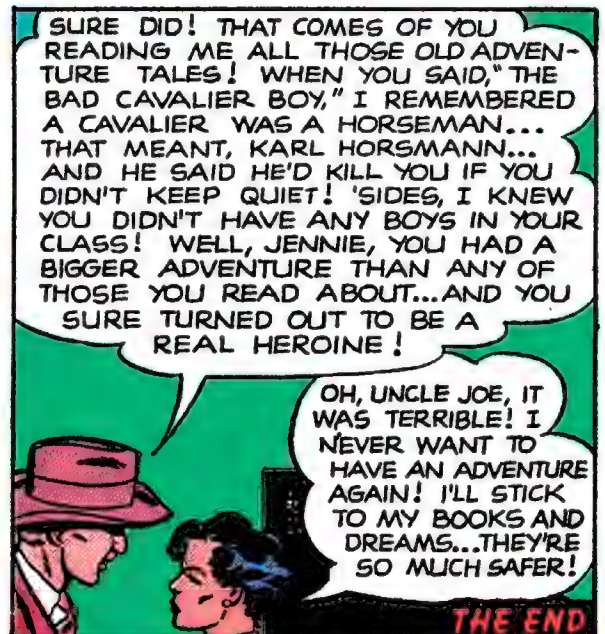
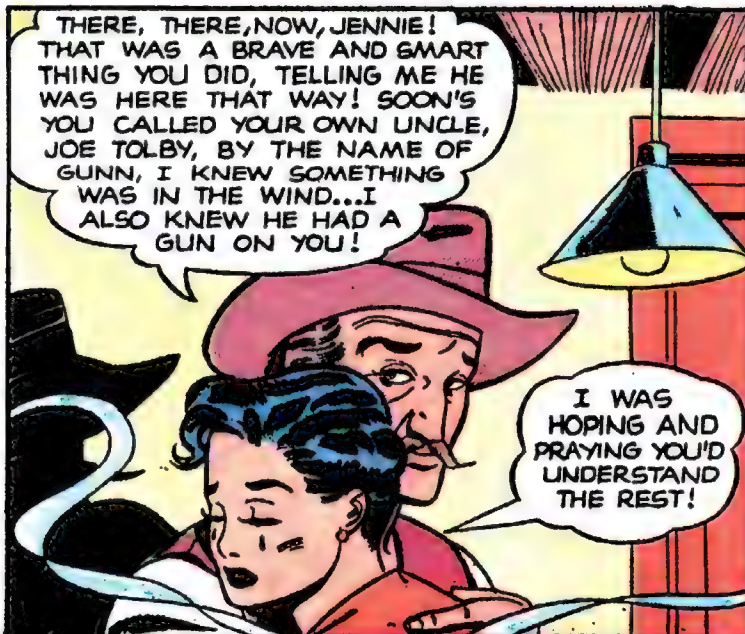
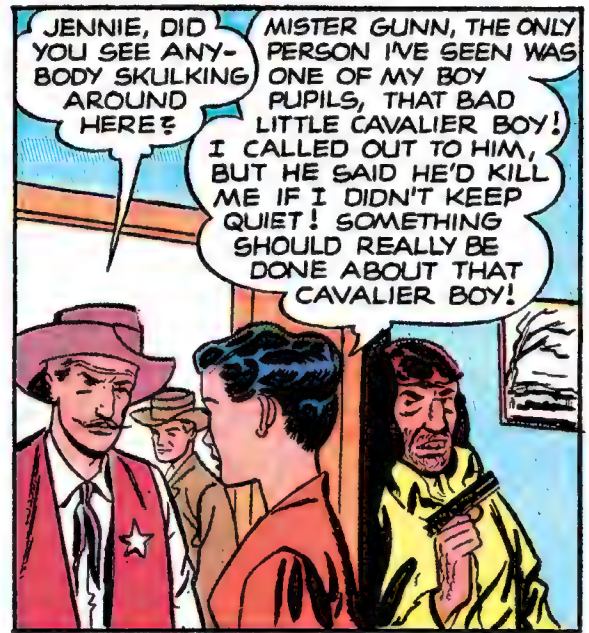
HAH, YOU THINK KARL HORSMANN IS THAT
BIG A FOOL? I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE! WHAT
IS ONE MORE MURDER TO ME, WHO HAS
MURDERED BEFORE? IT WILL BE A
PLEASURE TO SEE THE BLOOD OF ONE
WHO TRIED TO TRICK
ME LIKE YOU DID!

WAIT!
LISTEN...



HORSES... IT'S
A POSSE...
COMING
HERE!

QUIET! ONE LITTLE SOUND
FROM YOU AND YOU
DIE!



THE END

THE ENDLESS GAME

THE seagull screamed above me, then fell lifeless to the ground. I raised my head, but I could see nothing. Just rolling hills of sand dunes and below, to my left, the cold, glittering blue of Lake Michigan.

For many miles along the lakefront, there stretched the lonely waste of dunes. They are wild and barren except for scattered tufts of cutgrass and stunted, windswept trees that grow further in as you leave the shore.

The dunes are bleached white by sun and wind, and their driftage from year to year make them seem almost alive. Though civilization has pressed to their very brink, they are as yet untameable. During the winter, they heap themselves upon the empty cottages and by summertime, boardwalks, steps and even porches have to be cleared of the hard, white sand. It is a silent game of possession, endless as the wind and waves upon the shore.

I came early to my cottage this year, and after a week of cleaning, sweeping, and similar activity, I was at last able to begin a normal routine. I am a writer, and because of the solitude I at times desire, I find this season to my liking. A month later, and the swarm of humans begin to come to toast themselves in lazy gaiety until summer's end. They sprawl and chatter so insistently that work then becomes impossible.

However, I didn't progress as well as I had expected. The empty cottages with their boarded windows and dune-swept porches were so lonely and silent that it became increasingly annoying. Then there was

the wind—it constantly whistled through crevices and around corners night and day. If it stopped for an hour, there was a strange lull; but even then, a soft murmur found its voice within the old pine whose gnarled branches stretched above my cottage. I realized that exposed as the cottage was, this steady flaunt of nature's seasonal change, was only natural. Yet for all rationalization, I knew that with insidious persistence, it had begun to get on my nerves even more strongly than I would care to admit.

I grew more nervous with each day. To a certain extent we reflect the moods of the weather, I suppose. At least, that explanation now held true of me. While writing I would find a certain immunity, but hardly had I become so absorbed when a branch would scrape across the roof or the wind howl—or the sun come through the window at such an angle that I would have to adjust the blinds, and in any event be so distracted that I would lose my train of thought. It was as if "they" resented my forgetting them for even a moment. This line of reflection was silly, I knew, but my imagination being highly sensitive, made it hard for me to quell such impressions. I had others which I found too absurd to allow recognition.

Then this morning, an event happened that upset me terribly. I already had been aware of the unusual drift of sand that year. Several times a day I found it necessary to sweep the steps and even the porch, to keep it from filtering into the cottage. Yet in view of the active wind, it was

logical. However, this morning, I noticed that a small bar of sand had formed INSIDE the door. The necessity of such frequent sweepings made me irritable, and in a temper I pushed back the screen. It was impossible to imagine how so much sand could have blown upon the porch during a single night. It lay about an inch thick, level with the board strip beneath the door frame. I no longer doubted why it had seeped into the cottage.

I stood staring at the porch for a moment, somewhat numbed by the impact of surprise, when I noticed something else—something whose implications made me grow uneasy. Sand can very often be buffeted by the wind in such a manner as to cause a pattern or design. Such a sample had now occurred. The sand upon the porch had been ribbed into a circular whirlpool of lines—that is, they formed a partial circle with the vortex toward the door. As the lines led outward, in wider and wider bands, I found my eyes, also, being led in that direction.

It took a full minute before the smooth harmony of lines told me their story—or rather showed me by the very fact of their uninterrupted symmetry that they had formed a complete, perfect circle about the entire cottage. Glimpses from several windows in the house confirmed the fact. The cottage and myself were completely surrounded by these lines. It was made all the more puzzling by the fact that the wind cannot blow in all directions at one time, nor in such uniform shiftings as to complete a uniform circle.

I didn't sweep off the porch again, for somehow I responded to an inner chord of futility. A knowledge that it would always come back again. I tried to write, but with my mind so sensitized by the extraordinary circumstances of the sand, I found objective concentration impossible.

My thoughts went over the puzzle again and again. I couldn't rid myself of the absurd notion that I was being imprisoned.

Of course, I tried to invent explanations for the phenomenon. Usually I wasn't at the cottage this time of year so I really wasn't in a position to know what happens, I told myself. It may not be at all unusual. However, there was a lack of conviction in this reasoning, and the doubts continued to scamper in back of my mind. I settled upon accepting the fact as a freak demonstration of nature which had caused such perfect symmetry of sand lines—a freak which had nothing sinister or underlying in its meaning—OR HAD IT?

At last my nerves forced me to make a move, and I left the cottage for the beach. When I arrived at the hollow in a dune close above the water, I looked back and saw the strange pattern of my footsteps breaking through the circles of sand lines. I felt like an animal who has escaped the bars of a cage, only I still didn't respond to a sense of freedom.

I lay down in the hollow, feeling the sun penetrate across my back. I was sheltered from the wind here, although I could hear it above me and saw it ripple the long blades of grass. By slow degrees I relaxed and with the tension gone, I became drowsy.

During some point of my sleep, I awoke and felt the shrill force of the wind. The sun had been blurred by heavy clouds, making the sky low and grey. It was while I was staring straight upward that I heard the cry of the seagull and saw it fall.

When I stood up, I was totally unprepared for the strong buffeting of the wind. It stung across my face with scratching grains of sand.

Several feet away, at the water's edge, I found the dead bird. It was still warm. I examined it carefully, but there



was no mark, no indication of what had caused its death. I remembered that birds can die of fright alone—yet I couldn't say what made me think of it just then. Or, perhaps, I could. Perhaps it was I who was frightened.

Cautiously, I looked about me. Along the shores, the waves came choppy and wild. Far out I could see the whitecaps piling up for their break of foam and long rush in. With some inner fury they seemed to be charging full at me.

My ears became deadened by the roar of the wind and waves.

I moved slowly against the force of air, my clothes whipped about my body and my face stinging from the thousands of whirling pricks of sand.

I started upward to the cottage, head down. My shoes were heavy and I walked awkwardly up the dune. The wind rushed down my lungs, knocking out all air so I found it difficult to breathe. At the top, I stopped in complete disbelief of what I saw.

The very dunes themselves must have risen in a fantastic maelstrom—for the whole line of cottages now laid buried in layers upon layers of sand. It was as if the dunes had rushed out in a circular sea of waves, splashing across porch and window and garage, until it swallowed them all—casting up here a chimney and there a portion of isolated boards which no longer had any semblance to a building.

My own cottage stood before me completely without entrance—formless and defeated—and across it lay the crushing weight of the uprooted pine. Never before had I seen such a complete epitome of absolute desolation. As I stared I remembered those circular lines, and wondered if they had been a warning—a warning that the dunes were once more playing their endless game of possession.

Then I saw their pattern again. They had formed in tiny undulations about the dune where I now stood—row upon row like spirals cast upon water by a falling stone . . .

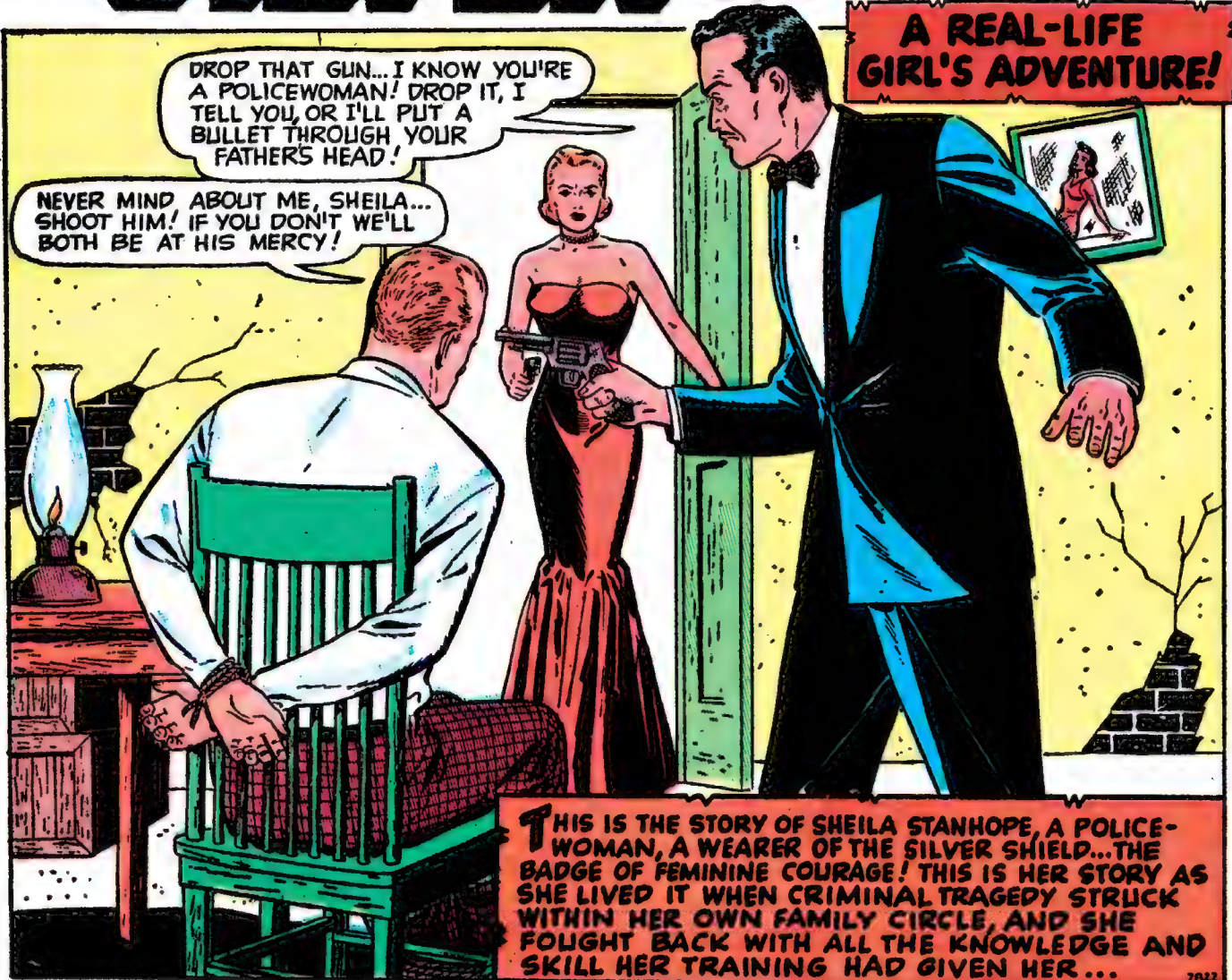
They circled me. With a scream, I turned and tried to run, but the sand was already up to my knees!

THE END

6031

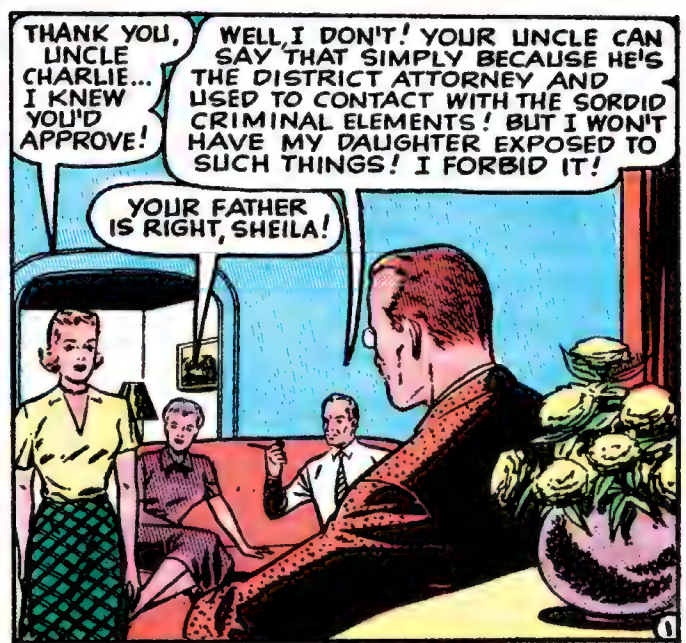
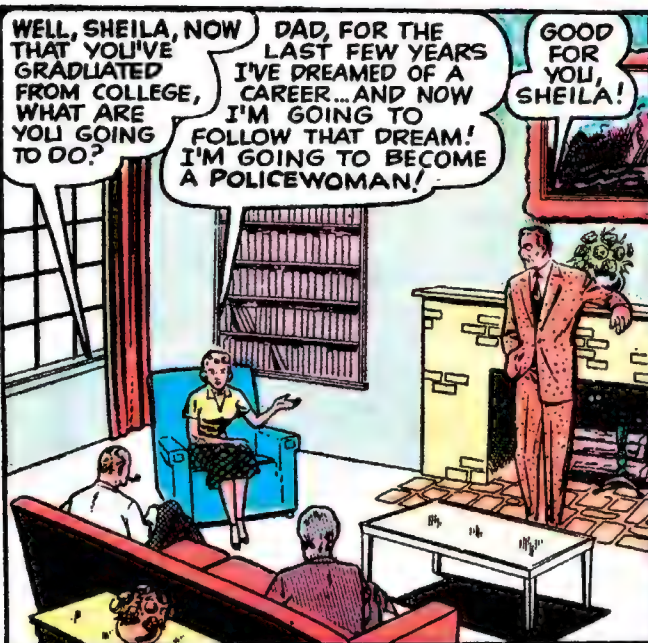
THE SILVER SHIELD

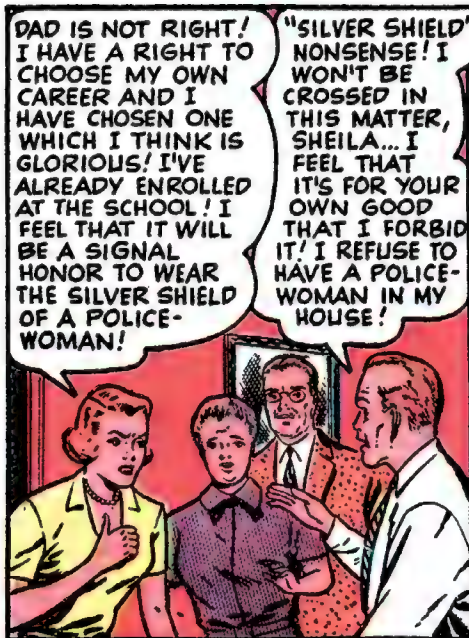
A REAL-LIFE GIRL'S ADVENTURE!



THIS IS THE STORY OF SHEILA STANHOPE, A POLICEWOMAN, A WEARER OF THE SILVER SHIELD...THE BADGE OF FEMININE COURAGE! THIS IS HER STORY AS SHE LIVED IT WHEN CRIMINAL TRAGEDY STRUCK WITHIN HER OWN FAMILY CIRCLE, AND SHE FOUGHT BACK WITH ALL THE KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL HER TRAINING HAD GIVEN HER...

7032





DAD IS NOT RIGHT! I HAVE A RIGHT TO CHOOSE MY OWN CAREER AND I HAVE CHOSEN ONE WHICH I THINK IS GLORIOUS! I'VE ALREADY ENROLLED AT THE SCHOOL! I FEEL THAT IT WILL BE A SIGNAL HONOR TO WEAR THE SILVER SHIELD OF A POLICE-WOMAN!

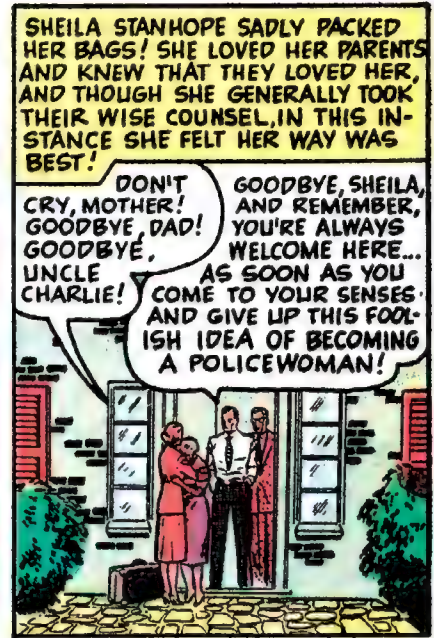
"SILVER SHIELD" NONSENSE! I WON'T BE CROSSED IN THIS MATTER, SHEILA... I FEEL THAT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD THAT I FORBID IT! I REFUSE TO HAVE A POLICE-WOMAN IN MY HOUSE!



IN THAT CASE, DAD, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE! I'M DETERMINED TO BECOME A POLICE-WOMAN!

OH, SHEILA, DEAR, YOU CAN'T...

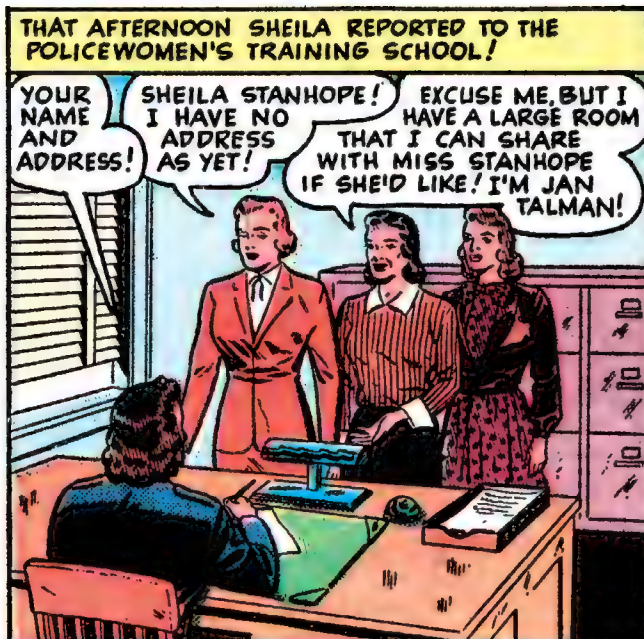
MOTHER, DON'T INTERFERE... I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



SHEILA STANHOPE SADLY PACKED HER BAGS! SHE LOVED HER PARENTS AND KNEW THAT THEY LOVED HER, AND THOUGH SHE GENERALLY TOOK THEIR WISE COUNSEL, IN THIS INSTANCE SHE FELT HER WAY WAS BEST!

DON'T CRY, MOTHER! GOODBYE, DAD! GOODBYE, UNCLE CHARLIE!

GOODBYE, SHEILA, AND REMEMBER, YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME HERE... AS SOON AS YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES AND GIVE UP THIS FOOLISH IDEA OF BECOMING A POLICEWOMAN!

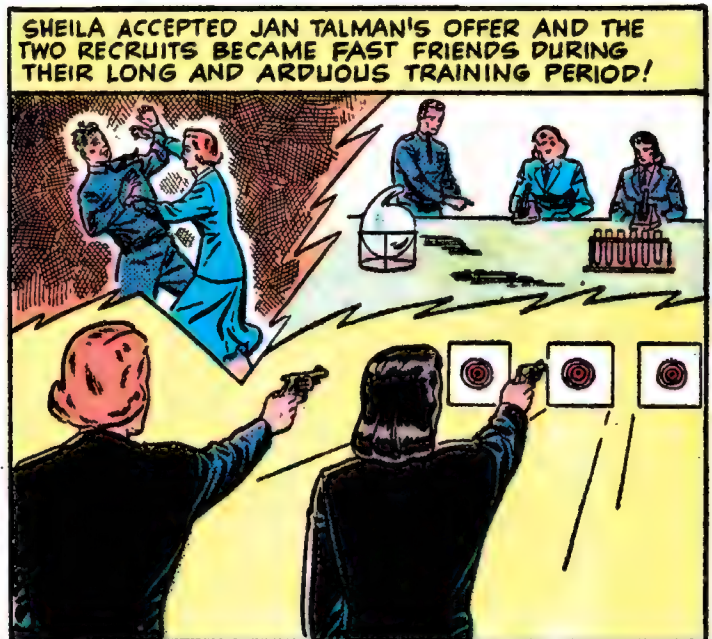


THAT AFTERNOON SHEILA REPORTED TO THE POLICEWOMEN'S TRAINING SCHOOL!

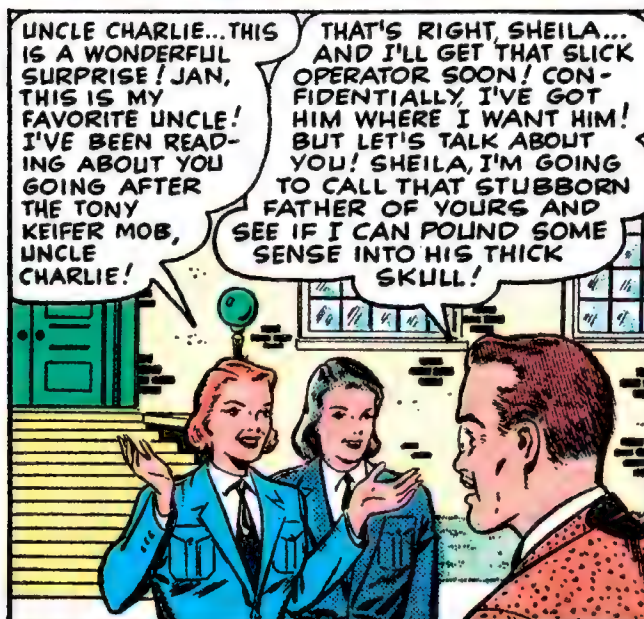
YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS!

SHEILA STANHOPE! I HAVE NO ADDRESS AS YET!

EXCUSE ME, BUT I HAVE A LARGE ROOM THAT I CAN SHARE WITH MISS STANHOPE IF SHE'D LIKE! I'M JAN TALMAN!

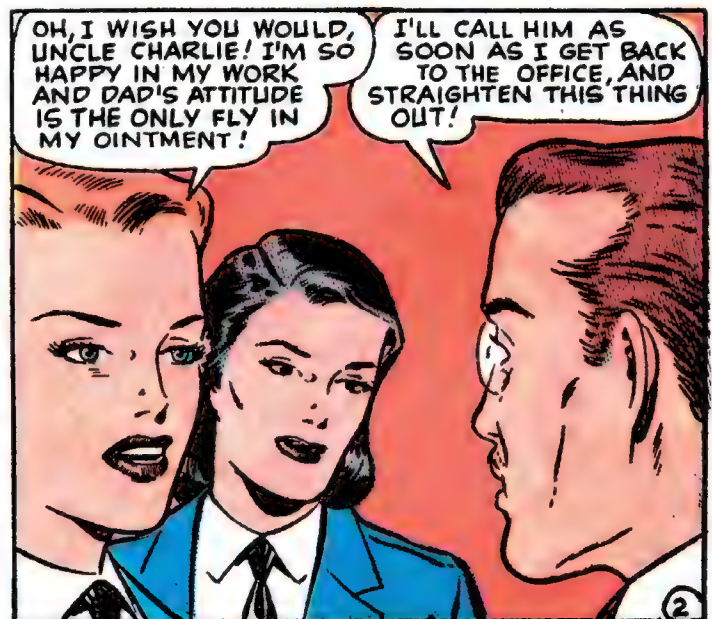


SHEILA ACCEPTED JAN TALMAN'S OFFER AND THE TWO RECRUITS BECAME FAST FRIENDS DURING THEIR LONG AND ARDUOUS TRAINING PERIOD!



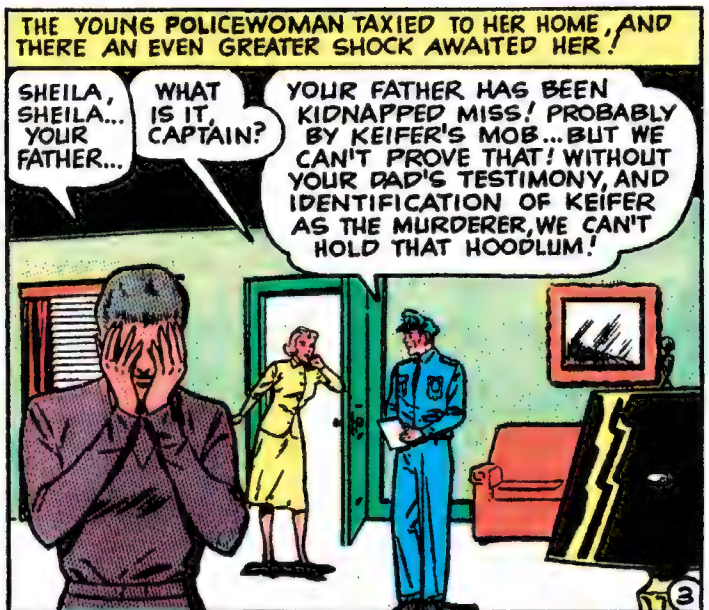
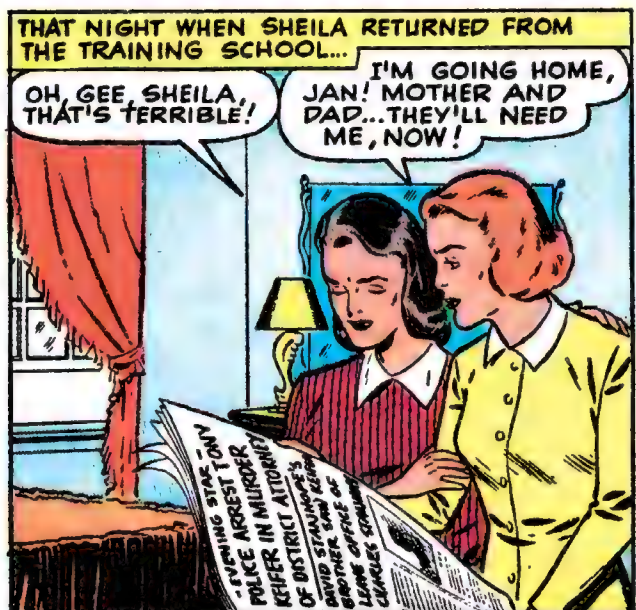
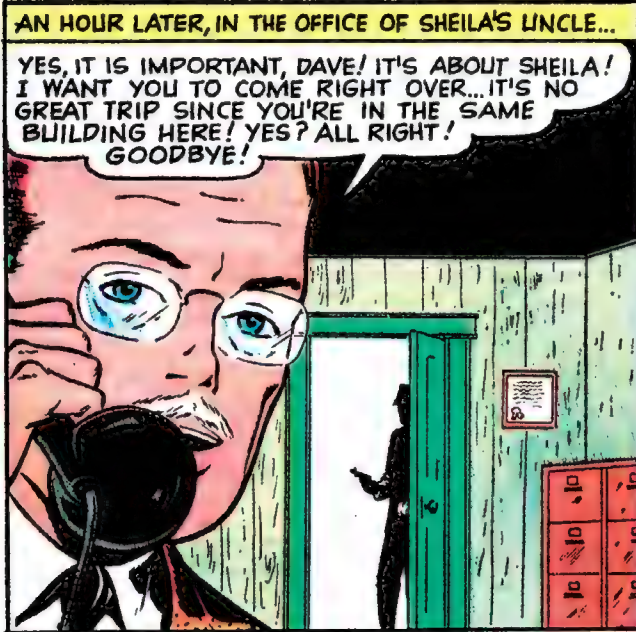
UNCLE CHARLIE... THIS IS A WONDERFUL SURPRISE! JAN, THIS IS MY FAVORITE UNCLE! I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT YOU GOING AFTER THE TONY KEIFER MOB, UNCLE CHARLIE!

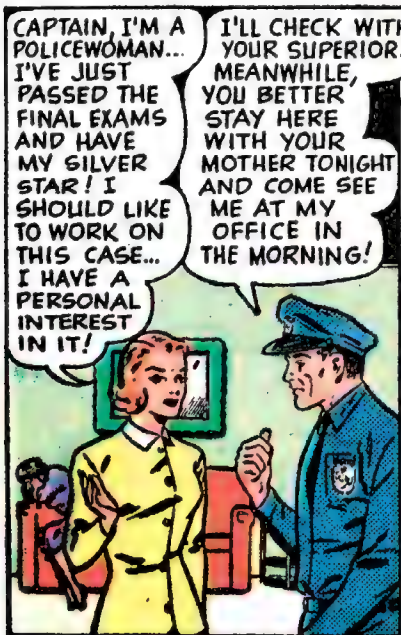
THAT'S RIGHT SHEILA... AND I'LL GET THAT SLICK OPERATOR SOON! CONFIDENTIALLY, I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM! BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU! SHEILA, I'M GOING TO CALL THAT STUBBORN FATHER OF YOURS AND SEE IF I CAN POUND SOME SENSE INTO HIS THICK SKULL!



OH, I WISH YOU WOULD, UNCLE CHARLIE! I'M SO HAPPY IN MY WORK AND DAD'S ATTITUDE IS THE ONLY FLY IN MY OINTMENT!

I'LL CALL HIM AS SOON AS I GET BACK TO THE OFFICE, AND STRAIGHTEN THIS THING OUT!





CAPTAIN, I'M A POLICEWOMAN... I'VE JUST PASSED THE FINAL EXAMS AND HAVE MY SILVER STAR! I SHOULD LIKE TO WORK ON THIS CASE... I HAVE A PERSONAL INTEREST IN IT!

I'LL CHECK WITH YOUR SUPERIOR! MEANWHILE, YOU BETTER STAY HERE WITH YOUR MOTHER TONIGHT AND COME SEE ME AT MY OFFICE IN THE MORNING!

THE NEXT MORNING SHEILA WAS WAITING IN CAPTAIN MURRAY'S OFFICE WHEN HE ARRIVED!

CAPTAIN, I FOUND THIS PORTFOLIO FILLED WITH NOTES ON KEIFER IN MY UNCLE'S ROOM! KEIFER OWNS SEVERAL NIGHT CLUBS AND EMPLOYS MANY HOSTESSES! IT SEEMS HE'S SOMETHING OF A WOLF AND LIKES TO BE SURROUNDED WITH PRETTY GIRLS! I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT I'M FAIRLY GOOD LOOKING AND I THOUGHT...

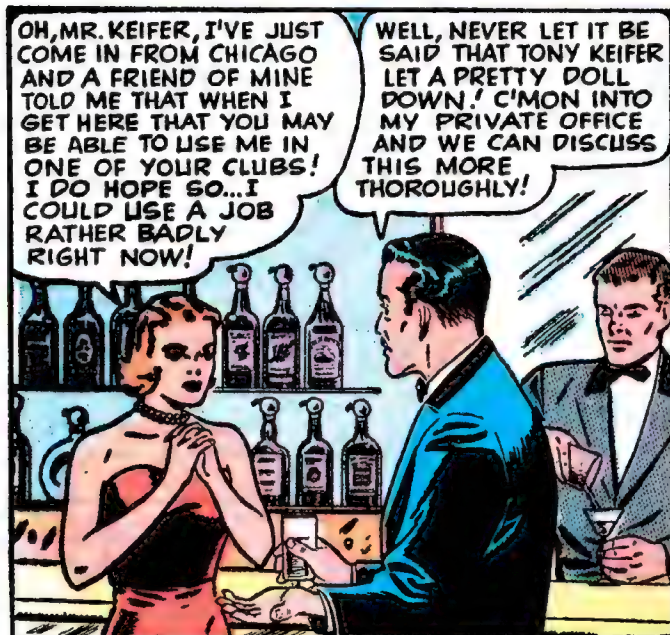
YOU THOUGHT THAT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET A JOB IN ONE OF KEIFER'S JOINTS AND FIND OUT WHERE YOUR FATHER IS? WELL, WHY NOT? IT'S WORKED BEFORE AND IT'LL WORK AGAIN... MAYBE THIS TIME! INCIDENTALLY, KEIFER HAS BEEN RELEASED... LACK OF EVIDENCE!



SHEILA STANHOPE SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY IN BRIEFING FOR THE PART SHE WAS TO PLAY, AND THAT NIGHT ARRIVED AT THE PARADISE CLUB PERFECTLY FITTED FOR HER ROLE!

COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND MR. KEIFER?

YOU'VE FOUND HIM, BABY! I'M KEIFER... WHAT CAN I... SAY, YOU'RE QUITE A DISH!



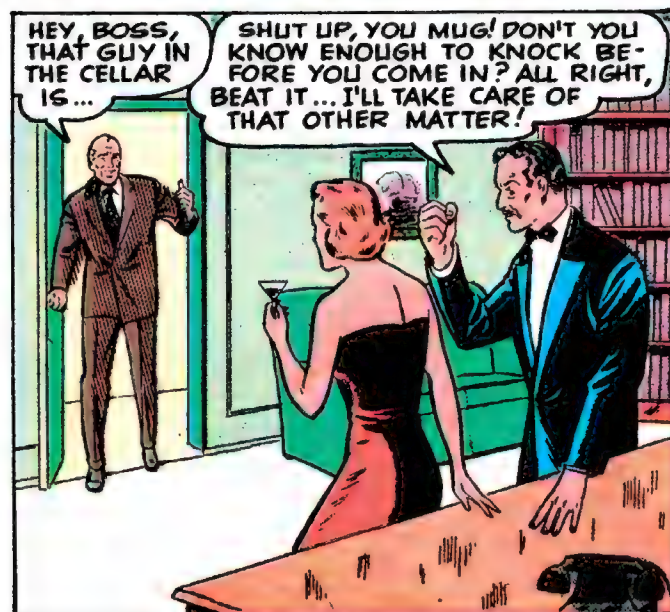
OH, MR. KEIFER, I'VE JUST COME IN FROM CHICAGO AND A FRIEND OF MINE TOLD ME THAT WHEN I GET HERE THAT YOU MAY BE ABLE TO USE ME IN ONE OF YOUR CLUBS! I DO HOPE SO... I COULD USE A JOB RATHER BADLY RIGHT NOW!

WELL, NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT TONY KEIFER LET A PRETTY DOLL DOWN! C'MON INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE AND WE CAN DISCUSS THIS MORE THOROUGHLY!



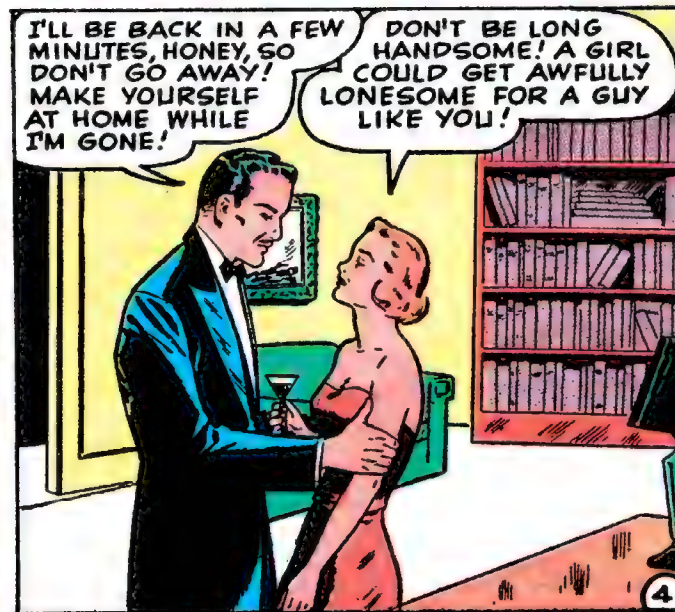
NOW WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE DRINK, AND BECOME REAL GOOD FRIENDS!

MR. KEIFER THIS IS AWFULLY KIND OF YOU! I JUST KNOW I'D LOVE WORKING FOR A MAN LIKE YOU!



HEY, BOSS, THAT GUY IN THE CELLAR IS...

SHUT UP, YOU MUG! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO KNOCK BEFORE YOU COME IN? ALL RIGHT, BEAT IT... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT OTHER MATTER!

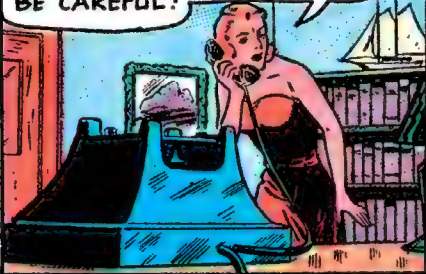


I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES, HONEY, SO DON'T GO AWAY! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME WHILE I'M GONE!

DON'T BE LONG HANDSOME! A GIRL COULD GET AWFULLY LONESOME FOR A GUY LIKE YOU!

SHE WAITED A MOMENT, LISTENING FOR RETREATING FOOTSTEPS, THEN QUICKLY DIALED THE NUMBER OF CAPTAIN MURRAY'S OFFICE!

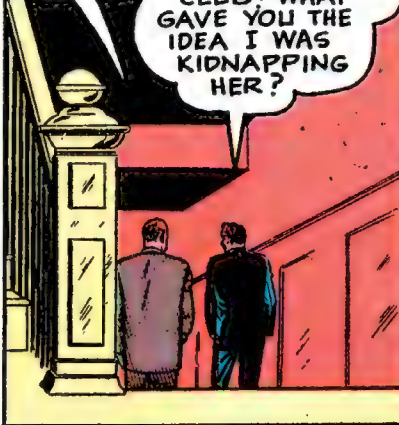
CAPTAIN MURRAY? SHEILA STAN-HOPE REPORTING! I'M IN KEIFER'S PRIVATE OFFICE, ALONE! HE'S JUST LEFT TO TAKE CARE OF SOME BODY WHO IS IN THE CELLAR OF THE PARADISE CLUB AND I'M SURE THAT IT'S MY FATHER... A PRISONER THERE! YES! YES! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM... NOW! YES, CAPTAIN, I'LL BE CAREFUL!



AND MEANWHILE...

HEY, BOSS WHAT'S THE DAME DOING HERE? DID YOU KIDNAP HER TOO?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BULL? I'M GIVING THAT LITTLE DOLL A JOB IN THE CLUB! WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA I WAS KIDNAPPING HER?



BUT, BOSS... YOU CAN'T GIVE HER A JOB... SHE'S ONE OF THESE HERE POLICE DAMES! I REMEMBER HER AN' A LOT OF OTHER ONES GOIN' THROUGH THE CLINK WHEN I WAS SENT UP THE LAST TIME! I REMEMBER HER 'CAUSE I SAID TO SHORTY NAPS THAT I WAS GETTIN' OUT IN A COUPLE DAYS AN' THE NEXT TIME I WAS PICKED UP I HOPED SHE'D BE THE COP TO DO IT!

A POLICE-WOMAN! WHY THE DIRTY LITTLE...



I'LL FIX HER, BUT GOOD! YOU BEAT IT, BULL, BUT STAND BY! SHE'LL PROBABLY FOLLOW ME DOWN HERE... THAT'S WHAT SHE'S HERE FOR, TO GET THE GOODS ON ME! WELL, LET HER COME! YEAH, I'LL GIVE HER A JOB... DIGGIN' HER OWN GRAVE!

O.K. BOSS! BUT YOU BETTER JUST GRAB HER... WE CAN'T KNOCK HER OFF ANYMORE THAN WE CAN THE OLD MAN TILL THE HEATS OFF! ONCE THE COPS AIN'T WATCHING US SO CLOSE WE CAN BUMP 'EM OFF AN' THROW 'EM IN THE DRINK!



SHEILA QUIETLY DESCENDED THE STAIRWAY, AND APPROACHED THE DOOR AT THE BOTTOM!

IF DAD IS STILL ALIVE I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT! I CAN THANK THE LORD FOR THE TRAINING I GOT AS A POLICEMEN... WITHOUT IT I COULD NEVER DO IT WITH ANY HOPE OF SUCCESS!



DAD! SHEILA! WELL, WELL, THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I THOUGHT... A POLICEMAN AND THIS PLUNK'S DAUGHTER! DROP THE ROD, BABY, OR I'LL BLAST YOUR OLD MAN'S SKULL IN! DROP IT, FAST!

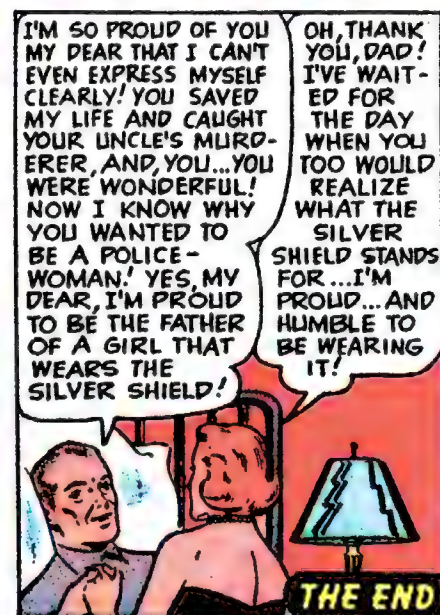
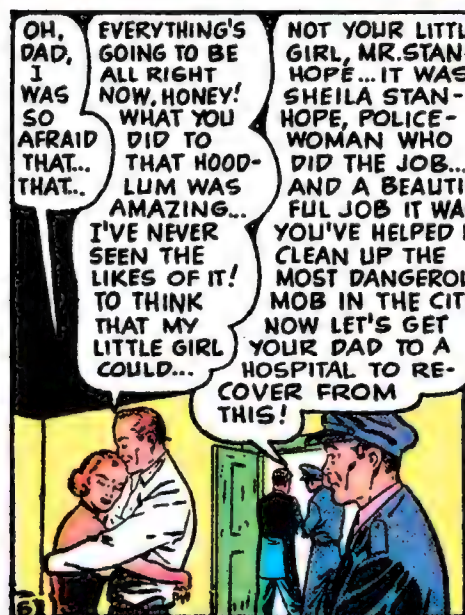
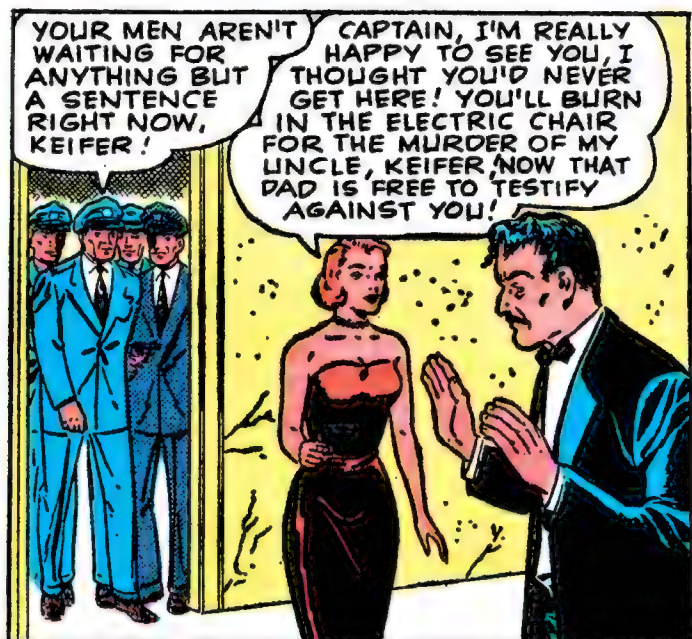


NEVER MIND ME, SHEILA... HE'LL KILL YOU TOO IF YOU DROP THE GUN!

I-- I CAN'T DAD... I CAN'T LET HIM KILL YOU!

NOW, THAT'S BEING SENSIBLE! I'LL COLLECT YOUR ROD AND THEN WE'LL TALK SOME MORE ABOUT KILLING! IT'S A NICE SUBJECT... WHEN YOU'RE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT!





GIRL

MYSTERY • ROMANCE • SUSPENSE •

MAY
No. 8



GIRL

COMICS

10¢
K

REAL EXPERIENCES OF REAL GIRLS!

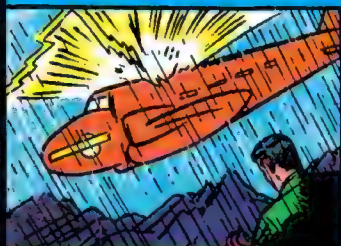
FEATURING...



EACH PASSING SHADOW!



THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS!



WINGS OF DEATH!



THE LONELY ONE!





FUN FOR ALL!

ORDER TODAY!

NEW! SENSATIONAL! AMAZING! 22 PCS. COMPLETE NURS-A-DOLLY

- She drinks. She wets!
- Washable Rubber Wonderskin!
- 22 pc. complete—dolly, nursing kit!

To thrill the heart of every little mother—this sensational 22 piece NURS-A-DOLLY! Cuddly rubber dolly drinks, and wets her diaper comes with complete feeding equipment—21 sturdy pieces including sterilizer rack, nipple jar and kettle, formula measuring cup, funnel and spoon, and six bottles and nipples ready to use! Made of soft, life-like WONDERSKIN, you can bathe her, move her arms and legs. SEND NO MONEY! C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage!

Imagine Only **3.98** Complete

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

FREE! WITH EVERY BANK 1/2 lb. PEANUTS

PEANUT BANK

NEW! SAVES MONEY—SERIES PEANUTS

Exciting saving bank serves peanuts while you save pennies, nickels, dimes! Comes with top hat, dashing monocle, a 1/2 pound vacuum can of delicious roasted peanuts, double lock and key. Drop in a coin and flip back the ear—out pops a generous amount of peanuts. Made of sturdy, durable plastic, MR. PEANUT VENDER-BANK is ideal to start the kiddies saving (holds upwards of \$20 in coins). Wonderful for parties, entertaining, family fun. Easy to refill. SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

7 1/2" HIGH!
HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

BANK HOLDS UP TO \$20.
INSERT COIN HERE

IMAGINE ONLY **2.98** COMPLETE

NEW! SENSATIONAL NU-BORN BABY DOLL

- SHE'S OVER 18 INCHES TALL!
- LIFELIKE RUBBER WONDERSKIN!
- SHE CRIES—SHE COOS!
- REMOVABLE LAYETTE

Amazingly lifelike nu-born doll to melt every "little mother's" heart. Pat her, speak her, cuddle her—the coos—she cries. Hours and hours of play thrills! Over 18 inches high, with almost human washable arms, legs, and head of rubber WONDERSKIN. Baby-soft pink skin, bright blue eyes—closest thing to actual infant. Easily removable nightie and diaper combination for "quick changes." Adorably wrapped in woolly burling with a ribbon tie for shaving off in the "carriage parade." SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

JUST IMAGINE! ONLY **3.98** COMPLETE

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Cowboy CONCERTINA

LOOKS LIKE A REAL HIGH PRICED CONCERTINA

JUST IMAGINE ONLY **3.49** COMPLETE

NO MUSIC TO READ

COMES COMPLETE WITH INSTRUCTIONS AND FREE SONG BOOK

- SENSATIONALLY NEW PLASTIC BELLOWS!
- BIG SIZE, BIG TONE, BIG VOLUME!
- PLAYS FULL SCALES AND CHORDS!
- ADJUSTABLE HAND-STRAPS!

It's simple to play, great fun to use—sensational COWBOY CONCERTINA is just what your favorite little cowboy (or cowgirl) is yearning for! This life-sized concertina is so easy to handle, you'll be swinging out your favorite tunes almost immediately. Sturdily made of all-plastic (including long-lasting plastic bellows), it has 10 buttons operating 20 carefully-tuned reeds—plays full scales and chords with ease. Over 7 inches in diameter, it extends to a big 13 inches. COWBOY CONCERTINA has adjustable hand-straps, comes complete with instructions and song book included. SEND NO MONEY! (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

SODA FOUNTAIN

IT'S EASY TO OPERATE

STEP 1: PUT CAP IN BOTTLE AND INSERT IN FOUNTAIN!

STEP 2: PULL LEVER—OUT COMES YOUR COKE IN COCA-COLA GLASS!

IMAGINE! ONLY **3.98** COMPLETE

- REAL SODA DISPENSER
- REFILLS EASILY, QUICKLY
- 2 "COCA-COLA" GLASSES

Hey kids! Here's lots of fun with a Coke Machine of your own that really works! All you do is insert the bottle, pull the lever—out comes your Coke into a small "Coca-Cola" glass. (It also holds any other kind of drink in a similar size bottle). Comes complete with 2 glasses. Made of bright red durable plastic, 6 1/2 x 10 in. . . looks real, is real Fun for the whole family. SEND NO MONEY! (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 150
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check on M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

☐ Nu-Born Doll \$3.98 ☐ Nurs-A-Dolly \$3.98
☐ Soda Fountain \$3.98 ☐ Peanut Bank \$2.98
☐ Concertina \$3.49

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. 150 New York 3, N.Y.

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1951 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 8 MAY 1951 issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate \$1.00 for 12 issues. Published bi-monthly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

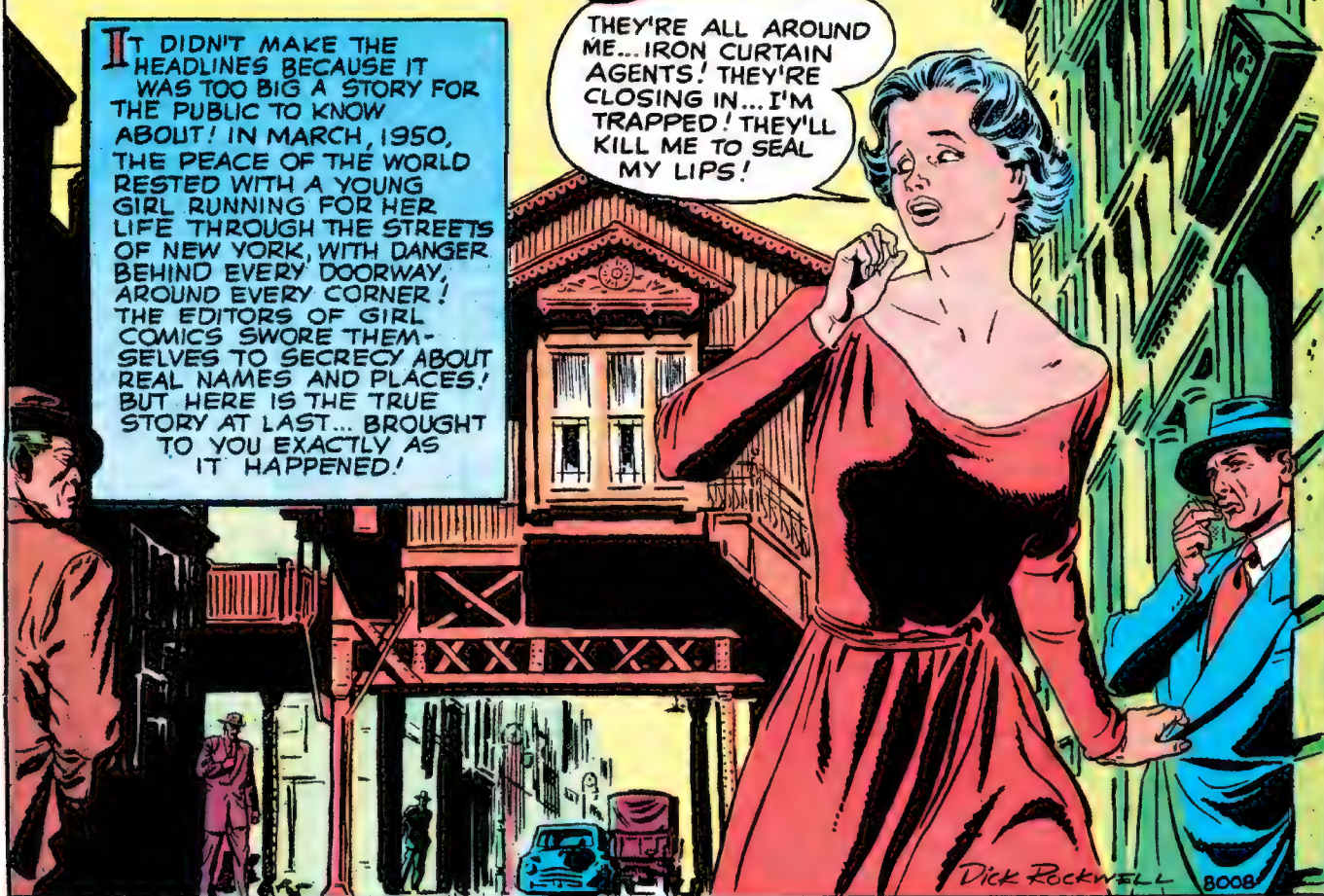
A GIRL COMICS FEATURE THRILLER!

EACH PASSING

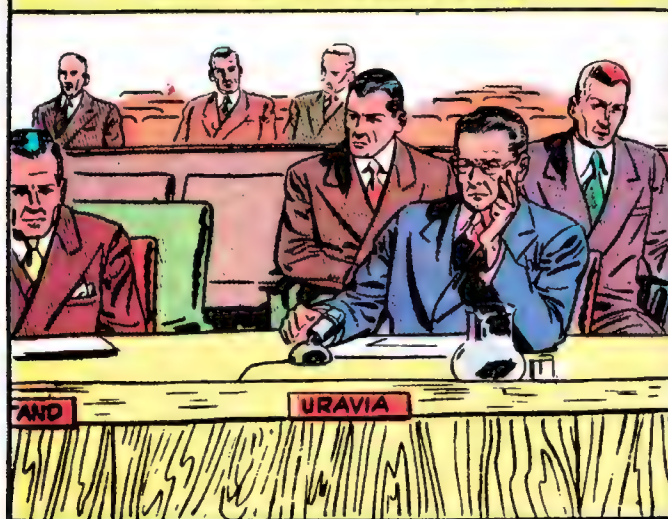
SHADOW

IT DIDN'T MAKE THE HEADLINES BECAUSE IT WAS TOO BIG A STORY FOR THE PUBLIC TO KNOW ABOUT! IN MARCH, 1950, THE PEACE OF THE WORLD RESTED WITH A YOUNG GIRL RUNNING FOR HER LIFE THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, WITH DANGER BEHIND EVERY DOORWAY, AROUND EVERY CORNER! THE EDITORS OF GIRL COMICS SWORE THEMSELVES TO SECRECY ABOUT REAL NAMES AND PLACES! BUT HERE IS THE TRUE STORY AT LAST... BROUGHT TO YOU EXACTLY AS IT HAPPENED!

THEY'RE ALL AROUND ME... IRON CURTAIN AGENTS! THEY'RE CLOSING IN... I'M TRAPPED! THEY'LL KILL ME TO SEAL MY LIPS!



MY FATHER IS A MEMBER OF THE U.N. ... A JUNIOR DELEGATE FROM A SMALL PLACE IN CENTRAL EUROPE. HIS NAME NEVER MAKES THE HEADLINES, BUT HIS POSITION IS VITAL TO WORLD PEACE!

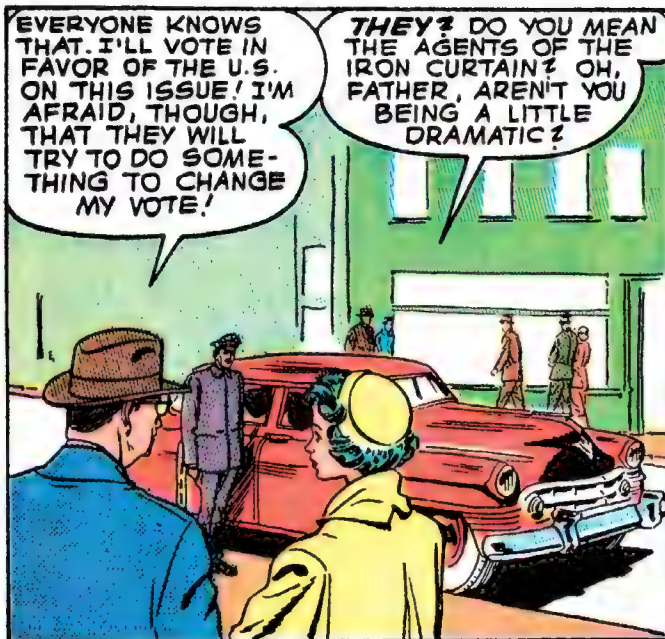


HOW CAN I EVER FORGET THAT DAY IN MARCH, 1950, WHEN DAD TOLD ME THE NEWS THAT BEGAN A STRANGE CHAIN OF EVENTS IN MY LIFE ...

BUT WHY SHOULD THE MEETING TO-MORROW, OF THE COMMISSION ON BOUNDARIES, BOTHER YOU SO MUCH, DAD? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

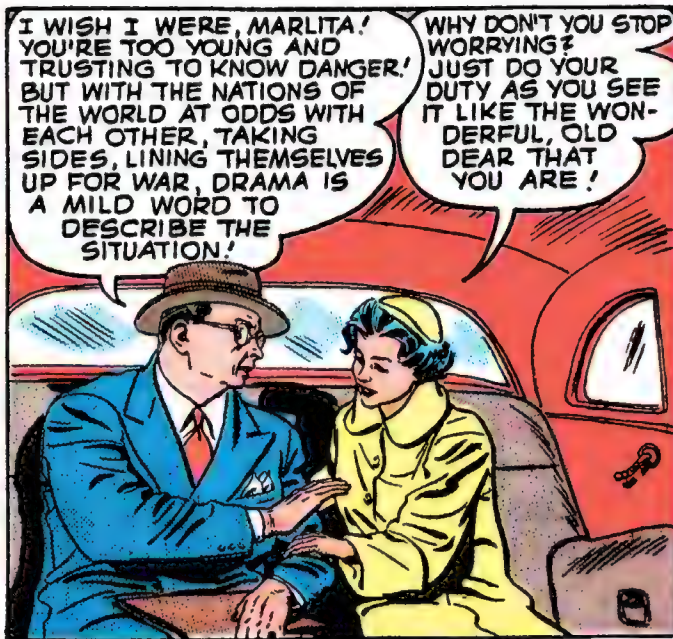
THE BOUNDARY TO BE VOTED ON IS BETWEEN AN IRON CURTAIN COUNTRY AND ONE FRIENDLY TO AMERICA! THE COMMISSION IS DEADLOCKED... MY VOTE WILL DECIDE THE ISSUE!





EVERYONE KNOWS THAT. I'LL VOTE IN FAVOR OF THE U.S. ON THIS ISSUE! I'M AFRAID, THOUGH, THAT THEY WILL TRY TO DO SOMETHING TO CHANGE MY VOTE!

THEY? DO YOU MEAN THE AGENTS OF THE IRON CURTAIN? OH, FATHER, AREN'T YOU BEING A LITTLE DRAMATIC?



I WISH I WERE, MARLITA! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG AND TRUSTING TO KNOW DANGER! BUT WITH THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD AT ODDS WITH EACH OTHER, TAKING SIDES, LINING THEMSELVES UP FOR WAR, DRAMA IS A MILD WORD TO DESCRIBE THE SITUATION!

WHY DON'T YOU STOP WORRYING? JUST DO YOUR DUTY AS YOU SEE IT LIKE THE WONDERFUL, OLD DEAR THAT YOU ARE!

BUT FATHER LOOKED WORRIED ALL THE WAY INTO NEW YORK FROM LONG ISLAND! I CAUGHT HIM GLANCING AT ME, TROUBLED, DISTURBED! BUT I WAS MUCH TOO EXCITED BY SOMETHING ELSE TO PAY ANY ATTENTION...

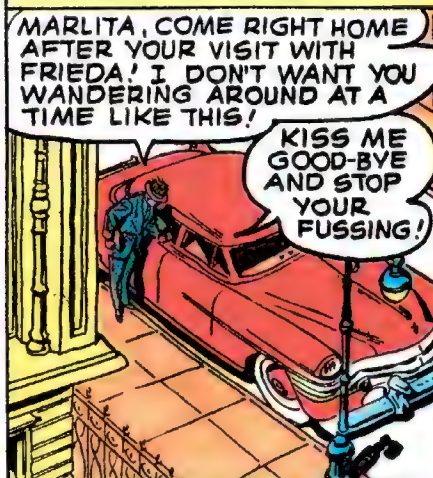
FRIEDA INNESSO WAS ONE OF THE LEADING NOVELISTS OF MY COUNTRY, AND SHE WAS HELPING ME IN MY WRITING! I DROPPED FATHER OFF AT OUR APARTMENT ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE...

FRIEDA LIVED IN AN APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE EAST RIVER DRIVE AND THAT'S WHERE CARLO TOOK ME...



MAY I BORROW CARLO AND THE CAR TODAY, FATHER? I'M VISITING FRIEDA!

CERTAINLY, DEAR!



MARLITA, COME RIGHT HOME AFTER YOUR VISIT WITH FRIEDA! I DON'T WANT YOU WANDERING AROUND AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

KISS ME GOOD-BYE AND STOP YOUR FUSSING!



YOU NEEDN'T WAIT, CARLO! I'LL TAKE A CAB HOME!

YES, MISS MARLITA!

LIGHT-HEARTED AND GAY, I WENT UP THE ELEVATOR TO FRIEDA'S APARTMENT! BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT, I FOUND OUT LATER, FATHER ANSWERED THE BELL AT OUR PLACE AND TWO MEN, GRIM, HARD-FACED, ENTERED...



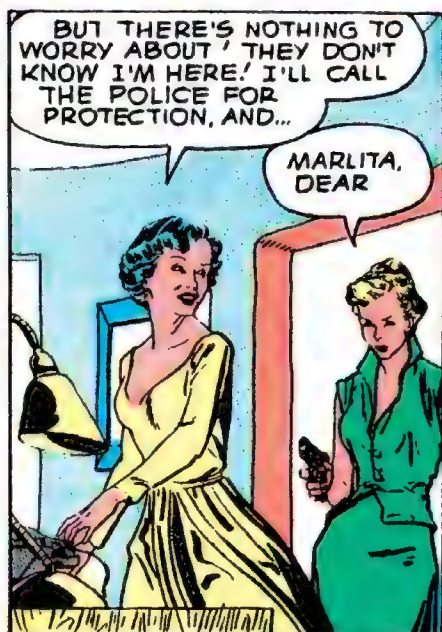
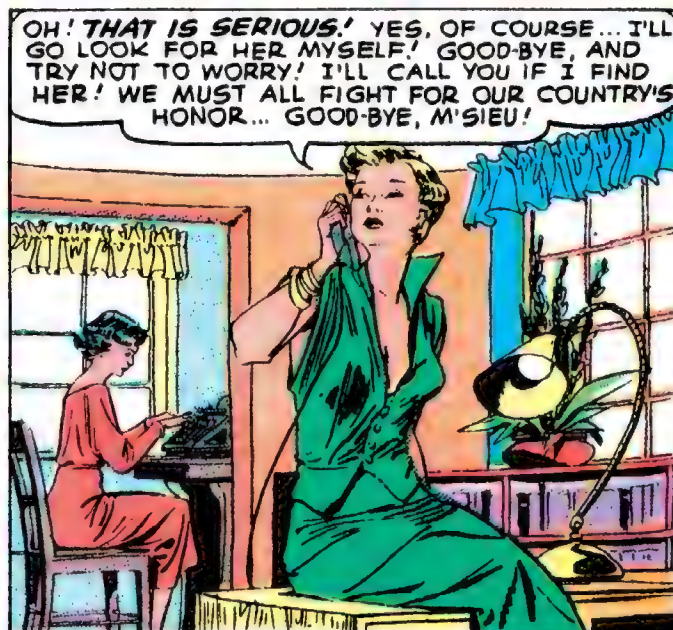
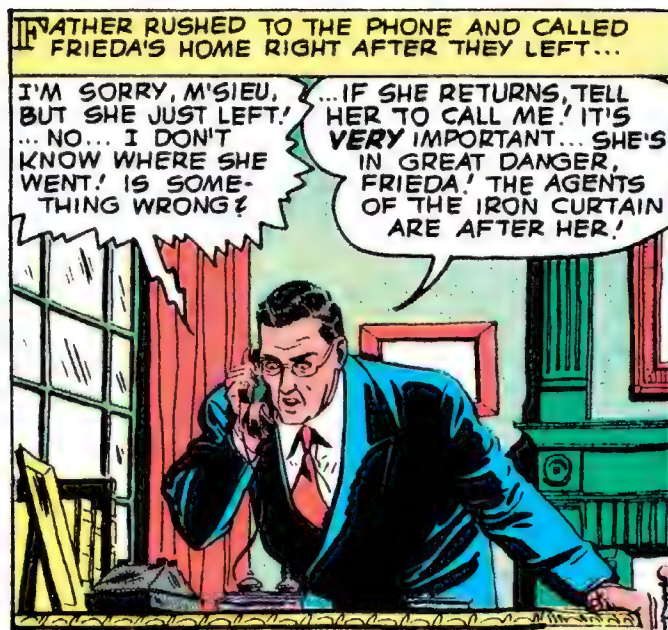
WHAT IS IT, GENTLEMEN? I DON'T CONDUCT U.N. BUSINESS AT MY HOME!

WE HAVE SOMETHING PRIVATE TO DISCUSS! YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, DON'T YOU?



ONLY TOO WELL! YOU'RE THE BODYGUARDS OF...

NAMES WON'T BE NECESSARY! OUR GOVERNMENT IS CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR VOTE TOMORROW! HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO VOTE?



I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE BEFORE MY EYES! THE MOST FAMOUS WOMAN OF MY COUNTRY WAS AN ENEMY AGENT AND I HAD WALKED RIGHT INTO HER TRAP!

YOU WILL STAY HERE UNTIL AFTER THE VOTING! IF YOUR FATHER VOTES WRONG, YOU WILL DIE! WE HAVE AGENTS PLANTED ALL OVER NEW YORK FOR THIS! IF YOU HADN'T COME HERE, WE'D HAVE GOTTEN YOU ANOTHER WAY!

YOU TRAITOR! YOU'RE A FOOL TO THINK THIS WILL CHANGE MY FATHER'S VOTE!



WE SHALL SEE! PARENT LOVE CAN BE A VERY STRONG EMOTION! MEANWHILE, MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE WHILE WE AWAIT THE OUTCOME OF THE MEETING TOMORROW! THE DOOR IS LOCKED, BUT EVEN IF YOU SHOULD ESCAPE, OTHERS WOULD CATCH YOU! UNTIL AFTER THE VOTE, MARLITA, EACH PASSING SHADOW IS YOUR ENEMY!



EACH PASSING SHADOW! I KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT! I'D SEEN IT WORK BEFORE! SILENT, SWIFT, EFFICIENT AGENTS SPRINGING UP FROM NOWHERE, UNEXPECTEDLY, DEADLY! I TRIED TO RELAX, THINK THINGS OUT...



... AND MY THOUGHTS BROUGHT ME THE FRUITS OF COURAGE! WHEN SHE WAS OFF GUARD...



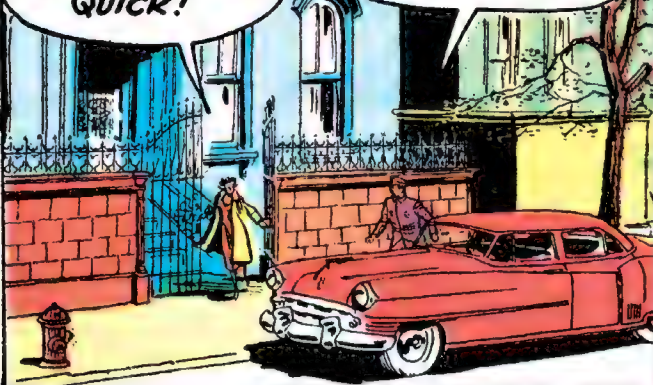
... I SLAMMED THE VASE UPON HER HEAD AND SHE FELL IN A HEAP! I WENT FOR THE KEY IN HER POCKET...



MY HEART POUNDED LIKE A SLEDGE HAMMER AS I REMEMBERED WHAT SHE SAID... THAT AGENTS LURKED EVERYWHERE, AND I KNEW SHE WASN'T LYING! I GOT OUT OF THE BUILDING WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE, AND...

OH, CARLO, YOU WAITED! I'M SO GLAD YOU DID! TAKE ME HOME... QUICK!

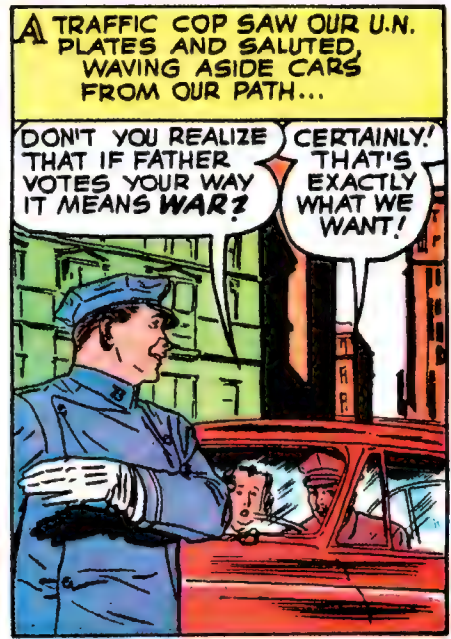
YOU'RE UPSET, MISS CALLASTRO! YOU'D BETTER GET IN FRONT WITH ME!



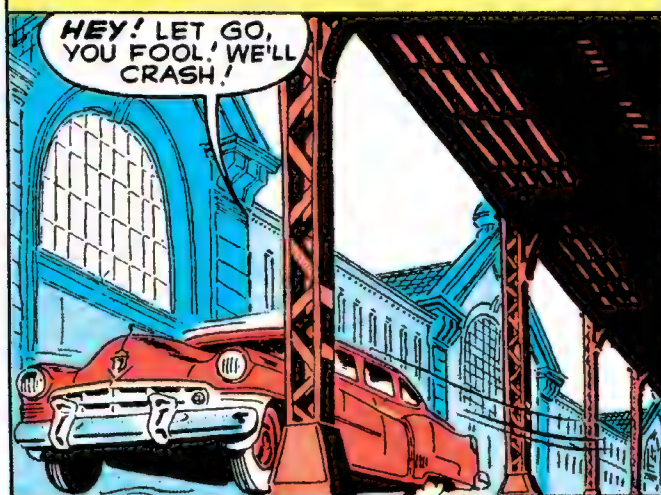
I'M IN TERRIBLE DANGER! IRON CURTAIN AGENTS ARE AFTER ME! FRIEDA INNESSO WAS ONE OF THEM! SHE TRIED TO HOLD ME THERE, BUT I GOT AWAY! OH, IT'S SO GOOD TO FEEL SAFE AGAIN!

SO, SHE FAILED! WELL, I WILL NOT FAIL!

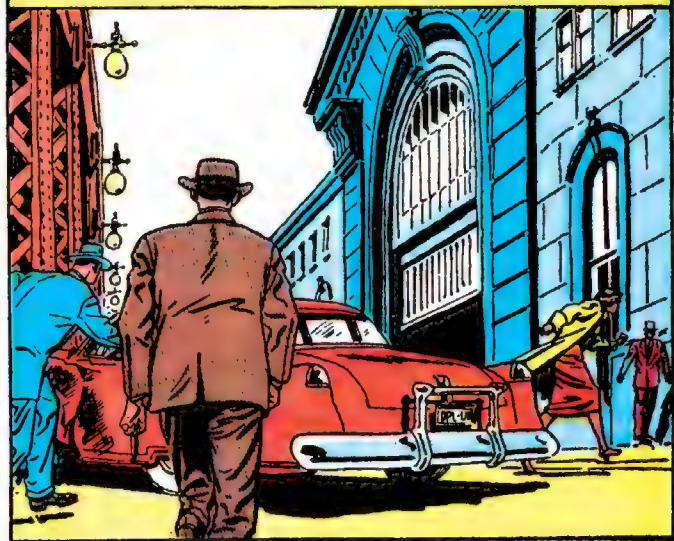




WE HIT THE BUMPY COBBLESTONES AT SOUTH STREET AT THE END OF THE DRIVE! I HAD TO DO SOMETHING! I DECIDED TO TAKE ANOTHER DESPERATE CHANCE! QUICKLY I GRABBED THE WHEEL AND YANKED IT...



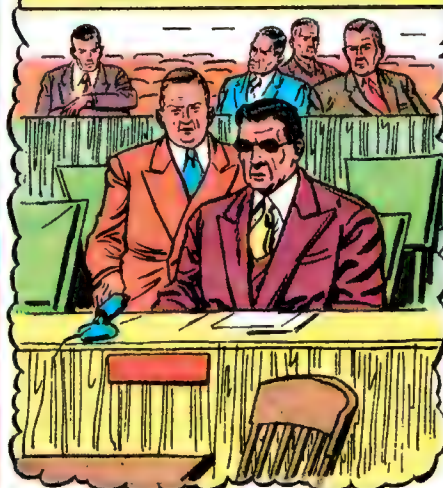
CARLO LOST CONTROL AND SWERVED INTO THE BASE OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAY! I FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR, AND...



A CROWD GATHERED... EVERYBODY BUT A POLICE-MAN! I LOOKED FOR HELP... IT WAS THEN I SAW THAT FACE...



I HAD SEEN HIM BEFORE, SITTING GLUM AND WATCHFUL, BEHIND A CERTAIN OFFICIAL AT U.N. MEETINGS, AN OFFICIAL OF THE IRON CURTAIN...



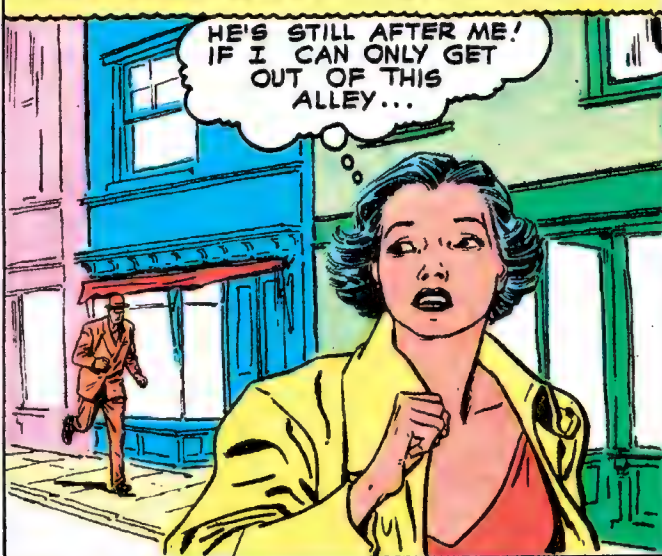
I TORE AWAY FROM HIS GRASP AND FORCED MY WAY WILDLY THROUGH THE CROWD...



I GOT THROUGH THE CROWD AND ACROSS THE STREET INTO ONE OF THOSE NARROW, QUAIN OLD ALLEY STREETS THAT LED TO THIRD AVENUE! AFTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED, I COULDN'T TRUST ANYONE... COULDN'T TELL EVERYONE WHAT I WAS UP AGAINST! ANYONE AND AND EVERYONE, FOR ALL I KNEW, WAS MY ENEMY!



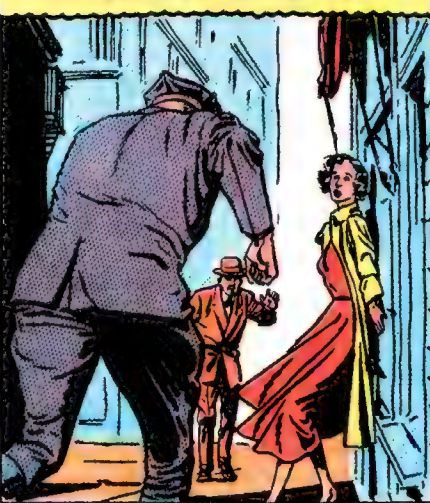
THE ALLEY WAS DESERTED AND I FELT REASONABLY SAFE UNTIL I LOOKED BACK AND SAW A MAN FOLLOWING ME AT A STEADY TROT...



BUT AS I NEARED THE END...



SLOWLY, WARILY, THEY CAME TOWARD ME FROM BOTH SIDES! I FLATTENED MYSELF AGAINST A LOCKED DOOR... TOO SCARED TO CRY OUT!



THEY DIDN'T SAY A WORD... JUST CAME CLOSER... CLOSER... CLOSER!



BOTH OF THEM LUNGED FORWARD TO GRAB ME! I BRACED MYSELF AGAINST THE WALL, AND USING MY FOOT AS A CATAPULT, I FLUNG MYSELF OUTWARD...



THEY MISSED ME AND SLAMMED INTO EACH OTHER, SPRAWLING OUT ON THE SIDEWALK! I TORE AWAY AS IF THE DEVIL WAS AFTER ME!



I MADE IT! I WAS JUST ABOUT ABLE TO DRAG MYSELF UP TO THE CHATHAM SQUARE STATION! I HEARD THE RUMBLE OF A TRAIN PULLING INTO THE STATION...

NO CHANGE! ALL I'VE GOT IS A FIVE DOLLAR BILL... AND THEY'RE STILL AFTER ME!

SORRY, MISS! READ THE SIGN! NOTHING BIGGER THAN A DEUCE!

PLEASE TAKE THIS AND GIVE ME A DIME! I'VE JUST GOT TO CATCH THAT TRAIN!

HE LOOKED AT ME AS IF I WAS CRAZY! WHILE I PLEADED WITH HIM, I HEARD THE TRAIN LEAVE... AND MY TWO PURSUERS WERE UP TO ME AGAIN...

A FIVE SPOT FOR A DIME? WHAT'S THE GAG?

THAT STATION HAS STEPS ON BOTH SIDES LEADING TO THE STREET! MY ENEMIES WERE BLOCKING ONE FLIGHT... I RUSHED TO THE OTHER!

HEY! WHO ARE YOU GUYS? WHATTA YA DOIN' WITH THOSE GUNS?

I TRIPPED DOWN STAIRS, MY HEART PUMPING MADLY! AS I FELL AGAINST A BIG, BURLY MAN... HE, TOO, HAD A GUN...

ANOTHER AGENT... THEY'VE GOT ME!

DUCK, MISS... QUICK!

I COLLAPSED JUST AS TWO SHOTS BOOMED OVER MY HEAD...

BAM! BAM!

IT'S ALL OVER NOW, MISS CALLASTRO! YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUN ANY MORE! YOUR FATHER HAD EVERY COP IN THE CITY LOOKING FOR YOU! LUCKY WE FOUND YOU WHEN WE DID!

YES... I'M LUCKY! AND SO IS THE FUTURE OF PEACE... FOR A WHILE LONGER!

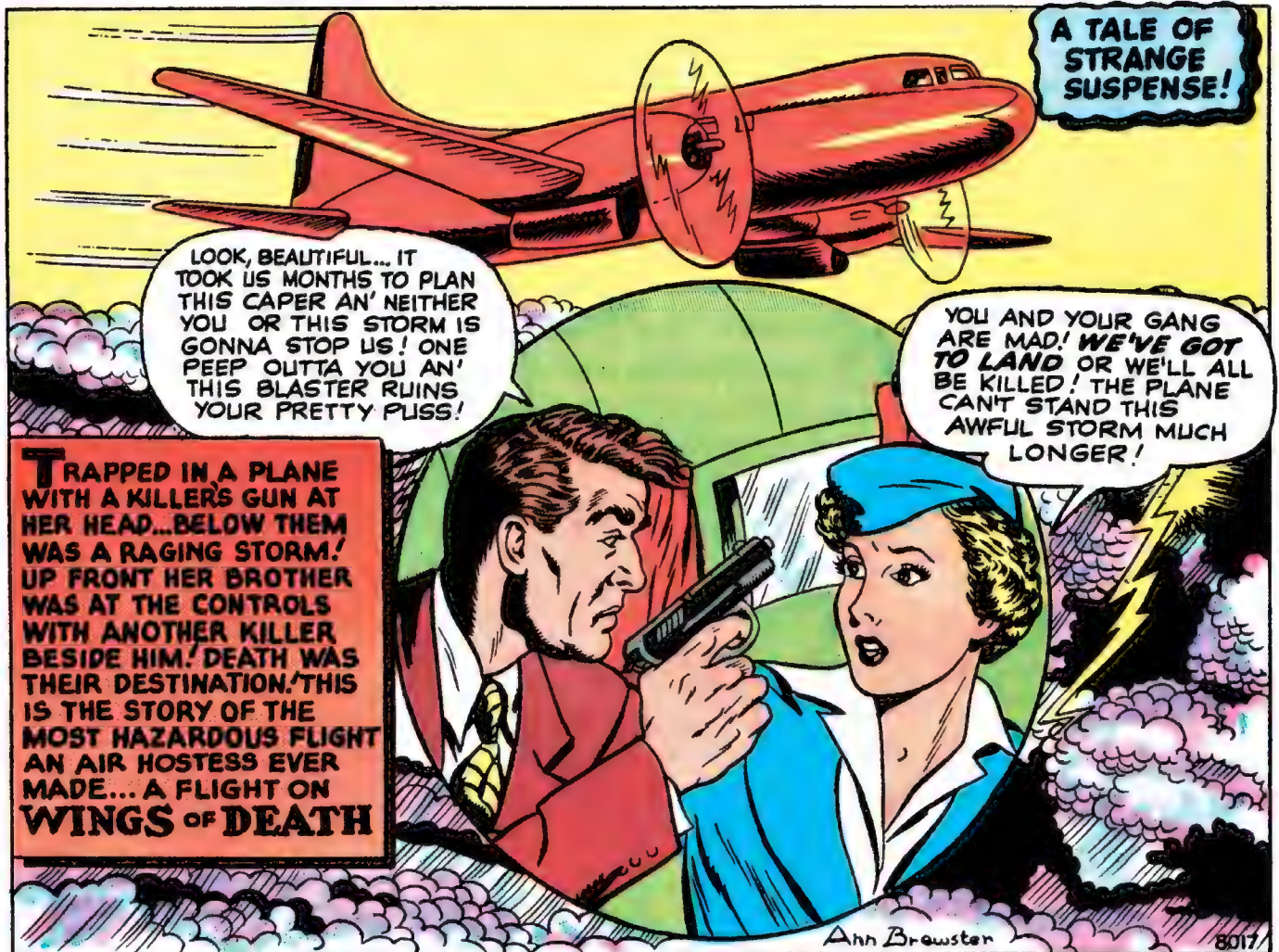
SURE, MISS, SURE! OKAY FOLKS, BREAK IT UP! BREAK IT UP!

THE END

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

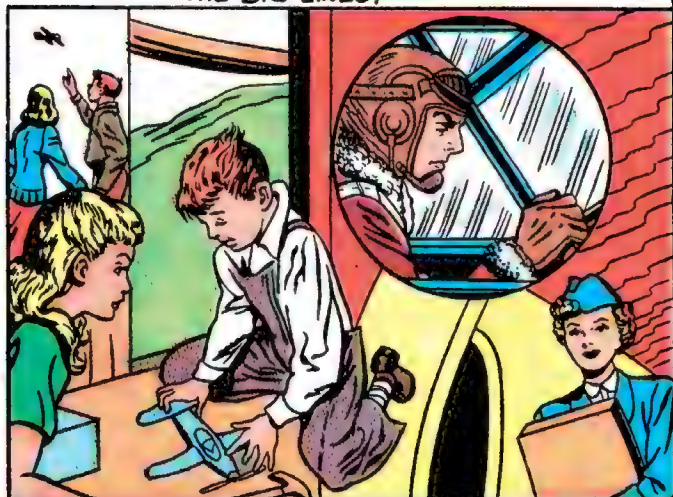
GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY (1)

WINGS OF DEATH



I'VE BEEN PLANE-CRAZY ALL MY LIFE! I HAD TO BE! MY OLDER BROTHER JIM FORCED ME INTO IT! EVER SINCE WE WERE KIDS I HAD TO HELP HIM BUILD AND FLY MODEL PLANES! THEN WHEN WE BOTH GREW UP, JIM WENT INTO THE AIR FORCE AND I GOT A JOB AS AIR HOSTESS ON ONE OF THE BIG LINES!

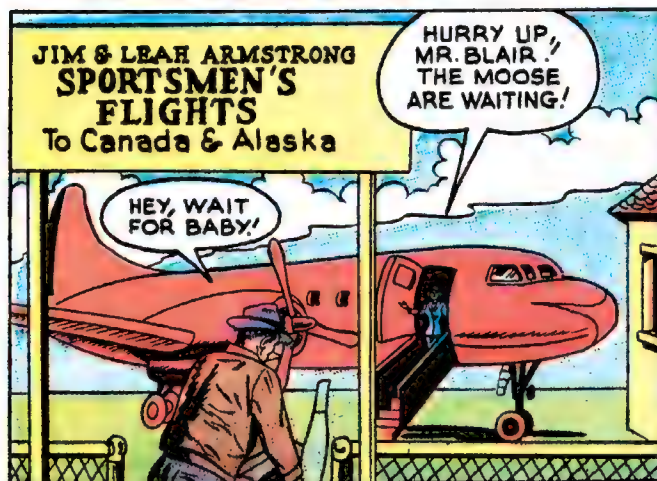
JIM CAME OUT OF THE WAR OKAY, BUT WITH A BIG IDEA THAT HE CAME TO ME WITH...



IT'S THIS WAY, LEAH! I WANT TO FLY A ROUTE FOR SPORTSMEN, FISHERMEN AND HUNTERS, FROM NEW YORK INTO ALASKA! WE'LL START OFF SMALL, BUT WE CAN BUILD IT INTO A BIG THING IN TIME! I'LL GET HOLD OF A SHIP THAT'LL CARRY TEN PASSENGERS. WHAT D'YOU SAY, SIS? WANT TO SIGN ON WITH ME AS HOSTESS?

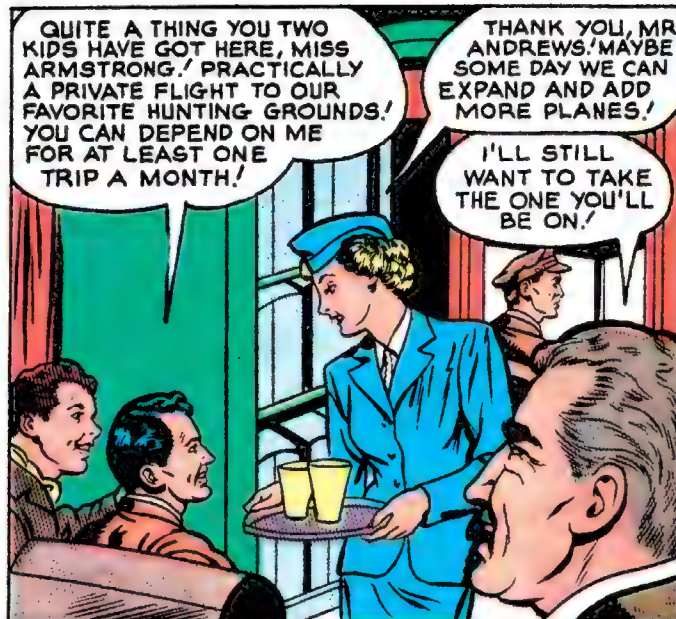


THAT'S HOW IT STARTED, AND WE DID ALL RIGHT FROM THE VERY BEGINNING! JIM AND LEAH ARMSTRONG...SPORTSMEN'S FLIGHTS! THAT WAS US! AFTER THE RIGORS OF WAR, AMERICANS WANTED TO PLAY AGAIN, AND FISHING AND HUNTING WAS ONE METHOD.



**JIM & LEAH ARMSTRONG
SPORTSMEN'S
FLIGHTS**
To Canada & Alaska

HURRY UP, MR. BLAIR! THE MOOSE ARE WAITING!



QUITE A THING YOU TWO KIDS HAVE GOT HERE, MISS ARMSTRONG! PRACTICALLY A PRIVATE FLIGHT TO OUR FAVORITE HUNTING GROUNDS! YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME FOR AT LEAST ONE TRIP A MONTH!

THANK YOU, MR. ANDREWS! MAYBE SOME DAY WE CAN EXPAND AND ADD MORE PLANES!

I'LL STILL WANT TO TAKE THE ONE YOU'LL BE ON!



NOT MUCH LIKE THE WAR, IS IT, JIM? JUST FLYING BACK AND FORTH! DO YOU MISS THE ACTION?

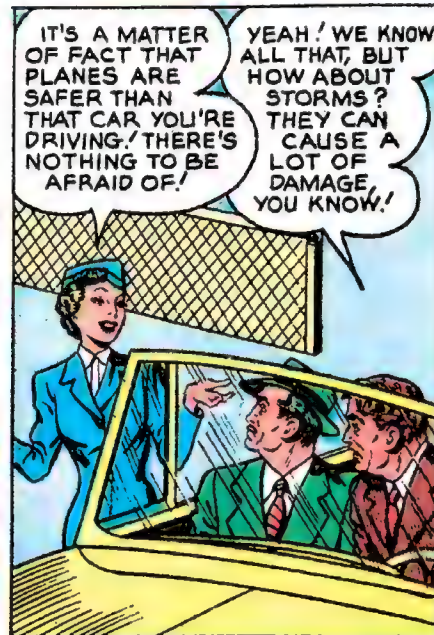
NOT ME, SIS! I HAD ENOUGH TO LAST ME A LIFETIME! I'M VERY CONTENT WITH THIS LI'L OL' WHEEL-CHAIR, THANK YOU!

WE GOT MOST OF OUR BUSINESS BY PLACING ADS IN THE OUTDOORS MAGAZINES, AND BY RECOMMENDATION OF OUR SATISFIED PASSENGERS! BUT ONE DAY I NOTICED TWO MEN GIVING OUR PLANE THE ONCE OVER, AND CALLED OUT TO THEM...



CAN I HELP YOU, GENTLEMEN?

YEAH, WE'RE THINKIN' OF TAKIN' A TRIP, BUT WE'RE KINDA SCARED OF PLANES!



IT'S A MATTER OF FACT THAT PLANES ARE SAFER THAN THAT CAR YOU'RE DRIVING! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

YEAH! WE KNOW ALL THAT, BUT HOW ABOUT STORMS? THEY CAN CAUSE A LOT OF DAMAGE, YOU KNOW!



WHAT MY FRIEND MEANS IS, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET STORM WARNINGS? DO YOU TAKE OFF THEN?

OF COURSE NOT! WE NOTIFY OUR PASSENGERS THE FLIGHT IS CAN-CELED!

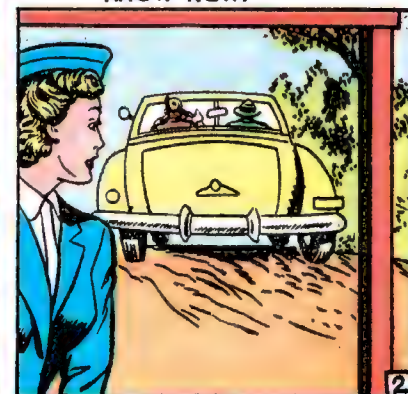
BUT YOU'RE HERE ALL THE TIME, STORM OR NO STORM?



YES, THERE'S ALWAYS WORK AROUND THE FIELD! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?

JUST ASKIN'! THANKS, MISS! WE'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN WE'RE READY FOR OUR TRIP!

WITH THAT THEY LEFT! THEY DIDN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE SPORTSMEN TO ME, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! I DIDN'T THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT THEM BECAUSE A LOT OF PEOPLE ASK ODD QUESTIONS ABOUT FLYING AND FLYERS, SO I SHRUGGED THEM OFF! BUT BROTHER, IF I ONLY KNEW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW!



I HAD OCCASION TO THINK OF THEM AGAIN TWO WEEKS LATER! EARLY IN THE MORNING WE GOT STORM WARNINGS! A BIG BLOW WAS COMING UP AND WE CANCELLED THE FLIGHT BY PHONING OUR PASSENGERS!

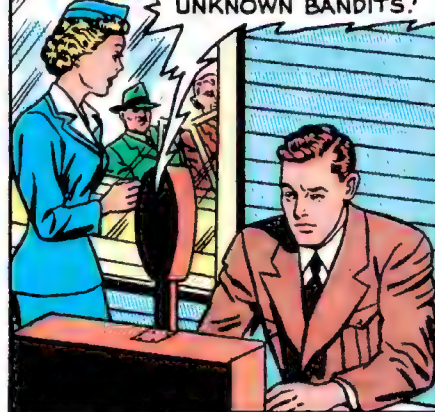


THAT'S THAT! I'VE CALLED THEM, JIM, BUT TWO MEN ASKED ME A LOT OF QUESTIONS ABOUT JUST SUCH A SITUATION!

HUH? WHAT TWO MEN?

THAT CONCLUDES OUR WEATHER REPORT!

WELL, FOR PETE'S SAKE, TALK OF THE DEVIL! THERE THEY ARE NOW!



NOW FOR THE LOCAL NEWS! THE CITY BANK WAS BROKEN INTO AND ROBBED JUST BEFORE DAWN! POLICE ESTIMATED THAT OVER \$200,000 WAS TAKEN BY THE UNKNOWN BANDITS!

THEY DROVE THEIR CAR RIGHT ONTO THE LANDING FIELD AND UP TO THE SHACK WE USED AS AN OFFICE! THE DRIVER STAYED AT THE WHEEL WHILE THE OTHER MAN CAME IN!



SORRY, MISTER! WE'RE NOT DOING ANY BUSINESS TODAY!

YES YOU ARE, BUSTER! YOU'RE FLYING US NORTH!



IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION! THERE'S A STORM COMING UP AND WE'VE CANCELLED THE FLIGHT! ALL PLANES ARE GROUNDED TODAY!

I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT! THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE AND YOU WON'T GET HURT! GET GOING, BOTH OF YOU!

JIM! HE'S GOT A GUN!



I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT AND FAST, KIDDIES! MY PARTNER AND I GOTTA GET OUT OF TOWN RIGHT AWAY AND YOU'RE TAKING US! NOW, GET GOIN', OR DO I HAVE TO KONK THE DAME ON THE HEAD TO SHOW YOU I MEAN BUSINESS?

THERE WAS NOTHING WE COULD DO BUT OBEY! HIS PARTNER GOT A BUNCH OF HEAVY BAGS OUT OF THE CAR AND LOADED THEM INTO THE PLANE!



LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU THERE ISN'T ENOUGH...

SHUT UP, YOU! I DON'T WANNA HEAR NUTTIN' FROM YOU!

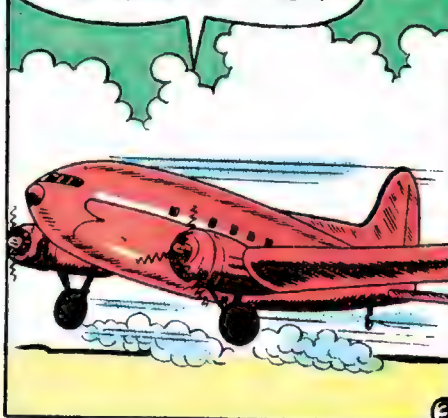
JIM WAS SEETHING! IF HE'D BEEN ALONE, HE WOULD HAVE JUMPED BOTH OF THEM IN A MINUTE, GUN OR NO GUN... BUT THE HOOD KEPT HIS GUN POINTED AT ME... AND JIM COULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE!



ALL RIGHT, PAL! WE'RE ALL SET... TAKE OFF!

YOU GUYS ARE NUTS! THE STORM WILL WRECK US!

THAT'S THE CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE! WE GOT \$200,000 RIDING WITH US, AND IT'S WORTH EVERY RISK!



THAT WAS IT! THESE WERE THE TWO CROOKS WHO ROBBED THE CITY BANK AND WE WERE BEING USED FOR THEIR GETAWAY!

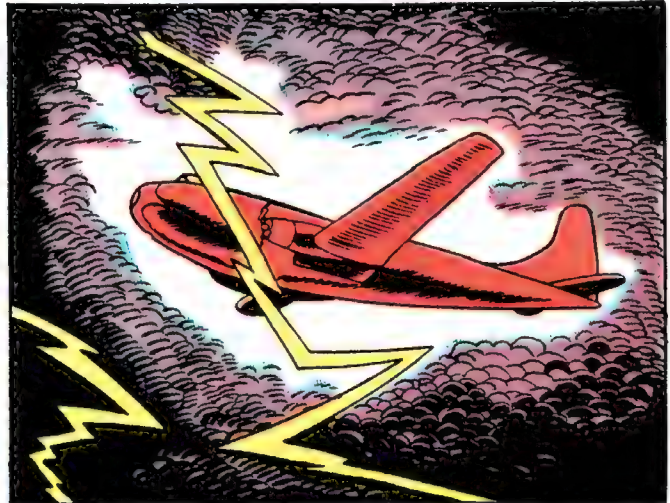
SCARED? SURE I WAS! ONE OF THE MEN, LINKY, STAYED UP FRONT WITH JIM TO MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T TRY TO PULL ANYTHING. THE OTHER WAS WITH ME... HIS NAME WAS STRETCH!



WE HAD THIS JOB PLANNED A LONG TIME, GIRLIE. ME AND LINKY KEPT AN EAR ON THE WEATHER REPORTS, AND WHEN WE FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T HAVE PASSENGERS, WE TOOK THE BANK, AND HERE WE ARE. CLEVER, HUH?

VERY! BUT HOW DO YOU FIGURE ON OUTSMARTING A STORM?

THE MINUTE I SAID THAT, WE HIT IT! OR, I SHOULD SAY, IT HIT US! FIVE HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF NEW YORK, IN THE HEART OF THE ADIRONDACKS, THE GALE STRUCK AND JIM HAD ALL HE COULD DO TO KEEP THE SHIP STEADY!



THIS IS IT, PAL! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

GET THIS CRATE UP OUT OF THE STORM! I DON'T CARE HOW, BUT DO IT!

AND JIM DID IT, NOT FOR THEIR SAKE... BUT FOR OUR OWN! WE CLIMBED ABOVE THE STORM, JIM USING EVERY BIT OF SKILL HE HAD! WHAT A FLIER!



I SAW HOW GREEN AROUND THE GILLS STRETCH GOT! THE EXPERIENCE SHOOK HIM UP PLENTY! THEN I BEGAN TO GET THE GERM OF AN IDEA...



IF I CAN ONLY TALK TO JIM FOR A SECOND, ALONE... MAYBE WE CAN STILL GET OUT OF THIS! BUT HOW CAN I GET TO HIM?

I CAUGHT STRETCH STARING AT ME... A COLD, FISHY LOOK... THAT MADE ME SHIVER! LINKY CAME BACK TO WHISPER TO HIM, AND STRETCH LOOKED AT ME AND NODDED! I KNEW WHAT THEY WERE PLANNING AS IF I COULD HEAR THEM!



THEY'RE GOING TO KILL JIM AND ME AS SOON AS THEY LAND!

FROM THEIR POINT OF VIEW, THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE THEY COULD DO! THEY HAD TO KILL US TO COVER UP THEIR GETAWAY! BUT FROM MY POINT OF VIEW, I HAD TO PUT MY IDEA TO WORK FAST! ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE WERE FINISHED! THE STORM WAS STILL BELOW US... AND THESE MEN WERE KILLERS!



HOW... HOW ABOUT SOME COFFEE?

SURE! I'LL TAKE TWO CUPS. MAYBE IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL BETTER!

OKAY!

MY HANDS WERE SHAKING AS I PREPARED THE COFFEE AND SERVED IT TO THEM!



CAN I GIVE JIM SOME TOO?

GO AHEAD, BUT COME RIGHT BACK, BABY!

I HAD ONLY A SECOND! I HANDED JIM THE COFFEE AND WHISPERED

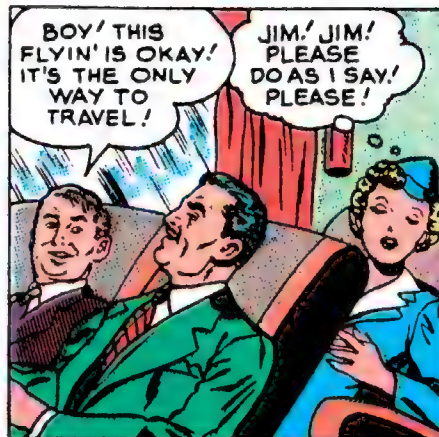


GET DOWN INTO THE STORM AND STAY THERE!

HUH?

HEY, YOU, GET BACK THERE!

I GOT BACK TO THE CABIN! WOULD JIM TAKE MY WORD WITHOUT QUESTION? OR WOULD HE THINK I'D GONE CRAZY? IF SO, WE WERE FINISHED! BUT IF HE DID AS I SAID, WE HAD A CHANCE, A SMALL CHANCE, BUT EVEN THAT WAS SOMETHING!



BOY! THIS FLYIN' IS OKAY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL!

JIM! JIM! PLEASE DO AS I SAY! PLEASE!



HEY! WHAT'S THIS? WE'RE IN THE STORM AGAIN!

HE DID IT! HE LISTENED TO ME!

HEY, YOU, GET BACK ABOVE THE STORM!



I-I CAN'T! WE'RE OUT OF GAS! I CAN'T GO UP!

YOU...YOU C-CAN'T? TRY, TRY YOUR BEST!

SMART JIM, USING THE GAS AS AN EXCUSE! MY IDEA WAS WORKING! THE PITCH OF THE PLANE IN THE STORM WAS MAKING OUR TWO FRIENDS AIRSICK! IN A FEW MINUTES THEY WERE HELPLESS AS PUPPIES!



OH! OH! I'M DYIN'!

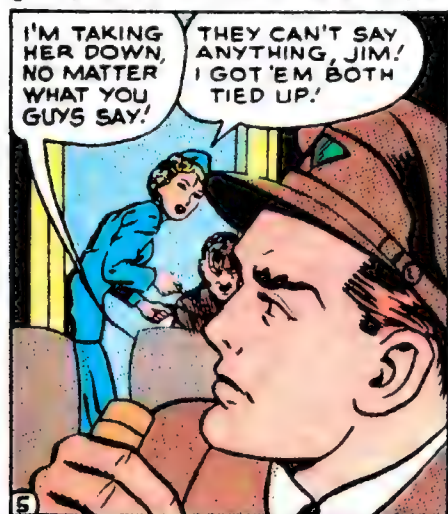
OH, MY GOSH! MY MY STOMACH! OH! OH!

IN THEIR MISERY THEY FORGOT ME, THE PLANE, EVERYTHING! STRETCH WAS THE SICKER, SO I GRABBED A FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!



GOOD OLD JIM! OBEYING ME WITHOUT QUESTION!

LINKY SUCCEEDED TO A BOP ON THE HEAD, TOO, AND I GOT THEM BOTH TIED UP IN A JIFFY! JUST THEN THE STORM CLEARED AND JIM SPOTTED A LANDING SPOT!



I'M TAKING HER DOWN, NO MATTER WHAT YOU GUYS SAY!

THEY CAN'T SAY ANYTHING, JIM! I GOT 'EM BOTH TIED UP!

WE LANDED OKAY AND THEN JIM ASKED ME..



HOLY SMOKE, SIS, HOW'D YOU DO IT?

EASY, JIM! I KNEW THEY'D GET AIRSICK THAT'S WHY I TOLD YOU TO GET BACK INTO THE STORM! AND SAYING YOU WERE OUT OF GAS WAS A WONDERFUL IDEA!

IS THAT WHAT YOU WHISPERED TO ME? I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU SAID! AND SISTER MINE, WE WERE OUT OF GAS!



OOH! NOW I FEEL SICK!

OH, WELL, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, AND WITH THE REWARD WE GOT ON THOSE TWO CROOKS, WE FINANCED ANOTHER PLANE! BUT I HOPE WE DON'T GET ANYMORE PASSENGERS LIKE THOSE TWO!

THE END

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1404
250 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY (11)

CRESCENDO!

LIFE is funny. You make plans for yourself and just how you want to pattern your future, and even if the plans leave no hole uncovered, you are bound to fall into one from somewhere. That's what happened to me when I met Mack.

I had always been called "the sage" and "the great wise one" in our crowd because of the way I could always predict what would happen if the cards were played the right way. But now here was Mack Johnson thrown into my lap and I was totally unprepared.

Mack had just moved to Lawrence Street, a couple of houses down from us, but I hadn't bothered to cast my eyes in his direction. Not me, I was too smart to allow myself to get interested in a man—it wasn't in my plans. My plans had to do with finishing college and opening up an interior decorating suite of my own . . . just plenty of hard work and no problems.

The doorbell rang late one night while I was sitting in the front room reading. When I turned on the porch light and opened the door, there was Mack . . . tall, broad-shouldered, with thick blond hair and deep brown eyes.

"Sorry to bother you," he said, "but our telephone is out of order. Do you think I could use yours to call for repairs?"

"Certainly," I said, opening the door wider to let him inside. "On the hall table."

I watched him as he smiled his thanks and picked up the telephone. While waiting for the operator to answer his call, he said, "I'm Mack Johnson. I live down the street a bit."

"I know," I said. "I've seen

you from a distance. No one new has moved on Lawrence Street in five years . . . we all were a little curious."

He put his complaint through to the operator and hung up.

"You've been very kind, Miss . . ." he waited for me to fill in the formality.

"Sally Keane," I supplied.

He turned on his smile once more for me as he opened the door and was swept up by the dark shadows.

After he'd gone, I curled up in the chair again to continue my reading, but my mind kept wandering. The whole scene with Mack Johnson had been so brief that I wasn't sure if it had actually happened.

Whether it was coincidence or not, the next morning Mack and I met on the same bus, and although we only nodded our greetings, I felt that we would be catching the same bus every morning thereafter. And we did.

He was never forward, but after about a week of casually greeting each other, he managed to find a seat by me, and we had a chance to talk. It seemed a natural request to ask if he could stop around to see me that night, so I consented. That was the first hole in my well-laid plans for the future!

I liked him and I didn't want to like him. He seemed so casual about life, and I loved to listen to his gentle voice while talking about the things that interested us both. He came that night and the night after and the night after that. Before I had realized what had happened, we were known as a twosome.

"Are you and Mack making any plans for the future," Janie Kelly asked me one day.

"Plans for what?" I tried to act innocent.

"Come now, Sally," she smiled, "you can't fool me. I know that you and Mack are mad about each other. You better just forget your ideas of finishing college and going into business."

The more I denied that either Mack and I were serious about each other, the more Janie laughed and accused me of having too much pride to admit it.

"Your great plans are overturned, Sally," she said. "And you have too much pride to admit it. You can't plan on love, honey."

I was irritated by Janie's words, probably because I suspected that she was right. I had caught myself waiting for the telephone to ring or hoping that he'd stop by when he didn't call. As much as I disliked to admit it, I knew that Mack meant a great deal to me, and I didn't relish the thought of this being thrown up to me by my friends. I guess you could call it pride or maybe even foolishness, I couldn't distinguish one from the other at that time.

About a month later, while Mack and I were sitting in a small restaurant outside the city limits, I found myself backed into a corner and forced to alter my life.

"You must know that I've fallen in love with you, Sally," he said to me as we lingered over our coffee. "I've just been waiting until I could support you before I popped the question . . . and now I can. What do you say, Sally?"

I didn't know what to say. I liked Mack, yes, even loved him I guess, but the thoughts of

marriage had always been so foreign to me . . . I hadn't included it in my plans. My plans, I smiled to myself; would I ever live to see my plans work according to my schedule?

"Don't you think this is a little sudden?" I asked hesitantly.

"Maybe," he said, "but should that make any difference if we are really in love?"

I tried to explain to Mack what I had explained to my friends time and time again: you have to cut a pattern for yourself and follow it. He listened patiently and sympathetically at first, but as I talked on, he seemed to be irritated by each word.

"Did you ever stop to think that I might have a plan too?" he asked with a touch of anger. "My plan includes you and a home and pleasant family life for the two of us. Finish school if you like, but I think that you should consider my future as well as yours."

In my own selfish little dream world, I'd never considered that Mack might have his own ideas about his life; I had been too tied up with my own feelings. I still found it difficult to sweep my mind clean of all my daydreams and listen to Mack with a clean mind.

"Compromise is a word you'll have to learn the meaning of," Mack told me. "No one can predict the future. I certainly had no idea that I'd fall in love and want a girl to marry me when I moved to Lawrence Street . . . but it happened and I do. Love can come at any time in any place, I learned that, and if it is important enough, you have to compromise with it."

What he said made good sense, but at this point I felt confused and cornered. I didn't feel as if I could make a decision then and Mack didn't force me. He told me to think

it over for a couple of weeks, during which he wouldn't call me or try to see me. I thought that was a bit drastic, but I agreed. And then I was sorry I did.

I've never spent two more lonely weeks in my life. I didn't know my life would seem so empty, and I hadn't realized that Mack and I spent so much time together. In the evenings I tried to discover new ways to fill the void in my life, but to no avail. I fought with myself not to pick up the telephone and call Mack, but it was a tough battle. It was Mother who finally came to my rescue, she's the one who told me what a fool I had been.

"Look at you," she said to me one night. "You are as restless as a bird. Your whole routine has been changed since you've met Mack and yet you want to keep insisting that it hasn't."

I couldn't deny that she was right. I had been fighting so hard to keep on my schedule, that I couldn't see how easily Mack had become part of that schedule. Mack *was* in my future, I was convinced of that by thirteen lonely days and nights without him.

When I called him that night, he sounded surprised. "You have another night coming to you, baby," he said. "You're calling a little too early."

"It didn't take me two weeks to make a decision, Mack," I said. "I should have realized that the first night I spent here alone. The answer is yes, if the question hasn't been changed."

"Sally, that's wonderful," he yelled into the telephone. "But how about your beautiful plans, those guideposts for your life?"

"Why, Mack," I smiled coyly, "haven't you ever heard of compromise? After all," I added, "you have plans too!"

THE END 7299

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED
BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933,
AND JULY 2, 1946**

(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

of Girl Comics, published bi-monthly
at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Cornell Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.)

Cornell Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1950.

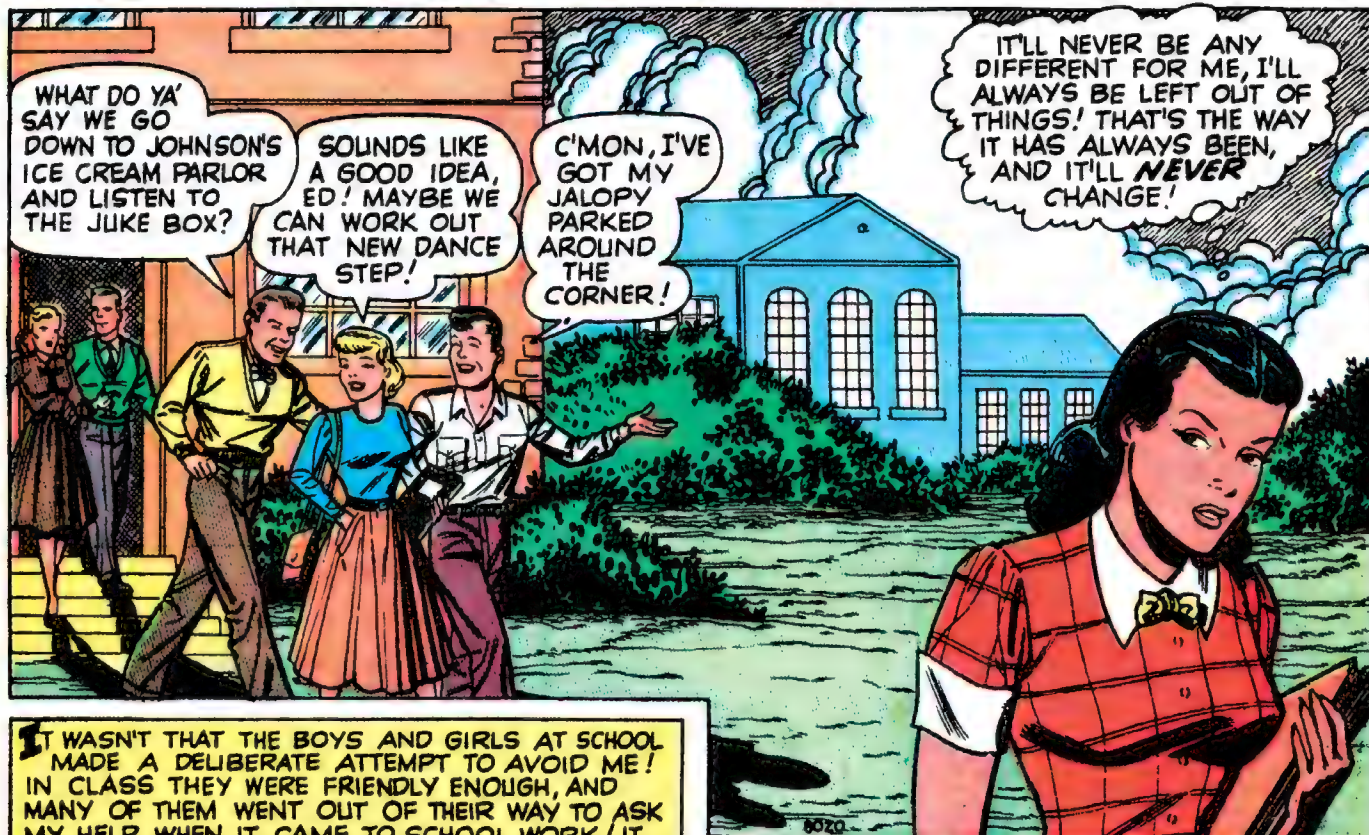
(SEAL) LYDIA PEARLSTEIN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

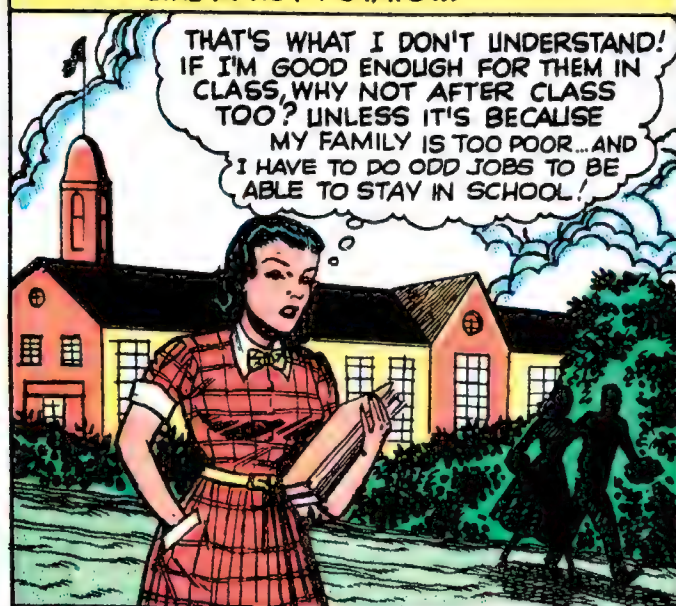


PEOPLE HAVE A HABIT OF SAYING THAT THE HAPPIEST YEARS IN A PERSON'S LIFE ARE THE YEARS SPENT IN SCHOOL! PERHAPS THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE, BUT IT WASN'T TRUE IN MY CASE! THE THREAD OF LONELINESS WAS LONG WOVEN INTO MY LIFE, AND BY THE TIME I REACHED MY SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL YEAR I WAS STILL CALLED...

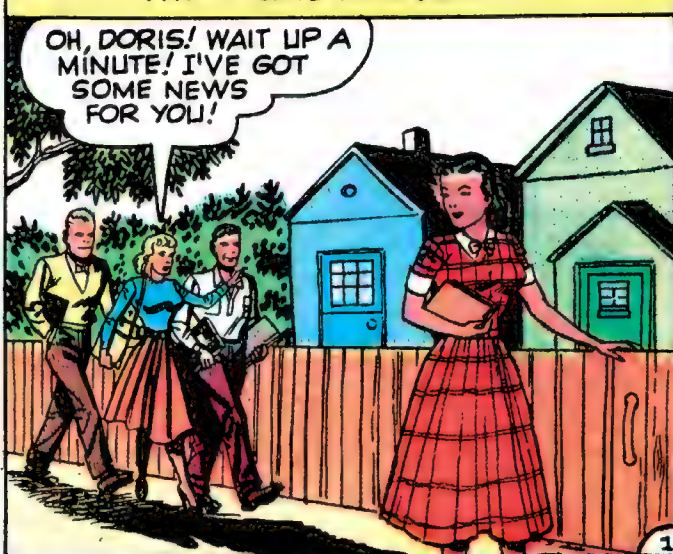
The LONELY ONE



IT WASN'T THAT THE BOYS AND GIRLS AT SCHOOL MADE A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT TO AVOID ME! IN CLASS THEY WERE FRIENDLY ENOUGH, AND MANY OF THEM WENT OUT OF THEIR WAY TO ASK MY HELP WHEN IT CAME TO SCHOOL WORK! IT WAS AFTER SCHOOL THAT THEY DROPPED ME LIKE A HOT POTATO...



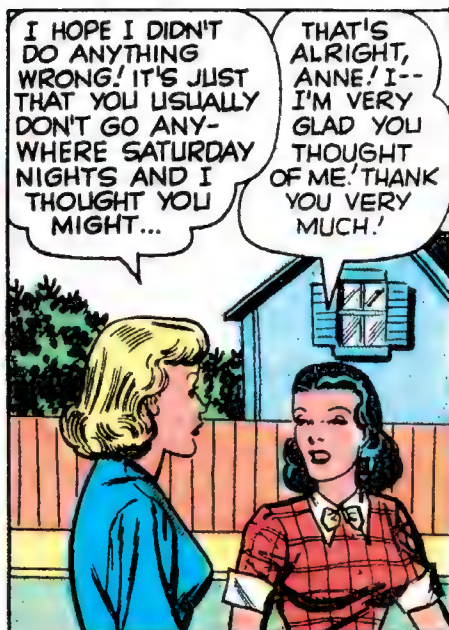
ALL THE WAY HOME THESE THOUGHTS KEPT TURNING OVER IN MY MIND BUT AS I OPENED THE FRONT GATE I HEARD...





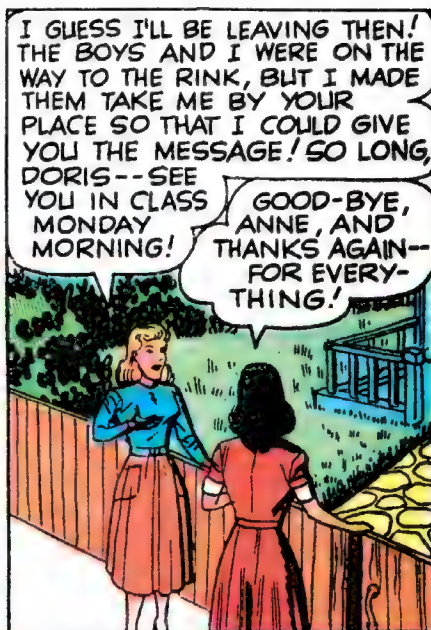
MOM AND DAD ARE GOING OUT SATURDAY AND I'VE GOT A DATE ...WOULD YOU MIND BABY-SITTING WITH MY LITTLE BROTHER?

OH... IS **THAT** THE NEWS!



I HOPE I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG! IT'S JUST THAT YOU USUALLY DON'T GO ANYWHERE SATURDAY NIGHTS AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT...

THAT'S ALRIGHT, ANNE! I-- I'M VERY GLAD YOU THOUGHT OF ME! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



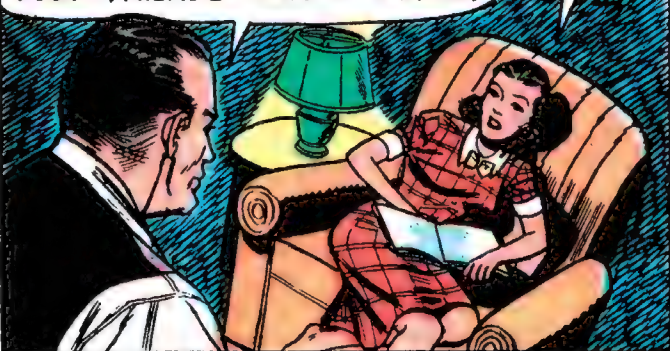
I GUESS I'LL BE LEAVING THEN! THE BOYS AND I WERE ON THE WAY TO THE RINK, BUT I MADE THEM TAKE ME BY YOUR PLACE SO THAT I COULD GIVE YOU THE MESSAGE! SO LONG, DORIS-- SEE YOU IN CLASS MONDAY MORNING!

GOOD-BYE, ANNE, AND THANKS AGAIN-- FOR EVERYTHING!

THAT'S THE ONLY TIME THEY CALLED ME... WHEN THERE WAS WORK TO DO... BABY-SITTING, TYPING, RUNNING ERRANDS, HOMEWORK! I WAS THEIR SERVANT... THAT WAS THE ONLY REASON THEY TOLERATED ME...

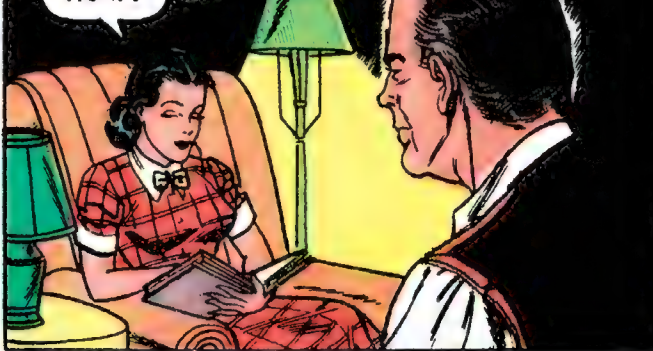
PRETTY MUCH WRAPPED UP IN THOSE BOOKS, AREN'T YOU, DORIS? IT ISN'T THAT I'M AGAINST YOUR STUDYING SO MUCH, BUT I'D THINK YOU'D WANT TO GET OUT WITH YOUR FRIENDS ONCE IN A WHILE!

OH, I DON'T MIND STAYING IN, DAD! I-- I REALLY DON'T!



IS THAT A FACT, DORIS-- OR ARE YOU JUST SAYING IT? I DON'T MEAN TO BUTT IN THIS WAY, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MANY FRIENDS! AT LEAST, I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM VISIT YOU HERE AT HOME!

IT'S SENIOR YEAR, DAD, THEY'RE ALL PRETTY BUSY PREPARING FOR FINAL EXAMS! THINGS LIKE THAT!



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, DORIS! YOU'RE UNHAPPY ABOUT SOMETHING-- SOMETHING YOU CAN'T HIDE! IS IT THE OTHER KIDS AT SCHOOL? HAVE THEY DONE ANYTHING TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS? SOMETHING LIKE --

N--NO, DAD! IT ISN'T ANY FAULT OF THEIRS-- IT'S JUST THAT--



I TRIED TO GO ON TALKING, BUT THE WORDS WOULDN'T FORM! A GREAT LUMP WELLED UP IN MY THROAT, AND A MOMENT LATER I WAS SOBBING IN HIS ARMS...

IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE SO POOR! THEY GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO GIVE ME LITTLE JOBS AFTER SCHOOL... LIKE HANDING A CRUST OF BREAD TO A HUNGRY PERSON! (SOB)

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! SUPPORTING AN INVALID FATHER AND WORKING YOUR WAY THROUGH SCHOOL IS A BIG JOB FOR A GIRL! I'D GIVE YOU ANYTHING TO SEE YOU SMILE... TO BE HAPPY!



AS GRADUATION APPROACHED, THINGS REMAINED PRETTY MUCH THE SAME! IN SCHOOL THEY KEPT COMING TO ME--BUT ONLY WHEN THEY NEEDED HELP...

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, ROSE! JUST TAKE THE SQUARE ROOT OF THE NUMBER AND YOU'VE GOT THE ANSWER!

IT'S SURE EASY WHEN YOU EXPLAIN IT, DORIS! THANKS A MILLION FOR GOING OVER IT WITH ME!



I'LL SURE BE GLAD WHEN THESE EXAMS ARE OVER! THE GRADUATING CLASS IS THROWING A PARTY AT THE END OF THE TERM! THEY'VE ALREADY FORMED A DANCE COMMITTEE AND SPECIAL INVITATIONS HAVE BEEN SENT TO MOST EVERYONE!

THEY HAVE?



WHY, SURE! I GOT MINE A FEW DAYS AGO AND...OH, DIDN'T YOU GET ONE?

N--NO, ROSE... I DIDN'T!



GEE, I'M SORRY, DORIS! GUESS I SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO GO SHOOTING OFF THAT BIG MOUTH OF MINE! I--I'D BETTER GET STARTED! I THINK I HEARD THE FIRST BELL!

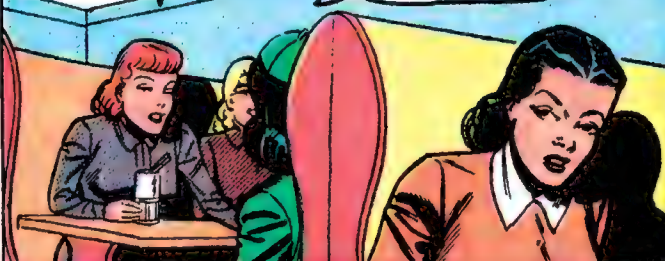
YOU GO AHEAD, ROSE, I'LL BE ALONG IN A LITTLE WHILE!



ROSE'S SLIP OF THE TONGUE CAME AS A REAL SHOCK! WHEN THE FINAL EXAMS WERE OVER AND I STILL RECEIVED NO WORD, I KNEW IT WAS USELESS! THEN, ONE AFTERNOON A WEEK BEFORE GRADUATION...

WELL, GANG, ONLY FOUR MORE DAYS TILL THE SENIOR SHINDIG! MY MOTHER HAD A SPECIAL DRESS SENT IN FOR ME FROM NEW YORK! IT'S A DREAM!

GOLLY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT! THIS PARTY IS GOING TO MEAN A LOT TO ALL OF US! YOU KNOW, ALL THE GRADS GETTING TOGETHER FOR THE LAST TIME!



EVERYBODY'LL BE THERE AND...

WHY IT'S DORIS CLARK!

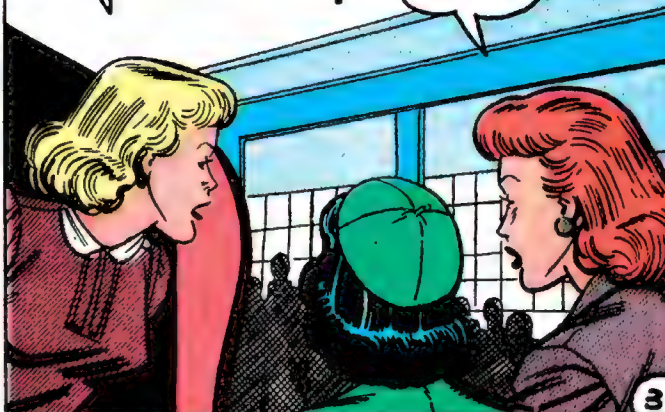
DO YOU THINK SHE HEARD WHAT WE SAID?



I NEVER DREAMED SHE WAS IN THE OPPOSITE BOOTH! OF ALL THE PLACES, WHY DID WE HAVE TO PICK THIS ONE?

MAYBE SHE SAW US, AND DELIBERATELY SAT OPPOSITE!

WELL, WHATEVER IT WAS--WE SURE PUT OUR FOOT IN IT!



FOR THE REMAINDER OF THAT WEEK I AVOIDED THEM COMPLETELY, AND THEN ON THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY...

BY TOMORROW IT WILL BE ALL OVER --AND I'LL BE GLAD! AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE TO FACE THEM AGAIN! I JUST COULDN'T TAKE THAT!

BUT DOWN DEEP INSIDE OF ME, I KNEW I **COULDN'T** FORGET! THE THOUGHT OF ALL THE OTHER GIRLS PREPARING FOR THE DANCE FILLED ME WITH DESPAIR! I HAD JUST STARTED TO GO TO MY ROOM WHEN...

HELLO, DORIS, I HOPED I'D FIND YOU HERE! MIND IF I TALK WITH YOU?

WHY, NO, DAD! WHAT ABOUT?

WILSON'S BOY TOLD ME ABOUT THE GRADUATING CLASS GIVING A DANCE! I WONDER...

IF I'M GOING? WELL I'M **NOT**! THEY DIDN'T INVITE ME! I JUST DON'T FIT IN--THAT'S ALL!

BUT I DON'T CARE ANYMORE! GOING TO A DANCE ISN'T **THAT** IMPORTANT! IT NEVER REALLY MATTERED TO ME ONE WAY OR THE OTHER! IT DOESN'T M--MEAN A TH--THING!

BUT AS I TURNED TO LEAVE THE ROOM, I SAW SOMETHING I NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE...

IT--IT CAN'T BE!

GET YOUR PARTY CLOTHES ON, DORIS... THIS IS ONE TIME YOUR WORK ISN'T GOING TO KEEP US FROM TAKING YOU OUT FOR A GOOD TIME!

THE DANCE COMMITTEE SELECTED YOU AS THE GUEST OF HONOR, DORIS! THE BEST FRIEND OF THE GRADUATING CLASS!

THAT'S WHY YOU DIDN'T GET AN INVITATION! IT WAS PLANNED TO BE A SURPRISE!

WE WERE HERE AND TOLD YOUR FATHER ALL ABOUT IT!

YES, HONEY... AND THEY TOLD ME WHY THEY NEVER ASKED YOU OUT! THEY KNEW YOU NEEDED MONEY TO STAY IN SCHOOL SO THEY CREATED ODD JOBS DURING THE EVENINGS TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO EARN THAT MONEY! AND THEY LEFT A BEAUTIFUL SURPRISE FOR YOU YESTERDAY... IT'S UPSTAIRS, HONEY!

OH, DAD... I'M SO HAPPY!

THE SURPRISE WAS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTY DRESSES I HAD EVER SEEN! TEN MINUTES LATER, AS I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE, I FELT THE TEARS IN MY EYES...

LET'S GO, DORIS! EVERYONE'S WAITING AT THE HALL!

I DON'T CARE IF THEY SEE ME CRYING! AFTER ALL, THEY REALLY ARE MY **FRIENDS!**

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 11

WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS



802/

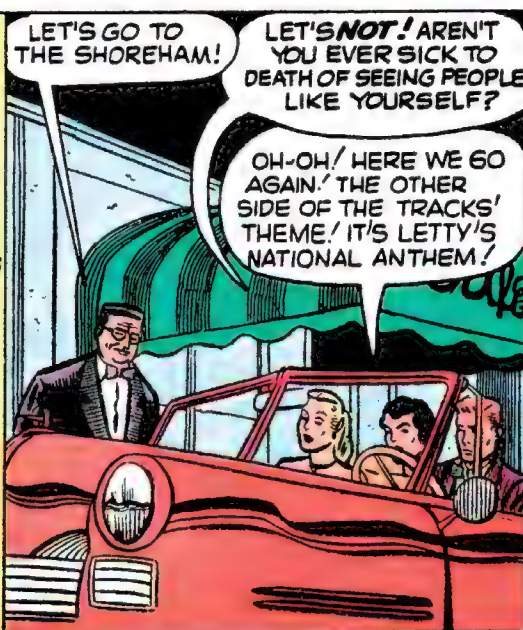
WHAT'S THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS? THE MONEY SIDE? THE SHANTY-TOWN SIDE? DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! IT'S **NEITHER**! IT'S THE SIDE ON WHICH THE **SUCKERS** LIVE! MOST PEOPLE WOULD SAY I LIVED ON THE **RIGHT** SIDE OF THE TRACKS! I HAD EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD WANT... AND YET I WAS **HOPELESSLY UNHAPPY!**



LET'S GO TO THE SHOREHAM!

LET'S **NOT**! AREN'T YOU EVER SICK TO DEATH OF SEEING PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF?

OH-OH! HERE WE GO AGAIN! 'THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS' THEME! IT'S LETTY'S NATIONAL ANTHEM!

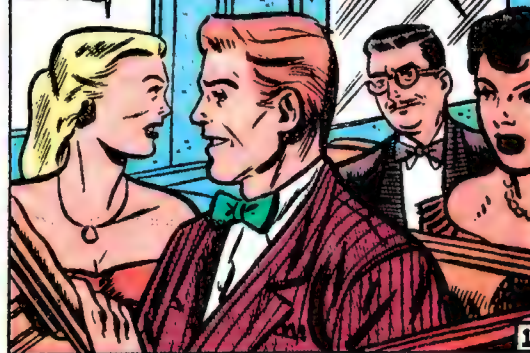


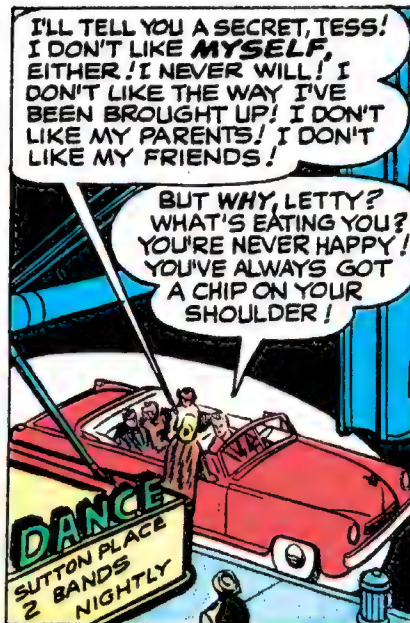
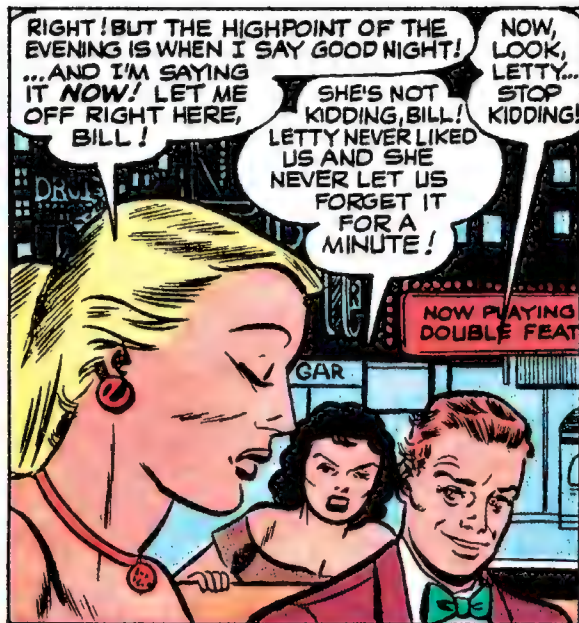
WHAT'S **YOURS**, WISE GUY? HOW TO TAP YOUR FATHER'S BANK ROLL? HOW TO SLEEP ALL DAY AND DRINK ALL NIGHT?

NOW, LOOK, LETTY... TOM...

NO, BILL! LET LETTY RIP! LET HER TELL US HOW STUFFY AND SNOOTY WE ARE! SHE SEEMS TO ENJOY IT SO!

una

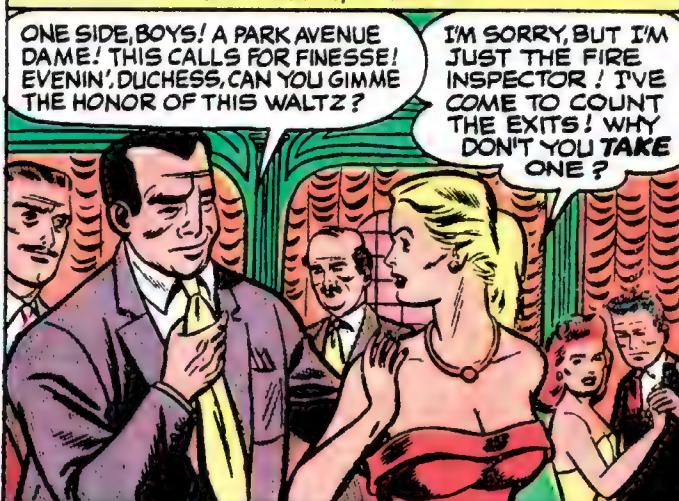




AN UNBRIDGEABLE GULF STOOD BETWEEN ME AND MY SOCIETY FRIENDS! I CRAVED EXCITEMENT... CHANGE... TOUGHNESS... EVERYTHING THESE BRATS, BORN WITH SILVER SPOONS IN THEIR MOUTHS, LACKED! ANYWAY, BILL HAD LEFT ME OFF IN FRONT OF ONE OF THOSE UPTOWN DANCELANDS...



I PAID MY DOLLAR AND WENT IN! CALL IT SLUMMING, IF YOU LIKE, BUT FOR MY PART, I ENJOYED THE PLACE! THE NOISY ORCHESTRA, THE GIRLS DRESSED IN THE HEIGHT OF BAD TASTE, THE WOLFISH MEN... IT WAS DIFFERENT, AT LEAST...



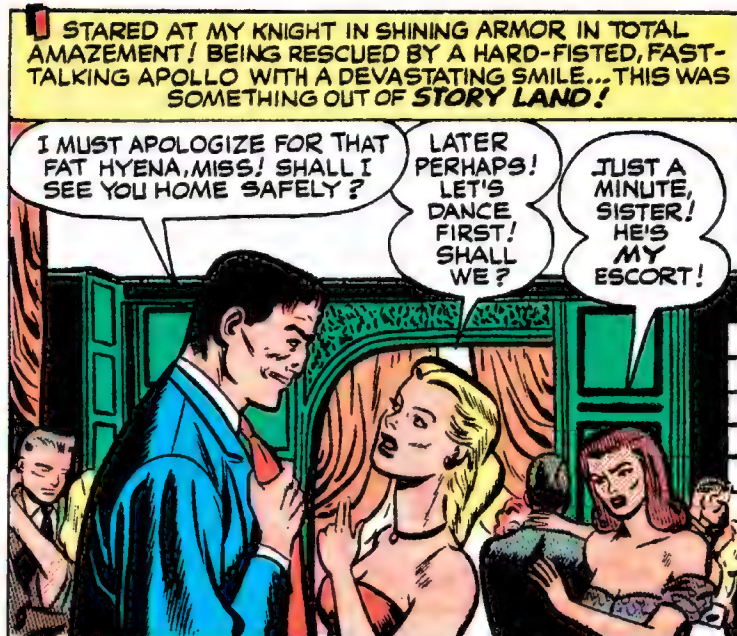
BUT MY ELEPHANTINE ADMIRER WANTED TO TAKE ME **WITH** HIM! HIS GRIP WAS AS HARD TO BREAK AS STRANGLER LEWIS'!





YOU GOT NO RIGHT TO BUST IN, YOU CRUMB! I'LL...
URGHHH!

SHH-HH, JOE! BAD MANNERS! THIS ISN'T A ZOO! TAKE HIM HOME, FELLERS, LOCK HIM UP IN HIS CAGE FOR THE NIGHT!



I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THAT FAT HYENA, MISS! SHALL I SEE YOU HOME SAFELY?

LATER PERHAPS! LET'S DANCE FIRST! SHALL WE?

JUST A MINUTE, SISTER! HE'S MY ESCORT!



GLORIA, BABY, I'M NOBODY'S ESCORT! BEAT IT!

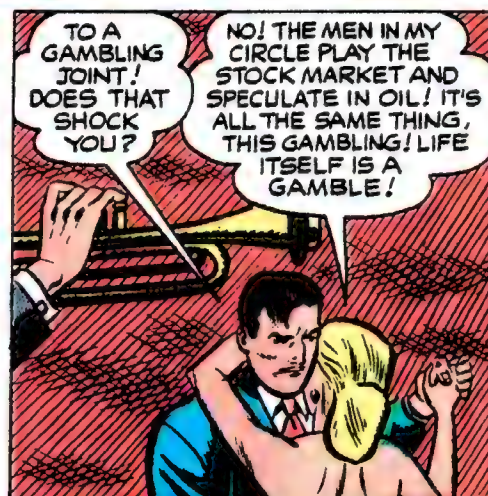
AFTER THE WEAK-KNEED, WEAK-MUSCLED MEN I'D MET IN MY SOCIAL CLIQUE, THIS MAN WAS REFRESHING! HE DANCED ALMOST AS SMOOTHLY AS HE TALKED! HOURS FLEW BY...AND HE SEEMED NOT TO NOTICE THEM ANY MORE THAN I DID...



CLICK! FOR THE TENTH TIME...WE'RE LATE! WE GOTTA BEAT IT!

YOUR FRIENDS SEEM ANXIOUS! WHERE DO THEY WANT YOU TO GO?

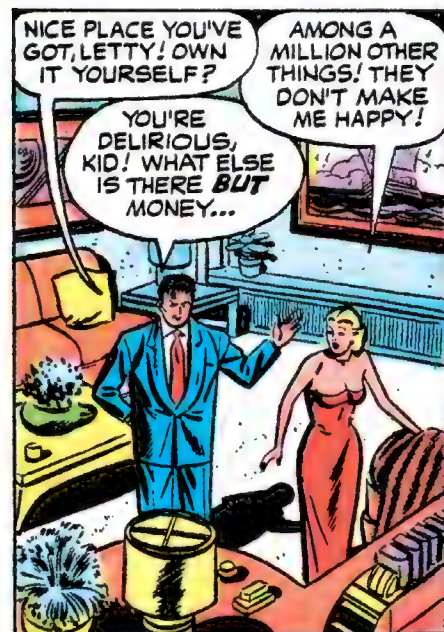
WE'RE NOT GOING TONIGHT! TAKE OFF, WILL YOU!



TO A GAMBLING JOINT! DOES THAT SHOCK YOU?

NO! THE MEN IN MY CIRCLE PLAY THE STOCK MARKET AND SPECULATE IN OIL! IT'S ALL THE SAME THING, THIS GAMBLING! LIFE ITSELF IS A GAMBLE!

I'D FINALLY MET A MAN WHO HELD MY RESPECT! HE BREATHED CONFIDENCE AND STRENGTH! I WAS OVERJOYED WHEN HE ASKED TO SEE ME HOME...



NICE PLACE YOU'VE GOT, LETTY! OWN IT YOURSELF?

AMONG A MILLION OTHER THINGS! THEY DON'T MAKE ME HAPPY!

YOU'RE DELIRIOUS, KID! WHAT ELSE IS THERE BUT MONEY...



...AND US?

I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT! KISS ME, DARLING!

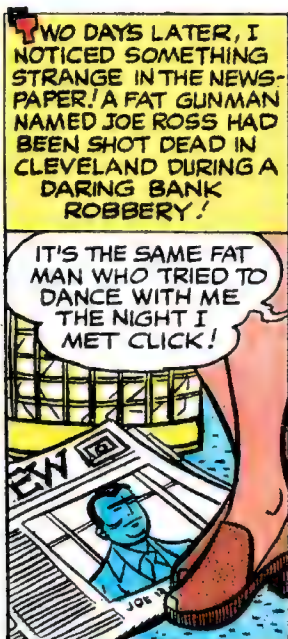
HIS KISS SET ME ON FIRE! FROM THAT MOMENT I KNEW I WAS LOST... THAT ONLY ONE MAN COULD SAVE ME! A GAMBLER NAMED CLICK LESWICK!



FOR A SOLID WEEK I DATED CLICK! WE WENT EVERYWHERE...EVEN TO A FEW GAMBLING SPOTS! THEN I GOT A SUDDEN CALL ONE NIGHT!

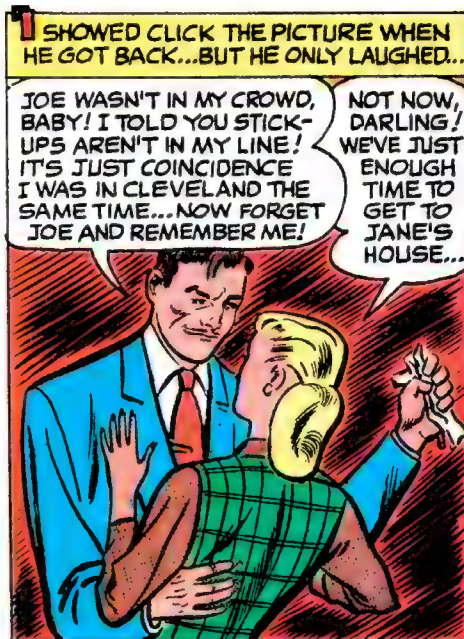
LIKE ANYTHING! REMEMBER, DARLING...YOU'RE TAKING ME TO JANE VAN GILDER'S PARTY IN A WEEK!

I'M IN CLEVELAND FOR THE WEEK, HON! WILL YOU MISS ME?



TWO DAYS LATER, I NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE IN THE NEWS-PAPER! A FAT GUNMAN NAMED JOE ROSS HAD BEEN SHOT DEAD IN CLEVELAND DURING A DARING BANK ROBBERY!

IT'S THE SAME FAT MAN WHO TRIED TO DANCE WITH ME THE NIGHT I MET CLICK!



I SHOWED CLICK THE PICTURE WHEN HE GOT BACK...BUT HE ONLY LAUGHED...
JOE WASN'T IN MY CROWD, BABY! I TOLD YOU STICK-UPS AREN'T IN MY LINE! IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE I WAS IN CLEVELAND THE SAME TIME...NOW FORGET JOE AND REMEMBER ME!
NOT NOW, DARLING! WE'VE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET TO JANE'S HOUSE...



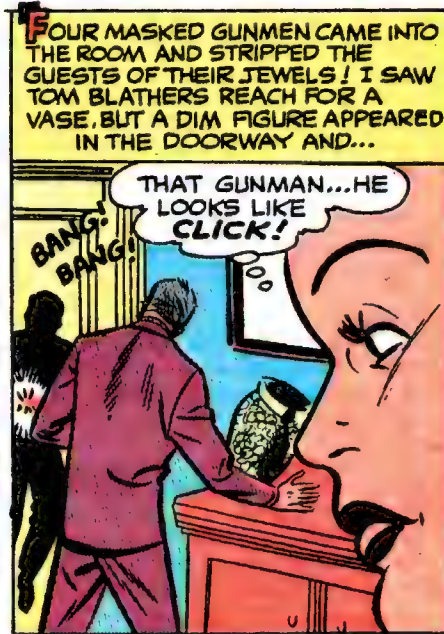
GLICK HAD WANTED TO MEET JANE VAN GILDER BEFORE THE PARTY TO FAMILIARIZE HIMSELF WITH HIGH SOCIETY SURROUNDINGS, HE SAID! HE DIDN'T WANT TO DISGRACE ME... AS IF HE **COULD!**
EVERYBODY WHO'S ANYBODY WILL BE HERE DRESSED TO KILL!
AND BE **KILLED...** IF IT WEREN'T FOR THOSE TWO DETECTIVES YOU HIRED, MISS VAN GILDER! SUCH A GATHERING IS A NATURAL FOR A HOLDUP!
ISN'T CLICK WONDERFUL, JANE? SO DIFFERENT!



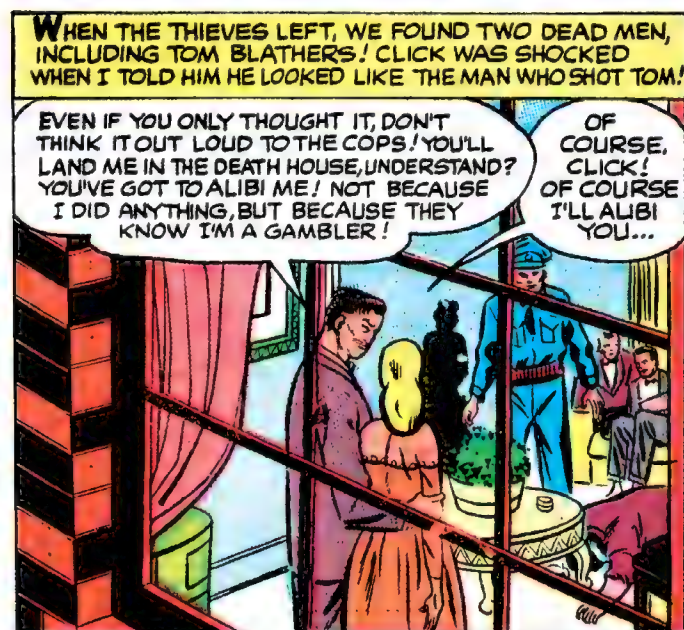
I COULD SEE BY THE WAY JANE WAS EYING CLICK THAT SHE WAS ENVIOUS! IN FACT, CLICK WAS THE HIT OF THE PARTY! I WAS PROUDER THAN A PEACOCK!
EXCUSE ME A SECOND, DARLING! I HAVE A CALL TO MAKE!
HURRY BACK, ANGEL! THERE'S A LONG SET OF RUMBAS COMING UP...



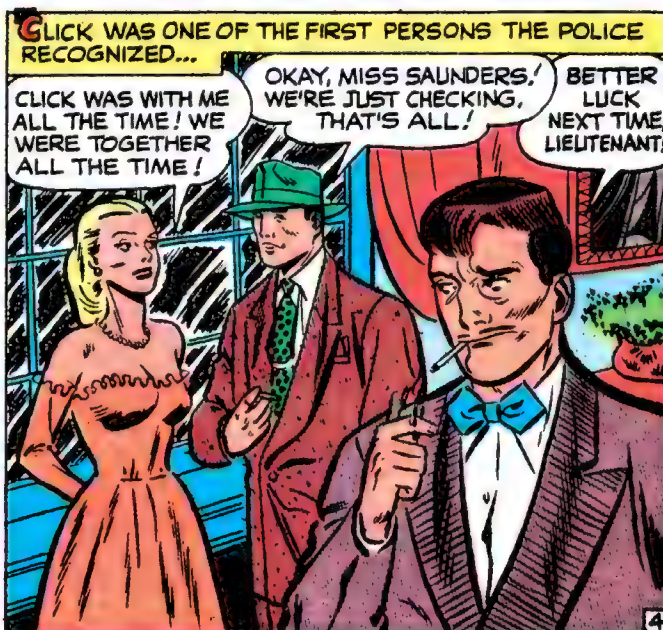
IT MUST'VE BEEN TWO MINUTES AFTER CLICK LEFT ME THAT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT! A SPLIT SECOND LATER...SEVERAL SHOTS RANG OUT...
EVERYBODY STAY WHERE YOU ARE! THIS IS A **STICK-UP!**
OHH!



FOUR MASKED GUNMEN CAME INTO THE ROOM AND STRIPPED THE GUESTS OF THEIR JEWELS! I SAW TOM BLATHERS REACH FOR A VASE, BUT A DIM FIGURE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY AND...
BANG! BANG!
THAT GUNMAN...HE LOOKS LIKE **CLICK!**



WHEN THE THIEVES LEFT, WE FOUND TWO DEAD MEN, INCLUDING TOM BLATHERS! CLICK WAS SHOCKED WHEN I TOLD HIM HE LOOKED LIKE THE MAN WHO SHOT TOM.
EVEN IF YOU ONLY THOUGHT IT, DON'T THINK IT OUT LOUD TO THE COPS! YOU'LL LAND ME IN THE DEATH HOUSE, UNDERSTAND? YOU'VE GOT TO ALIBI ME! NOT BECAUSE I DID ANYTHING, BUT BECAUSE THEY KNOW I'M A GAMBLER!
OF COURSE, CLICK! OF COURSE I'LL ALIBI YOU...



GLICK WAS ONE OF THE FIRST PERSONS THE POLICE RECOGNIZED...
CLICK WAS WITH ME ALL THE TIME! WE WERE TOGETHER ALL THE TIME!
OKAY, MISS SAUNDERS! WE'RE JUST CHECKING, THAT'S ALL!
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, LIEUTENANT!

FOR THE FIRST TIME, MY HEART WAS TORN WITH DOUBT! WHAT IF CLICK WAS THE KILLER, THE ENGINEER OF THE ENTIRE HOLDUP?

CLICK, TELL ME THE TRUTH! YOU **DIDN'T** HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT HOLDUP?

I SWEAR IT, BABY! ...I NEVER CARRIED A ROD IN MY LIFE! GOSH, SWEETHEART, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW!

MAYBE IF I'D CARED MORE FOR MY FRIENDS I'D HAVE THOUGHT DEEPER ABOUT THINGS! AS IT WAS, TWO WEEKS LATER CLICK HAD ME PLANNING A CHARITY GAMBLING SHINDIG IN MY APARTMENT!

THE POLICE MUST NOT KNOW THIS! GAMBLING IS ILLEGAL, YOU KNOW!

RIGHT, BUT IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE!

BILL SOMMERS WAS THE ONLY ONE CRITICAL OF THE WHOLE THING! HE TOLD ME HOW MUCH HE DISTRUSTED CLICK!

OKAY...MAYBE I'M JUST A DUMB HARVARD GRAD WHO'LL TAKE OVER HIS DAD'S STEEL BUSINESS SOME DAY, AND THAT MAKES ME LOUSY, DULL AND STUPID... BUT I'M NOT CROOKED!

MEANING I AM SONNY BOY?

BILL WAS JUST LEAVING, CLICK...

NOT BEFORE I SAY THAT LETTY OUGHT TO SEE A PSYCHIATRIST! SURE THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS WRONG WITH US RICH BLOODS... MAYBE WE'RE SPOILED AND GOOD-FOR-NOTHING AND OUGHT TO REFORM! BUT WE DON'T HATE OURSELVES LIKE YOU DO, LETTY!

SLOW AND EASY, FRESHMAN! THAT'S MY FIANCEE YOU'RE TALKING TO! LETTY AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED NEXT WEEK!

I WAS OVERJOYED TO BE THE WIFE OF SO EXCITING A PERSONALITY! IT WAS A DREAM COME TRUE! AND YET MY HAPPINESS WAS TINGED WITH UNEASINESS! ESPECIALLY ON THE NIGHT OF MY CHARITY "BAZAAR"!

WHAT'S GOING ON, LETTY? I DON'T MIND GIVING MONEY TO CHARITY... BUT ONLY THE HOUSE KEEPS WINNING. IT SMELLS ROTTEN!

IT'S JUST YOUR BAD LUCK, JIM!

I NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO ASK CLICK, BECAUSE THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY WENT OUT! FOUR MEN ENTERED THE APARTMENT WITH GUNS...

HEY, YOU CRUMBY LITTLE...

DON'T TOUCH HER, YOU NUMBSKULL! YOU'LL ANSWER TO ME... I MEAN... THE LAW!

IT'S ONE OF CLICK'S FRIENDS! I SAW HIM AT THAT DANCE HALL!

I LISTENED NUMBED, AS I HEARD CLICK TELL EVERYBODY TO LEAVE QUICKLY...

AND ANOTHER THING...DON'T GO TO THE POLICE! THEY CAN ARREST YOU ON A CHARGE OF GAMBLING! LETTY WILL LOOK INTO THIS THING WITH PRIVATE DETECTIVES!

VERY NEAT, LETTY! YOU PLAY BEAUTIFULLY WITH DYNAMITE!

BILL'S RIGHT! CLICK PLAYED ME FOR A SUCKER!

WHEN EVERYBODY HAD LEFT, I TURNED TO CLICK! I TOLD HIM I FINALLY REALIZED WHAT A FOOL I'D BEEN...

I WAS JUST A LURE FOR YOU TO GET AT BIG MONEY! WELL, UNLESS YOU RETURN EVERY PENNY YOU STOLE TONIGHT, CLICK, I'LL...

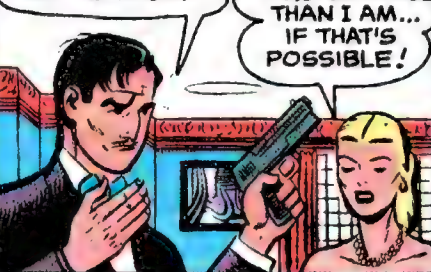
UH-UH, BABY! YOU WON'T GO TO THE COPS! DANNY? THIS'S CLICK...LISTEN, MISS 400 IS WISE! COME ON UP! YEAH! NOW!



THEN CLICK TOLD ME HE'D NEVER LOVED ME! HE HAD SPOTTED ME AS ONE OF THOSE DISSATISFIED PARK AVENUE FRILLS WHO HATED HER OWN CLASS!

YOU'RE ASHAMED OF HAVING TOO MUCH DOUGH, OF HAVING HAD AN EASY LIFE YOU NEVER EARNED! THAT'S WHY YOU HATED YOUR RICH FRIENDS! YOU TURNED TO SEAMIER CLASSES CREDITING THEM WITH VIRTUE BECAUSE THEY HAD NO DOUGH!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE IS NO SIDE OF THE TRACKS! THERE'S JUST PEOPLE, GOOD AND BAD PEOPLE. AND YOU'RE BAD, CLICK... YES, EVEN WORSE THAN I AM... IF THAT'S POSSIBLE!



IT WAS POSSIBLE, FOR THOUGH MEANNESS AND THE SEARCH FOR CHEAP THRILLS DEVoured ALL SENTIMENT IN ME, I SHRANK FROM THE VERY THOUGHT OF MURDER!

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, CLICK?

TOSS THIS JANE OVER THE RAILING! SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH TO LIVE!

NO, CLICK! YOU CAN'T DO IT! PLEASE, CLICK! I WON'T GO TO THE POLICE... I WAS ONLY JOKING!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF NOWHERE, CAME A STREAK OF LIGHTNING! SOMEONE HAD BEEN HIDING ON THE TERRACE!

I HAD A HUNCH YOU PUNKS MIGHT BE BACK! MAYBE I COULDN'T PASS MARINE LAW, BUT I USED TO THROW THE BEST FLYING BLOCK AT HARVARD!

BILL! BILL SOMMERS!!

LOOK OUT! ...EEOWW!



WITH AN ICY CHILL SLIDING DOWN MY BACK, I WATCHED BILL SOMMERS, WHOM I THOUGHT WAS JUST A DULL WASTREL, FIGHT A DEADLY GUN BATTLE WITH NEW YORK'S WORST...

...ANOTHER THING I LEARNED... COURTESY OF MILITARY SCHOOL AND THE U.S. MARINES...HOW TO USE A REVOLVER!

ERGH!

BILL! LOOK OUT! CLICK...



BUT BILL SAW HIM TOO! TWO SHOTS AND CLICK HAD PULLED HIS LAST TRIGGER...

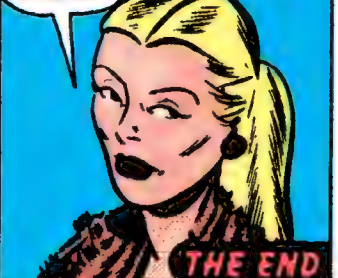


...WE HEARD HIS SHRIEK BECOME A SHRILL WHISPER AS HE NEARED THE SIDEWALK AND THEN SUDDENLY... NOTHING!

HOURS LATER, I LEFT THE POLICE STATION WITH BILL! I WAS OLDER AND WISER! I'D LIVED A LIFETIME IN 24 HOURS!

WILL YOU TAKE ME HOME, BILL?...AND KEEP TAKING ME HOME? I THINK I KNOW WHERE HOME IS NOW!

YOU SEE, I'D FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT, THOUGH NO TRAINS RUN PAST MY PENTHOUSE, THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS WAS ALWAYS THAT PART OF TOWN WHERE THE STUPID, THE PREJUDICED, AND THE SELFISH PEOPLE LIVED... AND I'D LIVED THERE TOO LONG!



SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SHITE 1404 254 5TH AVE NEW YORK CITY(1)

THE END

GIRL
COMICS

ROMANCE • SUSPENSE • DRAMA

GIRL

COMICS

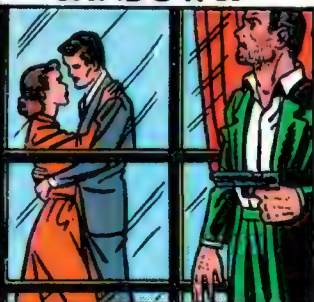
JULY
NO. 9

10¢
K

REAL EXPERIENCES OF REAL GIRLS!

ONLY
GIRL COMICS
CAN GIVE YOU
STORIES LIKE
THESE:

"HOUSE OF
SHADOWS!"



"BLACKOUT!"



"ONE IS GUILTY!"



JUNE NELSON HAD TO FIND OUT THE ANSWER
TO ONE VITAL QUESTION...IS IT EVER POSSIBLE
TO LOVE A MAN SO MUCH AS TO CAUSE HIS...

DOWNFALL!

GET OUT, JUNE!
YOU AIN'T RUNNIN'
MY LIFE ANY MORE!
I'M GOIN' THRU WITH
THIS FIGHT EVEN IF
IT KILLS ME!

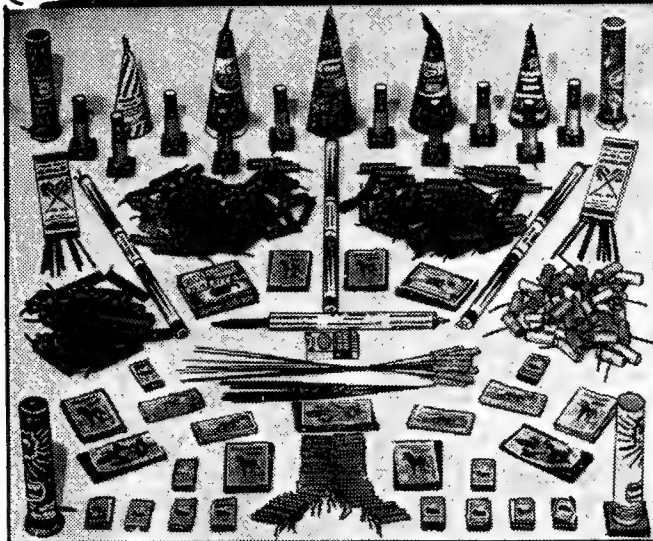
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT
IT WILL DO, ART! YOU
CAN'T GO INTO THAT
RING IN YOUR CONDITION...
IT'S SUICIDE!

SURE IT'LL BE
SUICIDE... AN' IT'S
ALL HER FAULT!
SHE'S RUINED HIM...
MADE A THIRD-
RATER OUT OF A
CHAMP! THAT
DAME'S POISON!





OH, BOY! HERE'S THE GREATEST ASSORTMENT EVER OFFERED FIREWORKS



OVER 1,250 PIECES
RETAIL VALUE 13.90

ALL YOURS FOR ONLY

4.95

RICH BROS.' ALL-AMERICAN ASSORTMENT

Get set for the most fun you've ever had! Enough fireworks to last all day! Evening pieces, too! Contains plenty of Chinese Flashcrackers including 4 packages of the world-famous Gorilla Cracker! PLUS ALL THESE ITEMS: Repeating Bombs, Sky Rockets, Sparklers, Roman Candles, Whistling Cyclone, Electro-Cannon Salutes, Fountains, Battle in the Clouds, Cherry Bombs, Cones, Aerial Flyers, Volcanoes, Rain Torch, Aerial Bombs, Snakes, Comets, Sparkling Fire Darts, Novelty Cones, ALSO 150 Salutes - - FREE PUNK!

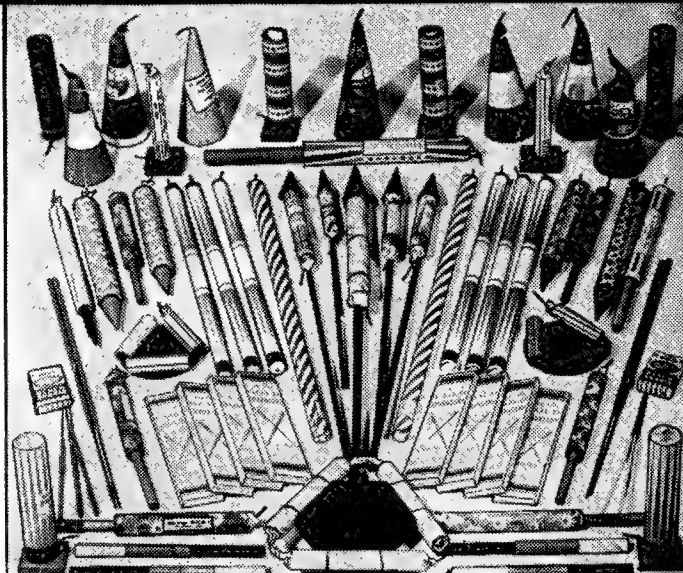
LAWN DISPLAY "NO NOISE" ASSORTMENT

APPROXIMATE RETAIL
VALUE 13.50

YOURS FOR ONLY

5.95

COLORFUL, EXCITING, YET QUIET! Includes: Flying Star Wings, 8, 12 and 20-Ball Candles, Sky Rockets, Colored Sparklers, Parade Sparklers, Snakes, Flower Pots, Catherine Wheels, Triangle Wheels, Emerald Pots, Lawn and Handle Fountains, Magnesium Lights, Magnolia Blossoms, Electro Cascades, Gold Streamer Comets, Giant Star Shell, Flitter Fountains, Shower Cones, Tower of Jewels, Whistling Mule, Indian Dancer, Novelty Color Items
FREE PUNK - - FREE PUNK - - FREE PUNK



NOTICE: Print Your Name and Address Carefully. Enclose Money Order or Check; None Sent C.O.D. Shipped Only By R.R. Express, Collect. Name Nearest Express Office.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG OF OTHER ASSORTMENTS AND DISPLAYS

RICH BROS. FIREWORKS CO.

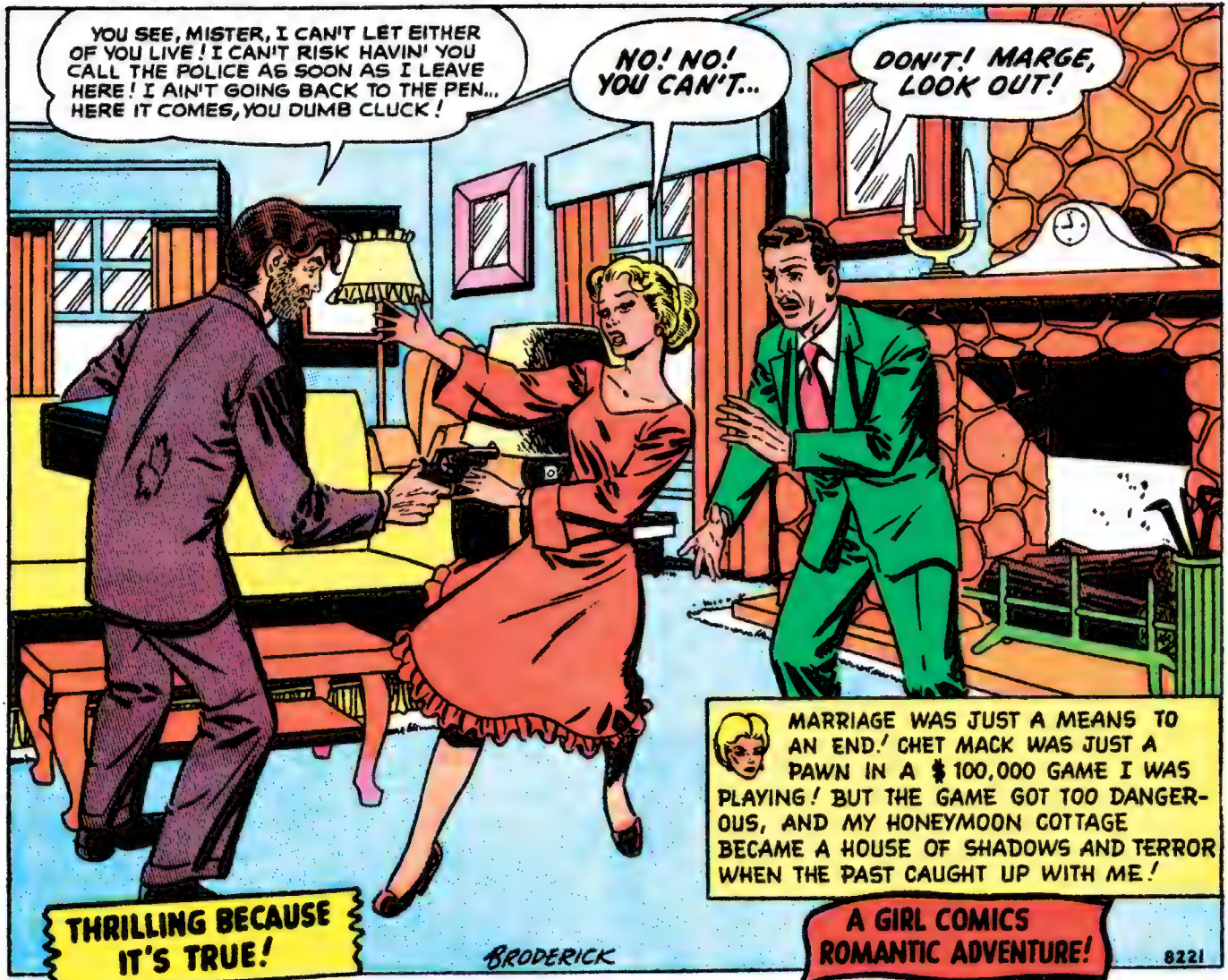
DEPT. 10

BOX 514

SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1951 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 9 JULY 1951 issue. Price 10c per copy. Published bi-monthly. Subscription rate \$1.00 for 12 issues. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

HOUSE of SHADOWS



YOU SEE, MISTER, I CAN'T LET EITHER OF YOU LIVE! I CAN'T RISK HAVIN' YOU CALL THE POLICE AS SOON AS I LEAVE HERE! I AIN'T GOING BACK TO THE PEN... HERE IT COMES, YOU DUMB CLUCK!

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T...

DON'T! MARGE, LOOK OUT!

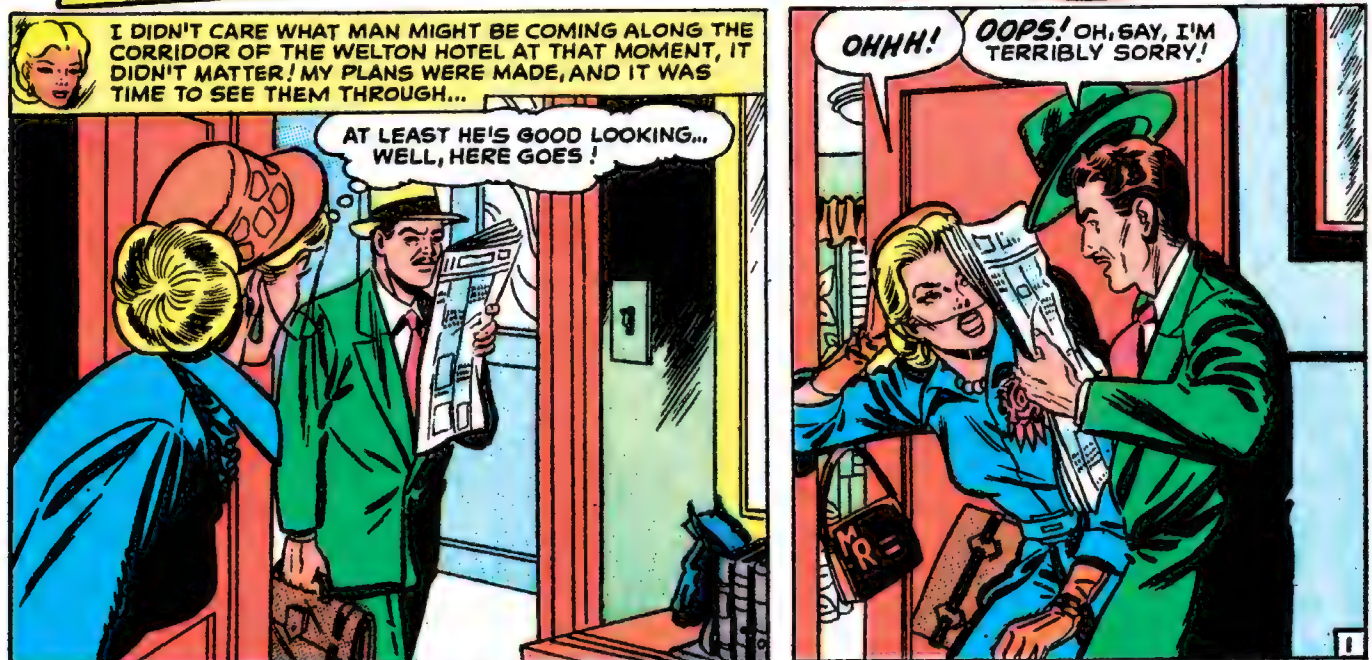
MARRIAGE WAS JUST A MEANS TO AN END! CHET MACK WAS JUST A PAWN IN A \$100,000 GAME I WAS PLAYING! BUT THE GAME GOT TOO DANGEROUS, AND MY HONEYMOON COTTAGE BECAME A HOUSE OF SHADOWS AND TERROR WHEN THE PAST CAUGHT UP WITH ME!

THRILLING BECAUSE IT'S TRUE!

BRODERICK

A GIRL COMICS ROMANTIC ADVENTURE!

8221

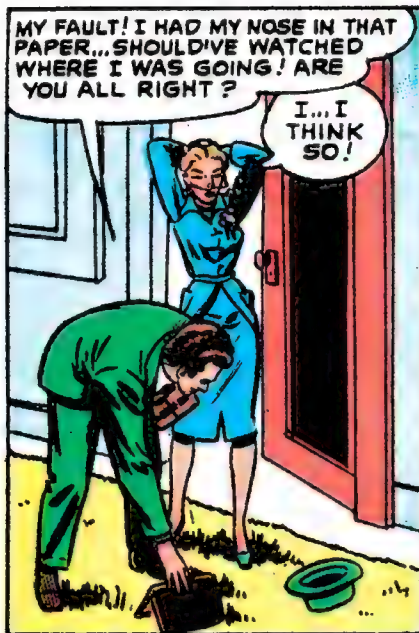


I DIDN'T CARE WHAT MAN MIGHT BE COMING ALONG THE CORRIDOR OF THE WELTON HOTEL AT THAT MOMENT, IT DIDN'T MATTER! MY PLANS WERE MADE, AND IT WAS TIME TO SEE THEM THROUGH...

AT LEAST HE'S GOOD LOOKING... WELL, HERE GOES!

OH! OH, SAY, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY GOINCIDENTAL



MY FAULT! I HAD MY NOSE IN THAT PAPER... SHOULD'VE WATCHED WHERE I WAS GOING! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I... I THINK SO!



YOUR PURSE, MISS... ER, YOU'RE SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MISS...?

I'M SURE I AM! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



I'D HAVE BEEN A VERY SURPRISED YOUNG WOMAN IF HE DIDN'T COME BACK! HE DID... ABOUT A HALF-HOUR LATER...

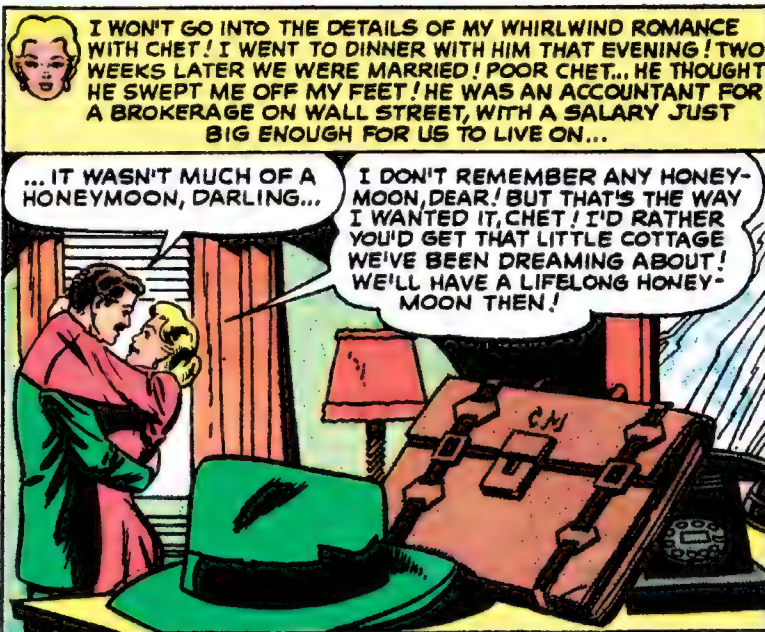
I WAS A LITTLE WORRIED, MISS... ER... YOU REMEMBER, I'M THE FELLOW WHO ALMOST BOWLED YOU OVER BEFORE... I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT BE HURT MORE THAN YOU THOUGHT! BY THE WAY, MY NAME IS CHESTER MACK... CHET, TO MY FRIENDS!

I FEEL QUITE WELL, THANK YOU, MR. MACK!



WELL ENOUGH TO HAVE DINNER WITH ME, MISS...?

ROLLINS! MARGE ROLLINS! REALLY, IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT... I WASN'T WATCHING WHERE I WAS GOING EITHER! YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE UP TO ME FOR THAT!



I WON'T GO INTO THE DETAILS OF MY WHIRLWIND ROMANCE WITH CHET! I WENT TO DINNER WITH HIM THAT EVENING! TWO WEEKS LATER WE WERE MARRIED! POOR CHET... HE THOUGHT HE SWEPT ME OFF MY FEET! HE WAS AN ACCOUNTANT FOR A BROKERAGE ON WALL STREET, WITH A SALARY JUST BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO LIVE ON...

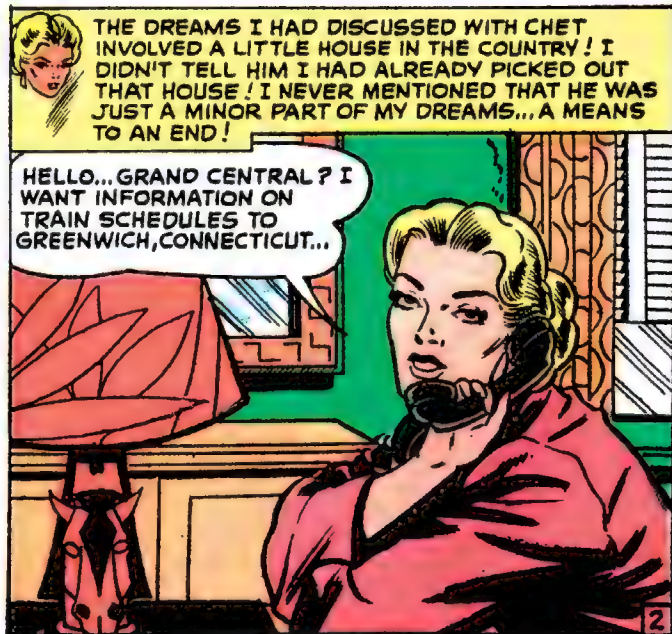
... IT WASN'T MUCH OF A HONEYMOON, DARLING...

I DON'T REMEMBER ANY HONEYMOON, DEAR! BUT THAT'S THE WAY I WANTED IT, CHET! I'D RATHER YOU'D GET THAT LITTLE COTTAGE WE'VE BEEN DREAMING ABOUT! WE'LL HAVE A LIFELONG HONEYMOON THEN!



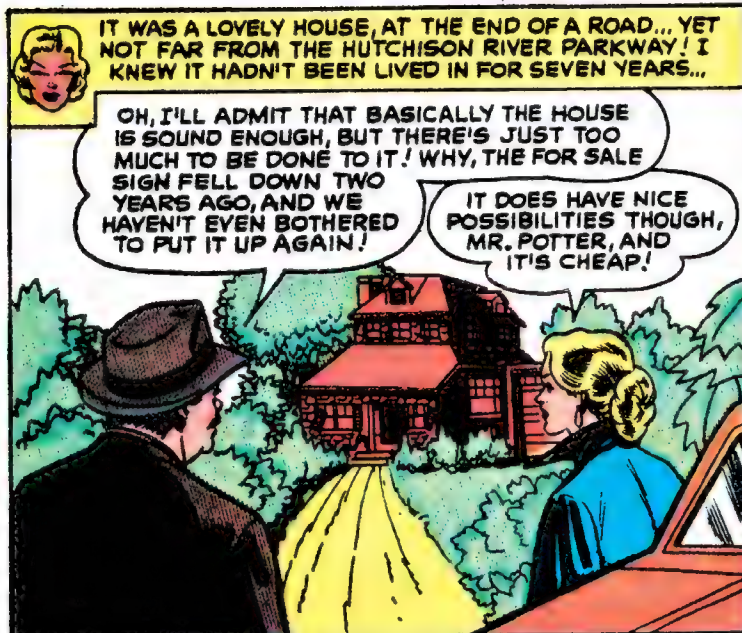
I HATE GOING BACK TO THE OFFICE, MARGE... AFRAID THAT WHEN I COME HOME YOU'LL BE GONE... AS THOUGH THIS WERE ALL A DREAM!

YOU'D BETTER GET TO WORK, DEAR, OR I MIGHT REALLY DISAPPEAR! AFTER ALL, I HAVE DREAMS OF MY OWN...



THE DREAMS I HAD DISCUSSED WITH CHET INVOLVED A LITTLE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY! I DIDN'T TELL HIM I HAD ALREADY PICKED OUT THAT HOUSE! I NEVER MENTIONED THAT HE WAS JUST A MINOR PART OF MY DREAMS... A MEANS TO AN END!

HELLO... GRAND CENTRAL? I WANT INFORMATION ON TRAIN SCHEDULES TO GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT...



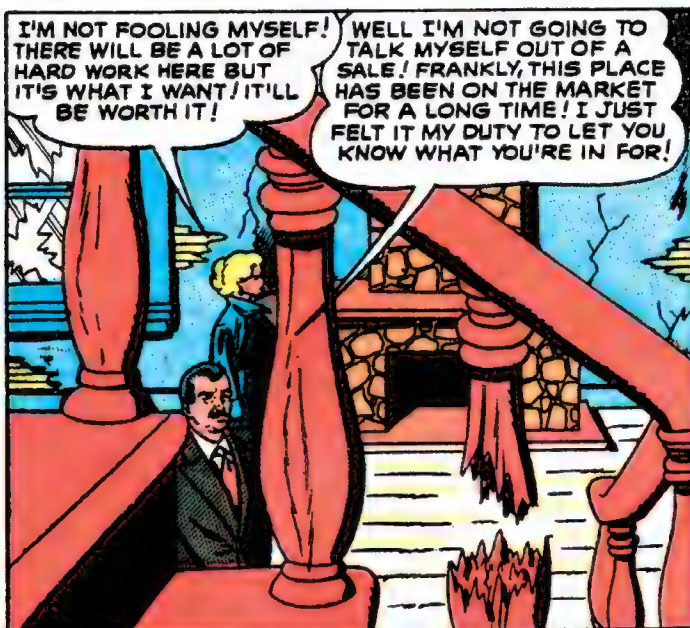
IT WAS A LOVELY HOUSE, AT THE END OF A ROAD... YET NOT FAR FROM THE HUTCHISON RIVER PARKWAY! I KNEW IT HADN'T BEEN LIVED IN FOR SEVEN YEARS...

OH, I'LL ADMIT THAT BASICALLY THE HOUSE IS SOUND ENOUGH, BUT THERE'S JUST TOO MUCH TO BE DONE TO IT! WHY, THE FOR SALE SIGN FELL DOWN TWO YEARS AGO, AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN BOTHERED TO PUT IT UP AGAIN!

IT DOES HAVE NICE POSSIBILITIES THOUGH, MR. POTTER, AND IT'S CHEAP!

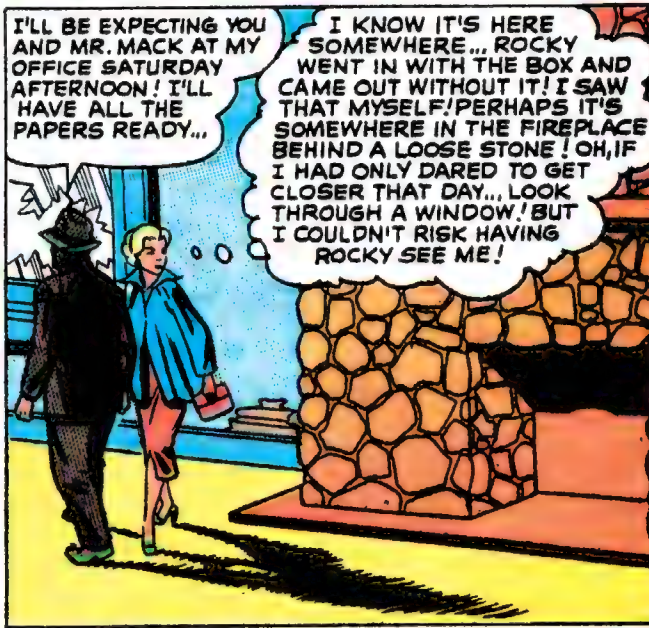
IT'S REASONABLE ENOUGH, MRS. MACK, BUT WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THE WORK NECESSARY TO MAKE THE PLACE LIVABLE YOU'LL FIND THAT YOU'D HAVE BEEN A LOT BETTER OFF TAKING ONE OF OUR BETTER OFFERINGS!

WE JUST HAVEN'T THE MONEY, MR. POTTER! AND MY HUSBAND AND I CAN DO MOST OF THE WORK OURSELVES!



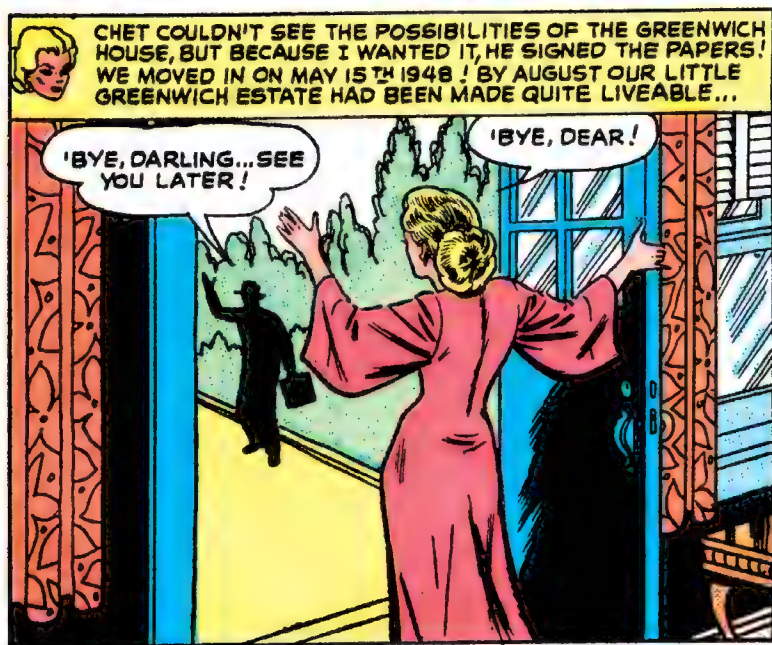
I'M NOT FOOLING MYSELF! THERE WILL BE A LOT OF HARD WORK HERE BUT IT'S WHAT I WANT! IT'LL BE WORTH IT!

WELL I'M NOT GOING TO TALK MYSELF OUT OF A SALE! FRANKLY, THIS PLACE HAS BEEN ON THE MARKET FOR A LONG TIME! I JUST FELT IT MY DUTY TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE IN FOR!



I'LL BE EXPECTING YOU AND MR. MACK AT MY OFFICE SATURDAY AFTERNOON! I'LL HAVE ALL THE PAPERS READY...

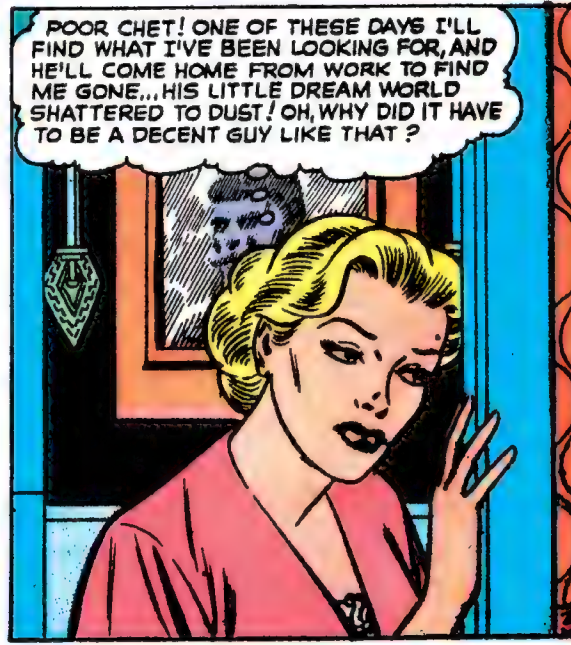
I KNOW IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE... ROCKY WENT IN WITH THE BOX AND CAME OUT WITHOUT IT! I SAW THAT MYSELF! PERHAPS IT'S SOMEWHERE IN THE FIREPLACE BEHIND A LOOSE STONE! OH, IF I HAD ONLY DARED TO GET CLOSER THAT DAY... LOOK THROUGH A WINDOW! BUT I COULDN'T RISK HAVING ROCKY SEE ME!



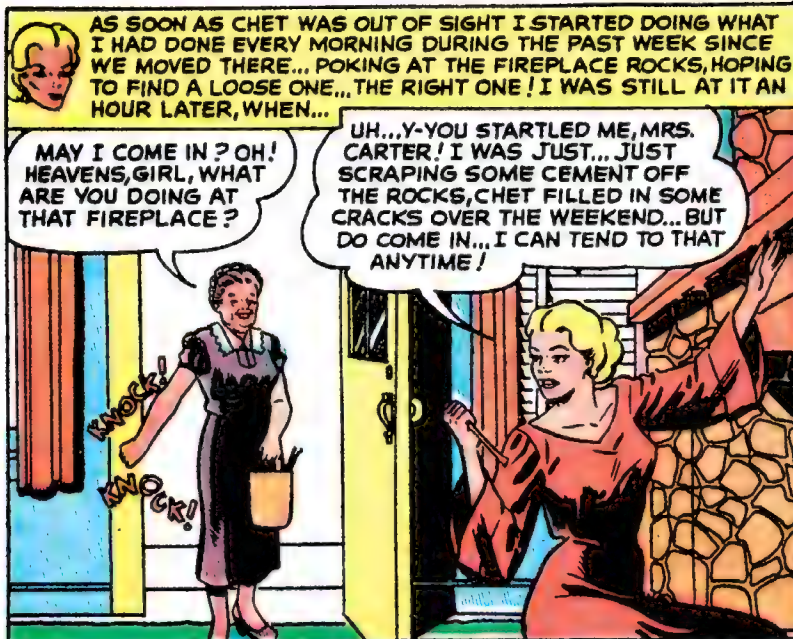
'BYE, DARLING... SEE YOU LATER!

'BYE, DEAR!

CHET COULDN'T SEE THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE GREENWICH HOUSE, BUT BECAUSE I WANTED IT, HE SIGNED THE PAPERS! WE MOVED IN ON MAY 15TH 1948! BY AUGUST OUR LITTLE GREENWICH ESTATE HAD BEEN MADE QUITE LIVABLE...



POOR CHET! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL FIND WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, AND HE'LL COME HOME FROM WORK TO FIND ME GONE... HIS LITTLE DREAM WORLD SHATTERED TO DUST! OH, WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE A DECENT GUY LIKE THAT?



AS SOON AS CHET WAS OUT OF SIGHT I STARTED DOING WHAT I HAD DONE EVERY MORNING DURING THE PAST WEEK SINCE WE MOVED THERE... POKING AT THE FIREPLACE ROCKS, HOPING TO FIND A LOOSE ONE... THE RIGHT ONE! I WAS STILL AT IT AN HOUR LATER, WHEN...

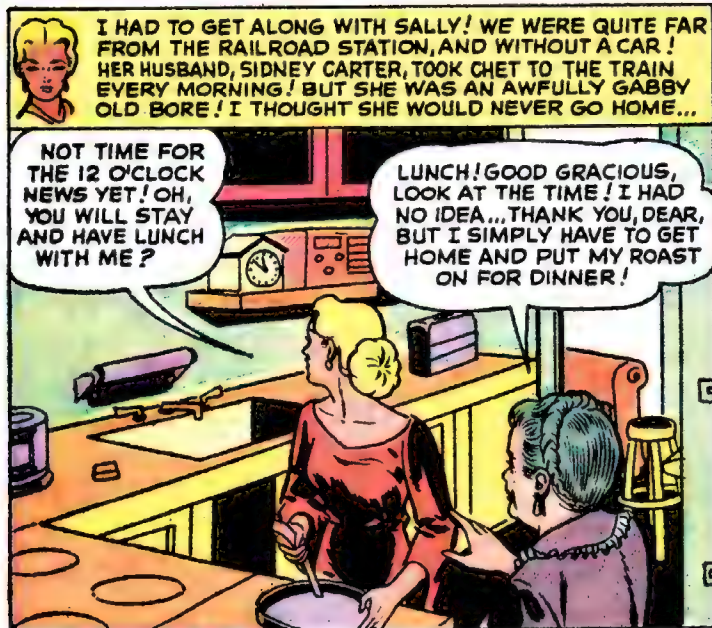
MAY I COME IN? OH! HEAVENS, GIRL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THAT FIREPLACE?

UH...Y-YOU STARTLED ME, MRS. CARTER! I WAS JUST... JUST SCRAPING SOME CEMENT OFF THE ROCKS, CHET FILLED IN SOME CRACKS OVER THE WEEKEND... BUT DO COME IN... I CAN TEND TO THAT ANYTIME!



NOW IF I'M INTERRUPTING YOU, JUST DON'T HESITATE TO TELL ME! AND MARGE, DO CALL ME SALLY, AFTER ALL, MY DEAR, I AM YOUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR, EVEN IF WE'RE A QUARTER OF A MILE APART! IT'S LIKE I WAS SAYING TO SIDNEY THIS MORNING...

WON'T YOU HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE WITH ME, SALLY... THE KITCHEN IS A MESS! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!



I HAD TO GET ALONG WITH SALLY! WE WERE QUITE FAR FROM THE RAILROAD STATION, AND WITHOUT A CAR! HER HUSBAND, SIDNEY CARTER, TOOK CHET TO THE TRAIN EVERY MORNING! BUT SHE WAS AN AWFULLY GABBY OLD BORE! I THOUGHT SHE WOULD NEVER GO HOME...

NOT TIME FOR THE 12 O'CLOCK NEWS YET! OH, YOU WILL STAY AND HAVE LUNCH WITH ME?

LUNCH! GOOD GRACIOUS, LOOK AT THE TIME! I HAD NO IDEA... THANK YOU, DEAR, BUT I SIMPLY HAVE TO GET HOME AND PUT MY ROAST ON FOR DINNER!



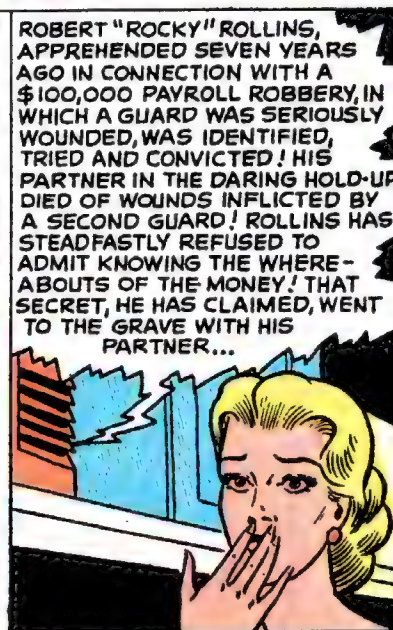
WITH ALL I HAVE TO DO TODAY, SIDNEY WILL BE LUCKY TO HAVE ANY DINNER AT ALL!

DO COME AGAIN... SOMETIME, SALLY!

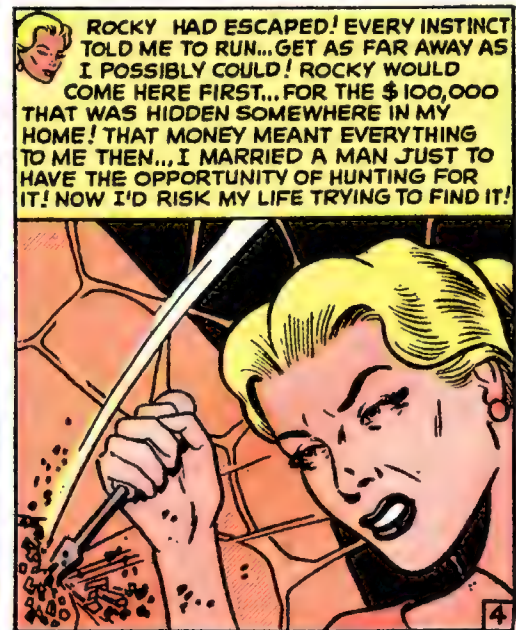


PHWEW, I THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER GO! NOW I CAN GET BACK TO...

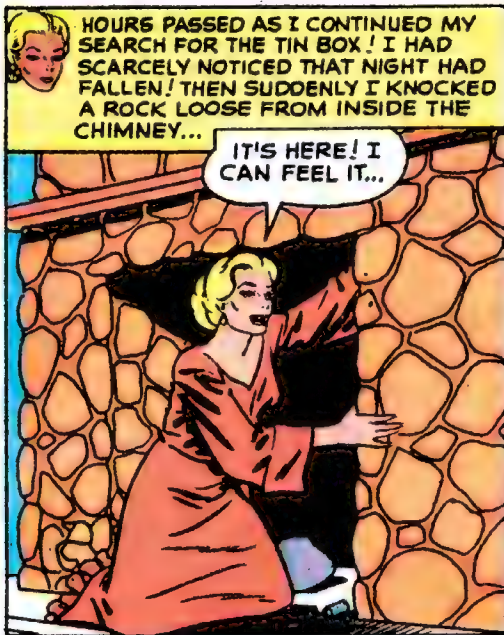
TIME FOR YOUR MIDDAY NEWS... A BULLETIN! A SIX-STATE ALARM HAS BEEN PUT OUT FOR A 15 TO 30 YEAR CONVICT WHO THIS MORNING ESCAPED FROM THE NEW YORK STATE PRISON FARM...



ROBERT "ROCKY" ROLLINS, APPREHENDED SEVEN YEARS AGO IN CONNECTION WITH A \$100,000 PAYROLL ROBBERY, IN WHICH A GUARD WAS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED, WAS IDENTIFIED, TRIED AND CONVICTED! HIS PARTNER IN THE DARING HOLD-UP, DIED OF WOUNDS INFLICTED BY A SECOND GUARD! ROLLINS HAS STEADFASTLY REFUSED TO ADMIT KNOWING THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MONEY! THAT SECRET, HE HAS CLAIMED, WENT TO THE GRAVE WITH HIS PARTNER...

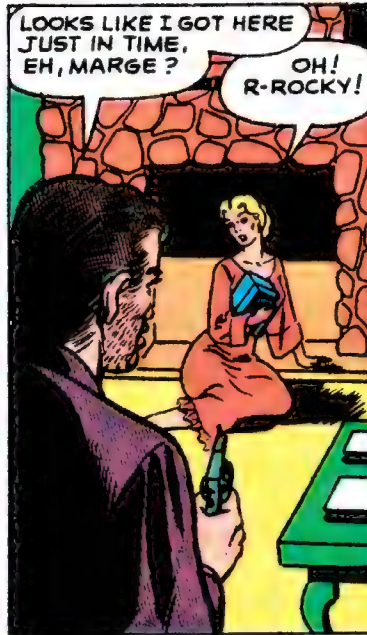


ROCKY HAD ESCAPED! EVERY INSTINCT TOLD ME TO RUN... GET AS FAR AWAY AS I POSSIBLY COULD! ROCKY WOULD COME HERE FIRST... FOR THE \$100,000 THAT WAS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN MY HOME! THAT MONEY MEANT EVERYTHING TO ME THEN... I MARRIED A MAN JUST TO HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF HUNTING FOR IT! NOW I'D RISK MY LIFE TRYING TO FIND IT!



HOURS PASSED AS I CONTINUED MY SEARCH FOR THE TIN BOX! I HAD SCARCELY NOTICED THAT NIGHT HAD FALLEN! THEN SUDDENLY I KNOCKED A ROCK LOOSE FROM INSIDE THE CHIMNEY...

IT'S HERE! I CAN FEEL IT...



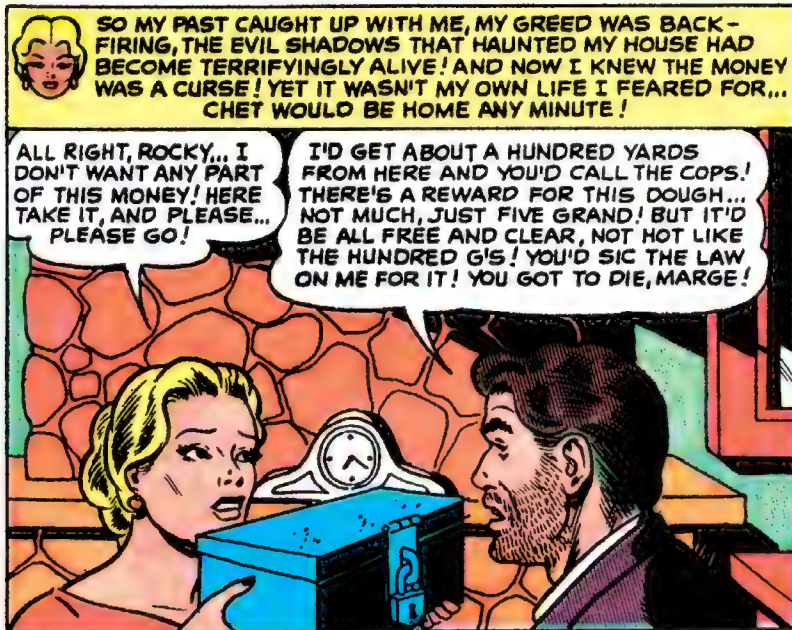
LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, EH, MARGE?

OH! R-ROCKY!



ROCKY... I-I HEARD YOU WERE OUT, SO I HURRIED UP HERE TO GET THE MONEY! I KNEW YOU... WE'D BE NEEDING IT...

YOU LYING, DOUBLE-CROSSING DAME! HOW'D YOU EVEN KNOW I CAME TO CONNECTICUT TO STASH THAT DOUGH? YOU TRAILED ME UP HERE, WATCHED ME GO INTO THIS PLACE! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE HUNTING FOR THAT BOX? YEAH, I'LL BE NEEDING IT, BUT I DON'T NEED YOU! I WOULDN'T TRUST YOU!



SO MY PAST CAUGHT UP WITH ME, MY GREED WAS BACK-FIRING, THE EVIL SHADOWS THAT HAUNTED MY HOUSE HAD BECOME TERRIFYINGLY ALIVE! AND NOW I KNEW THE MONEY WAS A CURSE! YET IT WASN'T MY OWN LIFE I FEARED FOR... CHET WOULD BE HOME ANY MINUTE!

ALL RIGHT, ROCKY... I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF THIS MONEY! HERE TAKE IT, AND PLEASE... PLEASE GO!

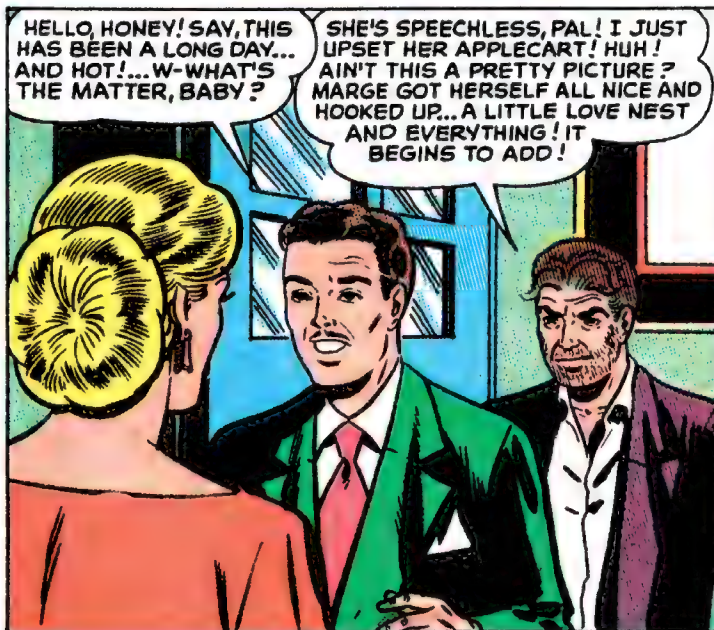
I'D GET ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS FROM HERE AND YOU'D CALL THE COPS! THERE'S A REWARD FOR THIS DOUGH... NOT MUCH, JUST FIVE GRAND! BUT IT'D BE ALL FREE AND CLEAR, NOT HOT LIKE THE HUNDRED G'S! YOU'D SIC THE LAW ON ME FOR IT! YOU GOT TO DIE, MARGE!



I HEARD A CAR SOME DISTANCE AWAY! THAT WOULD BE CHET! I ALMOST WANTED ROCKY TO SHOOT! I WAS ASHAMED... CHET WOULD KNOW EVERYTHING... ABOUT ROCKY AND ME, THEN ROCKY WOULD KILL US BOTH!

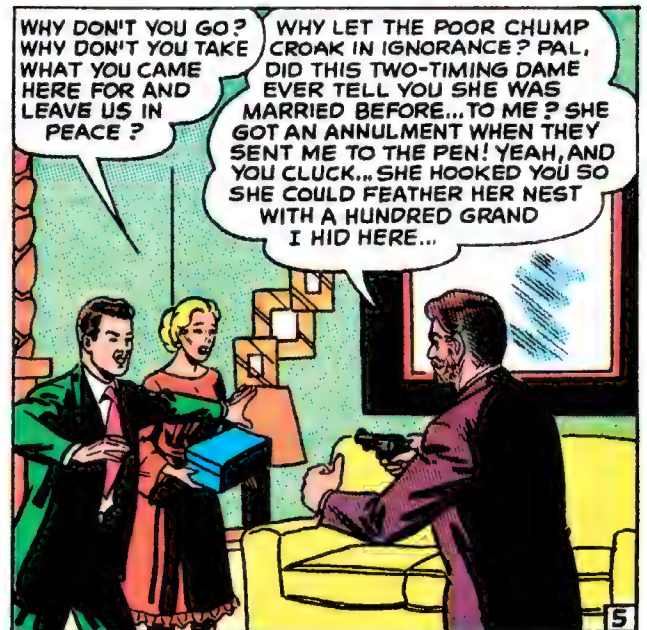
YOU CAN TURN EASIER HERE, SID, THANKS! I'LL HOOF IT THE REST OF THE WAY! GOOD-NIGHT!

G'NIGHT, CHET! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!



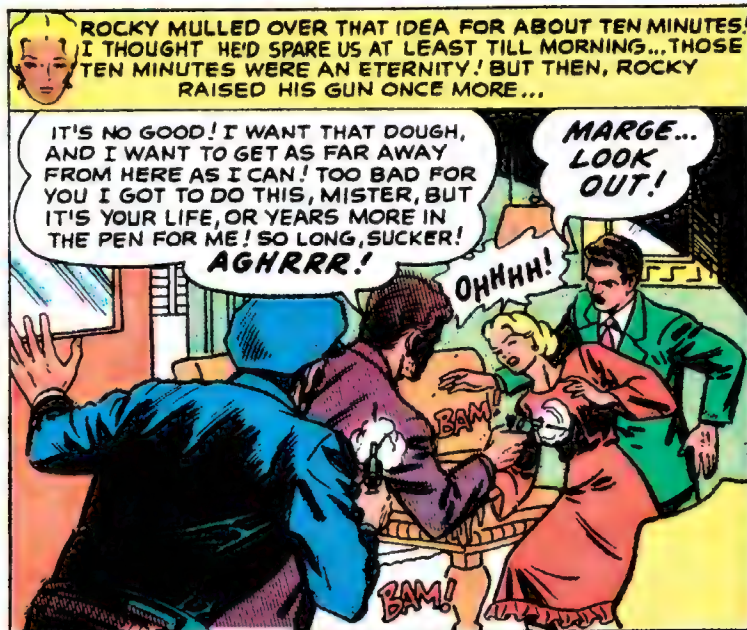
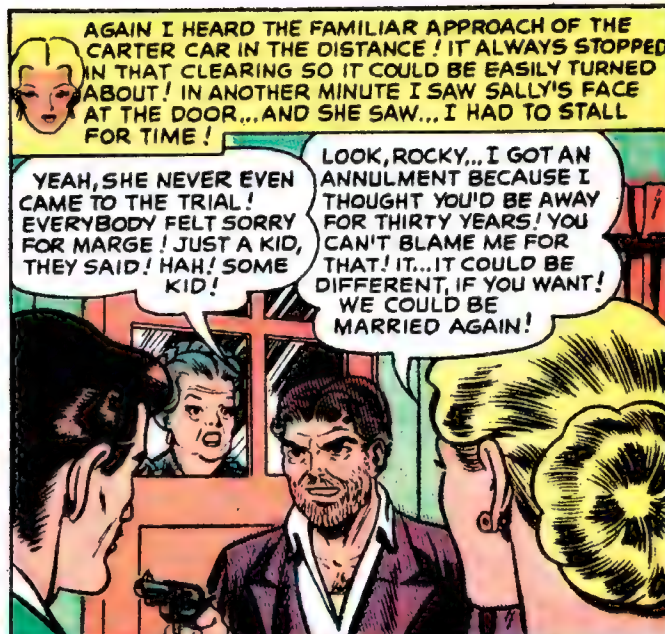
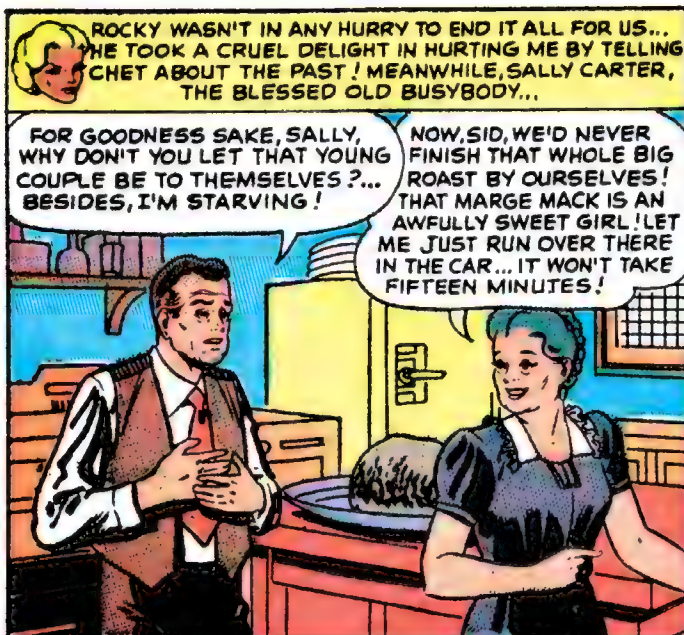
HELLO, HONEY! SAY, THIS HAS BEEN A LONG DAY... AND HOT!... W-WHAT'S THE MATTER, BABY?

SHE'S SPEECHLESS, PAL! I JUST UPSET HER APPLE CART! HUH! AIN'T THIS A PRETTY PICTURE? MARGE GOT HERSELF ALL NICE AND HOOKED UP... A LITTLE LOVE NEST AND EVERYTHING! IT BEGINS TO ADD!



WHY DON'T YOU GO? WHY DON'T YOU TAKE WHAT YOU CAME HERE FOR AND LEAVE US IN PEACE?

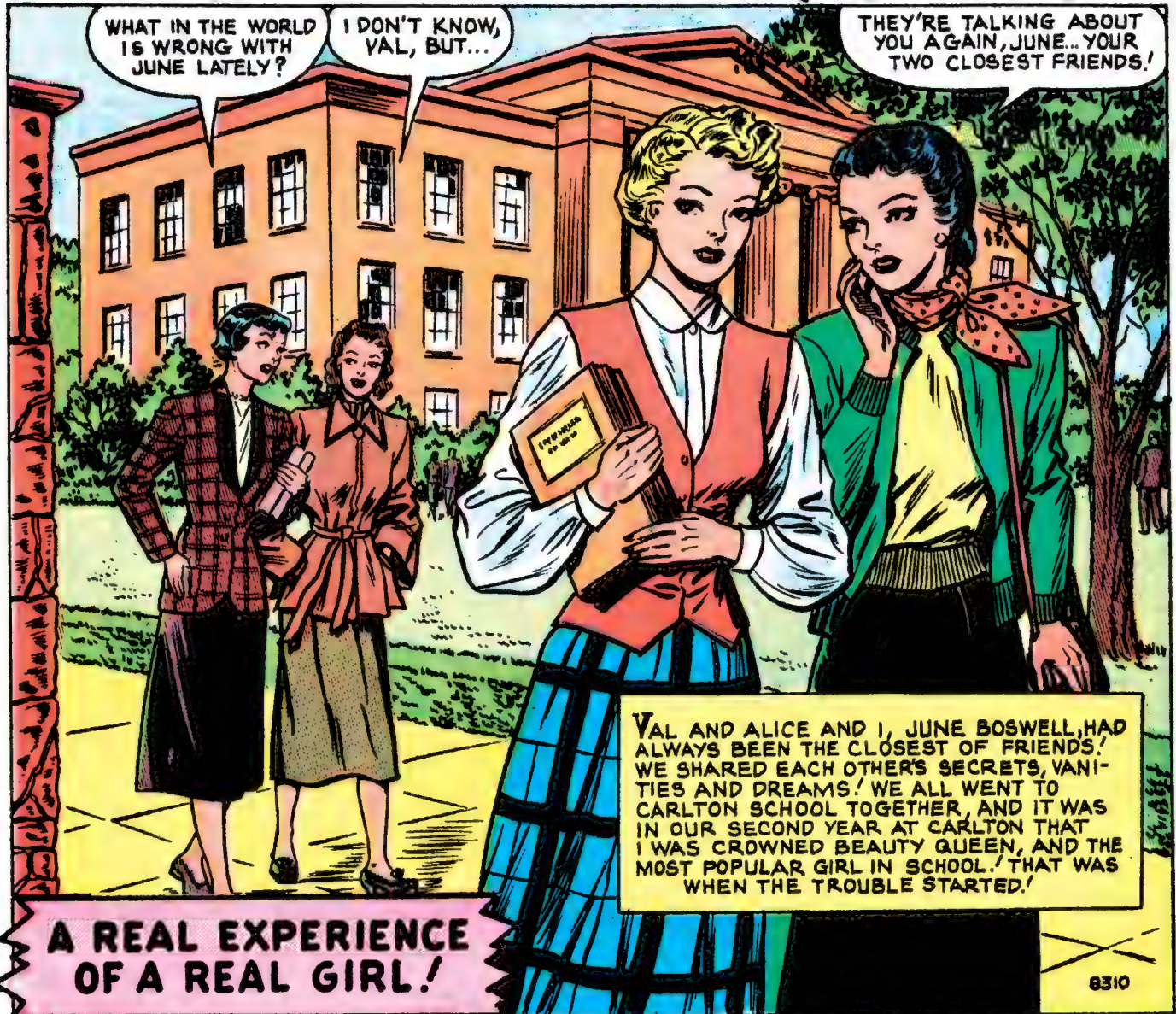
WHY LET THE POOR CHUMP CROAK IN IGNORANCE? PAL, DID THIS TWO-TIMING DAME EVER TELL YOU SHE WAS MARRIED BEFORE... TO ME? SHE GOT AN ANNULMENT WHEN THEY SENT ME TO THE PEN! YEAH, AND YOU CLUCK... SHE HOOKED YOU SO SHE COULD FEATHER HER NEST WITH A HUNDRED GRAND I HID HERE...



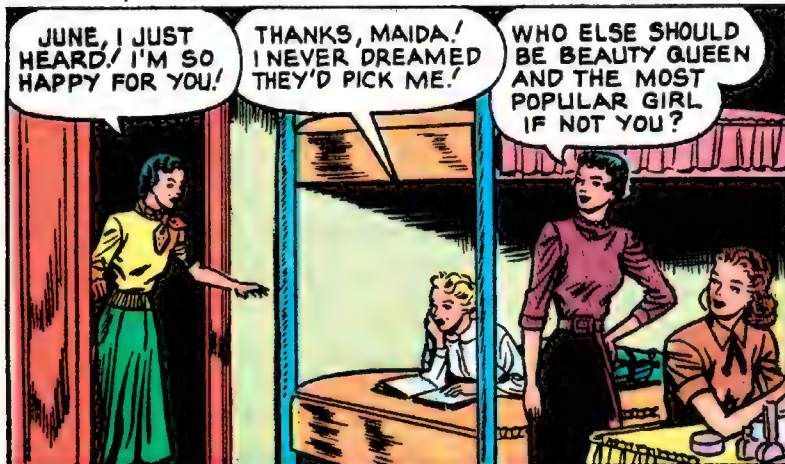
SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

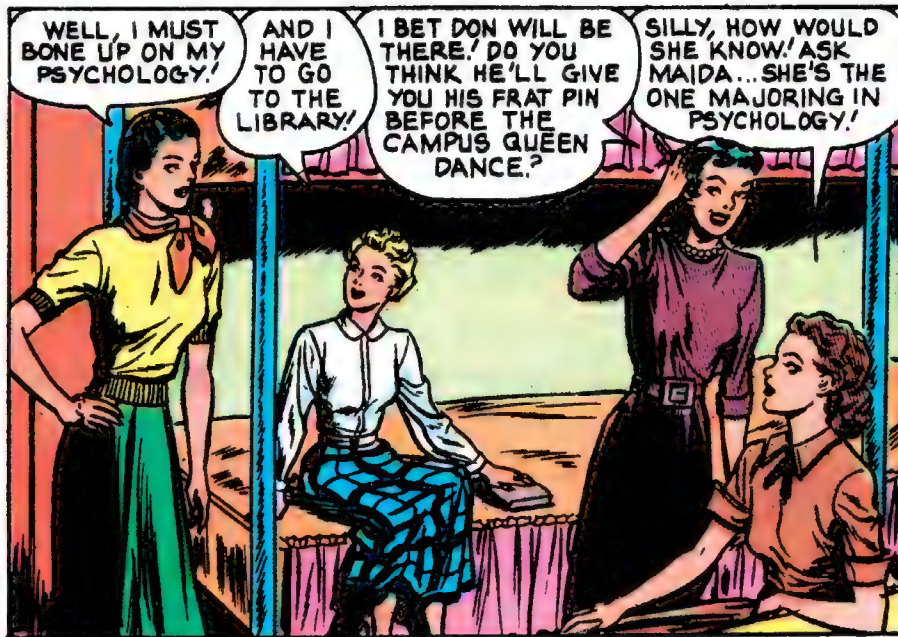
GIRL COMICS SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 17

ONE IS GUILTY



THERE WERE FOUR OF US IN EACH DORMITORY ROOM AT CARLTON... MYSELF, VAL, ALICE, AND MAIDA, WHO WAS A SWEET, INTELLIGENT GIRL FROM A GOOD FAMILY!





I HURRIED TO THE LIBRARY! YES, I HOPED DON WOULD BE THERE! HE WAS THE CAPTAIN OF OUR FOOTBALL TEAM, AND I HAD QUITE A CRUSH ON HIM!



I WAS BROWSING THROUGH THE SHELVES WHEN I HEARD MY NAME WHISPERED!



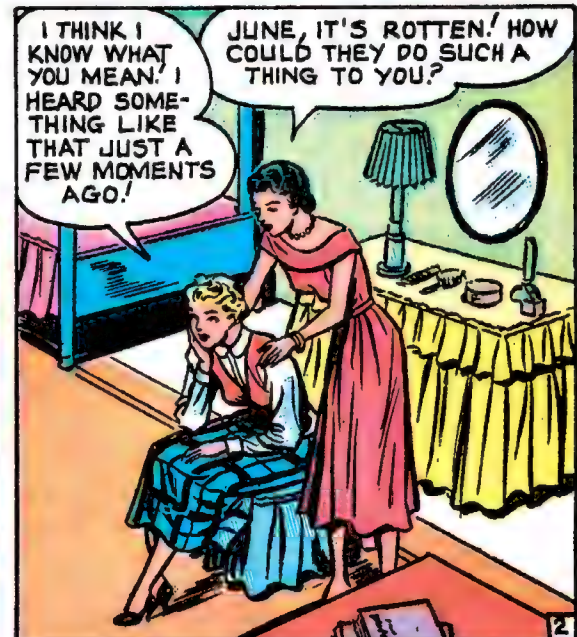
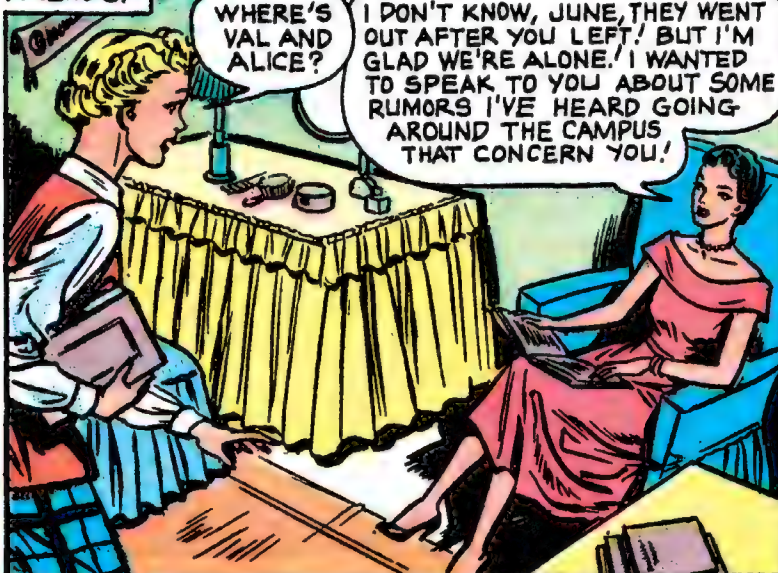
I HEARD THAT SHE ISN'T AS SWEET AS SHE SEEMS... THAT SHE HAS A VICIOUS TEMPER, AND THAT'S WHY HER PARENTS SENT HER AWAY TO SCHOOL, TO GET RID OF HER! AND THEY SAY THE LANGUAGE SHE USES...



WHERE COULD THEY HAVE HEARD SUCH LIES? IT'S RIDICULOUS!

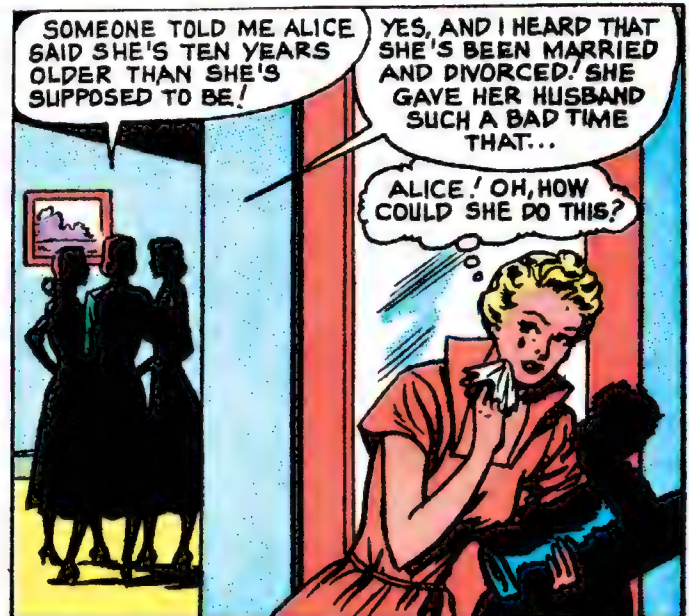
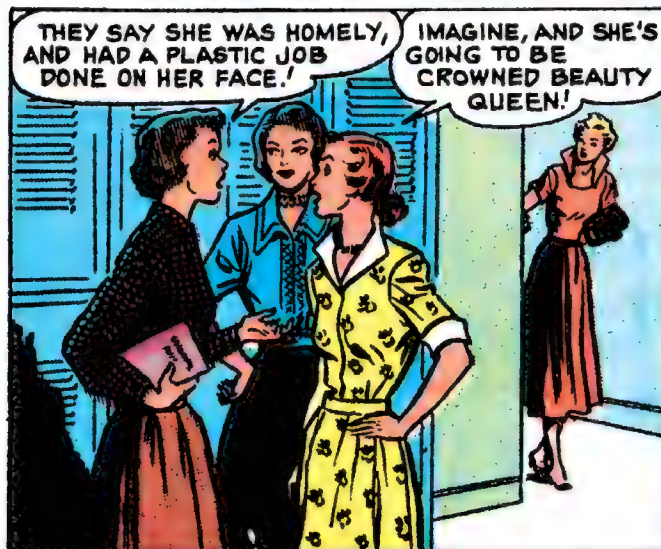


I HURRIED BACK TO MY ROOM... I WANTED TO BE WITH MY FRIENDS!



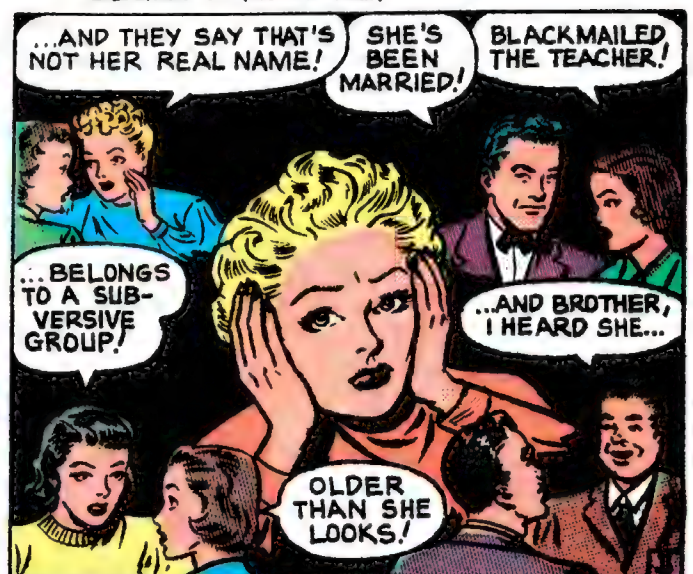
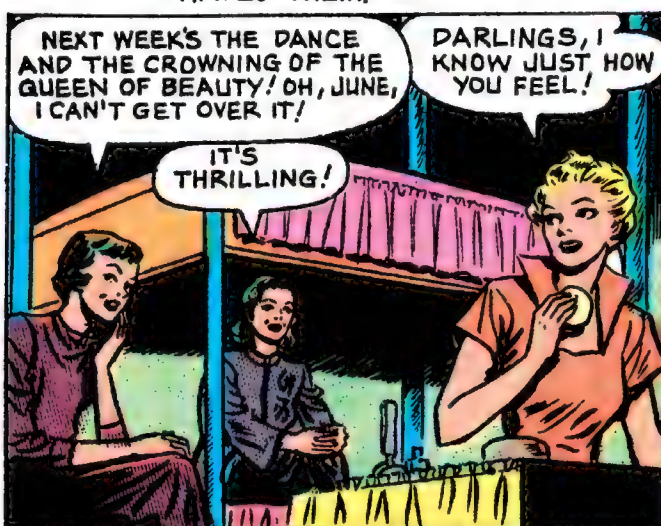


NO, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT... NOT VAL AND ALICE... BUT MEANWHILE THE RUMORS GREW!



I WENT TO MY ROOM AND LAUGHED WITH ALICE AND VAL! I PRETENDED I HADN'T HEARD THE RUMORS! I CALLED THEM DARLING... BUT I HATED THEM!

AS THE RUMORS SPREAD, GIRLS AND FELLOWS BEGAN TO AVOID ME!

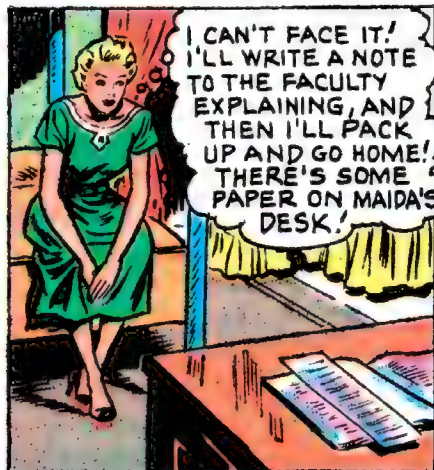




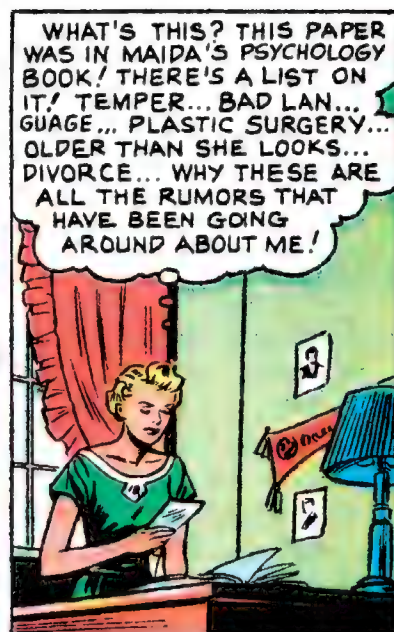
DARLING, I'M GOING OUT AND SEE WHAT'S UP! I HEARD A GROUP OF STUDENTS ARE GOING TO LODGE A PROTEST AGAINST HAVING YOU BEAUTY QUEEN! HOW COULD VAL AND ALICE DO SUCH A DREADFUL THING?

I HATE THEM! MAIDA, YOU MUST HELP ME YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TURN TO!

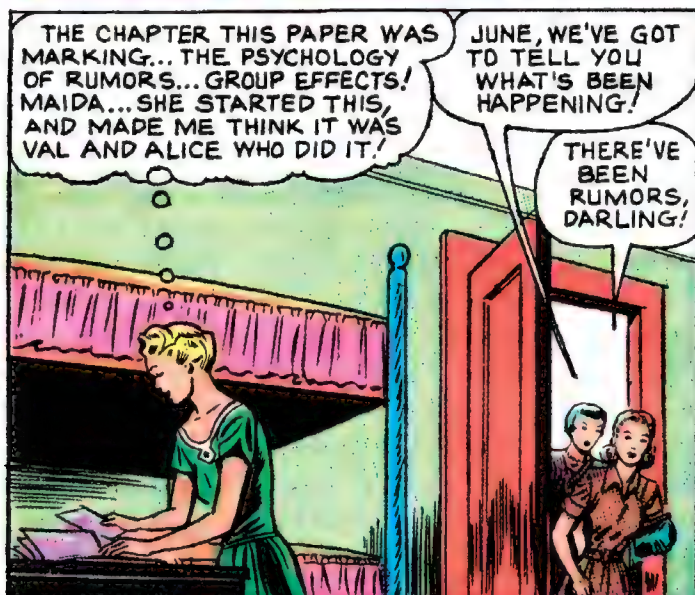
AFTER MAIDA LEFT, I SAT THINKING! I COULDN'T FACE WHAT I KNEW WAS COMING, AND IT WOULD BE USELESS FOR ME TO SQUELCH THE TORRENT OF UGLY TALES MYSELF!



I CAN'T FACE IT! I'LL WRITE A NOTE TO THE FACULTY EXPLAINING, AND THEN I'LL PACK UP AND GO HOME! THERE'S SOME PAPER ON MAIDA'S DESK!



WHAT'S THIS? THIS PAPER WAS IN MAIDA'S PSYCHOLOGY BOOK! THERE'S A LIST ON IT! TEMPER... BAD LANGUAGE... PLASTIC SURGERY... OLDER THAN SHE LOOKS... DIVORCE... WHY THESE ARE ALL THE RUMORS THAT HAVE BEEN GOING AROUND ABOUT ME!



THE CHAPTER THIS PAPER WAS MARKING... THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RUMORS... GROUP EFFECTS! MAIDA... SHE STARTED THIS, AND MADE ME THINK IT WAS VAL AND ALICE WHO DID IT!

JUNE, WE'VE GOT TO TELL YOU WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING!

THERE'VE BEEN RUMORS, DARLING!



DARLINGS, I KNOW WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING, AND I KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT... AND TO THINK I SUSPECTED YOU TWO, MY DEAREST FRIENDS!

SUSPECTED US! WHY, JUNIE?

NEVER MIND THAT... TELL US WHO IT IS, JUNE!

I TOLD THEM, AND WHEN MAIDA RETURNED WE WERE WAITING FOR HER, AND I ACCUSED HER TO HER DECEITFUL FACE!



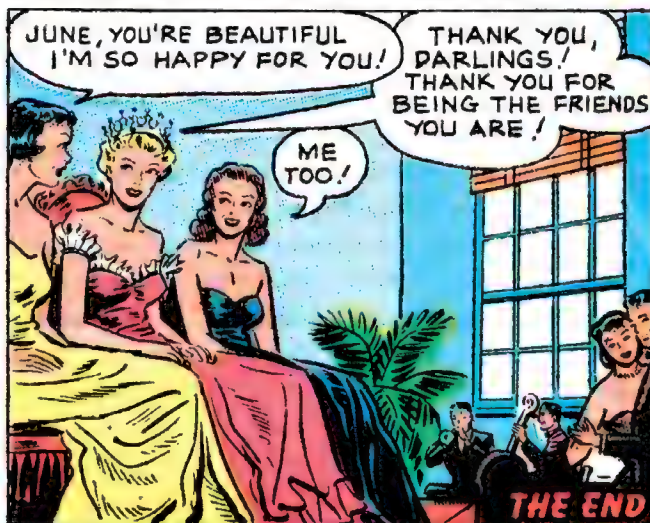
YES, I DID IT... YOU FORGET THAT I WAS RUNNER-UP FOR BEAUTY QUEEN AND IN THE POPULARITY POLL! I HATE YOU FOR BEATING ME!

WELL NOW YOU'RE GOING TO UNDO IT, YOU WITCH!

YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE DOWN THE WHOLE THING!

AND IT WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE SCHOOL PAPER!

SO I WAS CROWNED BEAUTY QUEEN, AND MY MAIDS OF HONOR WERE MY CLOSEST FRIENDS, VAL AND ALICE... AFTER THE TRUTH CAME OUT MAIDA HAD PACKED AND GONE... AND I BECAME EVEN MORE POPULAR THAN BEFORE!



JUNE, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU!

THANK YOU, DARLINGS! THANK YOU FOR BEING THE FRIENDS YOU ARE!

ME TOO!

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 17

"THE PHONY RUBIES"

IT was a last minute assignment, covering the Van Sweldt ball. The society editor was sick in bed, and that's why, I, Milly Borden, sob sister on the Herald, spent the afternoon at the hairdresser, and shopping for an evening gown. (I figured that maybe I could put the latter on my expense account, if I got a story out of the affair.) *

Of course, the big story was the jewels that were to be worn that night. For this was "the" event of the social season, the big finale of the winter, with the tiaras, bracelets, necklaces, etc., on display for the last time, before being taken to Palm Beach, Nassau and Bermuda by their owners. But to see the world famous Van Sweldt Rubies was worth the price of admission alone. I was on the lookout for anything that might make a story, in addition to reporting the fashions and jewels worn by New York's most celebrated society women. As I crossed the entrance hall towards the ballroom, my practised eye picked out private detectives everywhere.

Johnny Graham and I saw each other simultaneously. Johnny, my old boy friend, formerly ace financial reporter for the Herald, was now a successful Wall Street broker. His face lit up as he started towards me, arms extended, and, before I knew it, I was being crushed in that old familiar bear hug, that always left me weak and limp! Then I heard a distant voice

saying, "Milly, my sweet, what are you doing at a shindig like this?"

I broke out of his embrace, and, holding him at arm's length, said, "Johnny Graham, you brute, what's the idea of mussing up my brand new evening gown? It's the first time I've worn it, and here you are, trying your best to make it look like a rag!" Smoothing down the gown, and at the same time my ruffled feelings, I asked, "Anything going on here that I can write home about?"

"Tell you what, Milly, I'll take you to the fount of all information, I'll introduce you to Mrs. Van Sweldt," and, grabbing my arm, he led me into the ballroom. At the far end of the tremendous room stood a magnificent grey-haired woman, her hair, neck and wrists ablaze with the Van Sweldt Rubies. Even at that distance, the gems seemed to gleam and throw off sparks, as she moved.

She was standing in the midst of a small group, in animated conversation, as we approached. Hard-bitten newspaper woman that I was, I must admit it was a thrill to meet one who, for more than two generations, had been a noted International society leader! She looked the part, too, for even in her late sixties, she was a regal-looking woman, still a foremost celebrity on two continents! And then Johnny was saying, "Mrs. Van Sweldt, may I present an old friend, Miss Milly Borden, of

the Herald?" I took her outstretched hand and murmured, "It is a wonderful ball, and your jewels are magnificent!"

At that moment, he hands reached for her necklace. It seemed like a casual, half involuntary movement, and then she was thanking me. After a few words, as she turned to acknowledge greetings from another direction, Johnny and I made our way to chairs nearby. We sat down, and he turned to me, saying reflectively, "Wonder why she reached for her necklace when you mentioned her jewels?"

"I don't know," I replied, "but you must have been reading my mind. I was just thinking about that, too!"

We were sitting at an angle from our hostess, and for a few minutes we watched her, without talking. There it was, every minute or so, she would reach up and feel her necklace! It was as though, while she knew it was there, she was impelled to touch it—for some reason! Johnny had been watching her carefully for some time. Suddenly he stood up, looked down at me and said, "Milly, I've never seen her act like this before. Something's wrong, and I'm going to find out what it is! If there's a story, you'll get it. But I've got to be careful—I'm a junior partner in the old man's firm! Wonder where he's been all night?" He got up and walked to Mrs. Van Sweldt.

I could see her smile as

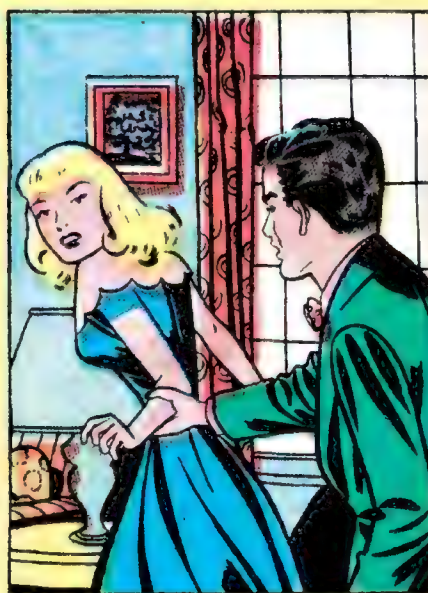
Johnny reached her, and, after a short conversation, was amazed when he motioned for me to join them. Walking towards them, I noticed that she was under a strain, and I silently applauded her acting! It was as though she was on stage, and that this whole affair was a play, being acted out! Smiling at me, she said, "Miss Borden, would you be kind enough to join Johnny and me in the library?" Making her excuses to several people nearby, she walked away, between us.

In that quiet, beautifully, panelled room, she motioned us to a couch before the fire, taking a chair opposite us. She leaned back for a moment, then began to talk in a low, cultured voice. As I listened, I did not know whether to rush for my typewriter, or look for my program, to make sure I was not in the theatre.

"As you know, Johnny," she began, "We keep the Van Sweldt Rubies in a safe deposit vault. At affairs such as these, I realize that I am on exhibition, and that the rubies are the main attraction. Generally, my husband picks them up on the afternoon of the day I am to wear them. This afternoon, when he called at the vault, one of the necklaces was missing! You see," she went on with a wry smile, "There are two sets, the genuine, and an imitation. Unfortunately, it was the genuine necklace that was missing! The vault people showed him a receipt, with a signature exactly like his! They insisted he had called for the rubies yesterday! But he has not been near there for three weeks! We are very careful about such things. This collection is priceless, a family heirloom, and no amount of insurance money could repay us for

the loss of any part of it! Also in the vault, was a typewritten note saying that we could have the necklace back, for one hundred thousand dollars, in cash, to be ready before midnight, and that the writer would be in touch with us!"

"My husband brought home the imitation necklace, together with the genuine tiara and bracelets. You see, the show had to go on, and my guests had to see something. Perhaps that is why I seemed so fidgety and nervous, and kept on feeling the necklace," she said, a smile playing about her deep set eyes.



"That is why you have not seen my husband this evening. He is trying to raise the money, but it is practically impossible at this time of night! The police are on trail of . . ."

"I wouldn't talk any more Alicia, if I were you. You have already taken too many people into your confidence," interrupted a strange voice.

We all turned to the window, from where the voice had come. It sounded like Mr. Van Sweldt, and looked like the well known financier. He stepped from behind the drapes, onto a long, narrow Persian rug. He waved

the gun at Johnny, as the latter took a step towards him. "You will all be seated, just as you were. Please call my brother on the inter-room telephone, and ask him to join us. Thank you! I would like to know what progress is being made about the money!"

The door opened, and Henry Van Sweldt, twin brother of the man standing before us, entered. The twins faced each other! "What are you doing here, Marlin? How did you get . . . ? Oh! he subsided, "Well, my dear brother, have you raised the cash? It is getting late, and if you do not have it, by midnight, I shall have to dispose of Alicia's necklace to a dealer. That means, he will have to cut it up. And that would be a shame! I have a man waiting for me in Paris, so if you haven't the money, I shall fly to France in the morning!"

All at once, I saw it! The man was mad! Only a madman would have dared impersonate his brother, and then, with the police of two states looking for him, come to his brother's house! While I was watching him, Johnny dropped a pack of cigarettes. Stooping to pick them up, he yanked at the rug on which Marlin was standing and leaped at him, as he went down! In five minutes it was all over, and Marlin was in custody. Ten minutes later, Mr. and Mrs. Van Sweldt were in the ballroom, she was wearing the genuine ruby necklace. Yes, the show had to go on—her guests were none the wiser, Marlin was already on his way back to his nursing home, and Johnny and I sat on the couch—looking at each other!

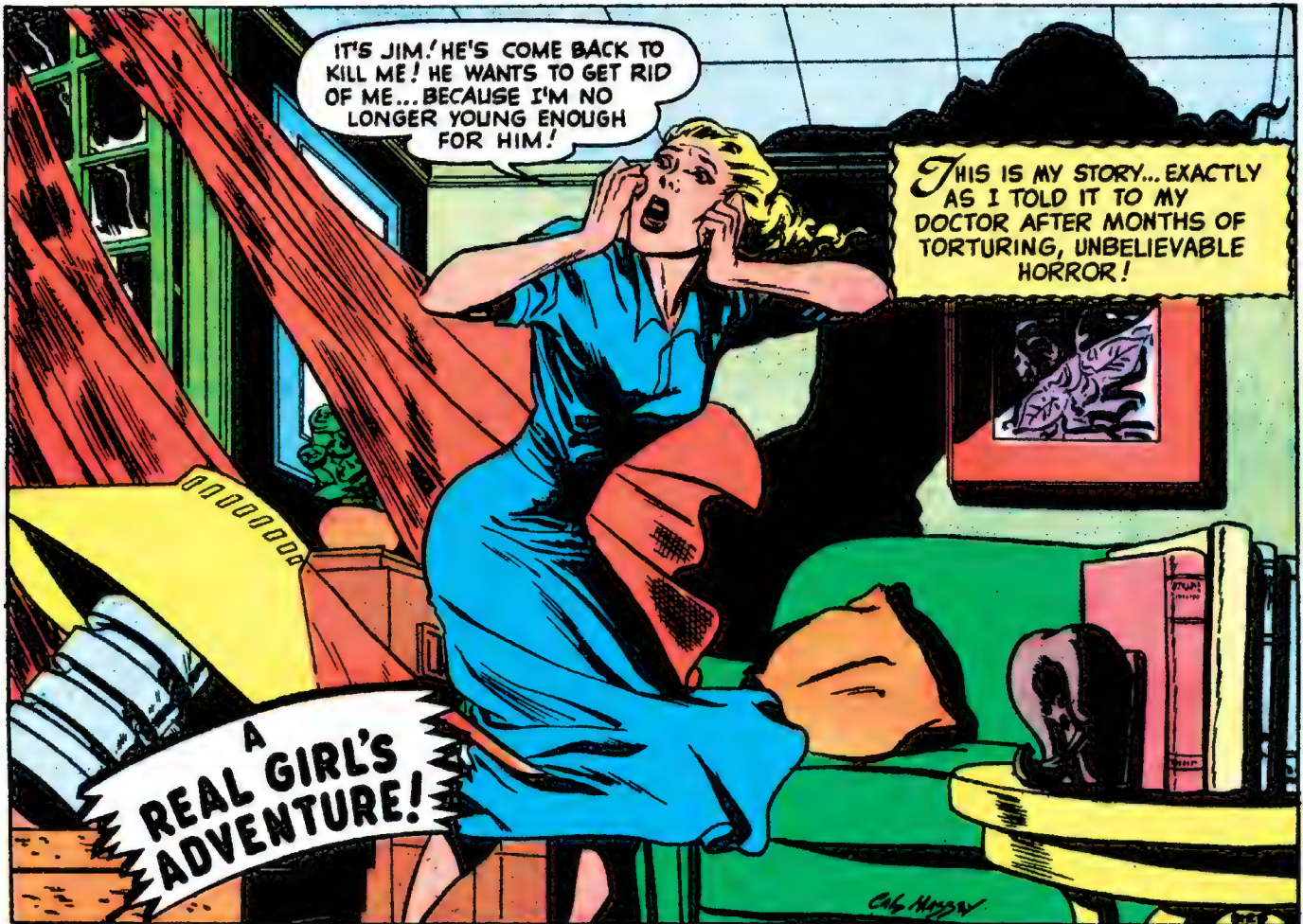
"Not much of a story, eh Milly? That is if you don't want to hurt two grand people!"

THE END

8285

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A GIRL FEELS THAT HER LIFE, HER YOUTH, HER BEAUTY ARE ALL BEHIND HER, DEAD IN THE PAST? -- AND WHEN FEAR -- DEADLY -- SOUL-SEARING PANIC TAKES THE PLACE OF LOVE? HERE IS THE ANSWER TO ONE GIRL'S STORY -- THE STORY OF ...

BLACK-OUT!



IT CAME AT LAST--THE DAY I HAD ALWAYS DREADED! I LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR AND SAW THAT I WAS NO LONGER YOUNG!

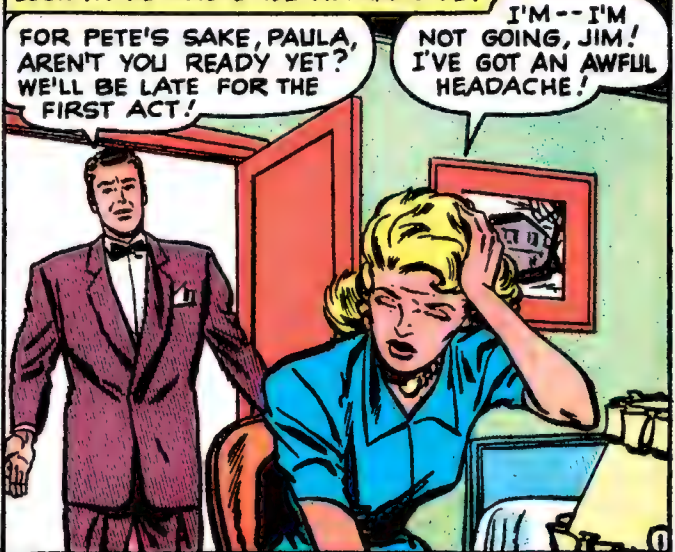
HOW COULD IT HAVE HAPPENED SO QUICKLY? THOSE LINES ON MY FACE--THAT TIRED LOOK! PAULA BARRING, YOU'RE OLD--OLD!



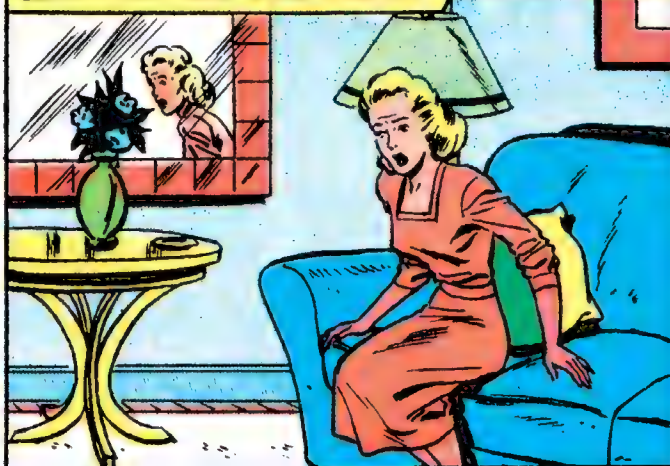
WOMEN, I HAD ALWAYS KNOWN, AGED FASTER THAN MEN! TAKE MY HUSBAND FOR INSTANCE! JIM WAS A COUPLE OF YEARS OLDER THAN ME, BUT HE DIDN'T LOOK IT! HE WAS STILL ATTRACTIVE!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, PAULA, AREN'T YOU READY YET? WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE FIRST ACT!

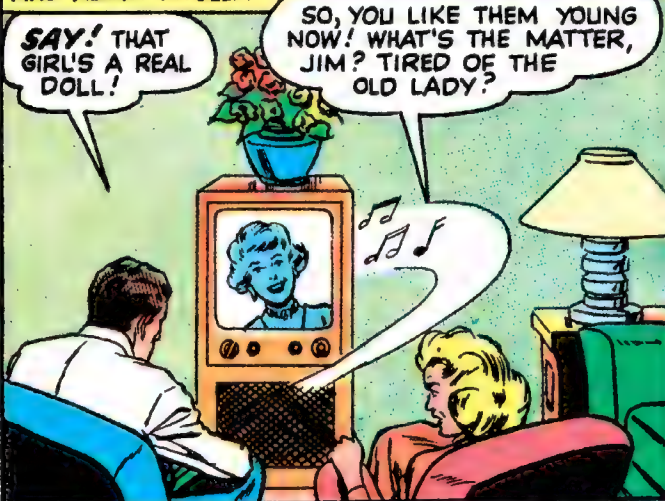
I'M -- I'M NOT GOING, JIM! I'VE GOT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!



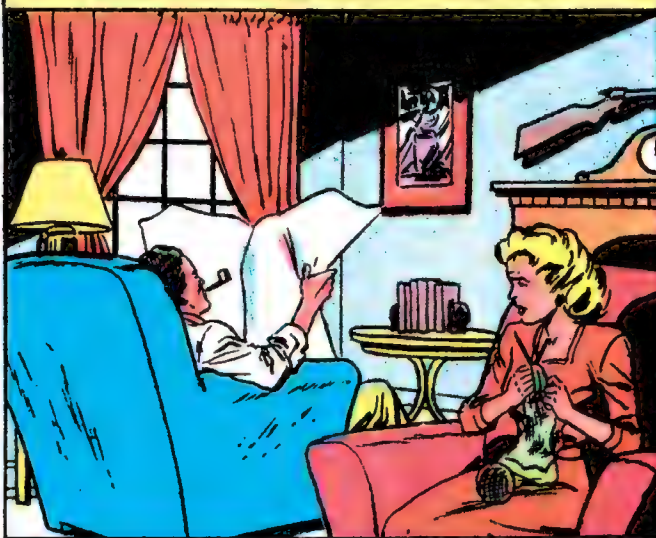
THAT WAS THE BEGINNING! I DIDN'T WANT TO GO OUT-- NOT EVER AGAIN! I HAD ALWAYS BEEN GLAMOROUS, THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION! I DIDN'T WANT PEOPLE TO POINT ME OUT AS OLD! I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO FEEL SORRY FOR ME AND MY LOST LOOKS! SO I ISOLATED MYSELF FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD, DREAMING OF A BEAUTY THAT WAS GONE FOREVER!



SO THE DAYS PASSED, SLOWLY, MONOTONOUSLY! JIM AND I HAD LITTLE TO SAY TO EACH OTHER ANY MORE, OUTSIDE OF ROUTINE TALK! I BEGAN TO GET HEADACHES, *REAL* HEADACHES, AND I WORRIED MORE AND MORE ABOUT JIM... AND ABOUT MYSELF!



JIM FELT NO PITY FOR ME! I COULD TELL THAT! LATELY HE HAD BECOME LESS AFFECTIONATE! I DIDN'T BLAME HIM! WHY SHOULD A HANDSOME MAN LIKE JIM STILL LOVE A DRAB WOMAN LIKE ME?

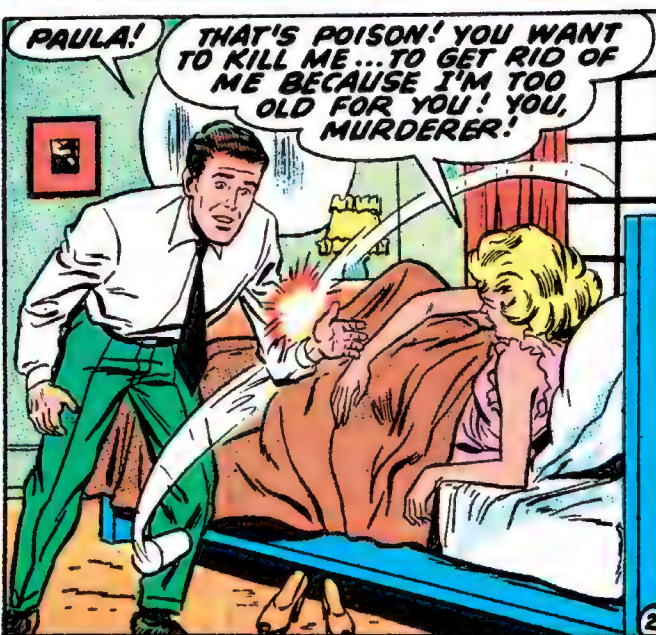


FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? CAN'T I EVEN SAY A GIRL IS CUTE WITHOUT YOU THINKING THAT I...

NEVER MIND, JIM! DON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN! I *DO* LOOK OLD, AND YOU'RE ASHAMED OF ME!



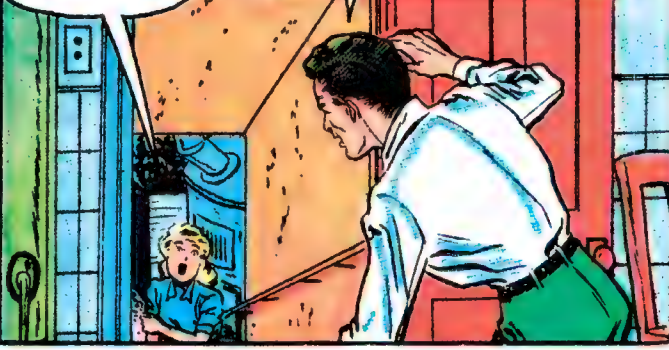
JIM TRIED TO CALM ME DOWN, BUT HE COULDN'T FOOL *ME*! HE WANTED TO THROW ME OFF THE TRACK... TO KEEP ME FROM KNOWING WHAT HE REALLY THOUGHT OF ME! BUT I KNEW! I KNEW HE WAS SICK AND TIRED OF ME... THAT HE WANTED TO GET RID OF ME...



I WASN'T FOOLING MYSELF! I MEANT EVERY WORD OF IT! JIM WAS TRYING TO KILL ME! EVERYTHING POINTED TO IT... ALTHOUGH HE TRIED TO MAKE IT ALL SEEM LIKE AN ACCIDENT! LIKE THAT TIME WHEN THE TOP STEP OF THE CELLAR STAIRS SPLIT AND I FELL AND BROKE MY ARM...

YOU DID IT! YOU FIXED THE STEP SO IT WOULD BREAK! YOU WANTED TO KILL ME!

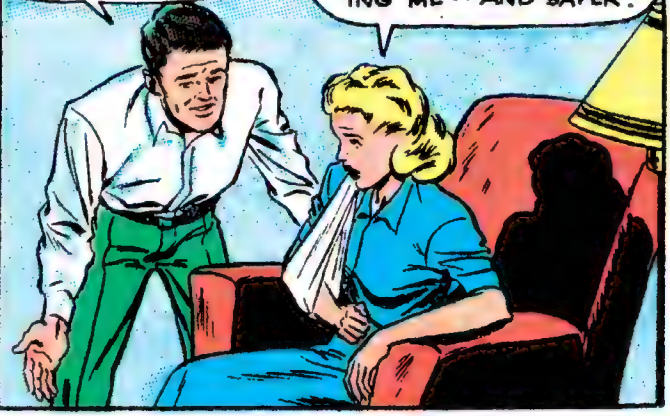
I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU THINK SUCH TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME, PAULA! TRY TO TAKE IT EASY NOW AND I'LL GET DR. SANDS TO LOOK AT THAT ARM!



WHEN KILLING ME FAILED, HE TRIED SOMETHING ELSE... WORSE, EVEN THAN MURDER!

PAULA, THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN ACTING LATELY--UPSET, HYSTERICAL--DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO VISIT A PSYCHIATRIST?

OH! NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME I'M CRAZY! YOU WANT TO HAVE ME PUT AWAY, EH? YOU FIGURE YOU'LL GET RID OF ME **THAT** WAY! IT'S BETTER THAN KILLING ME--AND SAFER!



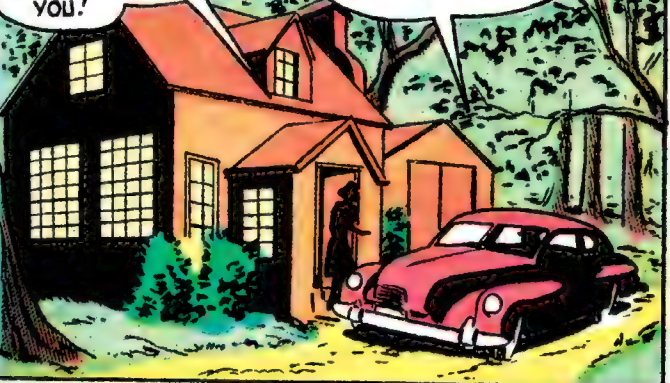
I HAD TO BE CAREFUL--VERY CAREFUL! MY HUSBAND WAS MY ENEMY! HE HATED ME! HE WANTED TO KILL ME! I WATCHED HIM EVERY MOMENT--AND I COULD SEE THE HATE IN HIS EYES, THE HATE THAT TOLD ME HOW MUCH HE WANTED TO GET RID OF ME!



AT FIRST I WAS GLAD THAT WE LIVED OUT IN THE COUNTRY! THERE NO ONE COULD SEE ME! NO ONE COULD SEE HOW OLD LOOKING I'D BECOME! BUT NOW I WAS AFRAID! BECAUSE IN CASE OF--ANYTHING--THERE WAS NO ONE TO HELP ME!

I WANT TO MOVE BACK TO TOWN! DO YOU HEAR? I'M AFRAID HERE, ALONE WITH--YOU!

BE REASONABLE, DEAR! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU! IT'S ALL IN YOUR IMAGINATION!



"MY IMAGINATION!" WAS IT MY IMAGINATION WHEN HE CALLED ME FROM TOWN TO TELL ME HE COULDN'T COME HOME THAT NIGHT?

IT'S THE STORM, PAULA! ALL THE ROADS ARE WASHED AWAY! WILL YOU BE ALL RIGHT BY YOURSELF, DEAR?

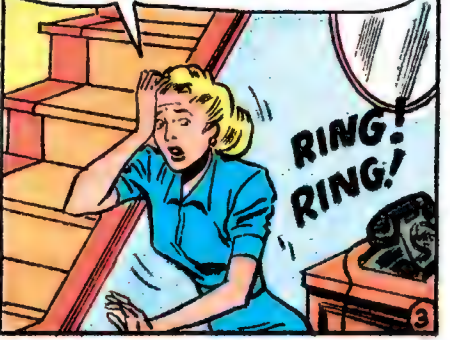


IT'S A TRICK! YOU'RE PLANNING SOMETHING! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME AND FIX IT SO IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE DID IT!

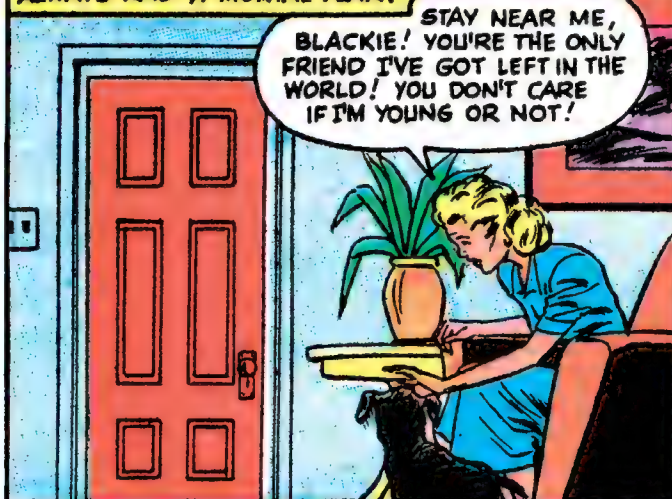


I HUNG UP, MY SOUL AND MIND IN A PANIC! THE PHONE RANG, AND I LET IT RING! OUTSIDE THE STORM RAGED IN A FURIOUS TEMPEST, BUT IT WAS NOTHING LIKE THE STORM IN MY MIND!

THIS IS THE END! I KNOW IT! JIM'S PLANNED SOMETHING TERRIBLE! HE'S ARRANGED TO HAVE ME KILLED! I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL! I CAN'T LET HIM DO THIS TO ME! I CAN'T! I CAN'T!

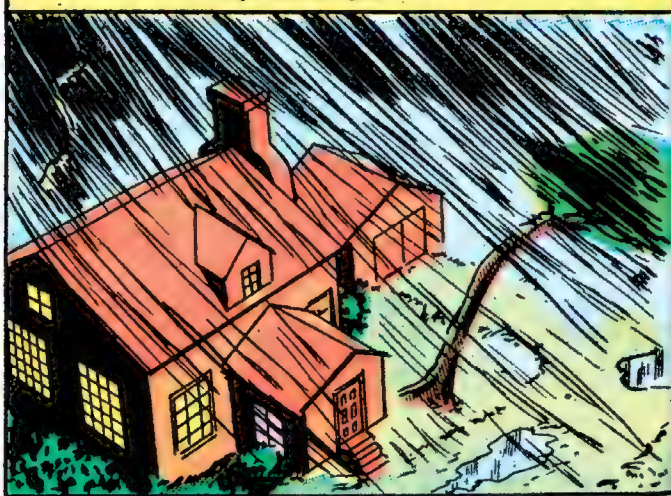


I CALMED DOWN AND TOOK STOCK OF THINGS! ALL I HAD FOR PROTECTION WERE THE PHONE, THAT I COULD USE TO CALL FOR HELP, MY LITTLE DOG BLACKIE, WHO WAS A GOOD WATCHDOG AND WOULD WARN ME IF ANYONE TRIED TO GET IN -- AND JIM'S SHOTGUN, OF WHICH I HAD ALWAYS HAD A MORTAL FEAR!

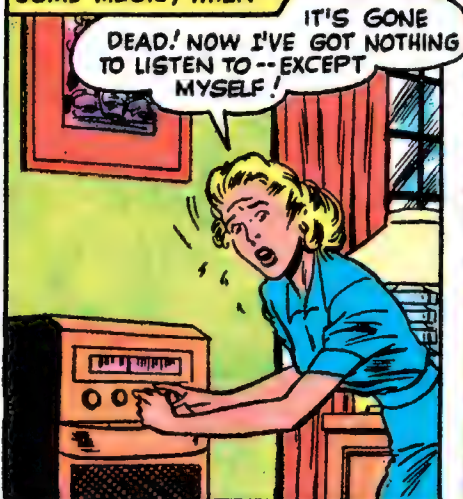


STAY NEAR ME, BLACKIE! YOU'RE THE ONLY FRIEND I'VE GOT LEFT IN THE WORLD! YOU DON'T CARE IF I'M YOUNG OR NOT!

YOU MUST REMEMBER THE NIGHT OF THAT STORM! IT WAS THE WORST IN THE HISTORY OF THE EAST! THE HEAVY GALE KNOCKED DOWN TREES, WHIPPED EVERYTHING INTO A FRENZY! AND I WAS ALONE IN THAT STORM -- ALONE WITH MY FEARS -- AND THE THREAT OF MURDER!



I HAD THE RADIO GOING! AT LEAST THAT HELPED TO DIVERT ME, TO KEEP MY MIND FROM BREAKING DOWN COMPLETELY! I WAS LISTENING TO SOME MUSIC, WHEN --



IT'S GONE DEAD! NOW I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LISTEN TO -- EXCEPT MYSELF!

SO I SAT BACK AND WAITED...FOR WHAT? BLACKIE, SENSING MY PANIC, STAYED CLOSE TO ME! THEN...THE WINDOW BLEW OPEN AND THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!



EEEEH!

WAIT...I MUSTN'T LOSE MY HEAD AND GET FRIGHTENED! THE STORM COULD HAVE CAUSED THAT... BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN PART OF JIM'S PLAN!



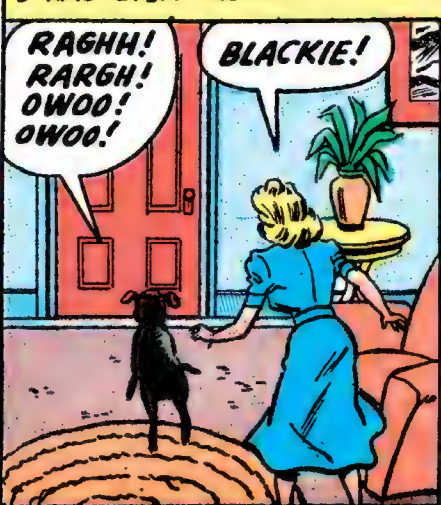
WE SAT IN THE DARK WHILE THE STORM RAGED OUTSIDE! I COULD HEAR THE TREES CREAKING IN THE HEAVY WIND! THE GALE GOT WORSE! THEN -- BLACKIE STARTED TO WHIMPER -- IN FEAR!



GRRR! GRRR!

WHAT IS IT, BLACKIE? IS -- IS SOMEONE -- OUTSIDE?

THEN HE STOOD UP, FACING THE DOOR, AND BARKED SAVAGELY IN A FEROCIOUS FRENZY THAT BROUGHT ON THE PANIC OF FEAR WORSE THAN I HAD EVER KNOWN IT!



RAGHH! RARGH! OWOO! OWOO!

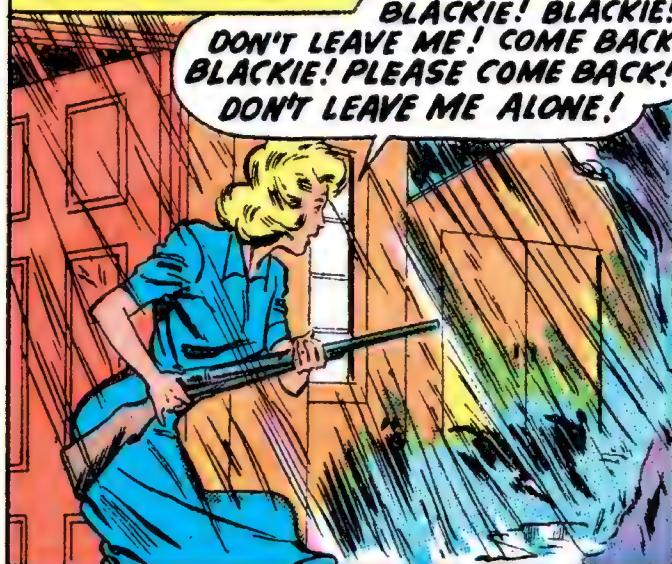
BLACKIE!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I HAD TO FIGHT FOR MY LIFE! I CONQUERED MY FEAR AND HATE OF JIM'S GUN AND TOOK IT DOWN FROM THE RACK ON THE WALL WHILE BLACKIE'S MAD BARKING RANG IN MY EARS!



BUT WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR, READY TO SHOOT AT ANYTHING I SAW, BLACKIE, STILL BARKING, SPEED INTO THE DARK AND VANISH!

**BLACKIE! BLACKIE!
DON'T LEAVE ME! COME BACK!
BLACKIE! PLEASE COME BACK!
DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE!**



BUT HE WAS AFRAID OF THIS HOUSE TOO! I WAS ALL ALONE NOW... THE ONLY LIVING SOUL! I RUSHED BACK INSIDE AND TRIED TO LOCK THE DOOR... BUT THE LOCK **WOULDN'T WORK!**

THIS IS JIM'S IDEA, TOO! I'LL PUT CHAIRS... TABLES AGAINST IT! THEN I'LL SHOOT AT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO COME IN!

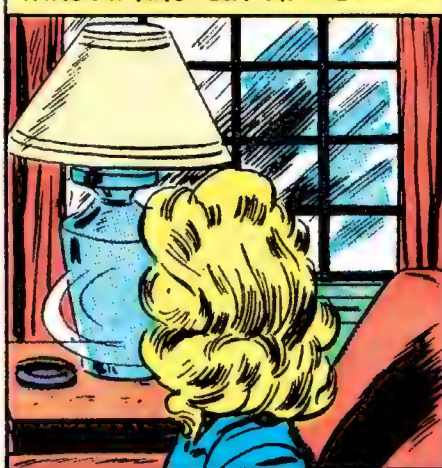


I BARRICADED THE DOOR AND SAT FACING IT, MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER OF THE SHOTGUN...

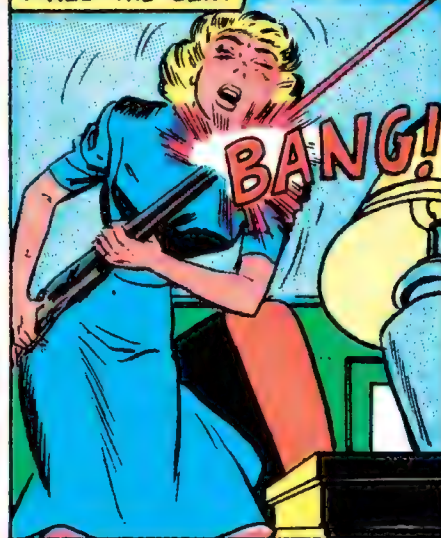
HE WON'T KILL ME! I'LL GET HIM FIRST! HE'S NOT GOING TO GET RID OF ME!



THEN... SOMETHING FLUNG ITSELF AGAINST THE WINDOW! IN A FLASH OF LIGHTNING I SAW IT OUTLINED, A GROTESQUE SHAPE... TRYING TO BREAK DOWN THE WINDOW AND GET AT ME!

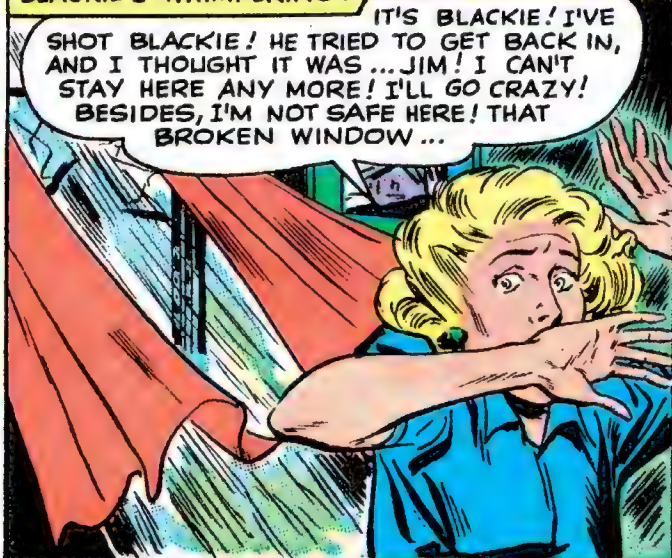


I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD DO TO SAVE MY OWN LIFE... I FIRED THE GUN!



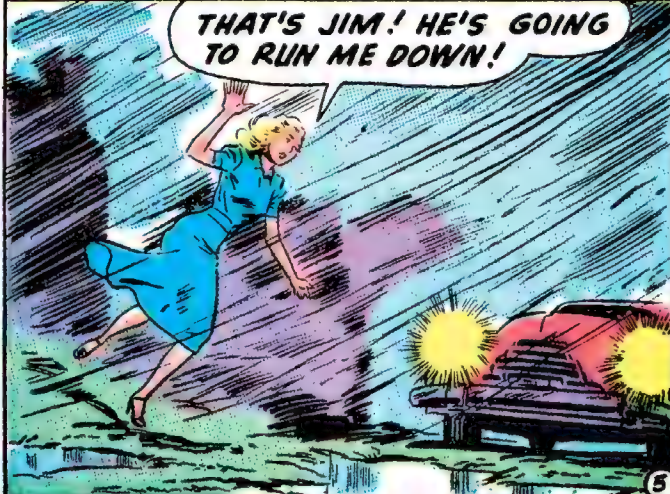
THRU THE TERRIFIC GALE THAT SWEEPED IN THRU THE SHATTERED WINDOW, I HEARD WHIMPERING... BLACKIE'S WHIMPERING!

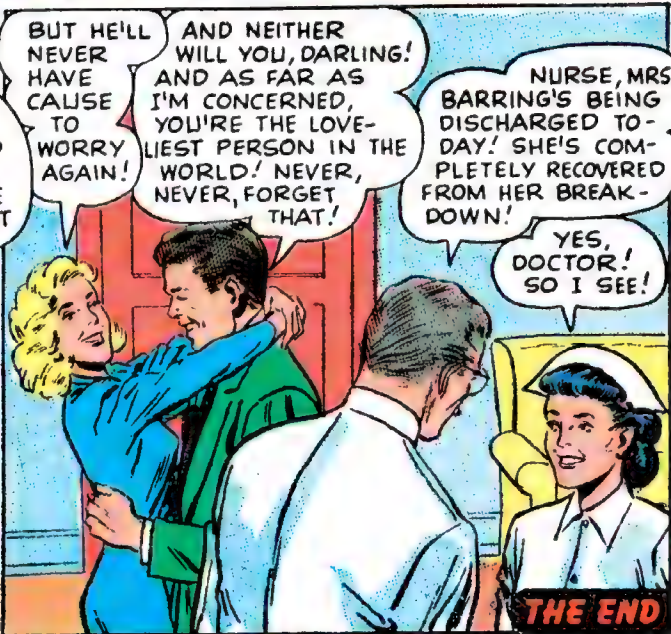
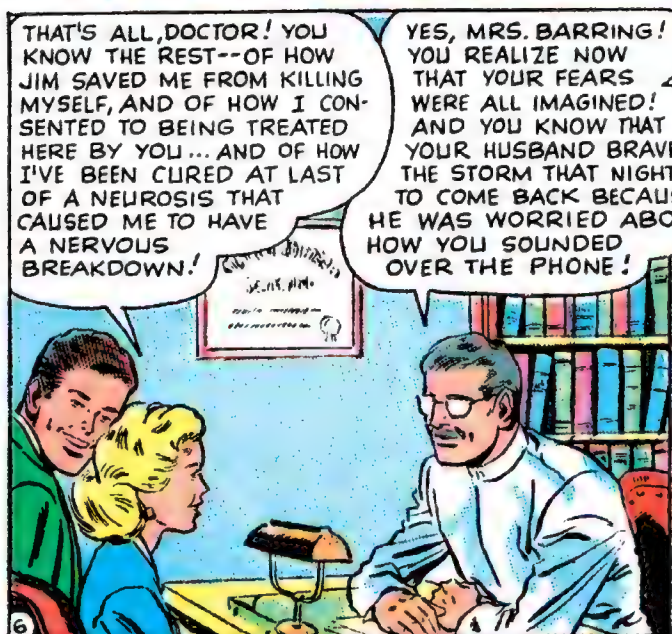
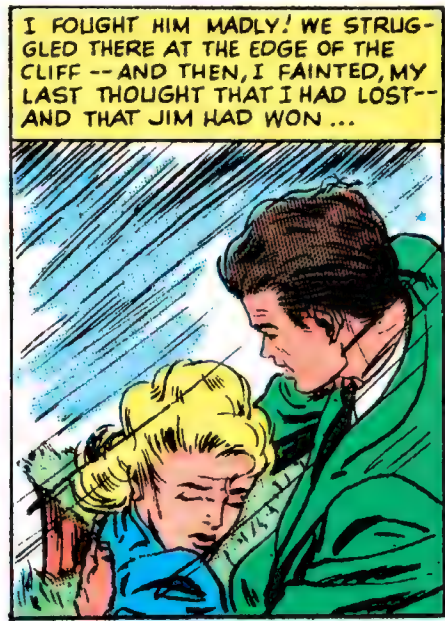
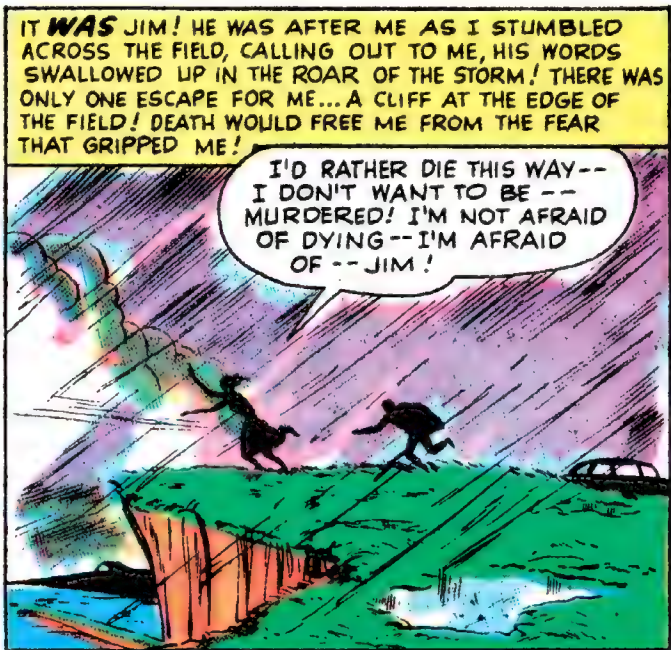
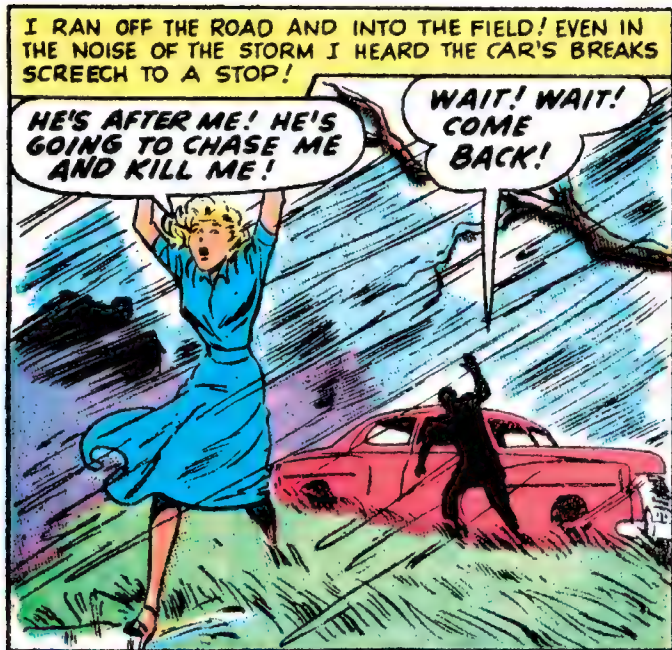
IT'S BLACKIE! I'VE SHOT BLACKIE! HE TRIED TO GET BACK IN, AND I THOUGHT IT WAS... JIM! I CAN'T STAY HERE ANY MORE! I'LL GO CRAZY! BESIDES, I'M NOT SAFE HERE! THAT BROKEN WINDOW...



SO I RUSHED OUT INTO THE FURY OF THE STORM! I HAD TO GET AWAY... ANYPLACE... BUT NOT HERE! I RAN MADLY, WILDLY, THE GALE FIGHTING ME EVERY STEP OF THE WAY! THEN I SAW THEM... THE HEADLIGHTS OF A CAR COMING TOWARD ME!

THAT'S JIM! HE'S GOING TO RUN ME DOWN!





SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES! GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1404 350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 17

DOWNFALL

I HATED MY HOME TOWN! IT WAS SMALL, ORDINARY AND DULL! ONE PERSON ALONE BRIGHTENED THE DRAB ROUTINE OF MY LIFE... ART! HE WAS MY STEADY AND THE OUTSTANDING FELLOW IN TOWN! SOMEHOW I HAD ALWAYS DREAMED HE'D BE MY LIBERATION... BREAKING THE HATEFUL CHAINS THAT BOUND ME TO THE TOWN AND DELIVERING ME INTO A WORLD OF GLAMOROUS EXCITEMENT! WHEN THE DREAM SEEMED MINE AT LAST, FATE CRUELLY DECREED THAT MOMENT SHOULD BE MY...

DOWNFALL!

THIS WAS ME ON JULY 14, 1949... AS I WATCHED THE MAN OF MY DREAMS TAKE THE BEATING OF HIS LIFE!

COME ON, ART! GET UP! YOU CAN'T QUIT ON ME!

...SEVEN
...EIGHT...

WRITTEN FROM
THE TRUE-LIFE
EXPERIENCE OF
ONE OF OUR
READERS!

6253

"MY ROAD TO DREAMLAND BEGAN AT A CARNIVAL..."

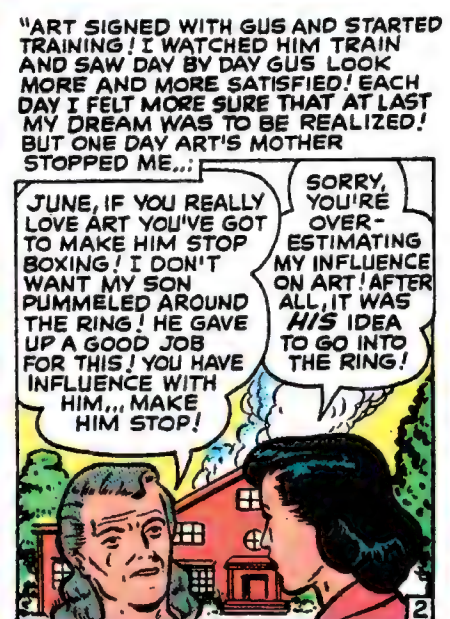
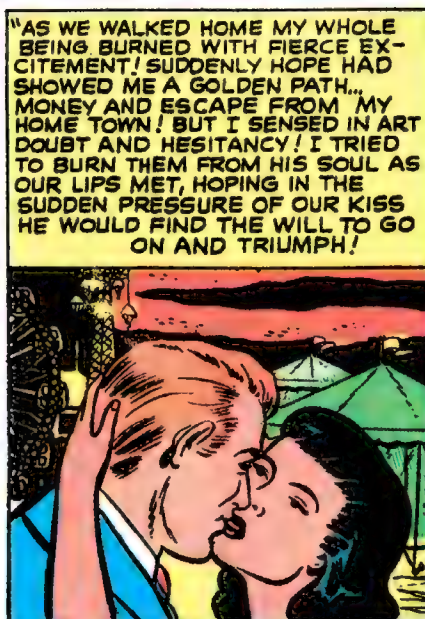
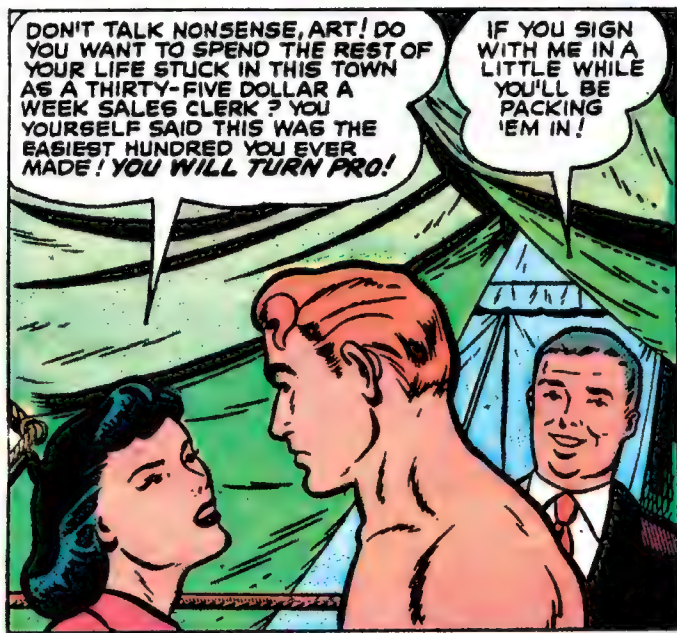
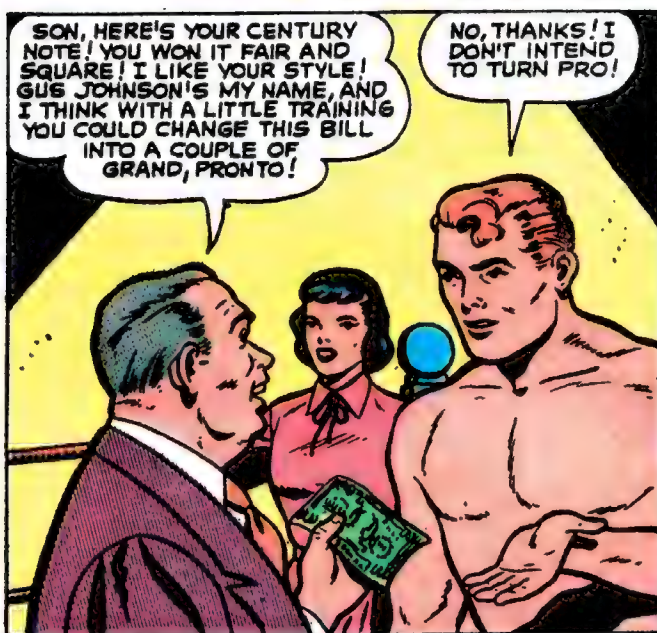
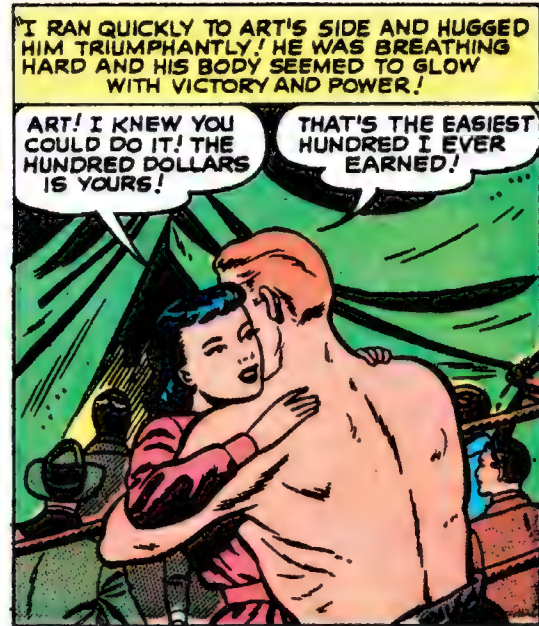
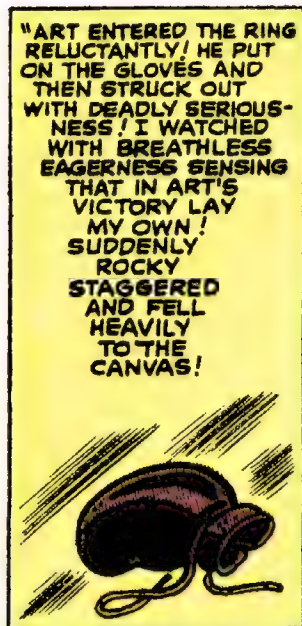
WHO'LL STEP UP AND CLAIM THE HUNDRED DOLLARS? IT'S EASY, GENTLEMEN! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STAY IN THE RING THREE MINUTES WITH ROCKY NOLAN!

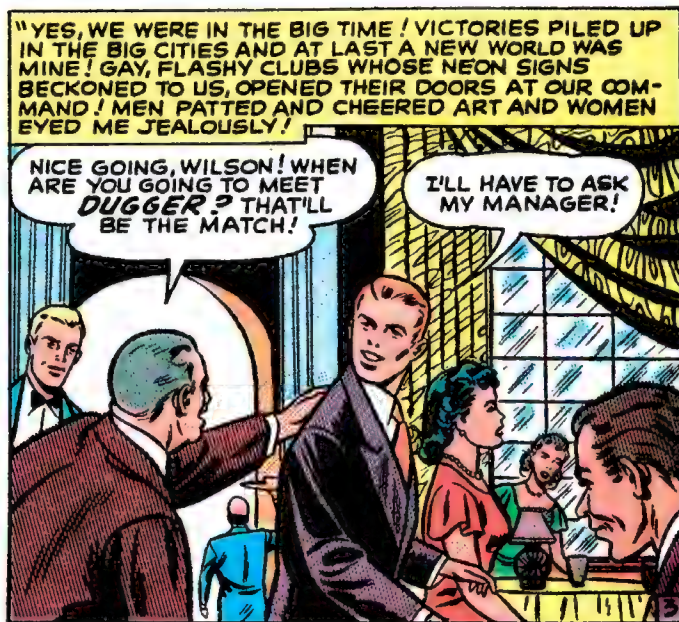
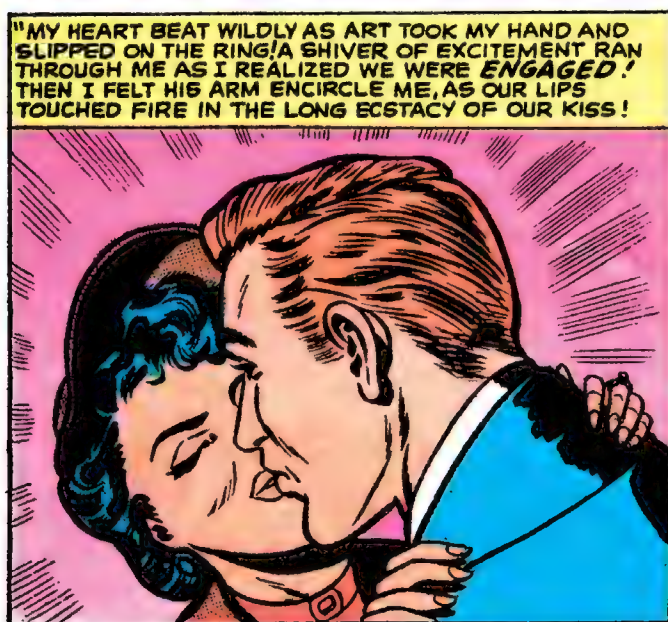
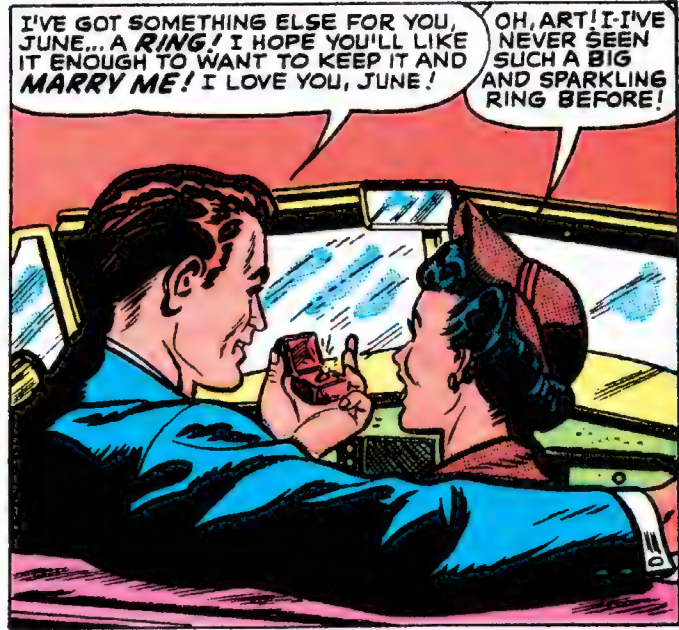
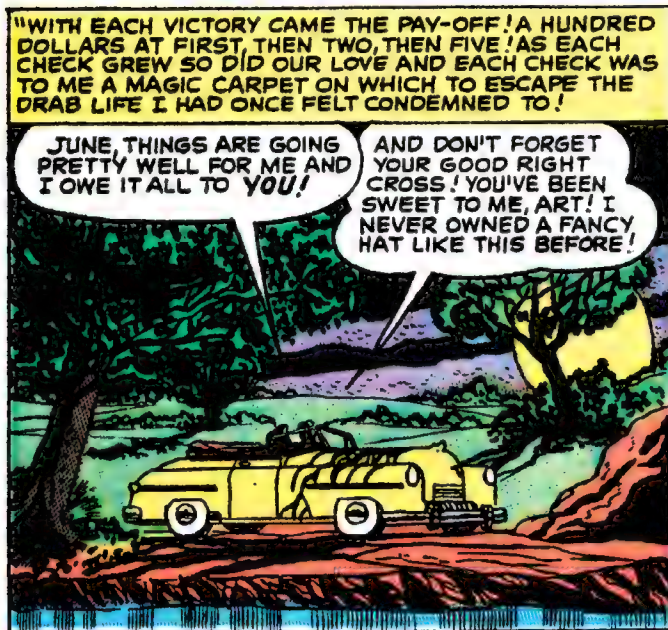
GO ON, ART! YOU CAN DO IT!

3 MINUTES
\$100.00

DON'T BE SILLY, JUNE! THAT GUY'S A RINGER!

YOU WERE CHAMP IN HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE! GO ON, ART! DO IT FOR ME!

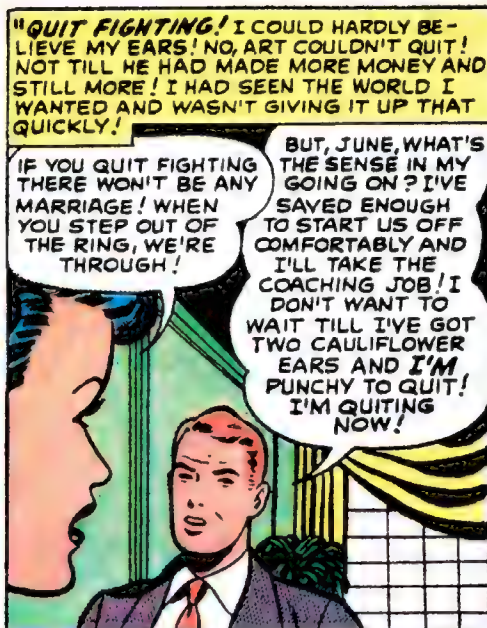






ART, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT DUGGER? IT'LL BE A HUGE GATE!

BUT NOT FOR ME! JUNE, I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY! I'VE SAVED SOME MONEY AND I'VE JUST GOTTEN A GOOD OFFER AS HIGH SCHOOL COACH BACK HOME! WHILE I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE I'M GOING TO QUIT FIGHTING AND WE'LL GET MARRIED!



"QUIT FIGHTING! I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS! NO, ART COULDN'T QUIT! NOT TILL HE HAD MADE MORE MONEY AND STILL MORE! I HAD SEEN THE WORLD I WANTED AND WASN'T GIVING IT UP THAT QUICKLY!"

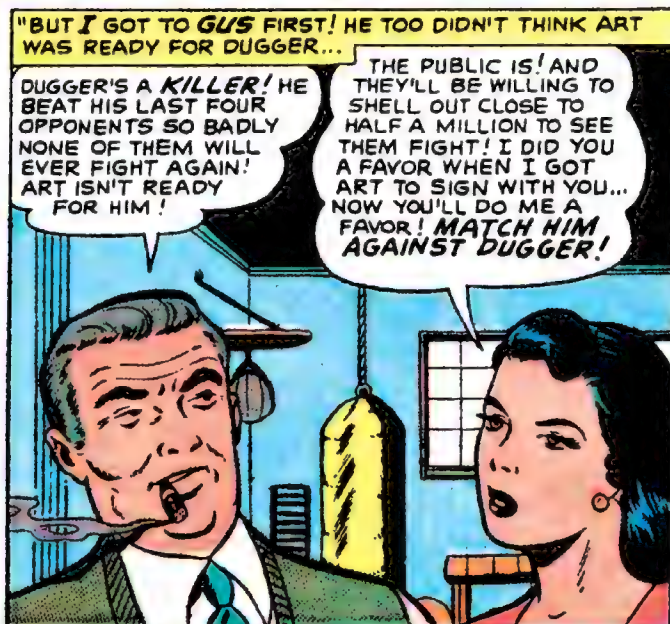
IF YOU QUIT FIGHTING THERE WON'T BE ANY MARRIAGE! WHEN YOU STEP OUT OF THE RING, WE'RE THROUGH!

BUT, JUNE, WHAT'S THE SENSE IN MY GOING ON? I'VE SAVED ENOUGH TO START US OFF COMFORTABLY AND I'LL TAKE THE COACHING JOB! I DON'T WANT TO WAIT TILL I'VE GOT TWO CAULIFLOWER EARS AND I'M PUNCHY TO QUIT! I'M QUITTING NOW!



YOU CAN'T! YOU'RE JUST STARTING TO EARN BIG STAKES! I'M NOT MARRYING A QUITTER! YOU'RE STAYING IN AND FIGHTING DUGGER OR I'M WALKING!

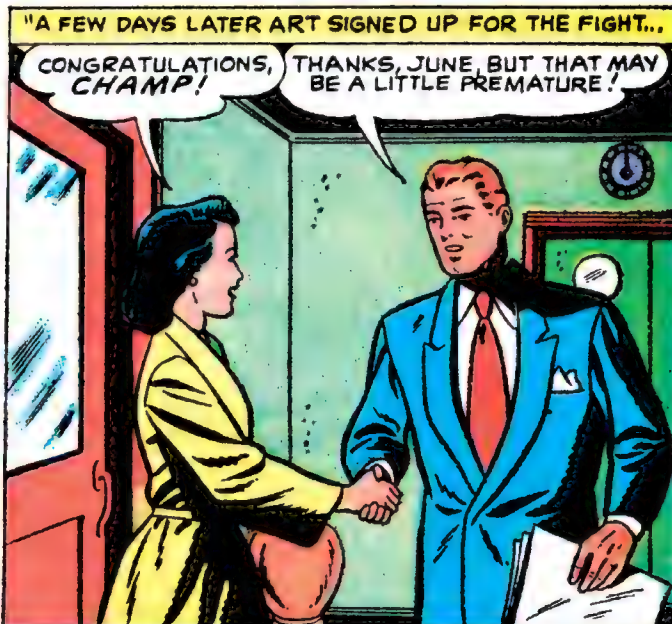
ALL RIGHT, JUNE! I WAS HOPING YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY! BUT IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT I'LL STAY IN THE RING! BEFORE I FIGHT DUGGER, I'D BETTER CHECK WITH GUS!



"BUT I GOT TO GUS FIRST! HE TOO DIDN'T THINK ART WAS READY FOR DUGGER..."

DUGGER'S A KILLER! HE BEAT HIS LAST FOUR OPPONENTS SO BADLY NONE OF THEM WILL EVER FIGHT AGAIN! ART ISN'T READY FOR HIM!

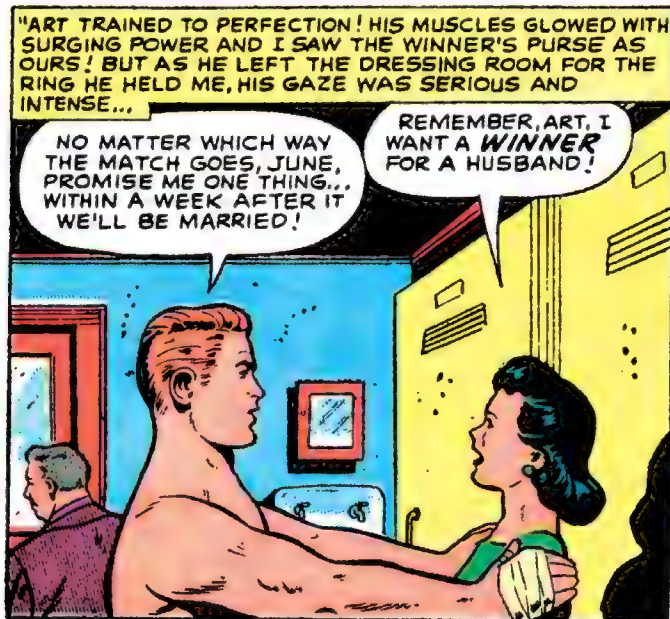
THE PUBLIC IS! AND THEY'LL BE WILLING TO SHELL OUT CLOSE TO HALF A MILLION TO SEE THEM FIGHT! I DID YOU A FAVOR WHEN I GOT ART TO SIGN WITH YOU... NOW YOU'LL DO ME A FAVOR! MATCH HIM AGAINST DUGGER!



"A FEW DAYS LATER ART SIGNED UP FOR THE FIGHT..."

CONGRATULATIONS, CHAMP!

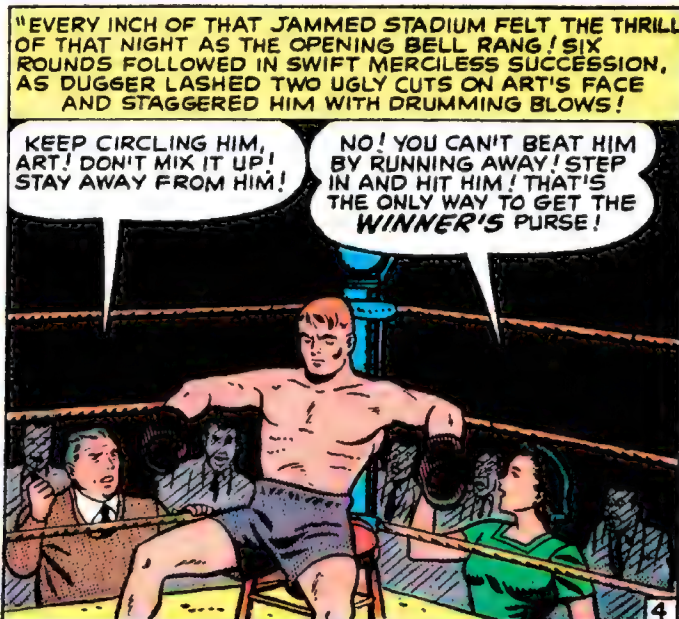
THANKS, JUNE, BUT THAT MAY BE A LITTLE PREMATURE!



"ART TRAINED TO PERFECTION! HIS MUSCLES GLOWED WITH SURGING POWER AND I SAW THE WINNER'S PURSE AS OURS! BUT AS HE LEFT THE DRESSING ROOM FOR THE RING HE HELD ME, HIS GAZE WAS SERIOUS AND INTENSE..."

NO MATTER WHICH WAY THE MATCH GOES, JUNE, PROMISE ME ONE THING... WITHIN A WEEK AFTER IT WE'LL BE MARRIED!

REMEMBER, ART, I WANT A WINNER FOR A HUSBAND!

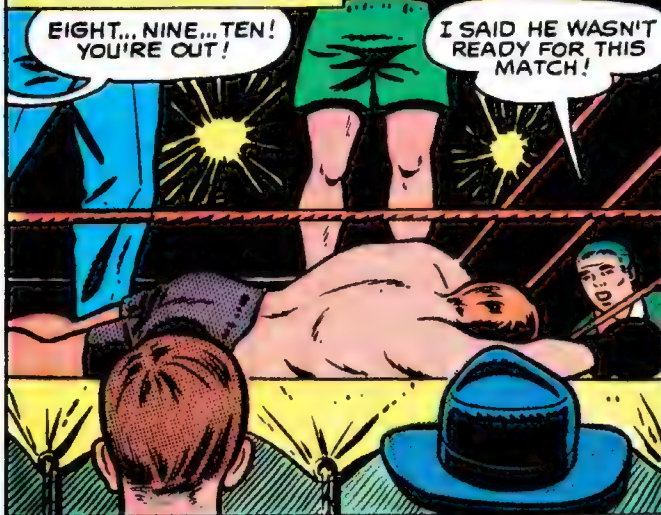


"EVERY INCH OF THAT JAMMED STADIUM FELT THE THRILL OF THAT NIGHT AS THE OPENING BELL RANG! SIX ROUNDS FOLLOWED IN SWIFT MERCILESS SUCCESSION, AS DUGGER LASHED TWO UGLY CUTS ON ART'S FACE AND STAGGERED HIM WITH DRUMMING BLOWS!"

KEEP CIRCLING HIM, ART! DON'T MIX IT UP! STAY AWAY FROM HIM!

NO! YOU CAN'T BEAT HIM BY RUNNING AWAY! STEP IN AND HIT HIM! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE WINNER'S PURSE!

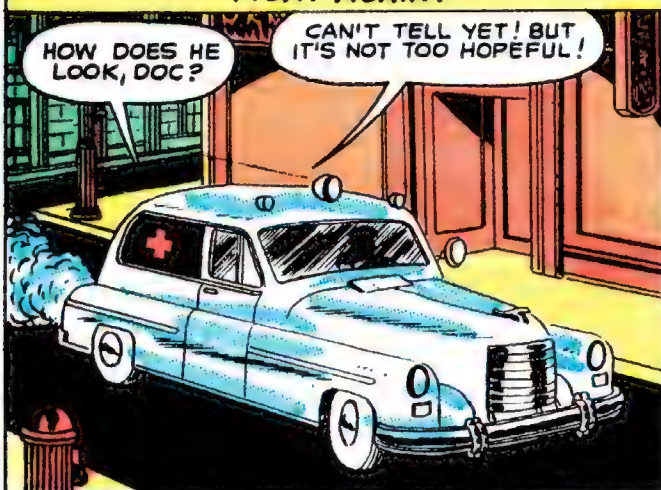
"ANOTHER ROUND FOLLOWED AND ART STAGGERED UNDER THE RAIN OF BLOWS! THE REFEREE LOOKED AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY BUT ART WAVED HIM OFF! DUGGER SWUNG OUT AND ART SANK TO THE CANVAS UNDER A TATTOO OF JABS!



"DUGGER'S HAND WAS RAISED IN TRIUMPH! A SICKENING FEELING OF REVULSION SHOT THROUGH ME AS I SAW ART LYING THERE... LIMP, BLEEDING, AND DEFEATED!



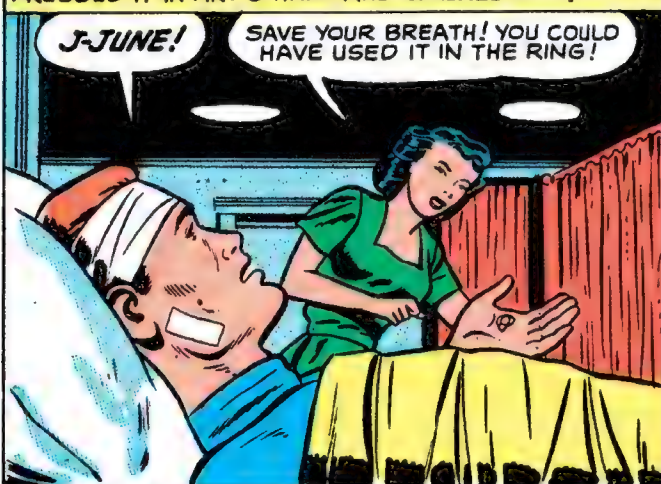
"THEY CARRIED HIM OUT UNCONSCIOUS INTO THE WAITING AMBULANCE! I RODE BESIDE HIM! AS THE AMBULANCE CLANGED ON, A TERRIFYING FEAR GRIPPED MY TORTURED MIND... NO! HE HAD TO BE ALL RIGHT! HE HAD TO GO ON MAKING MONEY! HE HAD TO FIGHT AGAIN!



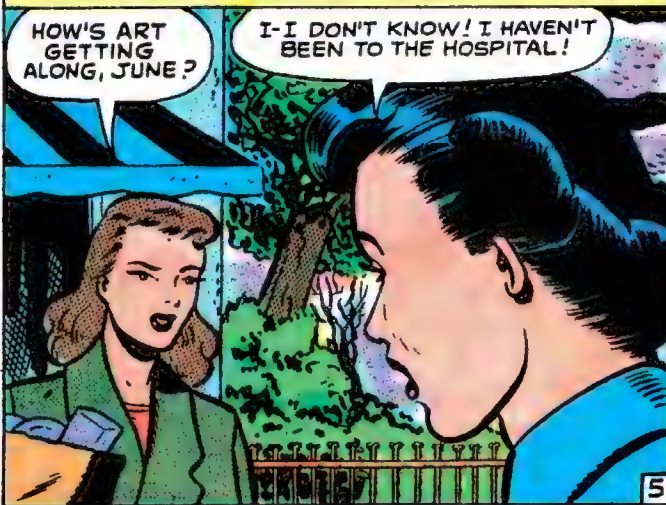
"I PACED THE CORRIDOR FOR AN HOUR! ALL THE FINE LUXURIES I HAD DREAMED OF, ALL SO NEARLY MINE AT LAST, SEEMED SLIPPING AWAY AS EACH QUESTIONING MINUTE TICKED SLOWLY BY! AT LAST THEY LET ME IN...

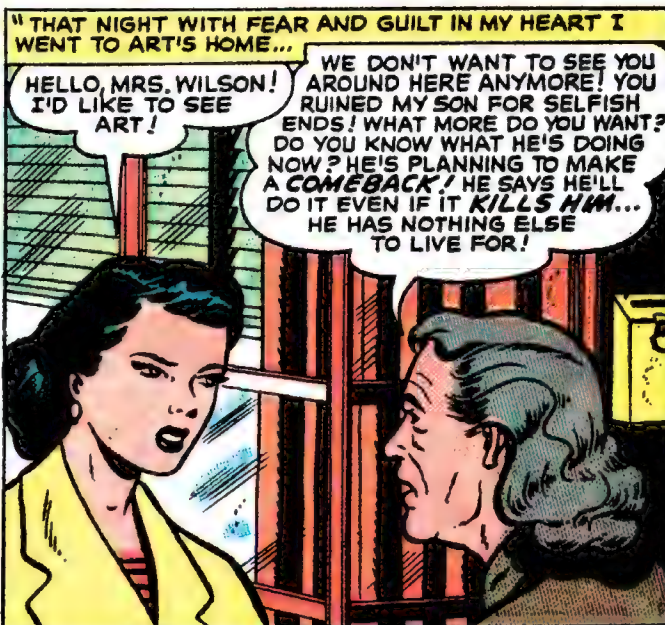
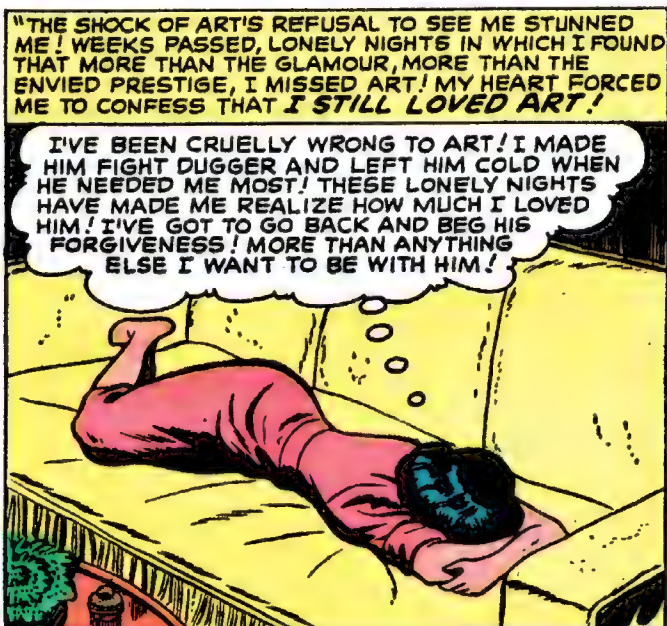


"THE DOCTOR SHOOK HIS HEAD! I KNEW ART COULD NEVER FIGHT AGAIN! I TOYED NERVOUSLY WITH MY FINGERS! I FELT MY ENGAGEMENT RING! I WOULDN'T BE BOUND TO A LOSER! I HAD TASTED TOO MUCH RICHNESS TO GIVE IT UP NOW! I TOOK OFF THE RING, PRESSED IT IN ART'S HAND AND WALKED OFF!

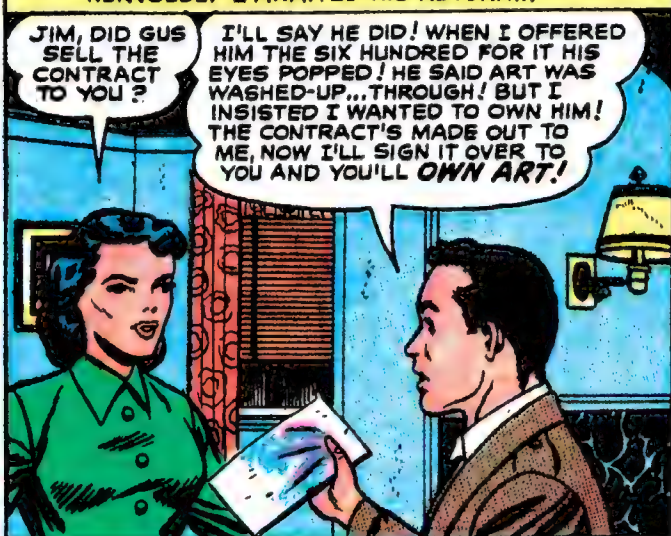


"THEY MOVED ART TO A LOCAL HOSPITAL AND I RETURNED HOME, TOO! DAYS PASSED, BUT I NO LONGER NOTICED TIME! I WAS LIVING IN A DEAD, DREAMLESS WORLD! SO MUCH HAD BEEN ROBBED FROM ME SO QUICKLY THAT I WAS STILL STUNNED BY THE BLOW!

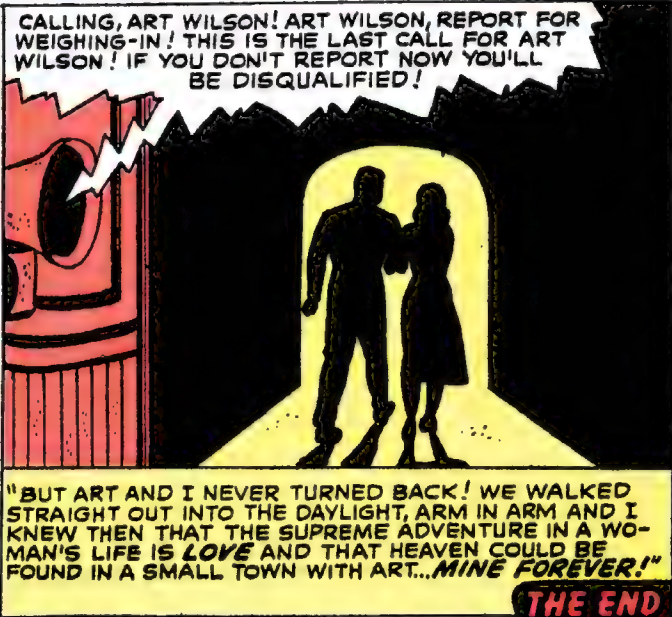
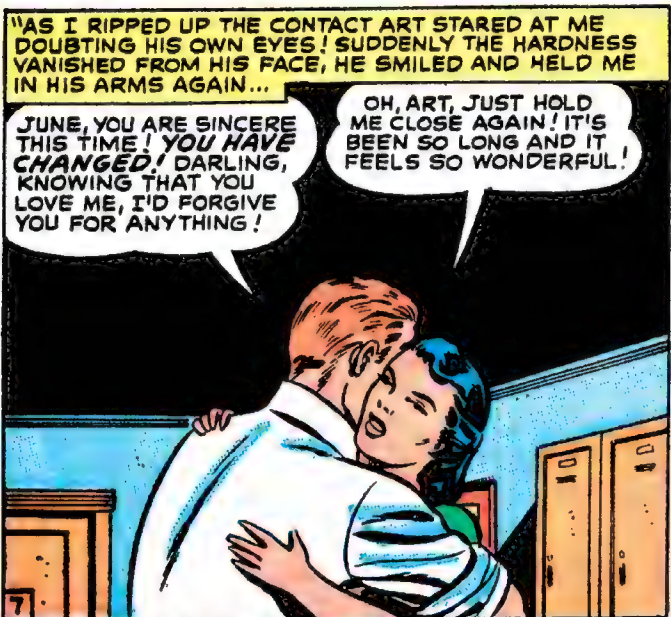
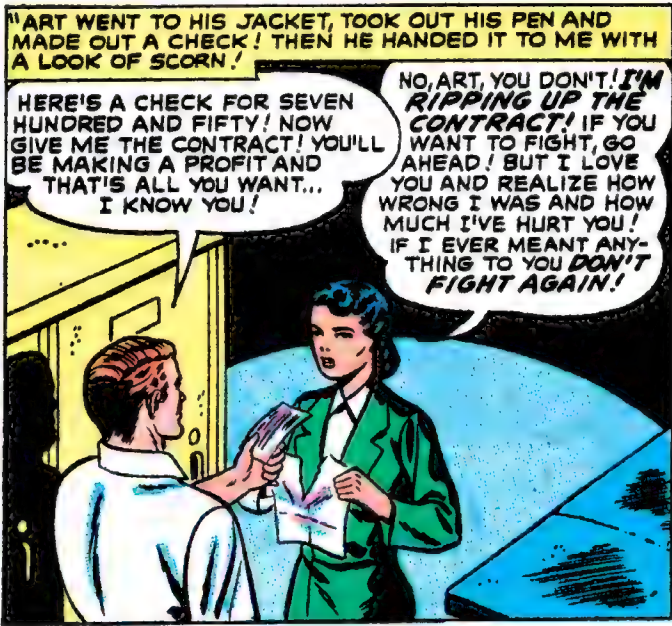
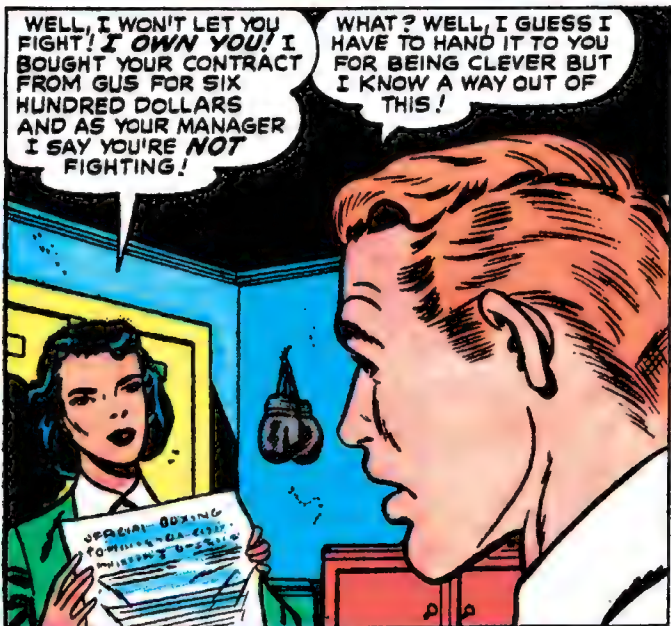
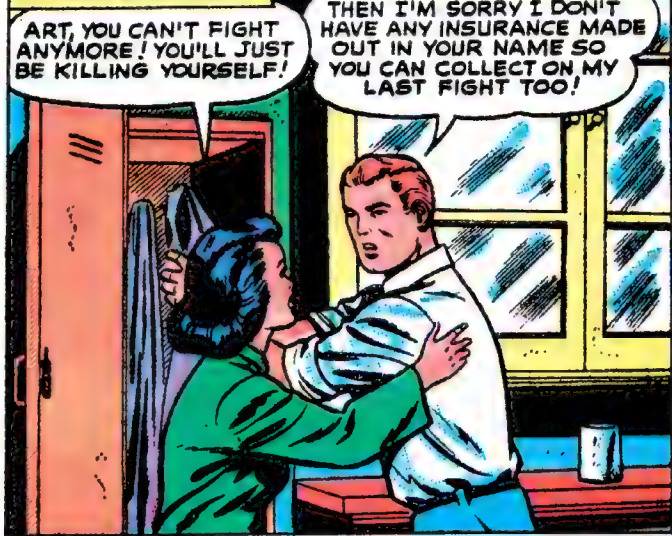




"I HAD A MAD, WILD PLAN! I TOOK OUT MY LIFE-SAVINGS, SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS AND GAVE IT TO A BOY I KNEW! I SENT HIM TO GUS TO **BUY ART'S CONTRACT!** NERVOUSLY I AWAITED HIS RETURN..."



"TWO DAYS LATER, ARMED WITH ART'S CONTRACT, I WENT TO THE GYM WHERE ART HAD TO REPORT TO WEIGH-IN FOR HIS FIRST COMEBACK FIGHT! I PRAYED I COULD STOP HIM..."

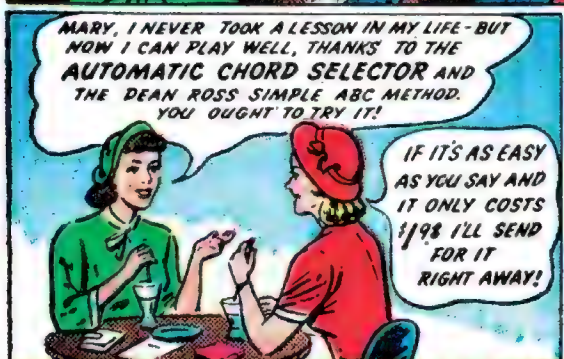


SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.00 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1404, 350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY (1)

PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY... OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



"I learned to play a song in 10 minutes."

—A.C.C., Washington

"Even if one never played a note it is easy."

—C.G.H., New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music beautifully."

—E.S., New York

Hundreds of thankful, enthusiastic letters like these are in our files.

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

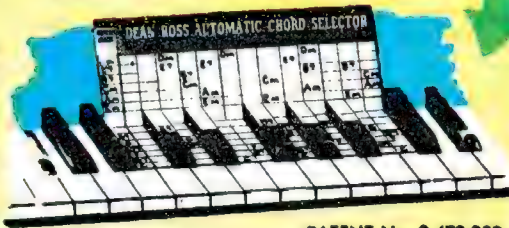
OU, too, can play piano with BOTH hands, in no time at all! Thousands have learned to play this fast, easy way. With the amazing, new invention, the AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR there's really nothing to it. Before long you're playing songs everyone enjoys... from Hit Parade numbers and hymns to beautiful old ballads.

This is no trick method. You actually learn to read and play any sheet music. And, the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR guides your fingers every note of the way. No

scales, no exercises, no dreary practicing. You actually play the minute you sit down at the piano. You gain ease, assurance and a professional style as you go through the 30 lessons and 40 songs.

Instead of paying the studio charge of \$5 a lesson, you can enjoy the 30 lessons, \$150 worth, in the privacy of your home for just \$1.98. The Dean Ross Piano Course can open up a whole new world of happiness. Now you can be the "hit" of every party... the center of attraction wherever you go. Don't delay another minute, mail the FREE-TRIAL Coupon NOW!

**NO SCALES!
NO EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!**



PATENT No. 2,473,222

**Complete Course only \$1.98 - Including the
PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
No Extras - SEND NO MONEY!**

You have 10 full days to prove to yourself the value of the Dean Ross Piano method. When the complete course with its 30 clearly illustrated lessons (worth \$150 at the studio) and 40 favorite songs, together with the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is delivered, pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. Try the course for 10 days with the understanding that you must learn to play with both hands or your full purchase price will be refunded at once. The patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is yours to keep in any event. You have nothing to lose... and popularity and fun to gain, so mail coupon today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS INC., Dept. C-1804,
45 West 45th Street New York 19, N. Y.

THE GIRLS
ARE WILD
ABOUT THE
WAY I PLAY
PIANO - CAN'T
THANK DEAN
ROSS ENOUGH



10-Day FREE TRIAL COUPON - Mail Today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS, INC., Dept. C-1804
45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Send the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR with the complete Dean Ross Piano Course consisting of 30 illustrated lessons and 40 popular songs. On delivery, will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. If not completely thrilled, I may return the Course in 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price. The PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is mine to keep.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City & Zone State

☐ **SAVE MONEY!** Enclose \$1.98 and we pay postage.
Same Refund Guarantee.

GIRL
COMICS

MYSTERY • ROMANCE • SUSPENSE •

GIRL

COMICS

SEPT.
NO. 10

10c
K

REAL EXPERIENCES OF REAL GIRLS!

ALSO IN THIS
ISSUE!

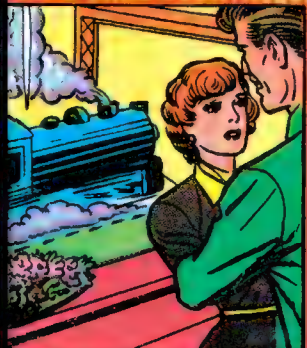
WHAT WAS THE
MYSTERIOUS SECRET OF...
"THE OUTSIDER!"



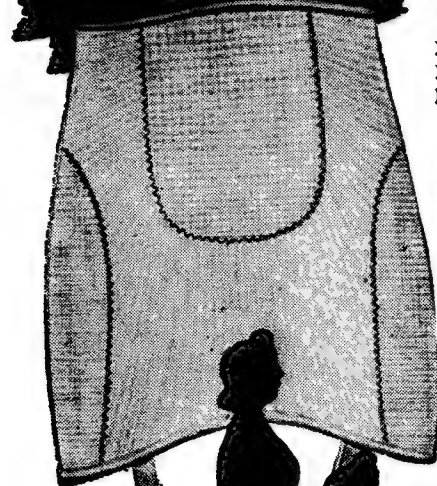
COULD I EVER FIND
HAPPINESS WITH A...
"WOMAN-HATER!"



THE SUSPENSE-PACKED
EXPERIENCE OF
DORA DUNCAN...
"DEAD HANDS & CONTROLS!"

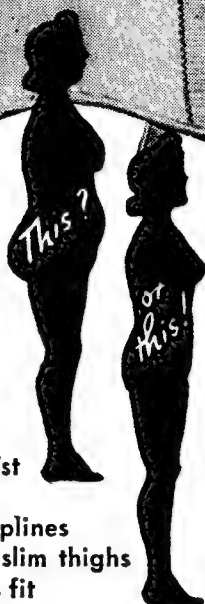


NEW!
NONE OTHER
LIKE IT!



YOU
ACTUALLY
APPEAR
SLIMMER
At Once!

- Take inches off tummy
- Bring in waist
- Control spreading hiplines
- Smooth and slim thighs
- Make clothes fit



PROVED!

... by tens of thousands of satisfied wearers throughout the country.

LOOK SLIMMER, more YOUTHFUL **REDUCE** your appearance **INSTANTLY!**

The Tranzform* Girdle must be the best girdle you ever wore . . . you must feel more comfortable . . . you must look younger . . . your shape must be noticeably improved . . . or we don't want a penny of your money.

NEW! No other girdle or supporter belt like it. We know that you've probably tried other girdles in the hope that you'd eventually find the right one. But this we promise you: **NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE TRANZFORM DOES.** No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more bulge control . . . safely, scientifically. No other girdle can compare with the miracle-working Bulge-master* feature.

WHAT IS THE
BULGE-MASTER
FEATURE?

The Bulgemaster pads are special inset panels of sheet rubber, covered with cotton jersey. They absorb the excess perspiration from the balanced pressure against the muscles and fatty tissues of your stomach, waist, hips and thighs.

ONLY 100% DUPONT NYLON STITCHING is used on the Bulgemaster panels. Special pin point perforation allows air to circulate for your added comfort.

MAGIC INSET CONTROL

Magic insets control in complete comfort, guaranteeing healthful, lasting support. They lift and flatten the tummy, slim down the waist, trim the hips, eliminate the "spare tire" waist line roll. These magic inset panels are cleverly designed with diagonal control-stretch to give each bulge the exact amount of restraint it requires. **No bones—No buckles—No steels—No lacets—No adjustments** Let the Tranzform be your undercover agent for a more beautiful figure—the slimmer, trimmer figure that invites romance.

DON'T BE FOOLED BY IMITATORS!

Other people may attempt to copy our ads, but they cannot copy the Tranzform or the Bulge-Master panels. Both Tranzform and Bulge-Master are registered trade-marks (patent applied for, U.S. Pat. Off.). Tranzform Girdles are made and sold only by us—not obtainable anywhere else. Don't be fooled by imitators. Insist on the genuine Tranzform.

WHY DIET? TRY IT! **takes inches off your bulge-line!**

SEND NO MONEY MAIL COUPON NOW!

Tranzform, Inc., Dept. XH 15 E. 16, New York 3
Rush my Tranzform with wonder-working Bulge-Master at once. On delivery I will pay postman \$4.98 plus postage. (Extra large sizes, waist 35-54 or hips 44-65, \$5.98.) I must be satisfied or I will return the Tranzform in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Waist size..... Hips..... Height.....

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

☐ Check here if you are enclosing money with order to save C.O.D. and handling charges. Same Free Trial and refund guarantee.

STOUT WOMEN—We can fit you too! Sizes up to 54 waist, 65 hips.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE **10-Day Trial Offer**

Wear the Tranzform for 10 days at our risk. We'll send it on approval. The Tranzform must do all we claim or return it in 10 days and we'll send your \$4.98 right back. We take all the risk because we know that even though you may have tried many other girdles, you haven't tried the best until you've worn a Tranzform.

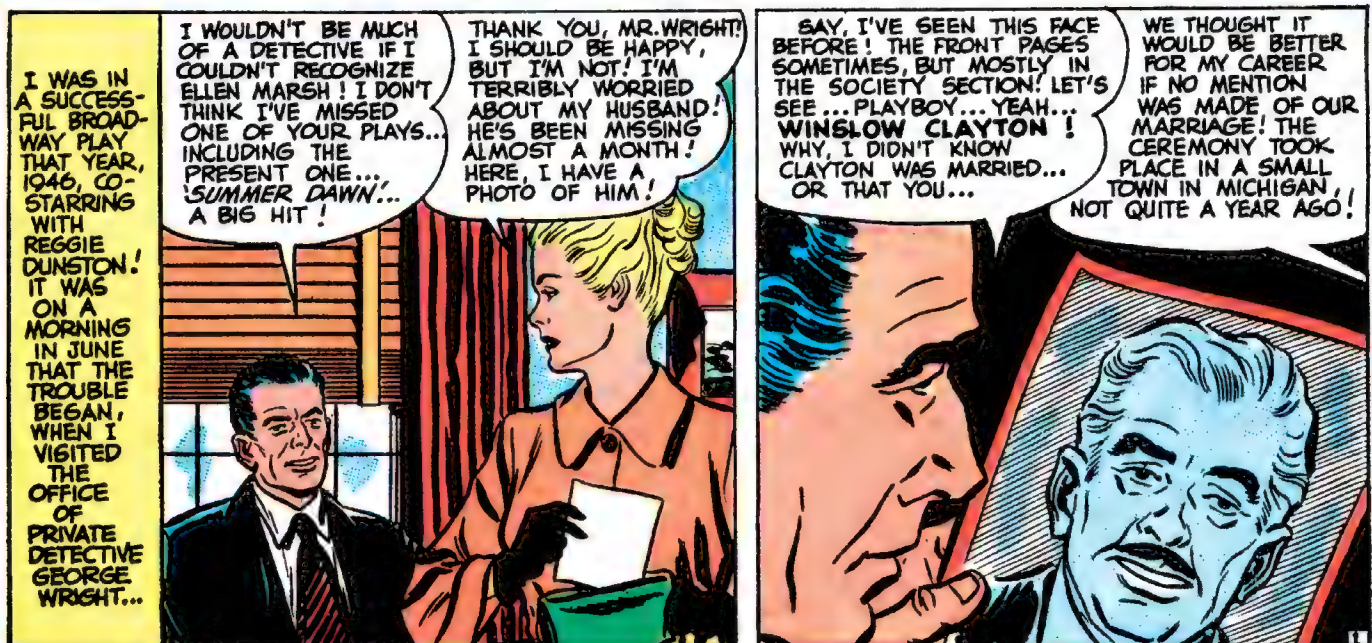
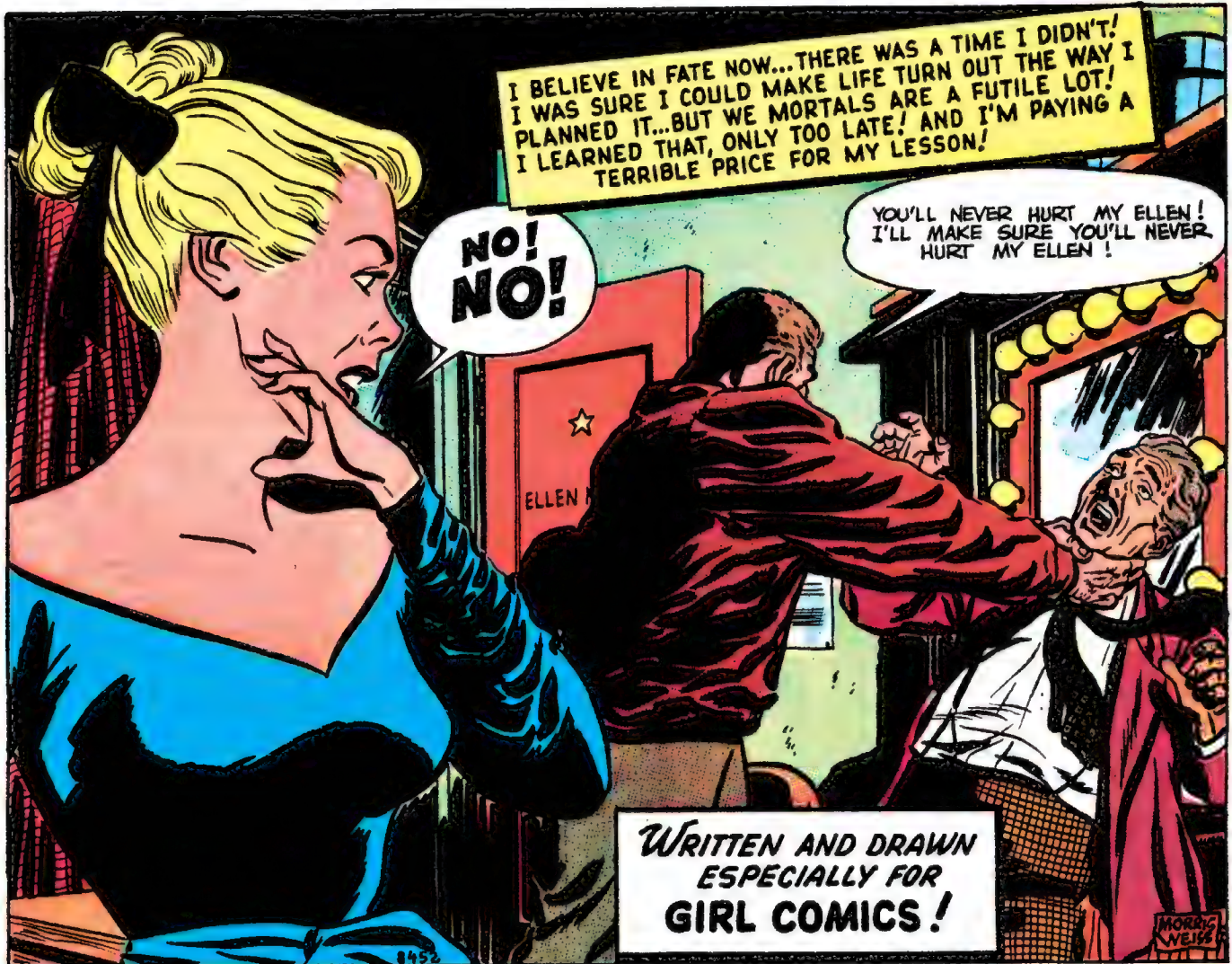
* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

* Pat. app. for U. S. Pat. Off.

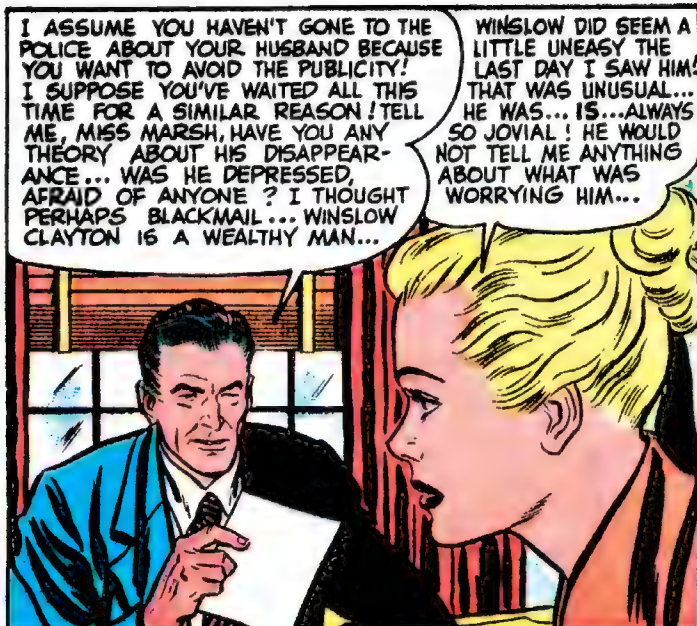
4⁹⁸

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1951 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 10 SEPTEMBER 1951 issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate \$1.20 for 12 issues. Published bi-monthly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

THE DEADLY DOUBLE-CROSS



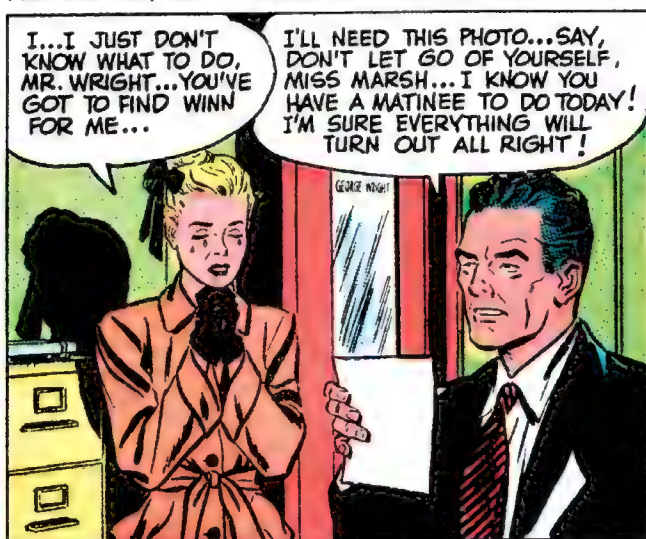
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



I ASSUME YOU HAVEN'T GONE TO THE POLICE ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND BECAUSE YOU WANT TO AVOID THE PUBLICITY! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE WAITED ALL THIS TIME FOR A SIMILAR REASON! TELL ME, MISS MARSH, HAVE YOU ANY THEORY ABOUT HIS DISAPPEARANCE... WAS HE DEPRESSED, AFRAID OF ANYONE? I THOUGHT PERHAPS BLACKMAIL... WINSLOW CLAYTON IS A WEALTHY MAN...

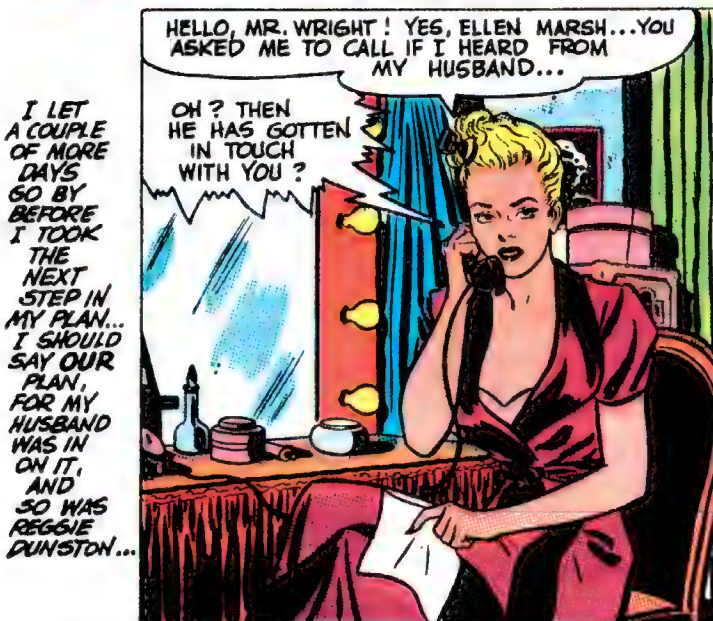
WINSLOW DID SEEM A LITTLE UNEASY THE LAST DAY I SAW HIM! THAT WAS UNUSUAL... HE WAS... IS... ALWAYS SO JOVIAL! HE WOULD NOT TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT WAS WORRYING HIM...

OH, I REALLY DID PUT ON AN ACT FOR MR. DETECTIVE GEORGE WRIGHT... BUT THEN, THAT WAS EASY FOR ME! HIRING A PRIVATE DETECTIVE WOULD BE AN EXPENSIVE PROPOSITION, BUT IT WOULD BE WORTH IT... \$200,000 WORTH!



I... I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, MR. WRIGHT... YOU'VE GOT TO FIND WINN FOR ME...

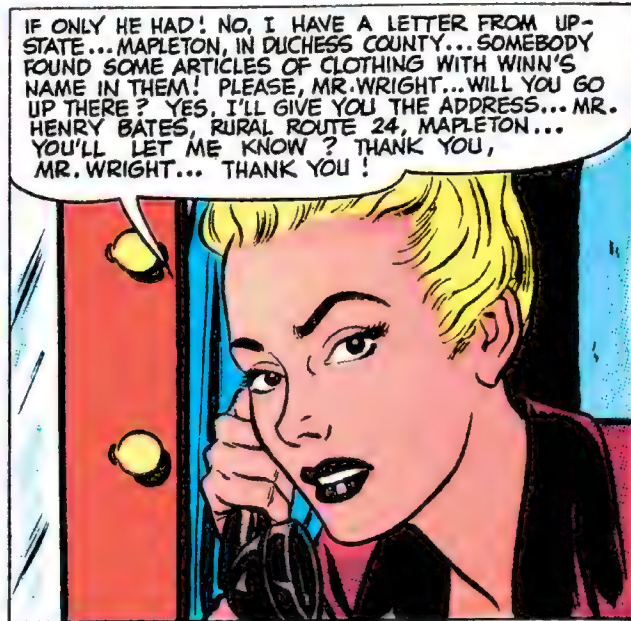
I'LL NEED THIS PHOTO... SAY, DON'T LET GO OF YOURSELF, MISS MARSH... I KNOW YOU HAVE A MATINEE TO DO TODAY! I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT!



HELLO, MR. WRIGHT! YES, ELLEN MARSH... YOU ASKED ME TO CALL IF I HEARD FROM MY HUSBAND...

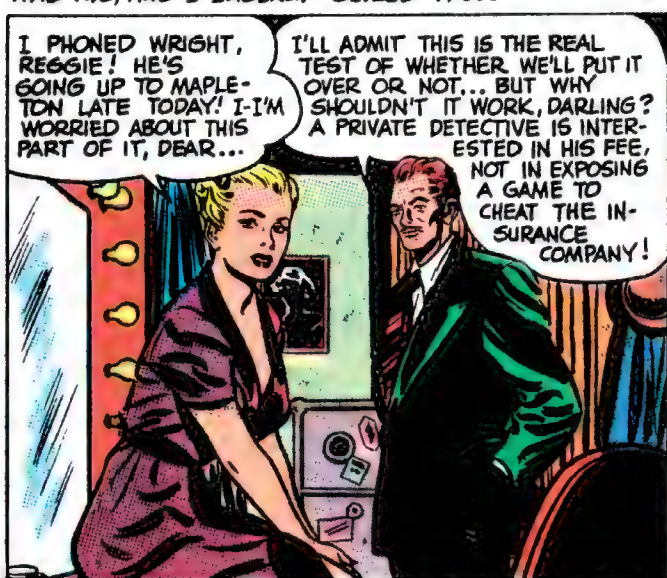
OH? THEN HE HAS GOTTEN IN TOUCH WITH YOU?

I LET A COUPLE OF MORE DAYS GO BY BEFORE I TOOK THE NEXT STEP IN MY PLAN... I SHOULD SAY OUR PLAN, FOR MY HUSBAND WAS IN ON IT, AND SO WAS REGGIE DUNSTON...



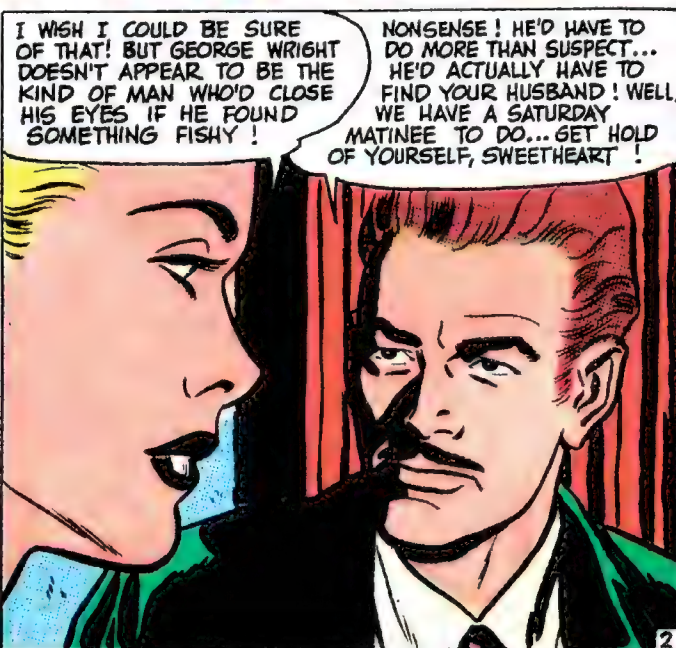
IF ONLY HE HAD! NO, I HAVE A LETTER FROM UP-STATE... MAPLETON, IN DUCHESS COUNTY... SOMEBODY FOUND SOME ARTICLES OF CLOTHING WITH WINN'S NAME IN THEM! PLEASE, MR. WRIGHT... WILL YOU GO UP THERE? YES, I'LL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS... MR. HENRY BATES, RURAL ROUTE 24, MAPLETON... YOU'LL LET ME KNOW? THANK YOU, MR. WRIGHT... THANK YOU!

A FEW MINUTES LATER REGGIE DUNSTON CAME TO THE DOOR OF MY DRESSING ROOM! THE WHOLE SCHEME WAS HIS, AND I EAGERLY SEIZED IT...



I PHONED WRIGHT, REGGIE! HE'S GOING UP TO MAPLETON LATE TODAY! I'M WORRIED ABOUT THIS PART OF IT, DEAR...

I'LL ADMIT THIS IS THE REAL TEST OF WHETHER WE'LL PUT IT OVER OR NOT... BUT WHY SHOULDN'T IT WORK, DARLING? A PRIVATE DETECTIVE IS INTERESTED IN HIS FEE, NOT IN EXPOSING A GAME TO CHEAT THE INSURANCE COMPANY!



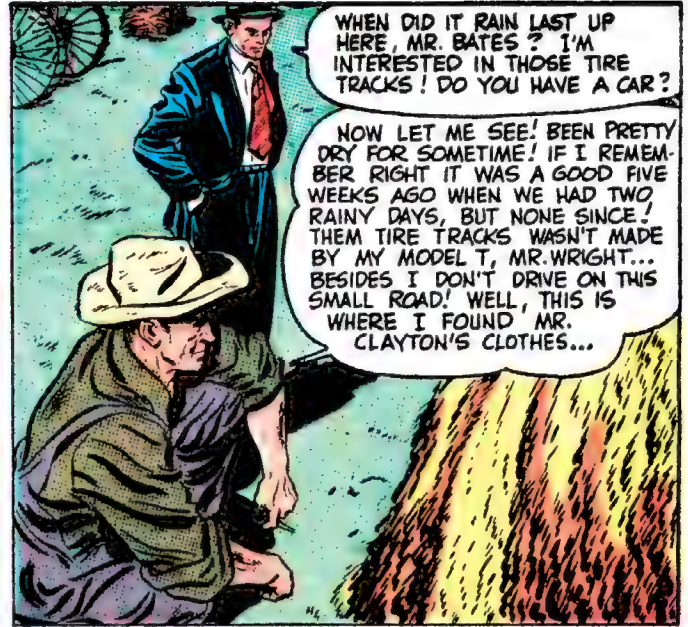
I WISH I COULD BE SURE OF THAT! BUT GEORGE WRIGHT DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE KIND OF MAN WHO'D CLOSE HIS EYES IF HE FOUND SOMETHING FISHY!

NONSENSE! HE'D HAVE TO DO MORE THAN SUSPECT... HE'D ACTUALLY HAVE TO FIND YOUR HUSBAND! WELL, WE HAVE A SATURDAY MATINEE TO DO... GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, SWEETHEART!

MR. WRIGHT WENT TO SEE HENRY BATES THAT DAY! THE FARMER PRODUCED THE CLOTHING... A SHIRT AND JACKET BELONGING TO MY HUSBAND, AND A PAIR OF HIS SHOES...

SO LIKE I TOLD YOU, I WAS PLOWIN' MY FIELD AND WHEN I GOT NEAR THE DIRT ROAD THESE PUDDS CAME UP OUT OF THE GROUND! 'PEARS LIKE THEY WAS THERE FOR SOME TIME, MEBBE! I COULD JUST ABOUT MAKE OUT THE NAME AND ADDRESS... WINSLOW CLAYTON, PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY...

...AND YOU CALLED HIS HOME RIGHT AWAY! MR. BATES, I WONDER IF YOU'D SHOW ME THE SPOT WHERE YOU FOUND THESE THINGS?

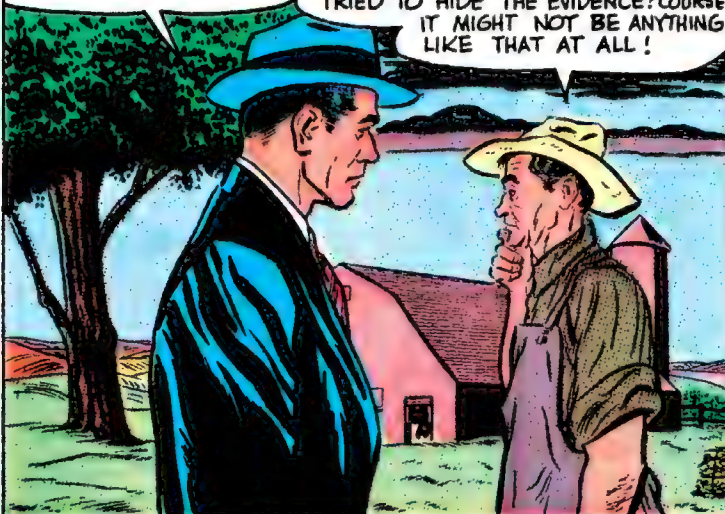


WHEN DID IT RAIN LAST UP HERE, MR. BATES? I'M INTERESTED IN THOSE TIRE TRACKS! DO YOU HAVE A CAR?

NOW LET ME SEE! BEEN PRETTY DRY FOR SOMETIME! IF I REMEMBER RIGHT IT WAS A GOOD FIVE WEEKS AGO WHEN WE HAD TWO RAINY DAYS, BUT NONE SINCE! THEM TIRE TRACKS WASN'T MADE BY MY MODEL T, MR. WRIGHT... BESIDES I DON'T DRIVE ON THIS SMALL ROAD! WELL, THIS IS WHERE I FOUND MR. CLAYTON'S CLOTHES...

SOMEBODY DID USE THIS ROAD, MR. BATES! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED HERE?

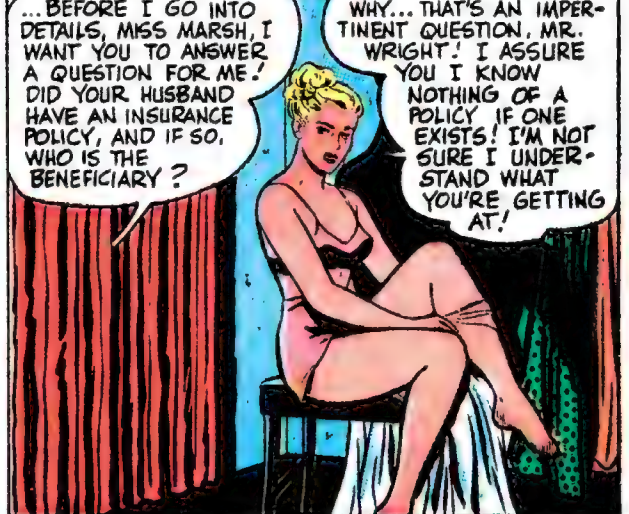
I BEEN GVIN' IT A LOT OF THOUGHT, AND ALL I CAN IMAGINE IS MEBBE SOMEONE RUN INTO MR. CLAYTON WITH A CAR, KILLED HIM AND TRIED TO HIDE THE EVIDENCE! COURSE IT MIGHT NOT BE ANYTHING LIKE THAT AT ALL!



DETECTIVE WRIGHT DID PHONE ME THAT NIGHT... JUST TO LET ME KNOW THE CLOTHES HE FOUND WERE WINN'S! HE CAME TO SEE ME THE FOLLOWING MONDAY NIGHT, AFTER THE SHOW...

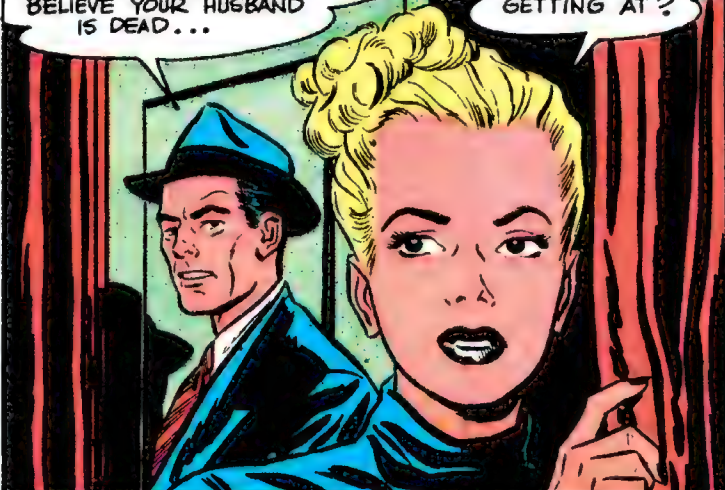
...BEFORE I GO INTO DETAILS, MISS MARSH, I WANT YOU TO ANSWER A QUESTION FOR ME! DID YOUR HUSBAND HAVE AN INSURANCE POLICY, AND IF SO, WHO IS THE BENEFICIARY?

WHY... THAT'S AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION, MR. WRIGHT! I ASSURE YOU I KNOW NOTHING OF A POLICY IF ONE EXISTS! I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT!



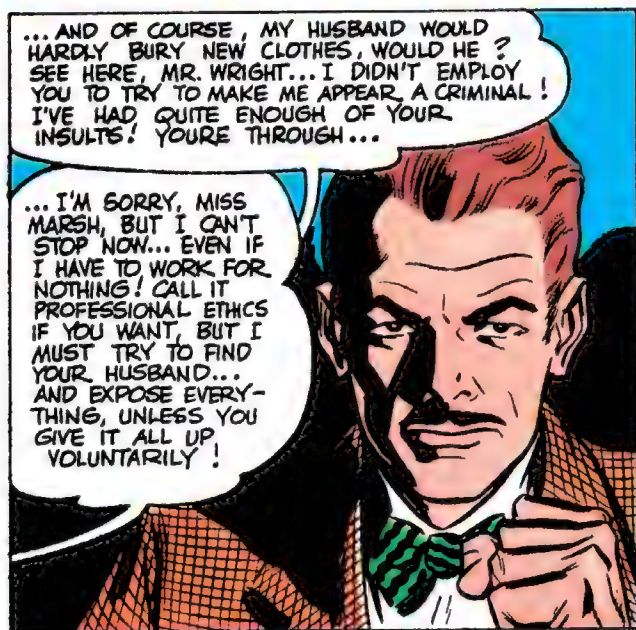
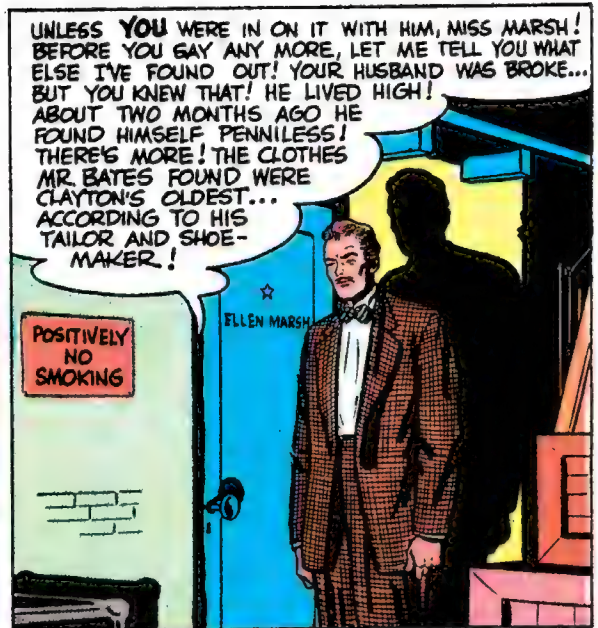
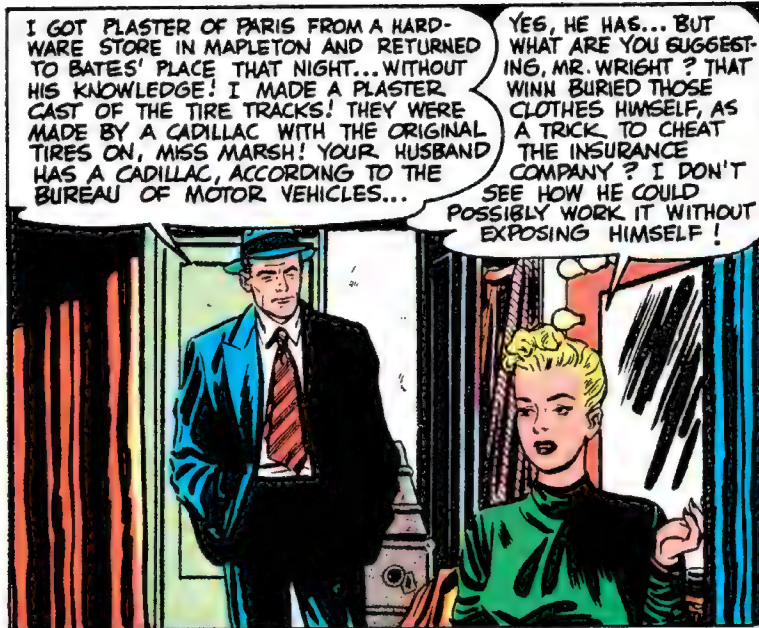
LET'S GET TOGETHER ON THIS, MISS MARSH! EITHER YOU'LL PLAY THIS STRAIGHT WITH ME, OR I'LL TAKE IT UP WITH THE POLICE! IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO STOP THIS LITTLE GAME! FOR ONE THING, I DON'T BELIEVE YOUR HUSBAND IS DEAD...

WHAT? I... I MEAN ...I DIDN'T SAY HE WAS! I HIRED YOU TO FIND HIM FOR ME! REALLY, MR. WRIGHT, WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

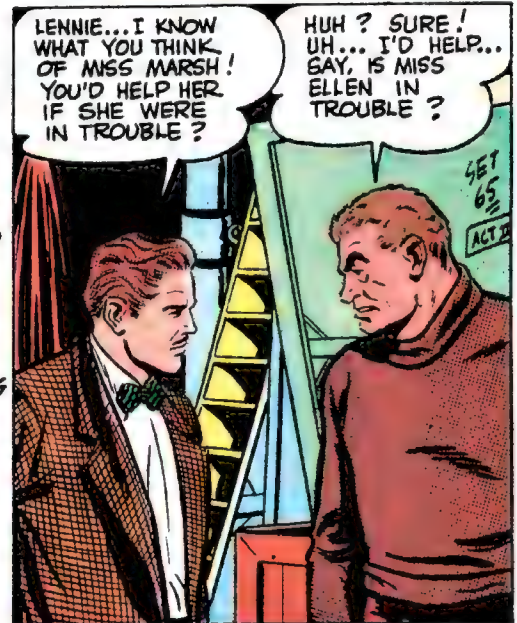


IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH COAXING TO GET HENRY BATES TO TELL ME HIS THEORY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO WINSLOW CLAYTON! BATES SUGGESTED HE WAS HIT BY A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER! YES, THERE WAS EVEN EVIDENCE OF THAT! BUT IF CLAYTON WAS RUN DOWN, WHY WOULD THE DRIVER BURY HIS CLOTHES AND NOT THE BODY?

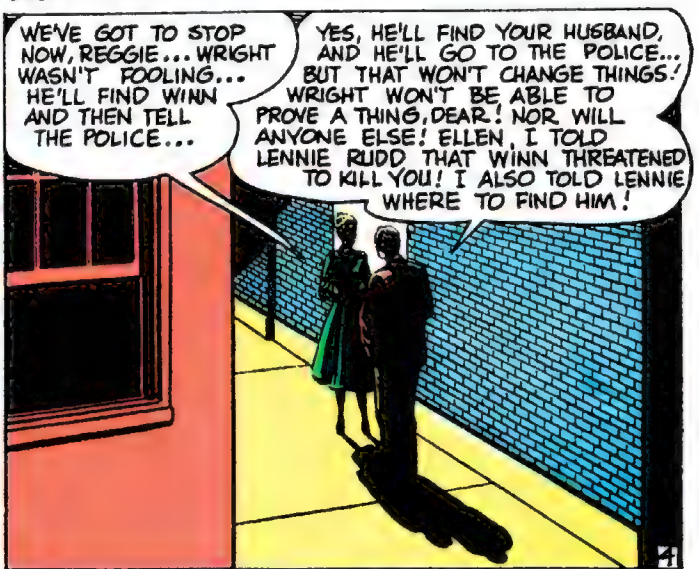


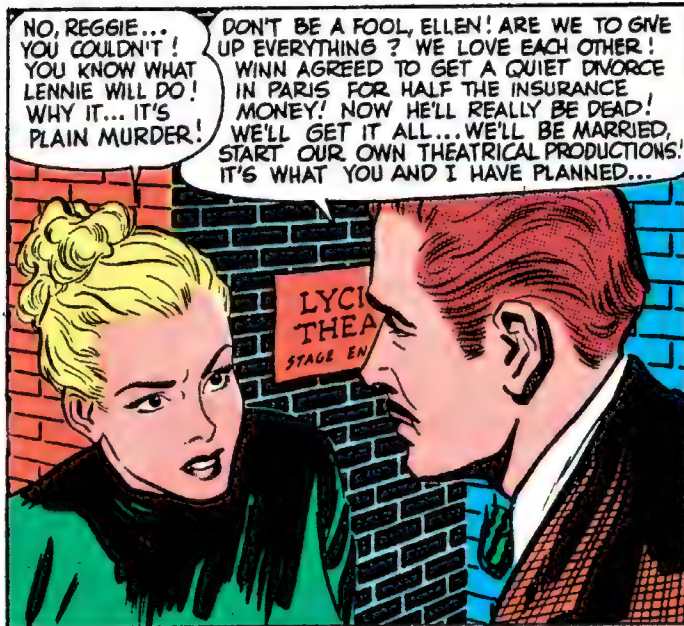


I WOULDN'T HAVE HESITATED TO DROP THE WHOLE EVIL BUSINESS RIGHT THEN AND THERE, HAD I KNOWN REGGIE DUNSTON WAS EAVESDROPPING OUTSIDE... AND WHAT HE PLANNED INVOLVED LENNIE RUDD! POOR LEN! HE HAD A BLIND DEVOTION FOR ME... THERE WASN'T ANYTHING HE WOULDN'T DO FOR HIS 'MISS ELLEN'! AND I ALWAYS GOT HIM A JOB WHEREVER I WAS ACTING!

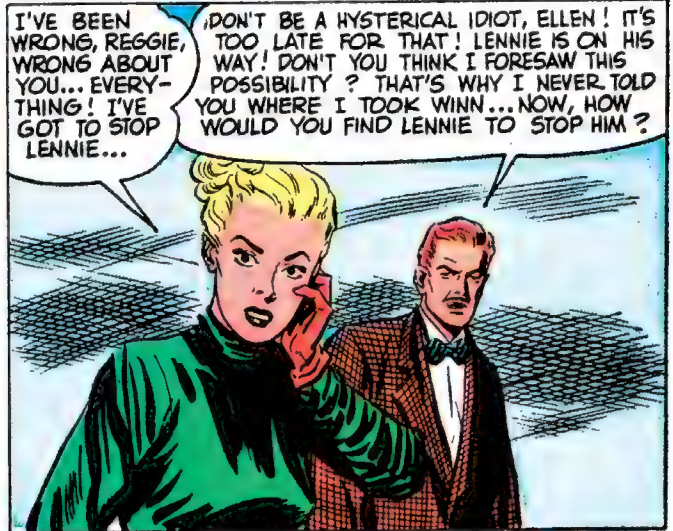


AFTER DETECTIVE WRIGHT LEFT ME, I MET REGGIE AT THE STAGE ENTRANCE! HE DIDN'T SEEM AT ALL PERTURBED WHEN I TOLD HIM THAT WRIGHT WAS ON TO US...

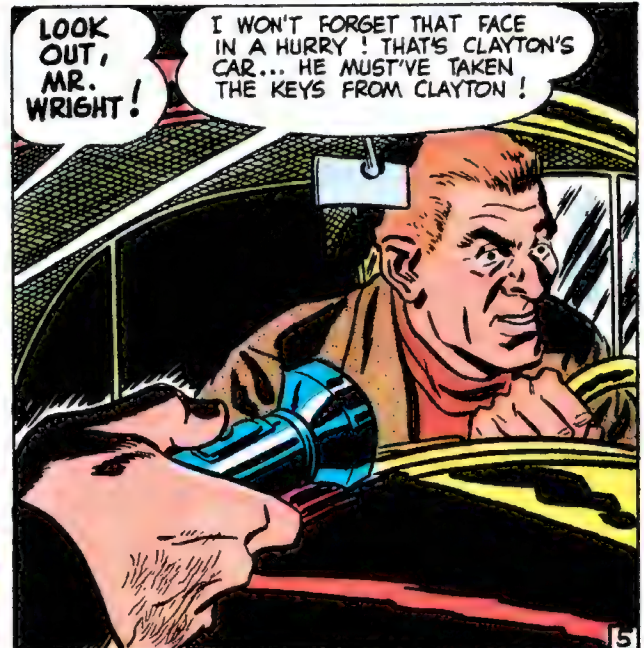
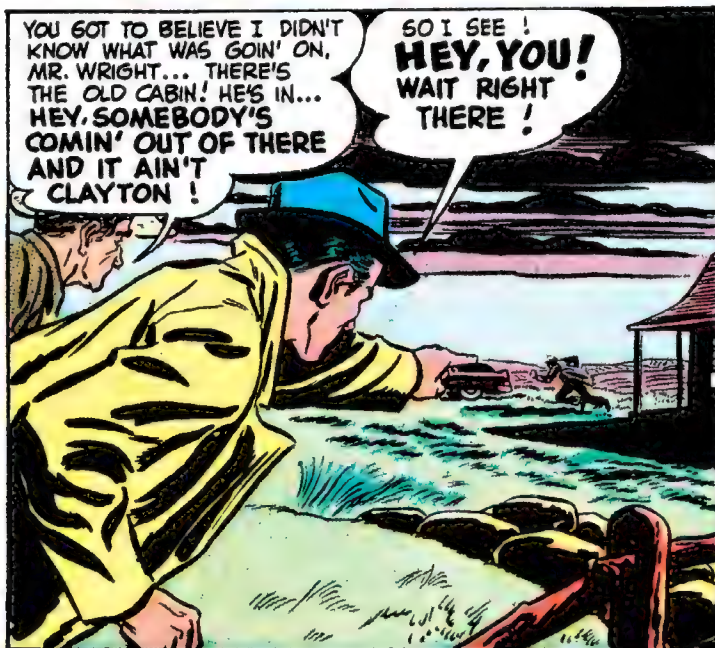
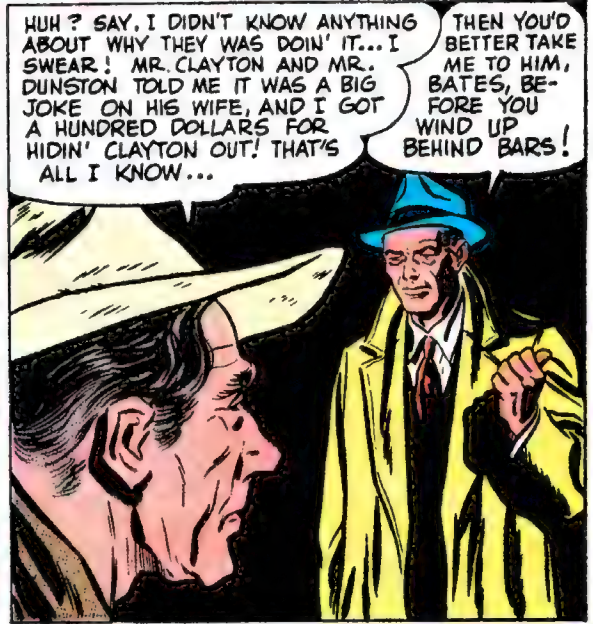
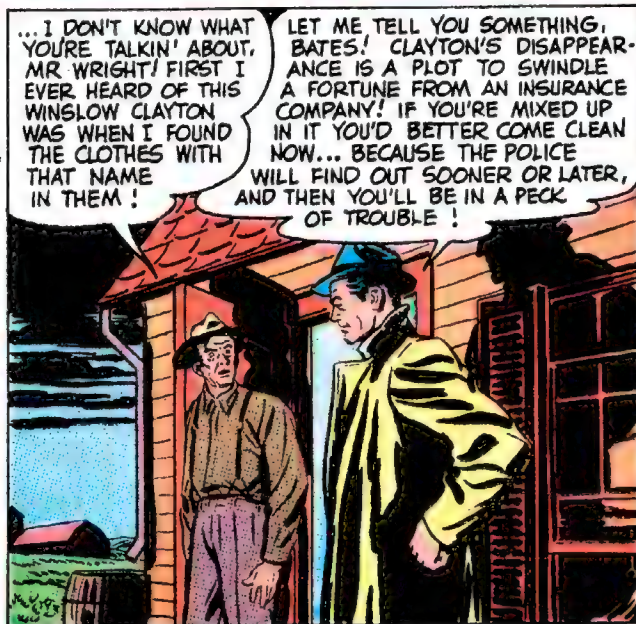


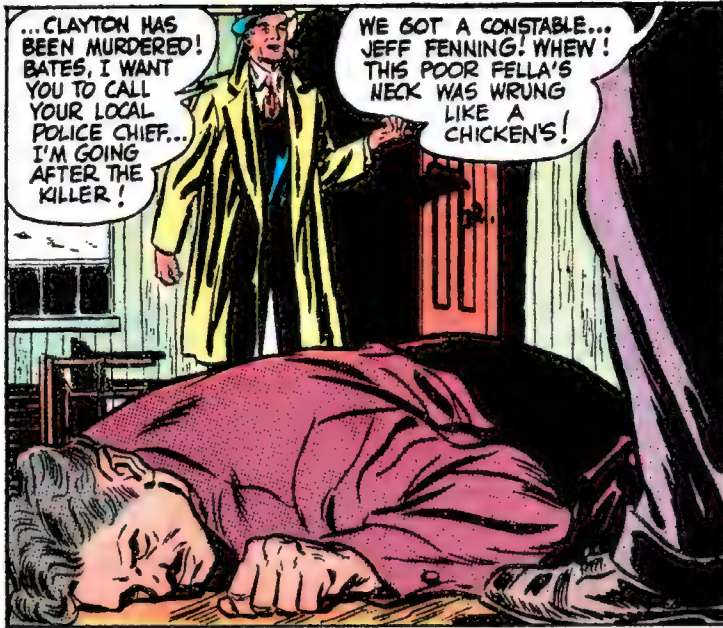


YES, I LOVED REGGIE TILL THAT MOMENT... AND I'M NOT ASHAMED THAT I DID! I MARRIED WINN FOR HIS MONEY, AND WHEN WE FOUND OUT HE WAS BROKE, REGGIE HAD A READY SOLUTION TO OUR PROBLEMS! BUT NOW...

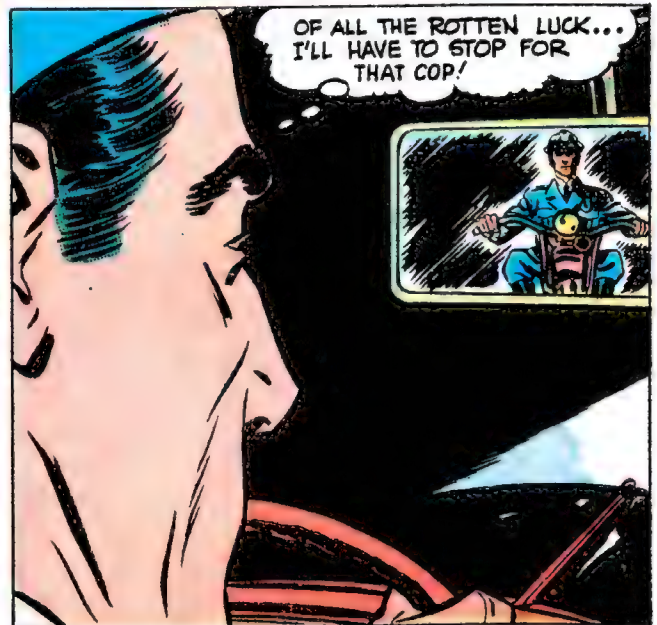
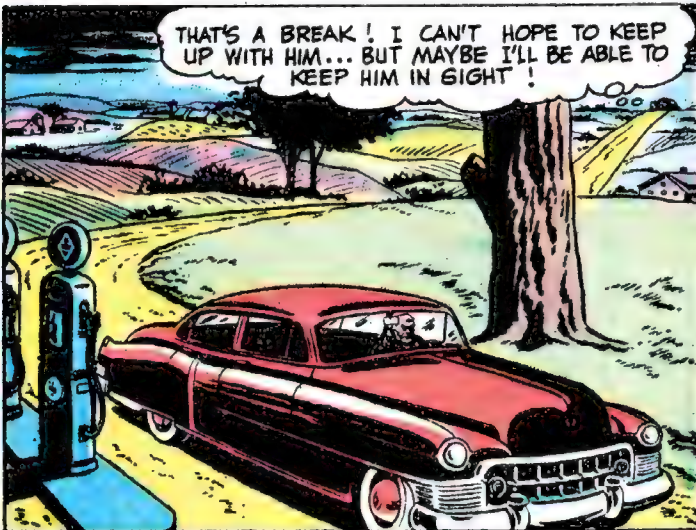


...BUT SOMEONE ELSE WANTED TO FIND MY HUSBAND... DETECTIVE GEORGE WRIGHT! SEVERAL HOURS LATER THAT SAME NIGHT HE WAS BACK AT THE BATES' FARM-HOUSE, IN MAPLETON...





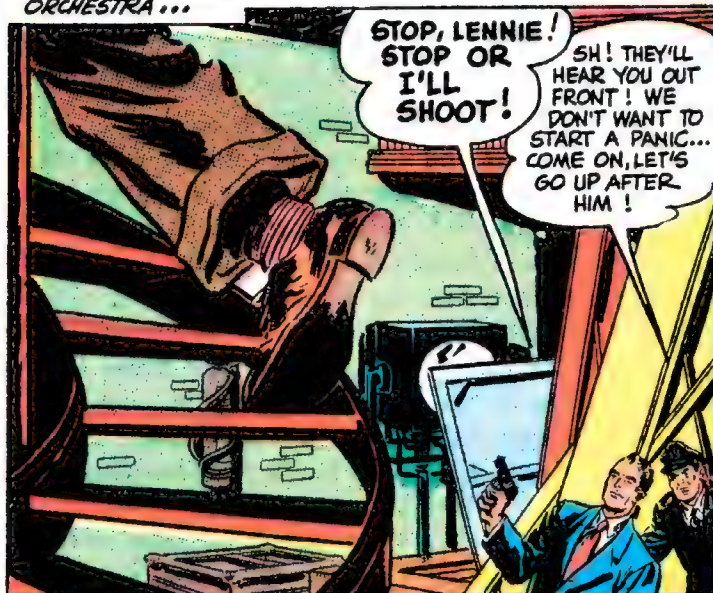
I WAS PAYING FOR DETECTIVE WRIGHT'S SERVICES, AND HE GAVE ME A REPORT LATER... THAT'S HOW I KNOW ALL THE DETAILS OF WHAT HAPPENED! WELL, ABOUT 24 MILES SOUTH OF MAPLETON, LENNIE HAD TO STOP FOR GAS...



MR. WRIGHT SPENT THE NIGHT IN JAIL! THE NEXT DAY, AFTER THE POLICE WHO WERE HOLDING HIM WERE ABLE TO CONTACT THE CONSTABLE AT MAPLETON, HE WAS RELEASED! THE DETECTIVE ARRIVED AT THE THEATRE JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO GO ON FOR THE FINAL SCENE! REGGIE WAS ON-STAGE...



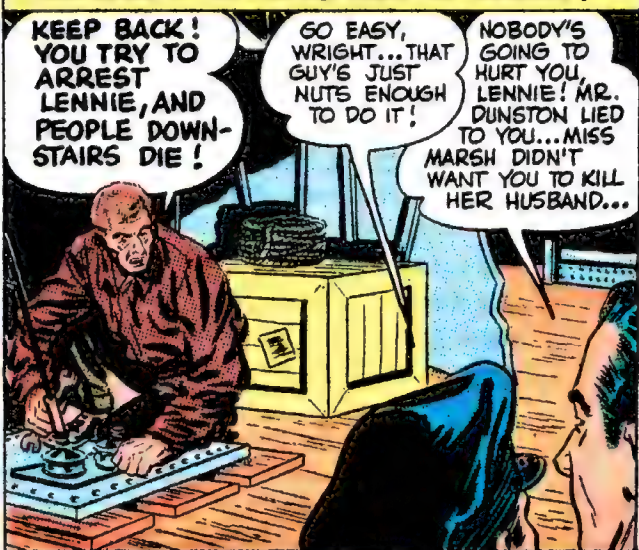
POOR, FRIGHTENED LENNIE... HE RACED TO A LOFT ABOVE THE ORCHESTRA...



STOP, LENNIE!
STOP OR
I'LL
SHOOT!

SH! THEY'LL
HEAR YOU OUT
FRONT! WE
DON'T WANT TO
START A PANIC...
COME ON, LET'S
GO UP AFTER
HIM!

...ONCE ON THE LOFT, LENNIE REMOVED THREE OF THE FOUR SUPPORTS THAT WERE HOLDING A GREAT CHANDELIER IN THE CEILING OVER THE AUDIENCE!



KEEP BACK!
YOU TRY TO
ARREST
LENNIE, AND
PEOPLE DOWN-
STAIRS DIE!

GO EASY,
WRIGHT... THAT
GUY'S JUST
NUTS ENOUGH
TO DO IT!

NOBODY'S
GOING TO
HURT YOU,
LENNIE! MR.
DUNSTON LIED
TO YOU... MISS
MARSH DIDN'T
WANT YOU TO KILL
HER HUSBAND...



..DID YOU THINK
I'D LET YOU
MARRY HIM,
LAURA... I'LL
SEE YOU DEAD
FIRST!

WHATEVER
IS THE
MATTER WITH
YOU, ELLEN? YOU
CAME IN 30
SECONDS AFTER
MY CUE!

REGGIE...
THE POLICE
ARE HERE!
THEY KNOW...
EVERYTHING

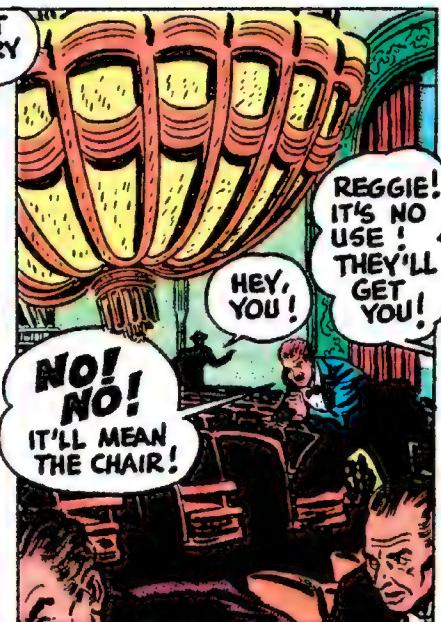
THE
CHANDELIER...
IT'S GOING TO
FALL! RUN
FOR YOUR
LIVES!



I'M TELLING
YOU THE
TRUTH,
LENNIE...
WAIT!
DON'T!

NO, YOU TRY TO HURT
MY ELLEN... YOU TRY
TO HURT ME...
AGHHH!
I-I KILL... EVERY...

CRACK!



REGGIE!
IT'S NO
USE!
THEY'LL
GET YOU!

HEY,
YOU!

**NO!
NO!**
IT'LL MEAN
THE CHAIR!



REGGIE!
THE
CHANDELIER!

AIEEEE!

REGGIE
DUNSTON
WAS KILLED!
LENNIE
LIVED LONG
ENOUGH TO
CLEAR ME
OF ANY
COMPLICITY
IN MY
HUSBAND'S
MURDER...
BUT I WENT
TO PRISON
FOR FIVE
YEARS FOR
MY PART
IN THE
PLOT TO
SWINDLE
THE
INSURANCE
COMPANY...
I'VE
SERVED
MY
TIME...



...I'VE RUINED MY CAREER, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET THIS RUIN MY LIFE, WARDEN! I'M GOING OUT WEST... I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS SEEING THAT OTHERS DON'T TAKE THE WRONG ROAD...

YOU'VE PAID FOR YOUR MISTAKE, ELLEN! I THINK THE CAREER YOU INTEND STARTING ON WILL GIVE YOU A LOT OF SATISFACTION AS WELL AS DOING GOOD! GOOD-BYE, ELLEN, AND GOOD LUCK!

THE END

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 111

DOUBLE TROUBLE

ROSEMARY HALEY had everything a girl could want. Everything, that is, but excitement. To Rosemary, benefit balls and Park Avenue parties, even the wilder kind, were a bore. To her wealthy and socially prominent friends, sometimes Rosemary was a bore, too. After all, how much could anyone take of "*Let's see how the people on the other side of the tracks live,*" and "*Let's go slumming!*" That's why Rosemary sometimes had to do her "slumming" alone.

Billi Kay *did* live on the other side of the tracks. In fact, about as far across the tracks as you can get. She lived on the far side of the law, too, and wished with all her heart she didn't. After all, she *could* sing for her supper, which was just what she did at The Blue Moon — four shows a night for fifty-five per — and the other thing was all because of Eddie.

Eddie was ambitious and he figured the only way a guy like him could get any money and live like people ought to live, was to take a little of it away from the guys who had too much of it. "Just sort of even it out a little," he had said. And the way it was with Billi, when Eddie said a thing, that made it right.

She never questioned Eddie and he never told her anything. Eddie said she was dumb. "All dames are dumb," he would say. "The less they know, the better. Only way to keep 'em out of trouble is to never tell 'em anything." Billi didn't mind him saying those things. Underneath, she knew he was all right. But then, he began to change. She didn't even notice the change at first. But suddenly,

he just wasn't the same Eddie anymore. He wasn't sweet and generous and kind. Instead, he was nasty and sullen and hard. He'd picked out a crew of very funny friends, these days, and he spent more time with them than with her.

When he came up to her room last night to see her, he'd brought his "friends" with him. He told her he wanted a little favor. "Sure, Eddie," she told him. But then, when he told her what it was, she wasn't so sure.

They were going to pull a "job"—at the First National—and they needed her to drive the car. They had a little spot outside of town where they could all lay low for awhile and then they'd all be on Easy Street for the rest of their lives. She didn't do it for the money, though. She did it for Eddie.

After it was all over and they were at the hideout, she told Eddie she couldn't go through with it.

"You *did* go through with it, kid. You seem to forget you aren't in any position to call the kettle black. You're just as black as the rest of us, now, and all you have to do is sit tight for awhile and keep your mouth shut."

"No, Eddie, I can't."

"Whaddya mean, you can't? Look here, Baby, this is no time to turn yellow. Any fancy ideas you got about going straight *now* you can just forget about."

She never thought he could be so hard. She tried to reason with him. Tried to tell him that it would never work out for them this way. They had to go to the police and give themselves up. She just couldn't live like a fugitive and she couldn't

let him do it either.

Then he told her what would happen to her if she tried anything like that. So maybe what she did was foolish. She waited for her one chance and took it. When the coast was clear she took the car and drove it into town. She knew that not having a car wouldn't stop them for long but it would at least slow them down till she could get her bearings and decide what to do.

Funny thing was, she wound up right back at The Blue Moon, right on time for the first show. She didn't know where else to go and for the time being it was safer than her room. They couldn't just shoot her in cold blood while she was singing. They'd never take the chance. After the show, she'd phone the police for protection and they would come and get her. They *had* to come. They *had* to believe her story... Because it was sure as Fate that Eddie would be waiting for her outside.

You might wonder what Billi Kay had in common with Rosemary Haley. Well, it wasn't very much, really, but, fact was, they looked enough alike to be twins. When they saw each other for the first time, Rosemary had just come in the door of the Blue Moon and Billi was on stage singing. Rosemary made quite a stir among the *regulars* in the joint. It wasn't every day they had a visitor who was so obviously *class*. But it was for a different reason that Billi stopped in the middle of her song and just stared. She was a performer, however, first, last, and always, so she picked up the thread of the song again almost immediately, but not before Rosemary

had looked up and caught her eye.

"This is too good to be true." The thought crossed both girls' minds at once. For Rosemary, this was a chance in a lifetime.

"What fun," she thought, "if that girl would change places with me for a day. With a change of hairdos and clothes, we'd be exactly alike, and what a lark it would be! A completely different life for just 24 hours!"

For Billi, Rosemary was the answer to a prayer. She'd no sooner come off stage and gone to her dressing room than she was joined by Rosemary.

"Come on in," she invited. It wasn't necessary to add that she'd been expecting her. Each girl knew, instinctively, what the other was thinking. They looked at each other in the big mirror and giggled.

"Really, this is remarkable," Rosemary began. She proceeded to tell Billi all about herself and gave her just about enough family background to coast on for a day. During this time they were busy changing clothes. They discovered that Billi's hair had to be trimmed a little and parted in the middle, and Rosemary did her best to copy the exaggerated lip line that Billi affected. The final result was perfect.

"We'd better make this complete," said Rosemary. "Here, take my purse and I'll take yours. Where do you live, by the way?"

Billi gave her the address of a cheap rooming house around the block. Billi didn't believe half of what Rosemary said, but it didn't matter. It wasn't the idea of living in a mansion for a day that interested her anyway. She'd never do it... too risky. Anyway, this girl was probably running away from

something herself, and had no intentions of meeting her again the following night to change back. Well, that was all right with Billi. She wouldn't mind being "Rosemary" for the rest of her life.

Rosemary had no sooner stepped outside the stage door and into the alley, when she felt a grip of steel on her arm.

"Where do you think you're going, Billi?" a gruff voice scraped in her ear. "Of all the dumb dames, you win first prize! Did you really think you could get away with this game?"

Rosemary whirled toward the voice. She saw Eddie's face first and then the gun in his hand. If the sight of the face didn't fill her with terror, the sight of the gun did. Suddenly, this game didn't seem like such fun after all.



"Wait a minute," she said, "There's some mistake." I know who you think I am but I'm not her really. My name is Rosemary Haley and my father is the District Attorney and if you don't let me go immediately, you'll certainly regret it."

"What the...", then Eddie began to laugh. "Well, if that isn't the craziest story I ever heard. Come off it, kid." He was pushing her in the back of a car and it was then the other men stepped out of the shadows and climbed in the front seat.

They sped on through town to the hideout. The gun never eased its pressure in Rosemary's side and if she wanted to say more she saved it till they

reached their destination. She was pushed roughly from the car and ordered inside.

"This is the end of the road for you, kiddo," snarled Eddie.

"Wait," said Rosemary, "I can prove all I said is true. I'll show you a note from my father." She reached inside her bag. Eddie waited.

"Oh, I forgot," her voice trailed off, "this isn't my bag."

Eddie gave a short, harsh laugh and pointed the gun at her head. "You've got thirty seconds to say your prayers."

Suddenly, the door burst open behind Eddie, and Rosemary saw her father at the head of the raiding party.

"Okay, boys," he said, "you can put away those guns. Your little game is over." "Are you all right, Rosemary?" he added.

"Oh, Daddy," she was across the room and into his arms. "How in the world did you ever find us? They were going to kill me, Daddy! Right here and in cold blood!"

"Yes, I know," he said, "We saw through the window. And you owe some thanks to this girl. It was she who saved your life." He stepped aside and revealed Billi in the doorway. She was still dressed in the clothes that Rosemary recognized as her own.

"She saw a note from me in your purse," the D. A. continued, "that revealed your true identity and she came immediately to me and told me where we would probably find you. That was a risky game you played, Rosemary. If it wasn't for the quick thinking and quick action on the part of this girl, Billi, we might not have gotten here on time. Smart girl, Billi."

"Smart!" Eddie's voice echoed. "She's so smart, it's gonna kill me."

THE END #8259

America's
Leading
Designers

Kay Woodbury

offers exciting advanced styles in
Boleros and Pinafores



No. 570
\$3.98



Guaranteed
Colorfast!

No. 910
\$3.98



No. 902
\$3.98



PRE-SHRUNK POPLIN UNIFORMS

for WAITRESSES...HOUSEMAIDS
BEAUTICIANS...NURSES

No. 325
\$3.98

No. 330
\$3.98

NO. 325—PEARL SNAP STUDS.
Revere collar. Kerchief pocket.
Gripper fastener on fly front skirt.
COLORS: White, Blue, Aqua.
SIZES: 12 to 20, 40 to 44.

**NO. 330—SWEETHEART NECK-
LINE.** New and flattering. Ric-
rac trim on cuffs and pockets.
Removable shank buttons.
COLORS: White, Blue, Aqua
SIZES: 12 to 20, 40 to 44.



NO. 570—BOLERO jacket ideal for cool
days. For warm weather just wear the
sunback dress.

COLORS: Blue or Dubonnet with matching
pastel trim.
SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

NO. 902—PINAFORE with extra wide flare
skirt, side slash pockets. Bias fold on loop
skirt. Button in back.

COLORS: Blue on blending green. Gray on
blending orchid.
SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44.

NO. 910—BACK-WRAP that slips on and
off in a second. Pretty new pocket detail.
Washes like a dream.

COLORS: Orchid or Rose flower on Multi-
color background.
SIZES: 12, 14, 16, 18, 20



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

FASHION CORP. OF AMERICA Dept. MC 9
127 Valley Rd., Montclair, N. J.
Please send the following order at once.

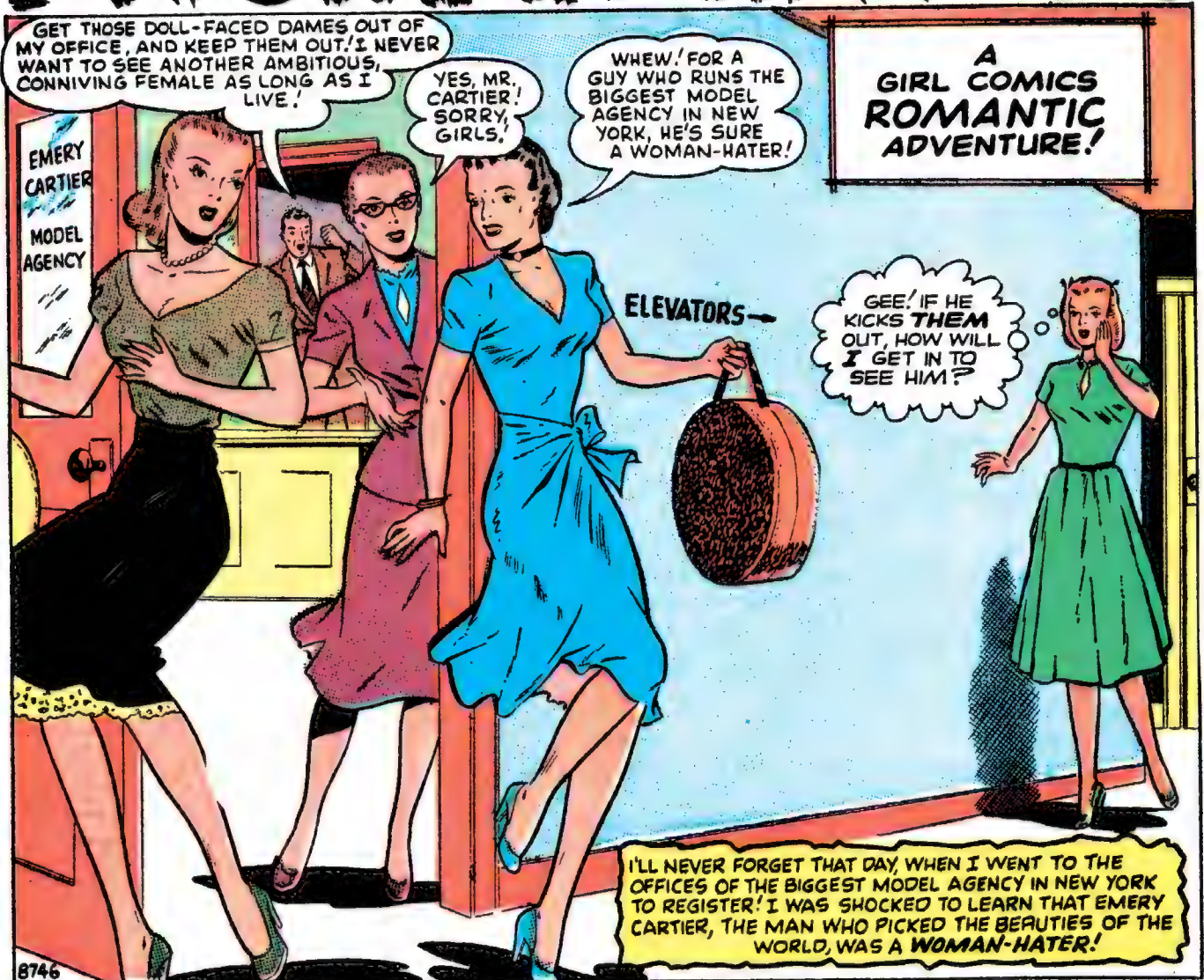
Style No.	How Many	Size	Color	2nd Col. Choice
570				
902				
910				
325				
330				

☐ Send C. O. D.—I'll pay postman plus charges.
☐ Check or M.O. enclosed. You pay delivery costs.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....

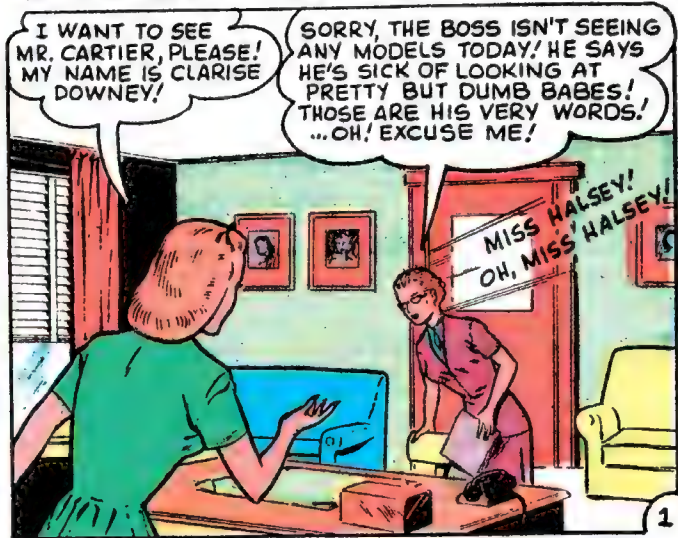
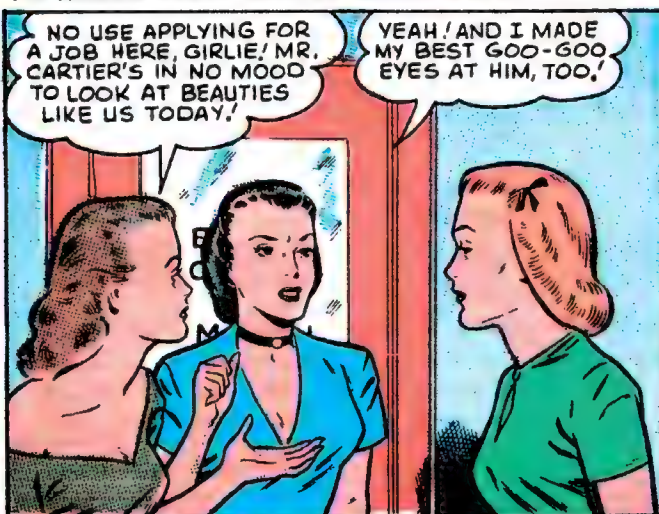
**ORDER
BY
MAIL**

THE WOMAN-HATER!

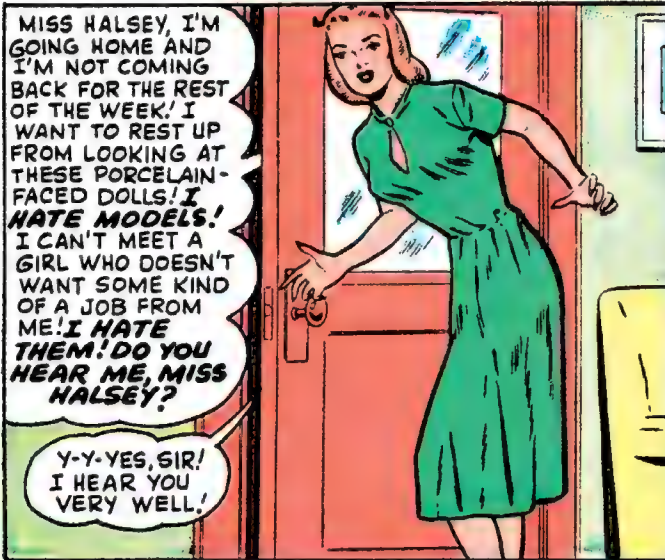


LET'S FACE IT...EVERYTHING CATCHES UP WITH YOU IN TIME...YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING, NO MATTER HOW YOU PLAN IT! YES, I, CLARISE DOWNEY, FOUND THAT OUT...AND ALL BECAUSE I WANTED TO BE A MODEL FOR THE FAMOUS EMERY CARTIER MODEL AGENCY...

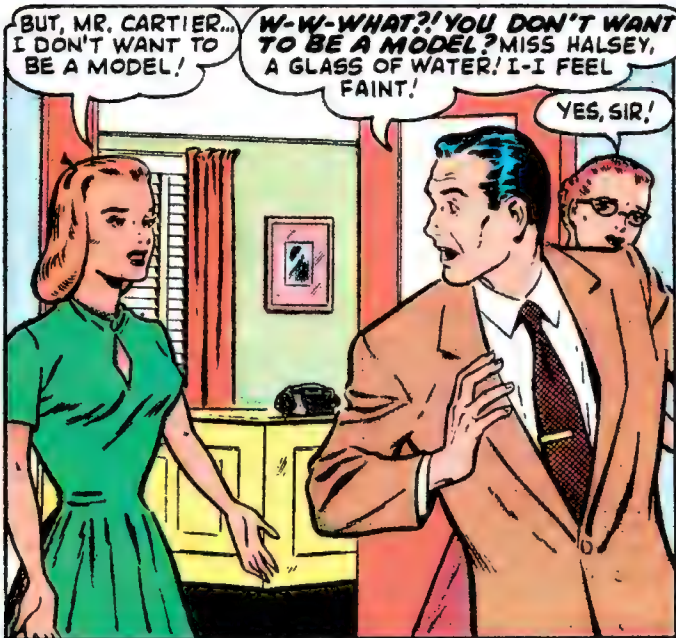
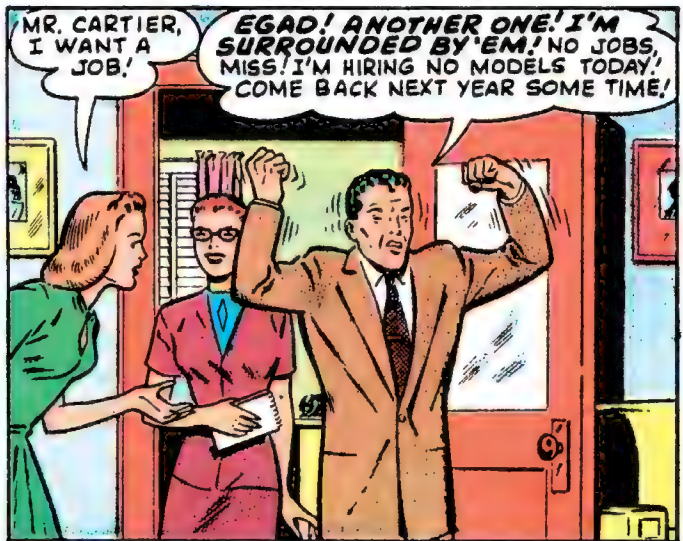
I WASN'T GOING TO LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT STOP ME! I HAD COME ALL THE WAY FROM LITTLE ROCK TO MAKE GOOD AS AN EMERY CARTIER MODEL...AND NOTHING WAS GOING TO STOP ME FROM MAKING GOOD!



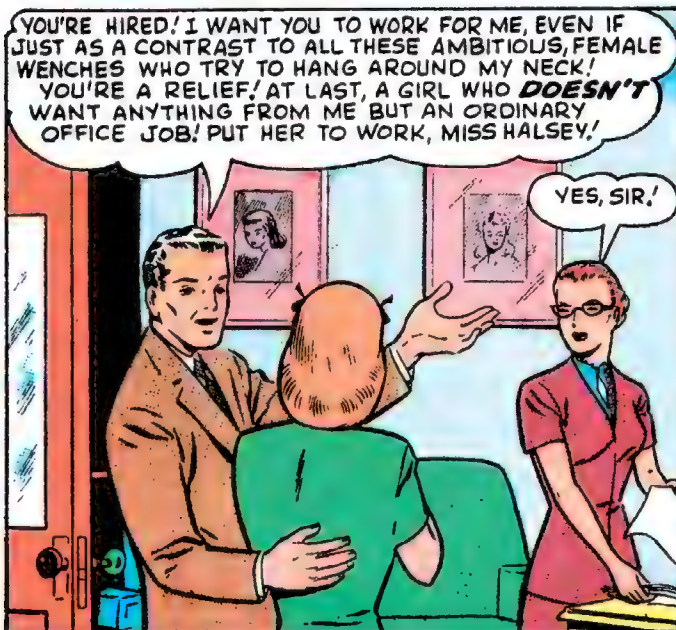
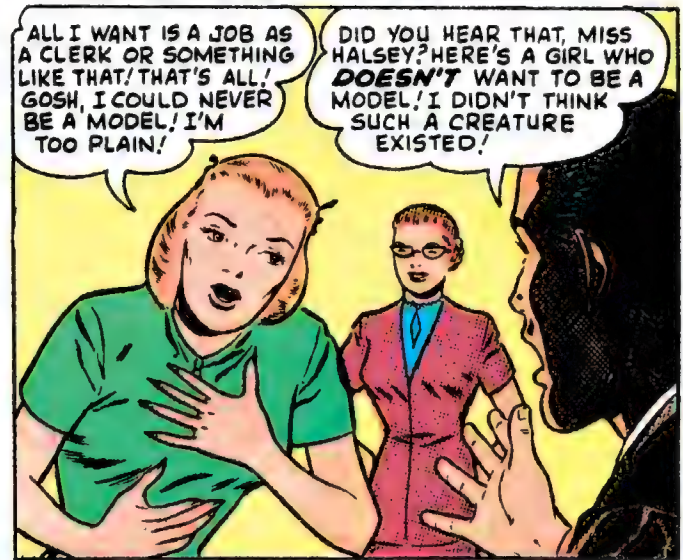
MISS HALSEY WENT IN TO SEE THE GREAT MAN AND I LISTENED THROUGH THE PARTLY OPENED DOOR! DO YOU BLAME ME...?



SUDDENLY HE CAME SWEEPING BY, STORMING OUT OF HIS OFFICE! EVEN IN ALL HIS EXCITEMENT HE LOOKED LIKE THE KIND OF MAN EVERY GIRL DREAMS ABOUT! I HAD TO THINK AND ACT FAST!



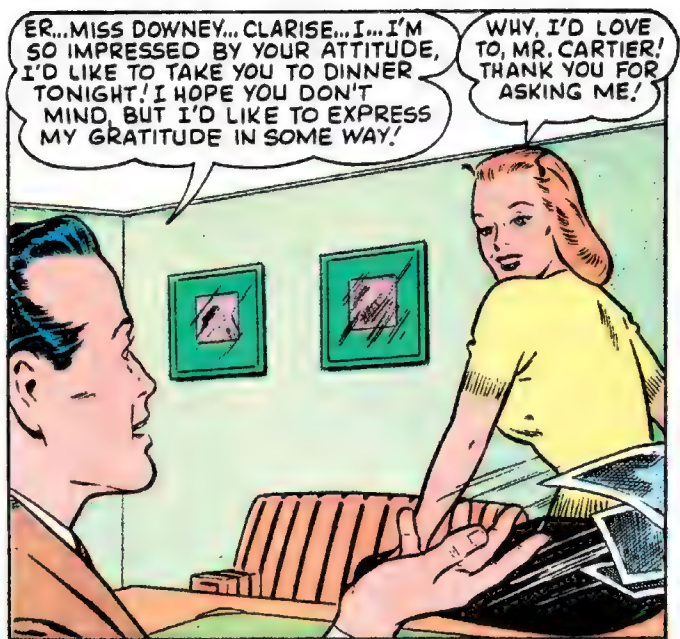
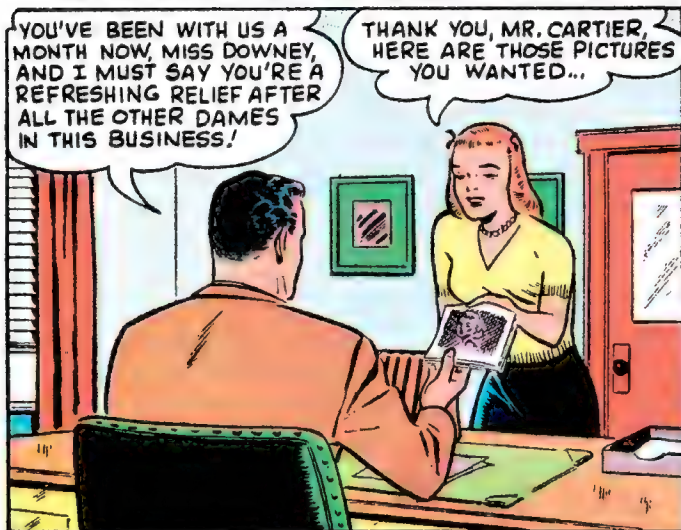
THEY USED TO CALL ME THE FASTEST TALKER IN LITTLE ROCK, BACK HOME, AND I SHOWED IT THEN, WHILE CARTIER LOOKED AND LISTENED IN ASTONISHMENT!



...AND HE WAS GONE, STILL AMAZED AT THE WHOLE THING! I FOOLED HIM, BUT I DIDN'T FOOLED HALSEY.

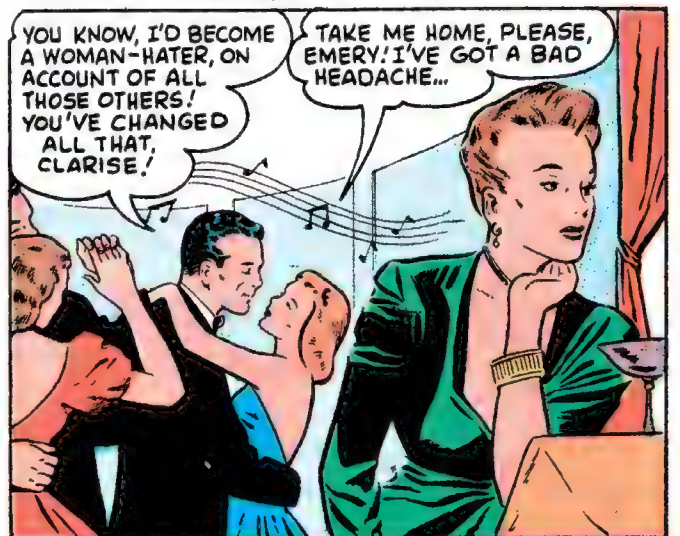


MY PLAN, OF COURSE, WAS TO WORK AS A CLERK UNTIL I SAW MY CHANCE TO GRAB A MODEL'S JOB, BUT I KNEW I HAD TO PLAY THIS GAME CAREFULLY, OR CARTIER WOULD GET WISE TO ME AND I'D BE OUT ON MY EAR!

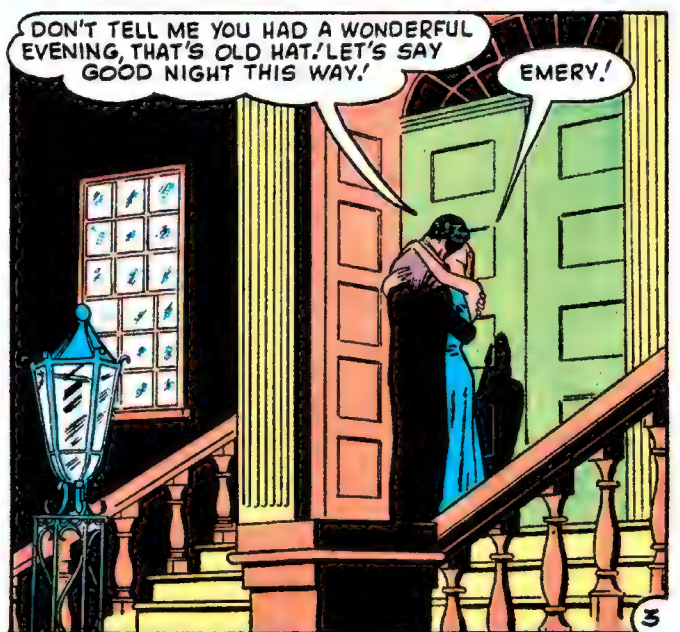
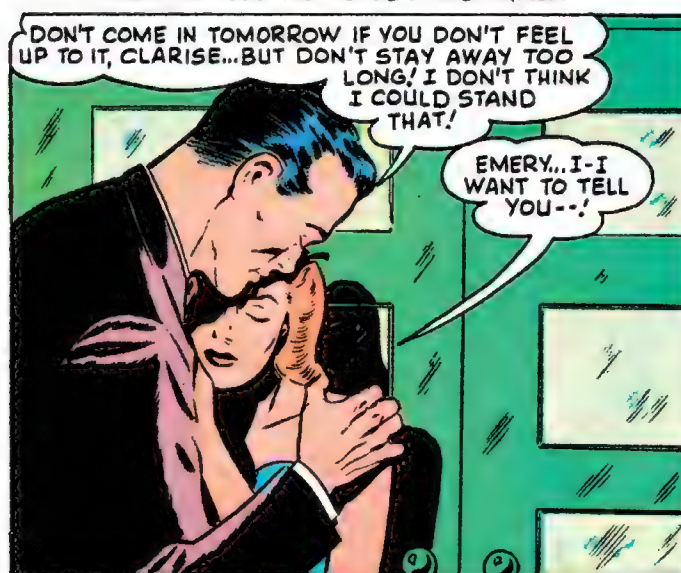


I HADN'T EXPECTED **THIS!** TO TELL THE TRUTH, I HAD BEGUN TO THINK OF EMERY CARTIER AS MORE THAN JUST A FAMOUS MODEL AGENCY MAN...IN FACT, I THOUGHT OF HIM AS A PRETTY NICE GUY! WE WENT TO THE MOCOPICO FOR DINNER...

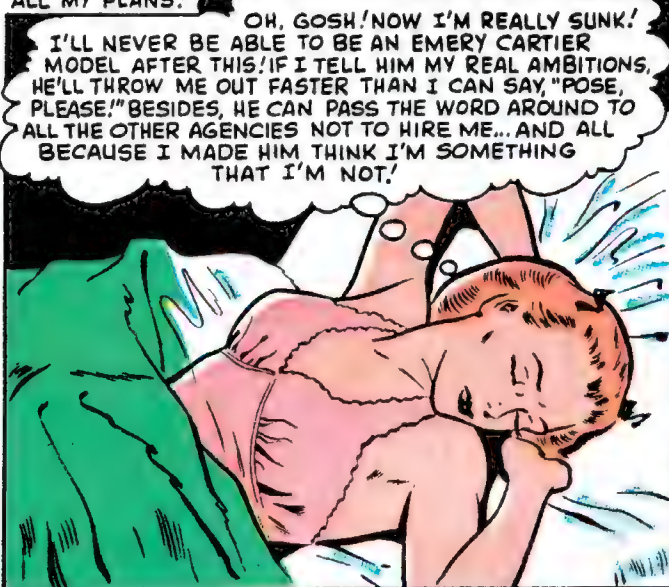
ALL OF A SUDDEN, I FELT TERRIBLY ASHAMED! HE WAS SO HAPPY AND SO RELAXED! WHAT WOULD HE THINK IF HE KNEW THE TRUTH ABOUT ME? AS WE DANCED, HE WHISPERED INTO MY EAR...



HE WAS ALL POLITENESS AND CONSIDERATION! AT MY FRONT DOOR HE HELD ME CLOSE IN HIS ARMS...

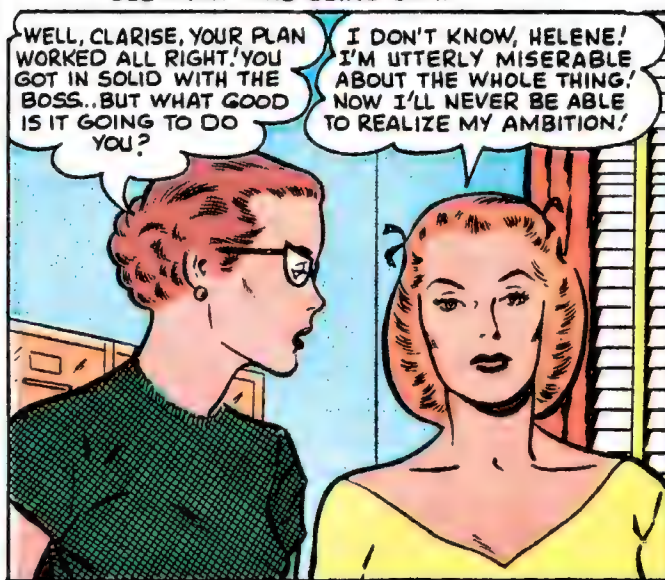


I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN! IT SPOILED ALL MY PLANS!



OH, GOSH! NOW I'M REALLY SUNK! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO BE AN EMERY CARTIER MODEL AFTER THIS! IF I TELL HIM MY REAL AMBITIONS, HE'LL THROW ME OUT FASTER THAN I CAN SAY, "POSE, PLEASE!" BESIDES, HE CAN PASS THE WORD AROUND TO ALL THE OTHER AGENCIES NOT TO HIRE ME... AND ALL BECAUSE I MADE HIM THINK I'M SOMETHING THAT I'M NOT!

HELENE HALSEY WAS A GOOD FRIEND, AND SHE COULD SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON...



WELL, CLARISE, YOUR PLAN WORKED ALL RIGHT! YOU GOT IN SOLID WITH THE BOSS... BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT GOING TO DO YOU?

I DON'T KNOW, HELENE! I'M UTTERLY MISERABLE ABOUT THE WHOLE THING! NOW I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REALIZE MY AMBITION!



AMBITION? WHY, YOU POOR, SILLY THING! OF COURSE YOU WILL! WHAT'S ANY WOMAN'S MAIN AMBITION? TO FALL IN LOVE AND GET MARRIED, ISN'T IT?

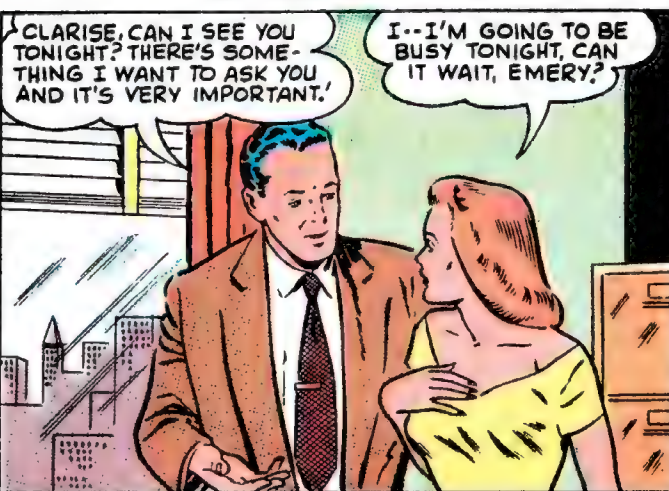
WHAT? WHY SURE, I GUESS SO! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT'S GOT TO DO WITH WHAT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT!



IT'S GOT EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT! EMERY CARTIER'S IN LOVE WITH YOU, YOU LUCKY GIRL!

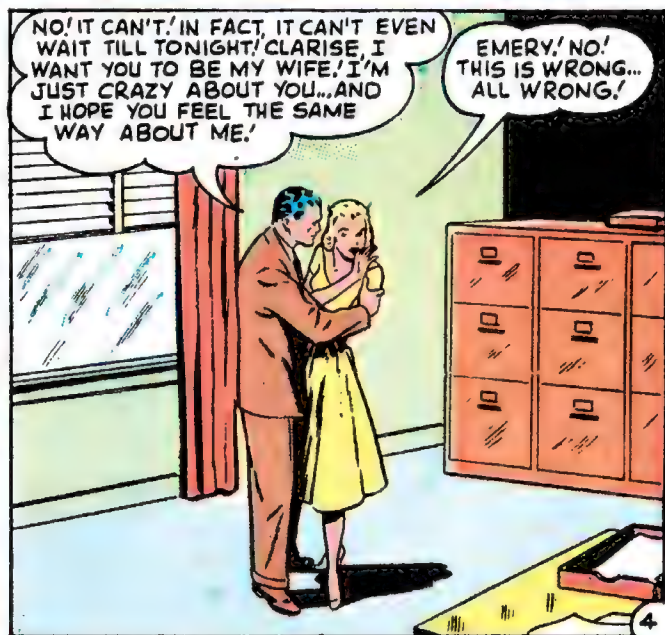
IN LOVE WITH ME? NOW YOU'RE BEING SILLY! HE... HE JUST THINKS I'M DIFFERENT... WHILE I'M REALLY NOT! I'M JUST LIKE THE OTHER GIRLS... THE ONES HE HATES SO MUCH! I'M AS AMBITIOUS TO BE A MODEL AS THE NEXT ONE!

YES, IN SPITE OF ALL THAT HELENE HAD SAID, I STILL HAD ONE THING UPPERMOST IN MY MIND... THE CAREER OF A GLAMOROUS MODEL! BESIDES, I DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT EMERY FELT ANYTHING FOR ME BUT INTEREST IN SOMEONE WHO WAS DIFFERENT, I DIDN'T DARE THINK IT WAS ANYTHING ELSE... THEN...



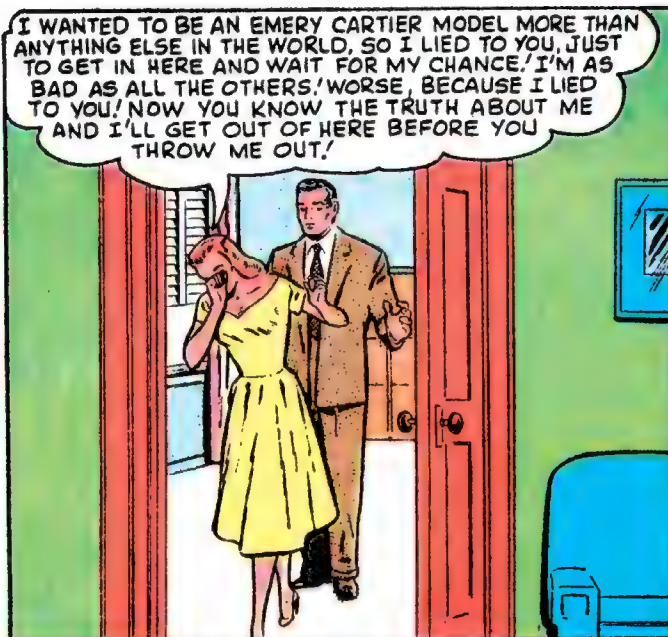
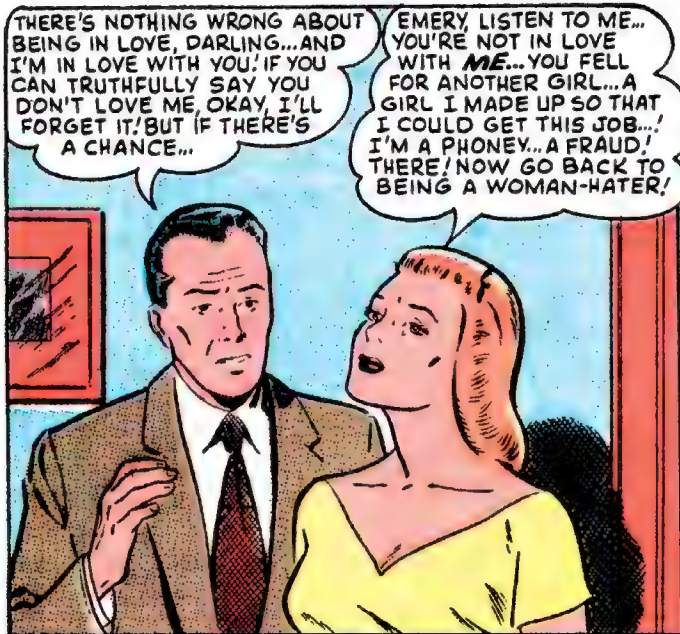
CLARISE, CAN I SEE YOU TONIGHT? THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO ASK YOU, AND IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.

I--I'M GOING TO BE BUSY TONIGHT, CAN IT WAIT, EMERY?



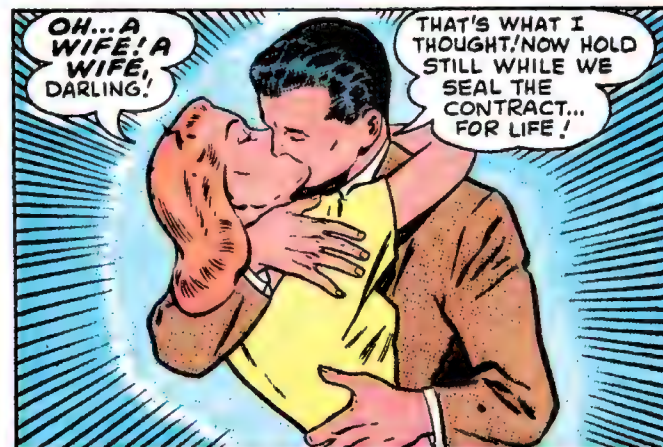
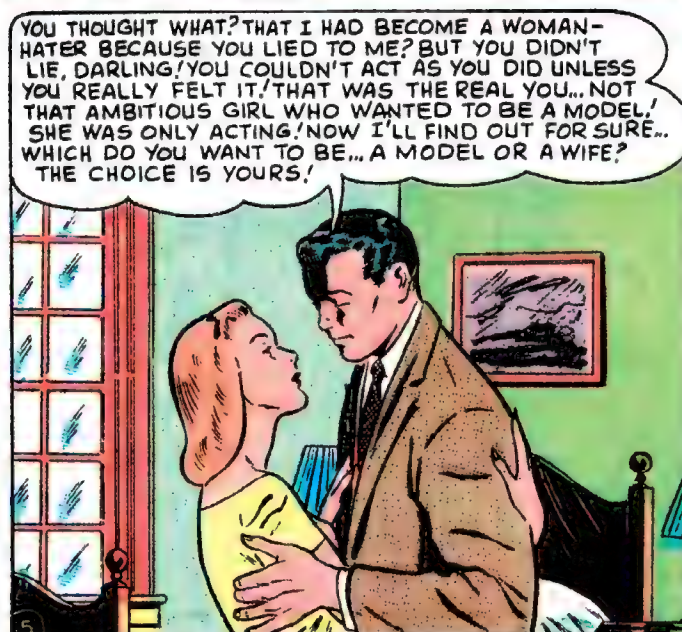
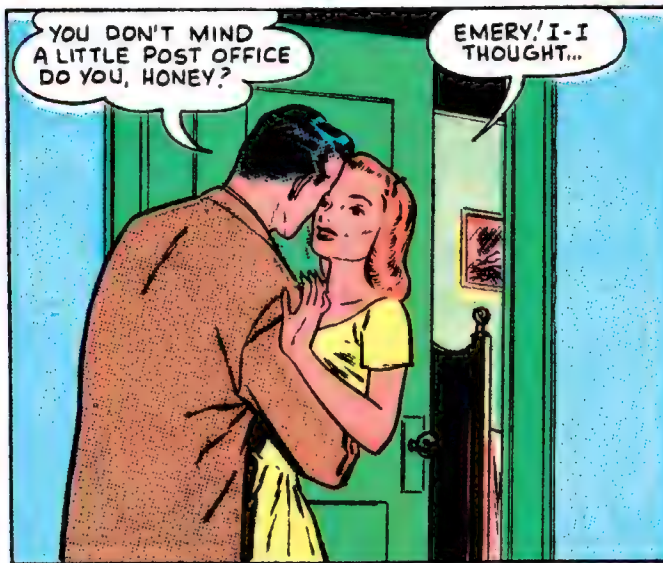
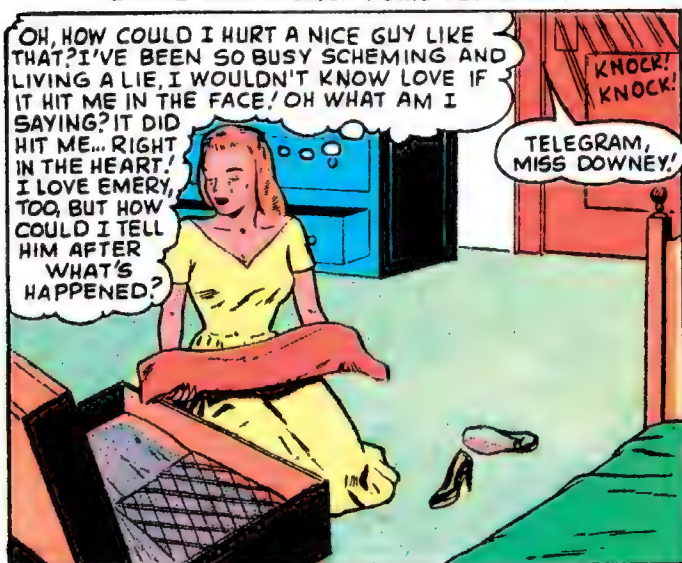
NO! IT CAN'T! IN FACT, IT CAN'T EVEN WAIT TILL TONIGHT! CLARISE, I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE! I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT YOU... AND I HOPE YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT ME!

EMERY! NO! THIS IS WRONG! ALL WRONG!



HIS FACE TURNED WHITE, AND HE DIDN'T SAY ANOTHER WORD! I RUSHED OUT OF THERE AND WENT TO MY ROOM TO PACK! I WAS GOING BACK HOME FOR GOOD!

I OPENED THE DOOR, BUT INSTEAD OF A MESSENGER BOY, EMERY MARCHED IN AND PLANTED A SWIFT KISS ON MY MOUTH!



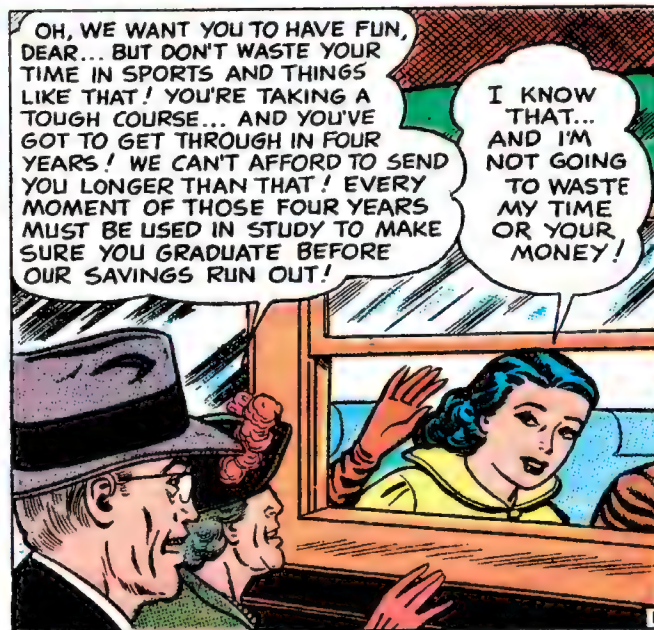
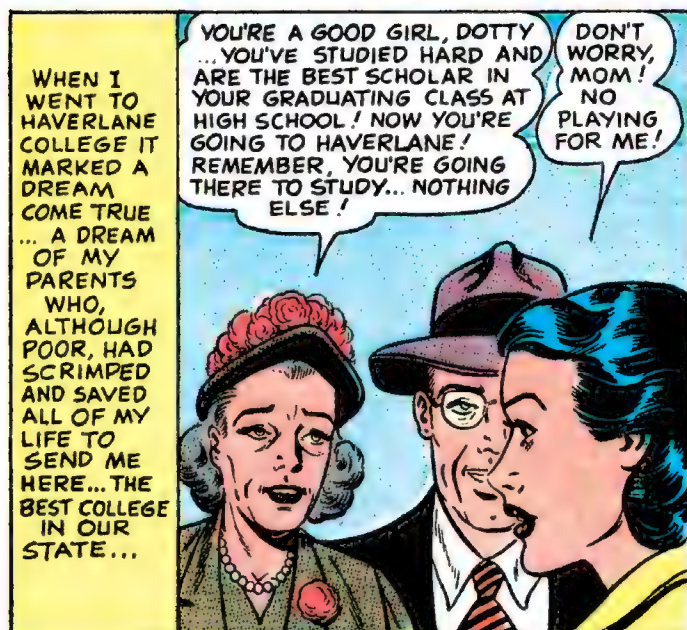
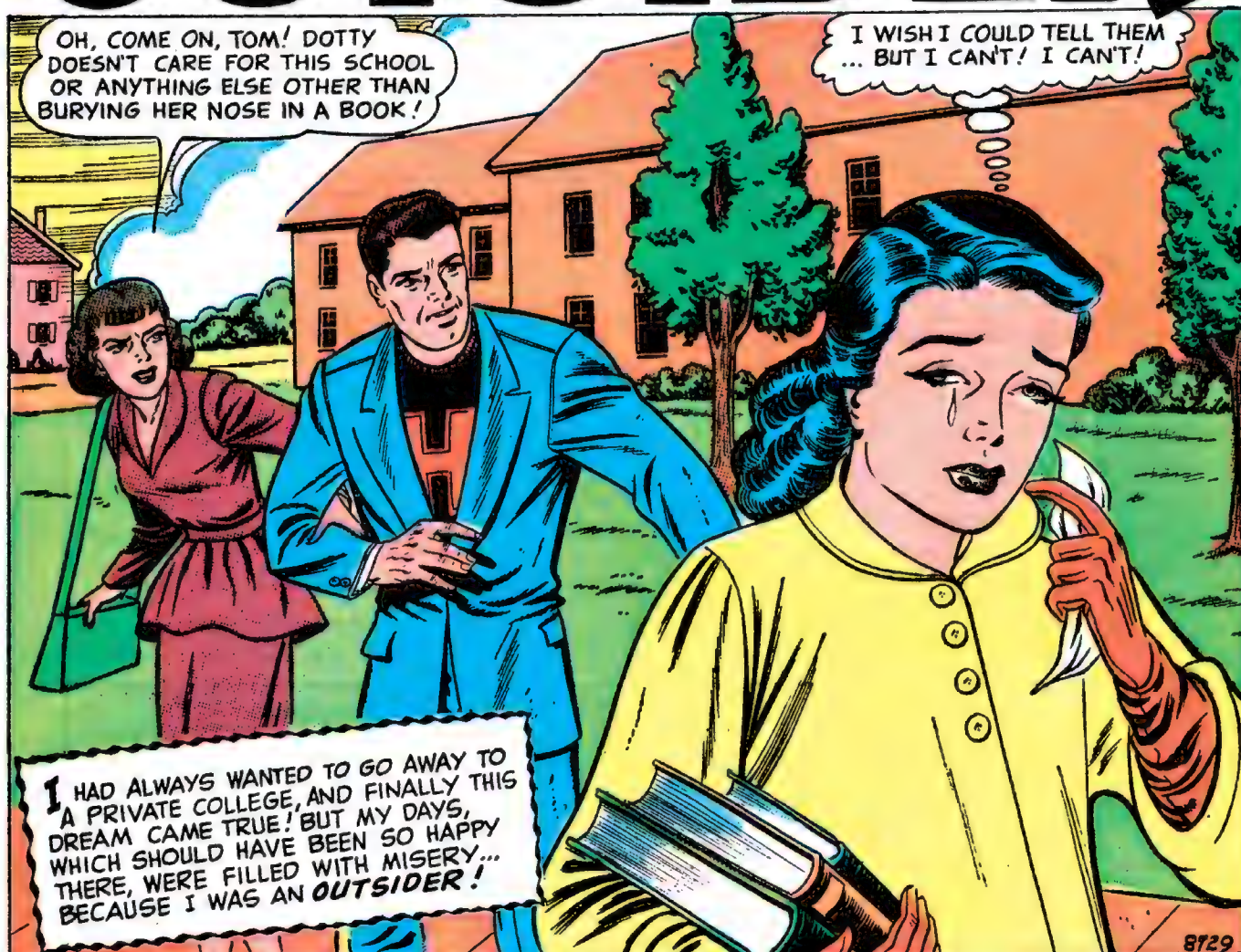
YES, THINGS CATCH UP WITH YOU... BUT SOMETIMES IT TAKES A LOT TO SHOW YOU WHO YOU REALLY ARE, NO MATTER WHO YOU **THINK** YOU ARE! EMERY RECOGNIZED THE REAL ME... AND I'VE BEEN GRATEFUL EVER SINCE! YOU SEE, I MARRIED THE WOMAN-HATER!

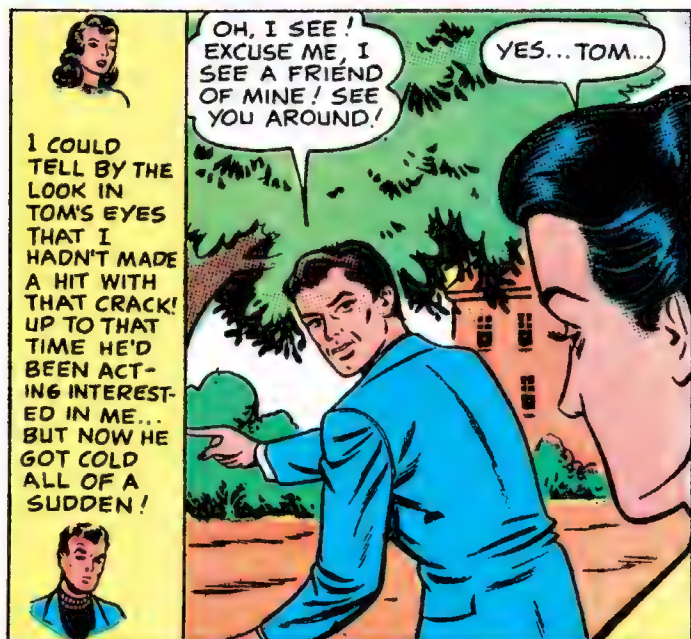
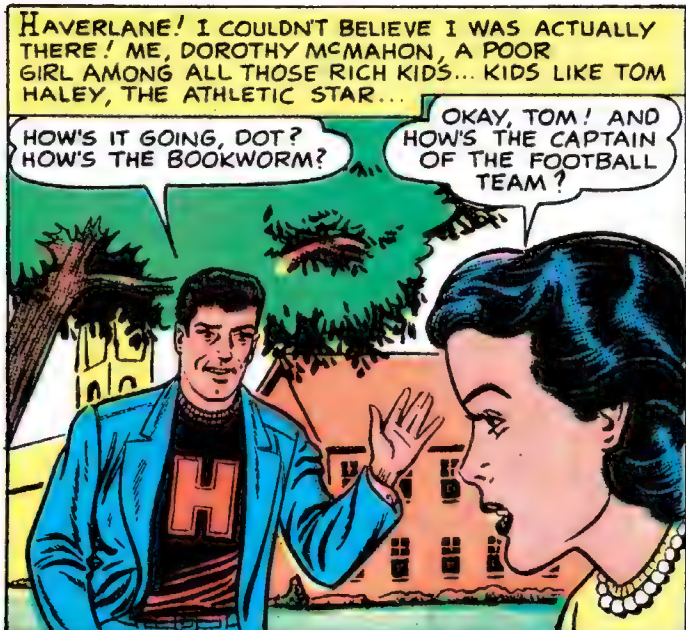
SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SHITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 11

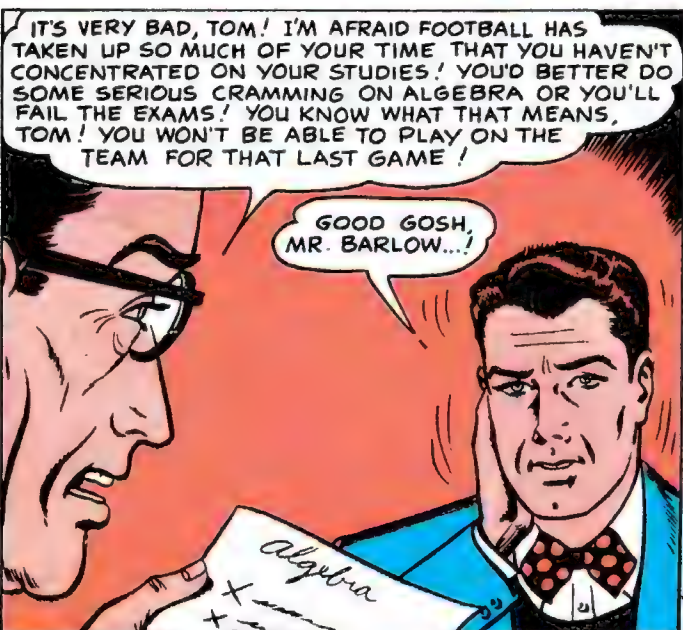
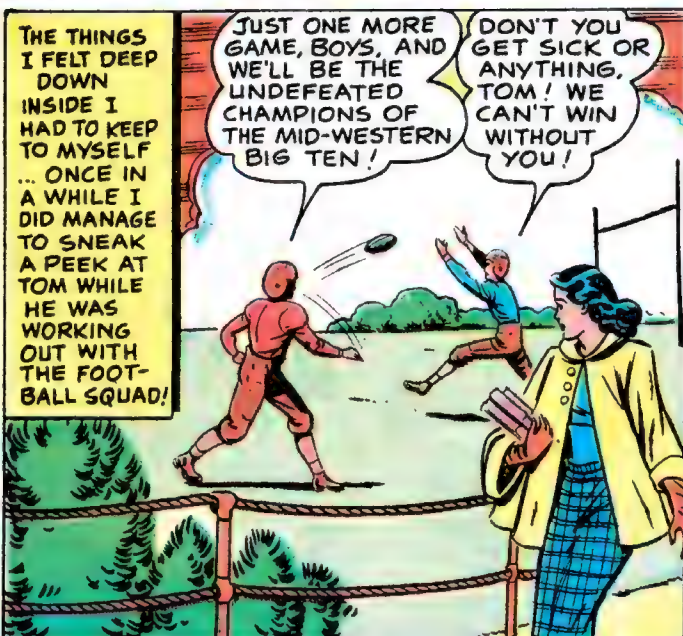
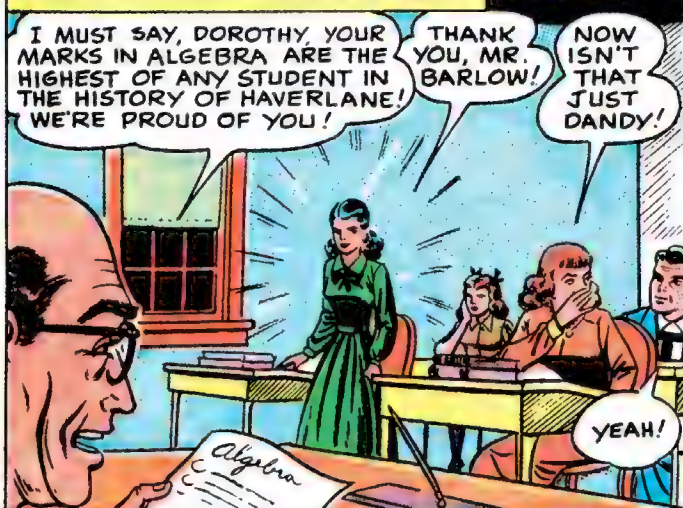


THE OUTSIDER

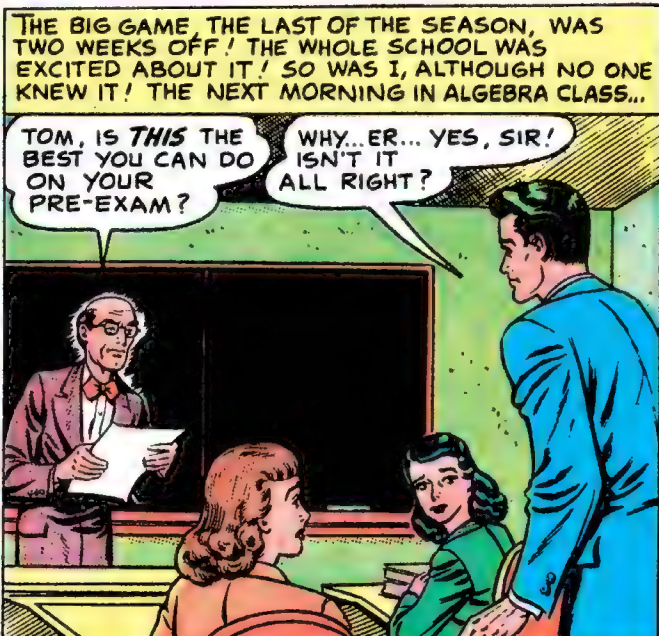




"OUTSIDER" THE NAME STUNG ME LIKE A WHIP! IF I COULD ONLY TELL THEM ALL HOW I REALLY FELT! BUT I COULDN'T! WHATEVER THEY... AND TOM... THOUGHT OF ME, I COULDN'T GO BACK ON MY FOLKS! NOT AFTER ALL THEY HAD SACRIFICED!



THAT'S HOW IT WAS... I WAS AN OUTSIDER FROM THEN ON! THE KIDS WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT I DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THEM!



I HAD A PLAN... BUT I WAS AFRAID TO SPEAK! AFTER ALL, I WAS THE OUTSIDER! THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN TO ME... THEY THOUGHT I WASN'T INTERESTED IN THESE THINGS... BUT I HAD TO SPEAK...

ER... TOM, MAYBE I COULD HELP YOU! I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT ALGEBRA TO SHOW YOU SOME SHORT CUTS!

HUH? GOSH, DOT! WOULD YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT! DOT'S A WHIZ-KID WHEN IT COMES TO THAT STUFF!

OF COURSE! I GUESS IT DOES PAY GOSH, SHE EVEN KNOWS MORE THAN THE PROFS! FOR SOME-BODY TO SPEND ALL HER TIME STUDYING!

YOU BET! IT'S AS GOOD... BETTER, EVEN... THAN BEING ON ANY TEAM! C'MON, DOT! LET'S START RIGHT AWAY!

SURE, TOM!

BOY, THE WAY YOU SHOW ME HOW TO WORK OUT THESE PROBLEMS, IT'S A PLEASURE. DOTTY!

THE EXAM'S TOMORROW... YOU'LL MAKE IT OKAY!

THAT'S HOW IT WAS! I HELPED TOM DURING OFF-HOURS, TEACHING HIM ALL I KNEW! IT WASN'T EASY... AND IT WASN'T ALL MY JOB EITHER! TOM HAD TO WORK HARD, AND HE DID!

... AND HE DID! HE PASSED WITH FLYING COLORS, ONE OF THE HIGHEST IN THE CLASS!

I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, DOT! EVERYONE IN HAVERLANE IS GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR THIS! LOOK, HOW ABOUT GOING TO THE PROM WITH ME?

I'D LOVE TO, TOM! BUT FIRST WIN THAT GAME!

JUST THINK, DOT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, THIS NEVER WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

YOU BET! YOU'RE AS MUCH OF THE TEAM AS TOM IS!

TOM WAS A ONE-MAN TEAM IN THE GAME! WE WON IT, 7 TO 6... AND I WAS THE MOST EXCITED GIRL IN THE STANDS! I DIDN'T THINK MOM AND DAD WOULD MIND IF I WENT JUST THIS ONCE!

SOMEDAY, AFTER SCHOOL DAYS ARE ALL OVER, I'LL TELL TOM AND THE REST WHY I HAD TO BE AS I WAS! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M HAPPY WITH HIM... AND KNOWING THAT THE REST OF THE KIDS NO LONGER THINK OF ME AS... THE OUTSIDER!

WE'VE GOT TO SEE MORE OF EACH OTHER, DOT! ER... I WANT TO LEARN MORE ALGEBRA!

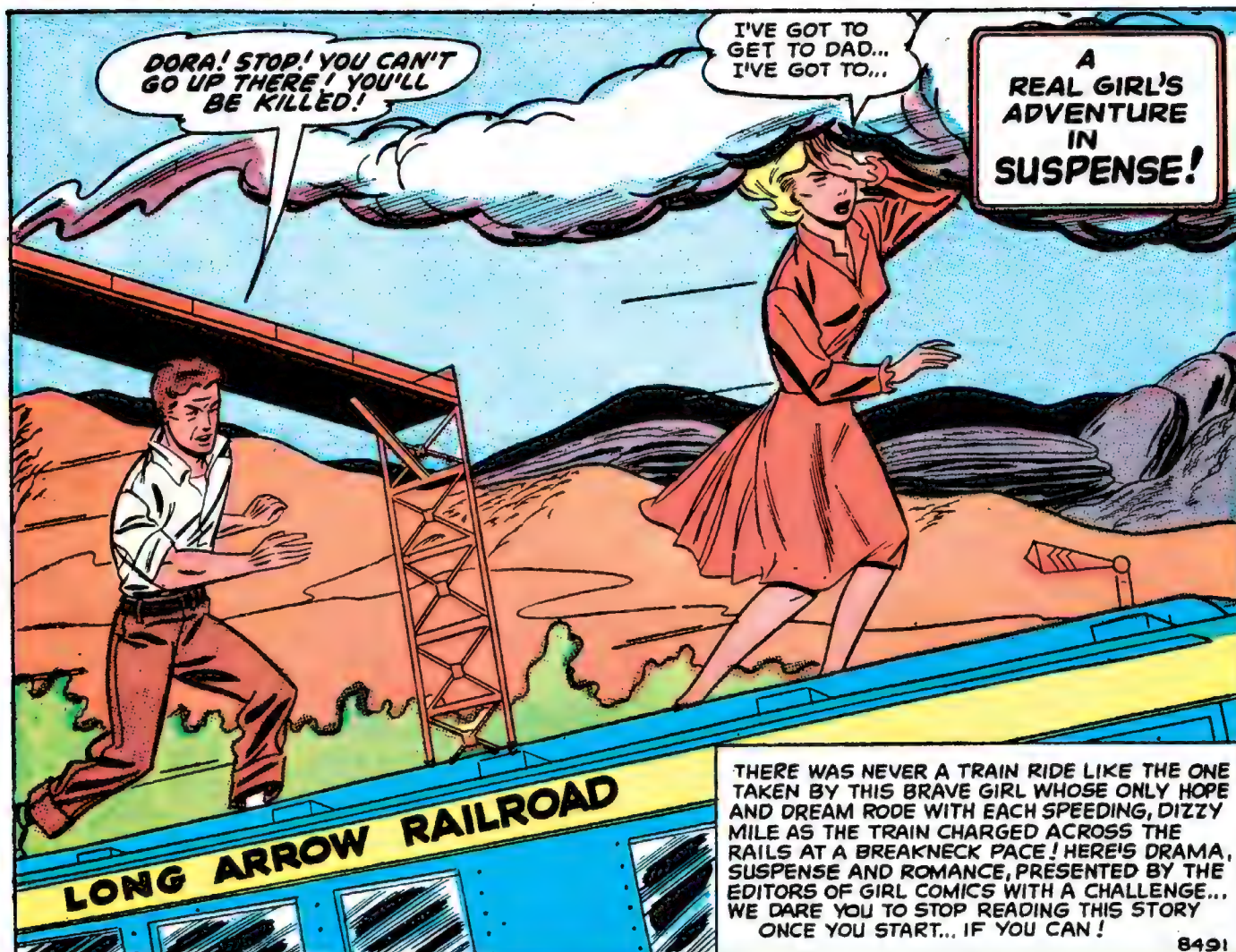
IF YOU WANT TO, TOM!

THE END

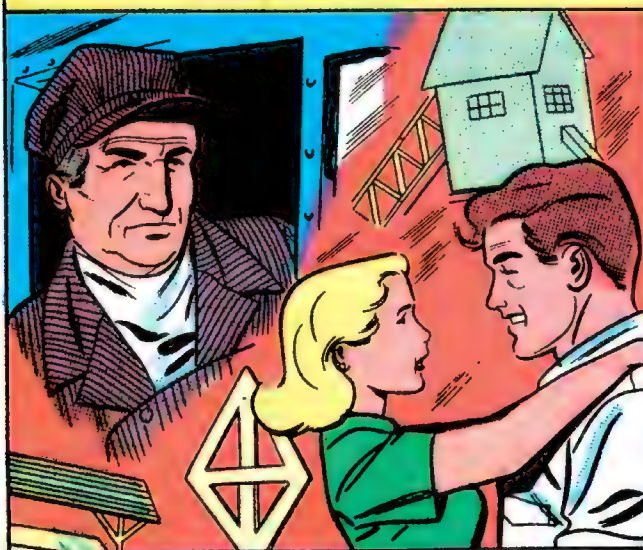
SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY(1)

THE DEAD HAND AT THE CONTROLS!



ALL MY LIFE, THERE'VE BEEN THREE THINGS I'VE KNOWN AND LOVED ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE! MY FATHER, TIM DUNCAN, VETERAN ENGINEER OF THE LONG ARROW RAILROAD... PHIL RANDOLPH, THE BOY I GREW UP WITH...



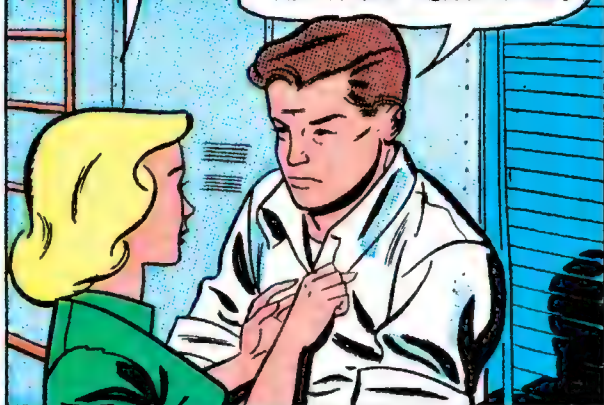
... AND THE RAILROAD ITSELF, WITH ITS MIGHTY ENGINES, STREAKING CARS AND GLEAMING TRACKS! THESE WERE MY LIFE... THEY WERE ALL I KNEW AND CARED ABOUT...



PHIL RANDOLPH, THE OPERATOR OF THE CONTROLS IN THE YARD, WAS THE ANSWER TO ALL MY DREAMS OF LOVE... AND YET, IT LOOKED AS IF THOSE DREAMS WOULD NEVER COME TRUE!

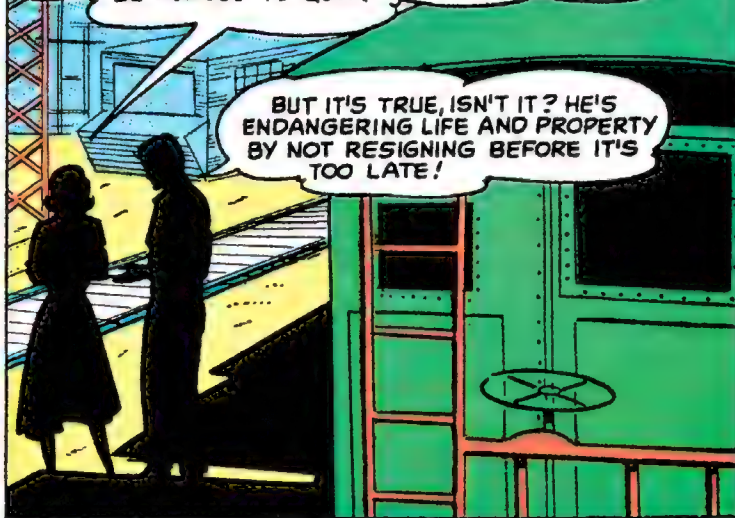
PHIL, PLEASE... WHAT IF FATHER SHOULD SEE US?

LET HIM! THIS IS SILLY, DORA! WHY SHOULD HE BE AGAINST OUR GETTING MARRIED? HE HASN'T GOT ANYTHING AGAINST ME!



NOTHING... EXCEPT THAT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE BESIDES HIM AND ME WHO KNOWS THAT HE'S ILL AND SHOULDN'T BE TAKING THAT RUN! HE HOLDS THAT AGAINST YOU, PHIL... HE THINKS YOU'LL TELL THE BOSS AND HE'LL BE FORCED TO QUIT!

BUT IT'S TRUE, ISN'T IT? HE'S ENDANGERING LIFE AND PROPERTY BY NOT RESIGNING BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



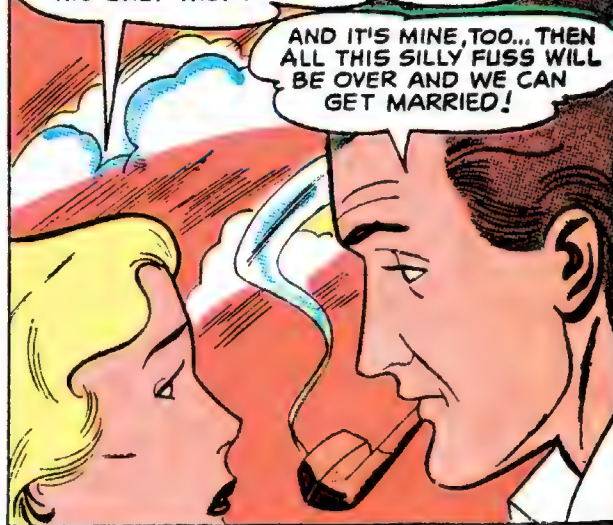
BUT HE'S NEVER MISSED A DAY OR A RUN IN ALL THE FORTY YEARS! HIS PRIDE WON'T LET HIM QUIT BEFORE HIS LAST SCHEDULE, NO MATTER HOW ILL HE FEELS!

FOR YOUR SAKE, DARLING, I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING! BUT I HOPE FOR ALL OUR SAKES THAT NOTHING DOES HAPPEN BEFORE HIS LAST RUN TOMORROW!



THAT'S ALL HE WANTS, DEAR... TO BRING IN THAT LAST TRAIN WITH HIS OWN HAND TOMORROW... THEN HE'LL RETIRE! THAT'S HIS ONLY WISH!

AND IT'S MINE, TOO... THEN ALL THIS SILLY FUSS WILL BE OVER AND WE CAN GET MARRIED!



THAT'S HOW MATTERS STOOD THAT DAY! DAD WAS ILL, VERY ILL, BUT HE WANTED TO RETIRE WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HIS RECORD OF BRINGING IN HIS TRAINS WAS INTACT! NO ONE COULD KNOW WHAT THAT MEANT UNLESS HE WAS A RAILROAD MAN!

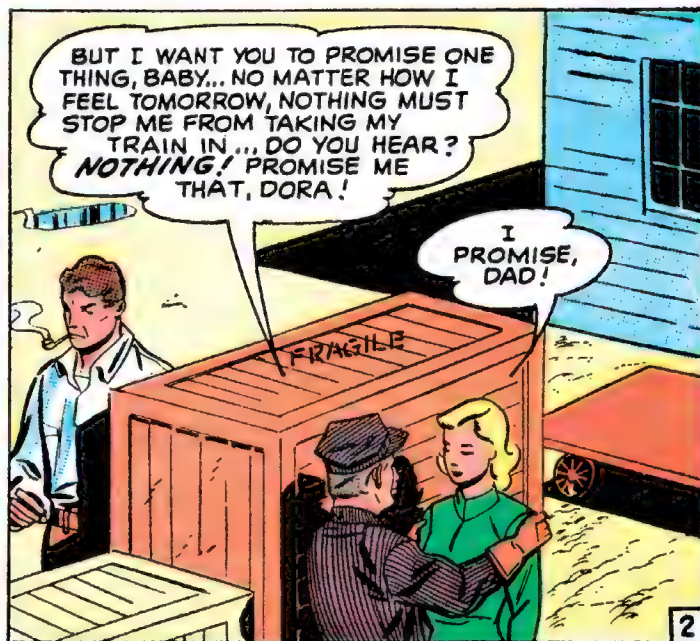
HOW DO YOU FEEL, DAD?

YOU KNOW, DORA, I **AM** GETTING OLD! I FELT THAT LAST TRIP... BUT I CAN TAKE IT EASY AFTER TOMORROW!



BUT I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ONE THING, BABY... NO MATTER HOW I FEEL TOMORROW, NOTHING MUST STOP ME FROM TAKING MY TRAIN IN... DO YOU HEAR? **NOTHING!** PROMISE ME THAT, DORA!

I PROMISE, DAD!



DAD WENT TO BED VERY TIRED THAT NIGHT AND, AS USUAL, I MET PHIL IN SECRET...

DORA, I SAW YOUR DAD TODAY... AND I'M VERY WORRIED! HE DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE CAN MAKE IT TOMORROW!

BUT HE WILL! NOTHING'S EVER STOPPED HIM BEFORE, AND HE WON'T QUIT NOW... NOT BEFORE HIS LAST RUN!



DORA, LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE AS MUCH A FOOL AS HE IS, LETTING HIM GO ON LIKE THAT! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM, DO YOU HEAR?

LET GO OF ME! DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO ONE OF YOUR YARDMEN? DAD'LL FINISH HIS RUN... AND AS FOR YOU, PHIL RANDOLPH, I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!



SO WE FOUGHT... FOR THE FIRST TIME! I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP, KNOWING DEEP IN MY HEART THAT PHIL WAS RIGHT, AND YET WITHOUT THE HEART TO DENY DAD HIS WISH...

JUST TOMORROW... AND EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN! PLEASE... PLEASE... LET DAD COME THROUGH! THAT'S ALL HE WANTS... AND ALL I WANT IS FOR HIM TO HAVE HIS WISH... AND FOR PHIL AND ME TO BE HAPPY! THAT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO ASK... IS IT?



THE NEXT MORNING I WALKED DAD TO THE YARD AS USUAL! HE LOOKED VERY TIRED, BUT SMILED IN SPIKE OF IT...

MY LAST DAY, BABY... AND MY LAST TRAIN! I'VE MADE THIS RUN FOR FORTY YEARS AND SOON IT'LL BE ALL OVER! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!

EVERYTHING MUST END, DAD... BUT YOU'VE SET A RECORD ANYBODY COULD BE PROUD OF!



NOT YET, DORA! I'VE GOT TO FINISH THIS RUN FIRST! THEN I'LL HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE PROUD... REALLY PROUD! GOOD-BYE, BABY! I'LL CALL YOU FROM LAS RIOS! LET'S GO, HARRY!

GOOD LUCK, DAD!



THE GREAT TRAIN PULLED OUT WITH MY FATHER AT THE CONTROLS! MY VISION WAS BLURRED BY THE TEARS IN MY EYES AS I REALIZED THAT THIS WAS THE LAST TIME I WOULD SEE THIS FAMILIAR SCENE...



BUT SUDDENLY PHIL SPRANG FROM NOWHERE ONTO THE MOVING TRAIN, YELLING AT ME!

HE'S IN NO SHAPE TO WORK! I'M STOPPING HIM BEFORE HE KILLS HIMSELF AND EVERYBODY ELSE ON THIS TRAIN!

PHIL! DON'T, PLEASE!



I KNEW ONLY ONE THING... I HAD TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHED DAD... SO I JUMPED UP ON THE LAST CAR!

I... I CAN'T LET YOU DO THIS, PHIL! THIS MEANS EVERYTHING TO DAD!

IT MEANS A LOT TO THESE OTHERS TO LIVE, TOO!



THE TRAIN SPED ON THROUGH OPEN COUNTRY, GATHERING EVEN MORE SPEED FOR THE CLIMB UP INDIAN FACE MOUNTAIN WHILE I PLEADED WITH PHIL!

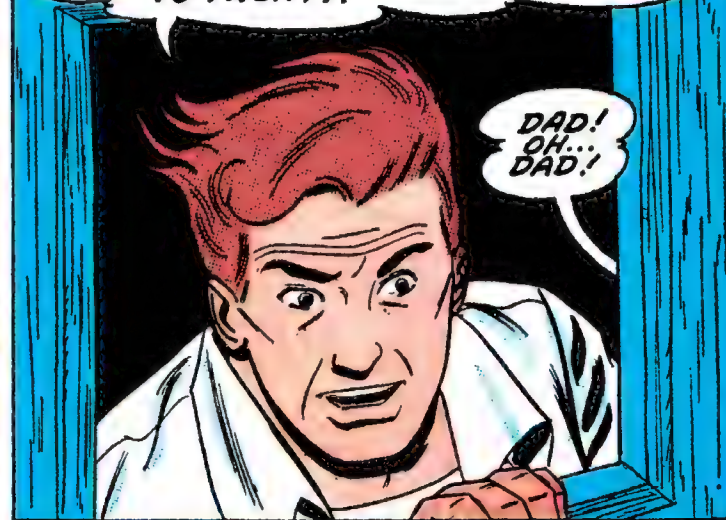
PLEASE, PHIL! DON'T DO ANYTHING! LOOK! NOTHING'S WRONG! HE'S GOING THROUGH AS WELL AS EVER!

SURE HE IS... SO FAR! BUT THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'LL HAPPEN NEXT!



GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM? HE'S GOING THROUGH THIS TURN AT OVER SIXTY! HE'S SUPPOSED TO SLOW DOWN TO TWENTY!

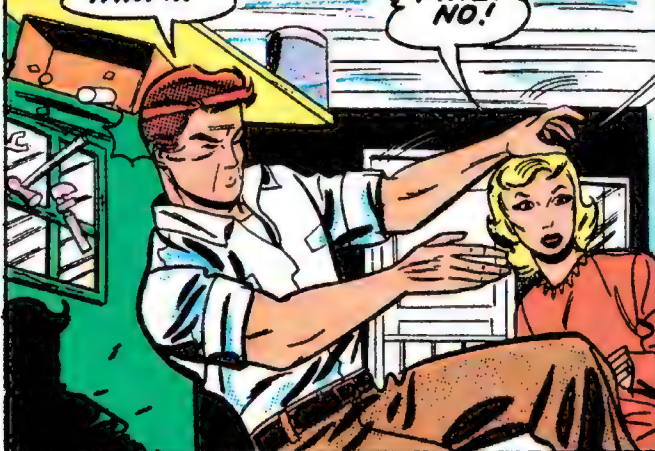
DAD! OH... DAD!



WE LURCHED AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE SPEEDING TRAIN WHILE IT TOOK THE DANGEROUS CURVE AT BREAKNECK SPEED! SOMETHING WAS WRONG! DAD NEVER BEFORE NEGLECTED TO SLOW DOWN! AS WE FELT PHIL REACHED FOR THE EMERGENCY CORD!

I'LL STOP HIM...

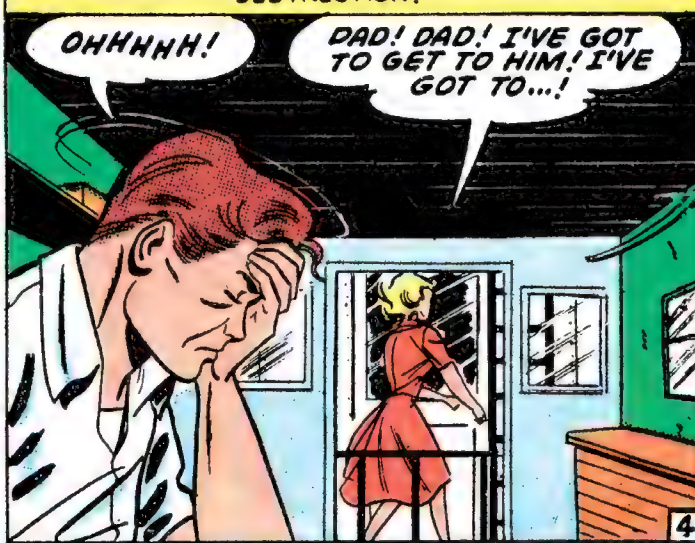
NO! PHIL! NO!



A TOOL BOX FELL ON PHIL BEFORE HE COULD PULL THE CORD! BUT I WASN'T THINKING OF HIM... ONLY OF DAD... IN THE ENGINE, SPEEDING STRAIGHT TO DESTRUCTION!

OHHHHH!

DAD! DAD! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM! I'VE GOT TO...!



THERE WAS BUT ONE THOUGHT IN MY MIND... TO GET TO THE ENGINE... AND I WAS AFRAID OF WHAT I WOULD FIND! I STAGGERED FORWARD, LURCHING ALONG WITH THE DIZZY SPEED OF THE RUNAWAY TRAIN!

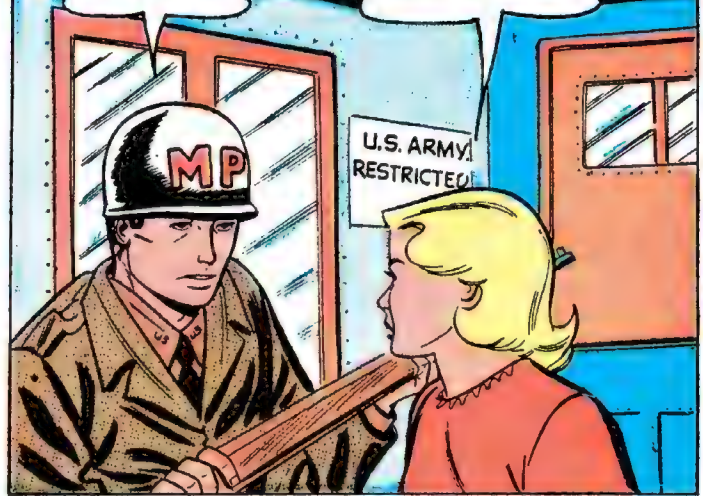
LET ME THROUGH! PLEASE!



I WENT FROM CAR TO CAR... AND I KNEW THAT PHIL MUST BE RIGHT BEHIND ME!

ONE SECOND, MISS! YOU CAN'T COME IN THIS CAR!

BUT WHY NOT? I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH TO THE ENGINE!



SORRY, IT'S AGAINST REGULATIONS! THIS IS AN ARMY CAR, AND IT'S RESTRICTED!

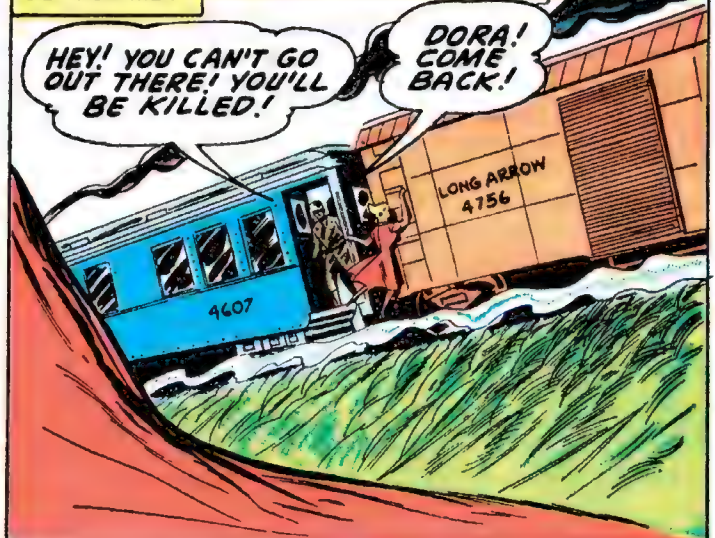
DORA! WAIT!



IT WAS PHIL! I COULDN'T GO BACK! I COULDN'T SO FORWARD! I WAS TRAPPED! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT FOR ME!

HEY! YOU CAN'T GO OUT THERE! YOU'LL BE KILLED!

DORA! COME BACK!



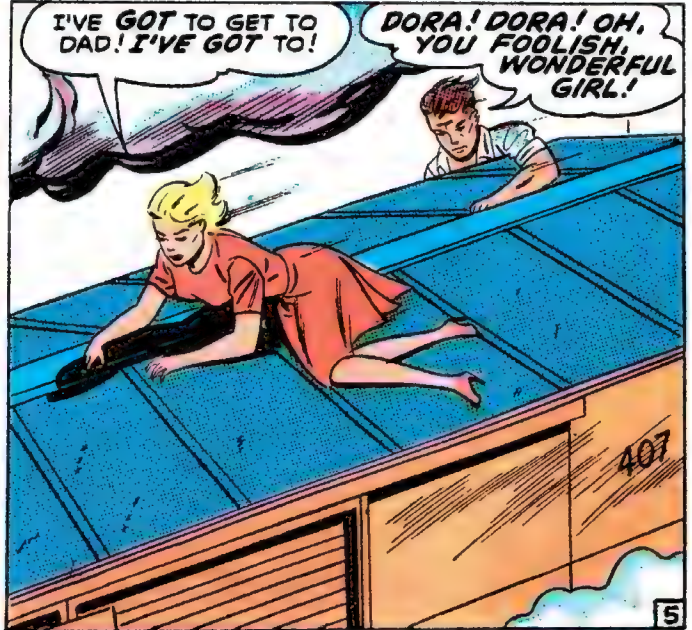
I SWUNG UP THE LADDER ON THE SIDE OF THE CAR, JUST ESCAPING PHIL'S CLUTCHING FINGERS!

DORA! LISTEN TO ME! YOU CAN'T GO UP THERE! DORA! PLEASE!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO DAD! I'VE GOT TO!

DORA! DORA! OH, YOU FOOLISH, WONDERFUL GIRL!



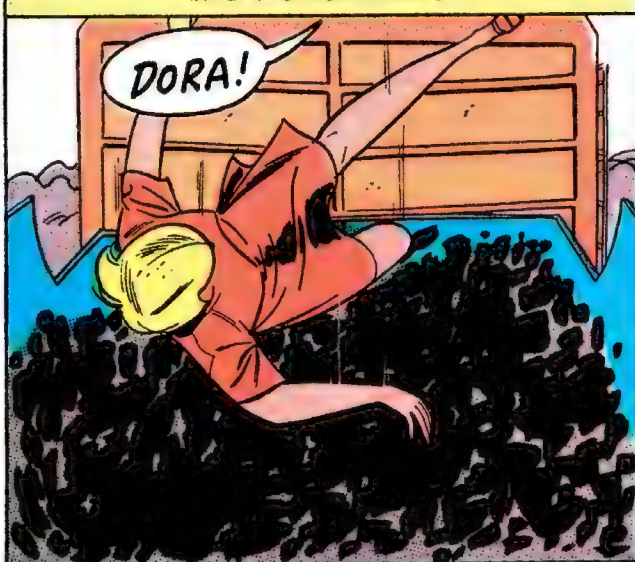
THE WIND CUT MY FACE, MY FINGERS BLEED FROM CLUTCHING THE RUNWAY AS I CREPT ALONG... BUT I KEPT GOING OVER THE ARMY CAR... AND THE NEXT!



THEN, STRAIGHT AHEAD, WAS THE COAL CAR AND THE ENGINE! ITS SMOKE AND SOOT WAS BLINDING ME! BUT NOTHING, NOT EVEN THAT DANGER, COULD STOP ME!



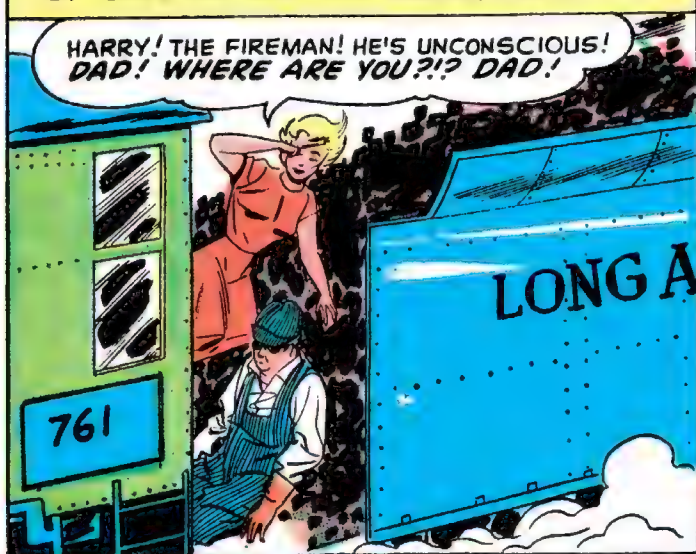
THEN A SUDDEN LURCH OF THE TRAIN, AND I FELL INTO THE COAL CAR!



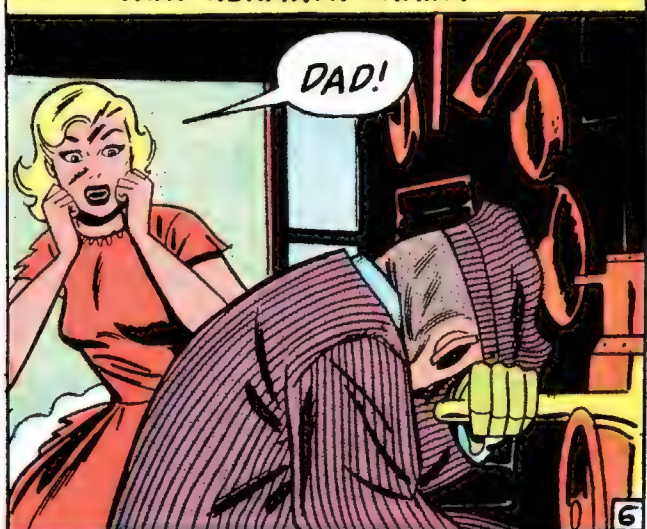
STUNNED BY THE FALL, MY CLOTHES TORN, MY BODY BRUISED, I WAS STILL ABLE TO KEEP GOING, STUMBLING OVER THE COAL!



IT SEEMED LIKE A THOUSAND YEARS, BUT AT LAST I GOT TO THE ENGINE... AND THROUGH EYES BLINDED BY TEARS AND SOOT AND SMOKE, I SAW...

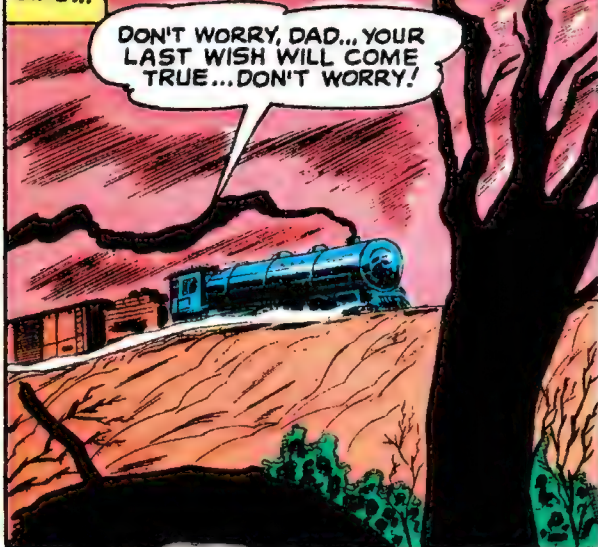


THEN... I SAW HIM... HIS HAND STILL AT THE THROTTLE... BUT I KNEW... I KNEW HE WAS DEAD! A DEAD MAN WAS AT THE THROTTLE OF THAT RUNAWAY TRAIN!



I SET MY JAW... I HAD A JOB TO DO... AND IT NEEDED ALL MY STRENGTH OF MIND AND BODY TO DO IT! I STUMBLED TO MY FATHER'S SIDE...

DON'T WORRY, DAD... YOUR LAST WISH WILL COME TRUE... DON'T WORRY!



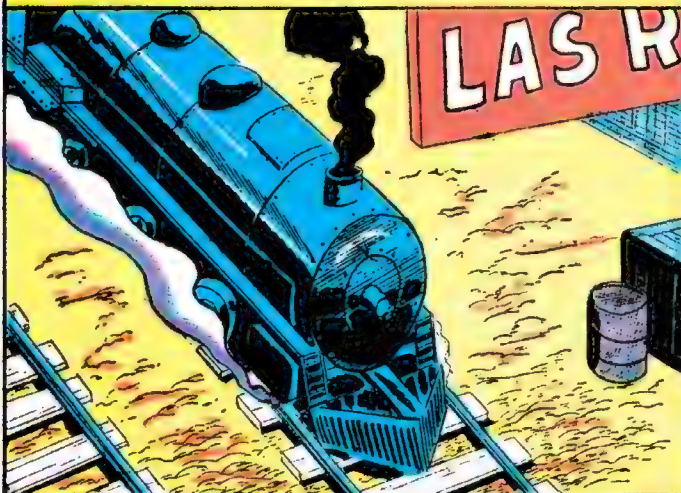
AND THAT'S HOW PHIL FOUND US... MY DEAD FATHER'S HAND STILL ON THE THROTTLE... AND MY HAND GUIDING HIS!

YOU'LL BRING HER IN, DAD! YOU'LL FINISH YOUR LAST RUN!

DORA... OH...



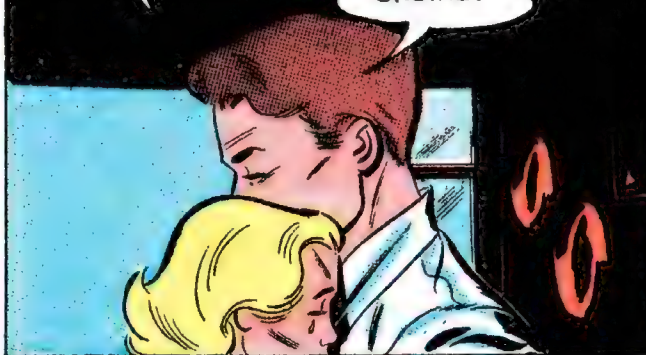
DAD BROUGHT HER IN TO LAS RIOS AND HIS PERFECT RECORD WAS INTACT! I COULDN'T CRY ANYMORE! I WAS JUST GRATEFUL THAT I WAS ABLE TO HELP DAD IN THIS, HIS GREATEST WISH!



THEN... IT WAS OVER AND I BROKE UNDER THE STRAIN OF THE ORDEAL! AND THERE WAS PHIL, WAITING TO HELP ME!

PHIL! OH PHIL! HE... HE DIED JUST AS HE GOT THE TRAIN MOVING!

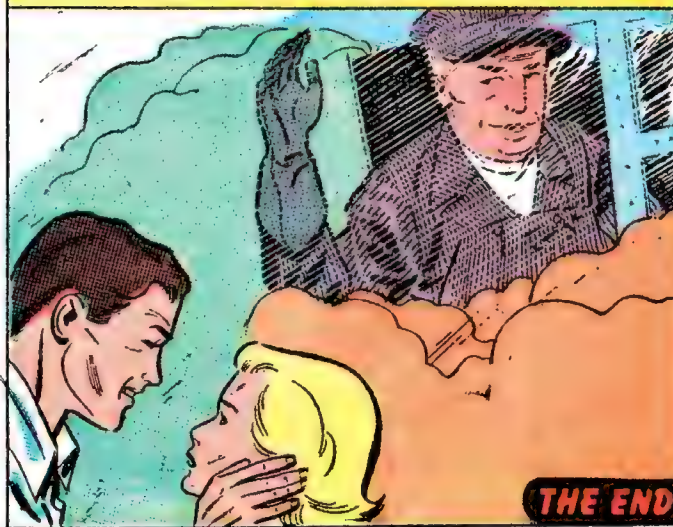
YES, DEAR! AND THE FIREMAN WAS KNOCKED OUT AT THE FIRST LURCH, HITTING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL OF THE ENGINE!



BUT YOUR FATHER DIED AS HE WANTED TO DIE! THE GRASP OF HIS HAND ON THE THROTTLE WAS SO FIRM, THE DEAD MAN'S THROTTLE BRAKE DIDN'T WORK AS IT ALWAYS SHOULD DO WHEN THE ENGINEER IS HELPLESS! IT ALMOST SEEMS HE WAS DESTINED TO BRING HER IN... WITH YOUR HELP, DARLING! I'M GLAD NOW THAT I DIDN'T STOP YOU!



YES, I HAVE THREE LOVES... THE GREAT ENGINES OF THE MIGHTY RAILROAD, THE MAN I LOVE WHO IS NOW MY HUSBAND... AND THE MEMORY OF THE GREATEST ENGINEER THE ROAD HAS EVER KNOWN... MY FATHER, TIM DUNCAN!



SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 17

GIRL
COMICS

MYSTERY • ROMANCE • SUSPENSE •

NOV.
NO. 11



GIRL

COMICS

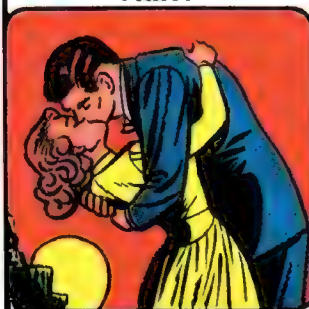
10¢
K

ALSO
IN
THIS
ISSUE

"I HATE JANET
BRIGGS!"



"TILL DEATH DO US
PART!"



"THE BREAKING POINT!"



OH, LARRY... WHY DID YOU DO
IT? WHY DID YOU KILL HIM?
THEY'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM
ME NOW, AND I'LL BE ALL ALONE
IN THAT HOUSE WITH THOSE
HORRIBLE PEOPLE!

I WON'T LET THEM HURT
YOU, JANE! TRUST ME! SOME-
HOW WE'LL GET OUT OF
THIS VICIOUS TRAP!

UNWANTED!

THE AMAZING TALE
OF A GIRL WHO LIVED
WITH FEAR!

PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!—THOUSANDS PRAISE KAL-X!—PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!

DON'T BE FAT!

It's
New!
Everybody
Is Chewing
**KAL-X
GUM!**

GOOD
FOR
MEN
AND
WOMEN!

PROVEN AND
TESTED BY
THOUSANDS.



Posed by
Professional
Model.



CHEW KAL-X

14 DAY SUPPLY
AND LOSE FAT
WITH TESTED PLAN
(Patent Pending)

ONLY
PLUS
C.O.D. OR
SEND \$2
AND
SAVE
POSTAGE

*MIRACLE!

All my
friends think
a miracle
happened to
me! — W.W.
Chicago, Ill.

*My Doctor
says KAL-X
is the best!
— P.D.
Gretz, La.

THOUSANDS
CHIEF
KAL-X!

*"Lost
18 Pounds
in 2 Weeks!"

I have been chewing KAL-X about 2 weeks and it is very good! I have lost 18 lbs. since I began chewing KAL-X! I don't want to be without it so I want you to send me 2 boxes, one for a friend, and one for myself.

—M. G.,
Hamlet, N. C.

THIS IS IT!

THE AMAZING NEW FORMULA GUM!
TESTED BY THOUSANDS!

CHEW YOUR WAY TO
A SLIMMER FIGURE!

NOW! — TRY THE KAL-X GUARANTEED TESTED PLAN! CHEW AND LOSE WEIGHT! DON'T SUFFER HUMILIATION AND RIDICULE BY BEING FAT! KAL-X IS DELICIOUS! ENJOY CHEWING KAL-X BETWEEN MEALS INSTEAD OF FATTENING FOODS AND LOSE WEIGHT! CHEW YOUR WAY TO A SLIMMER FIGURE!

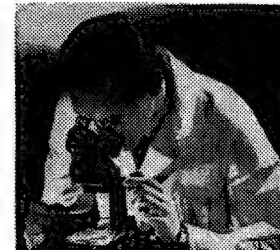
*Your own experience may, of course, vary.

KAL-X GUM CO., Dept. 10 B

Gen. P. O. Box 128, Jersey City 3, N. J.

ENJOY CHEWING
GUM INSTEAD OF
FATTENING FOODS!
THEY'RE DELICIOUS!

KAL-X



THOUSANDS
PRAISE
KAL-X!

DOCTORS AGREE: That fat people tend to die younger and become easy victims of many diseases! Your doctor's recommendation and approval is invited. If your excess fat is not due to glandular or organic causes—Don't Wait! Mail Coupon Below Today! Don't miss dating and good times because you're FAT! Try KAL-X Tested Plan. Satisfaction or Money Back! KAL-X IS NOT YET SOLD IN

DRUG STORES
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

MAIL THIS
COUPON

KAL-X GUM CO., DEPT. 10 B

Gen. P. O. Box 128, Jersey City 3, N. J.

Send 14-Day Supply of KAL-X and Tested Plan for \$2.00 plus postage. ☐

I want to save C.O.D. postage so I enclose \$2.00 with order. ☐

Name.....

Please Print

Address.....

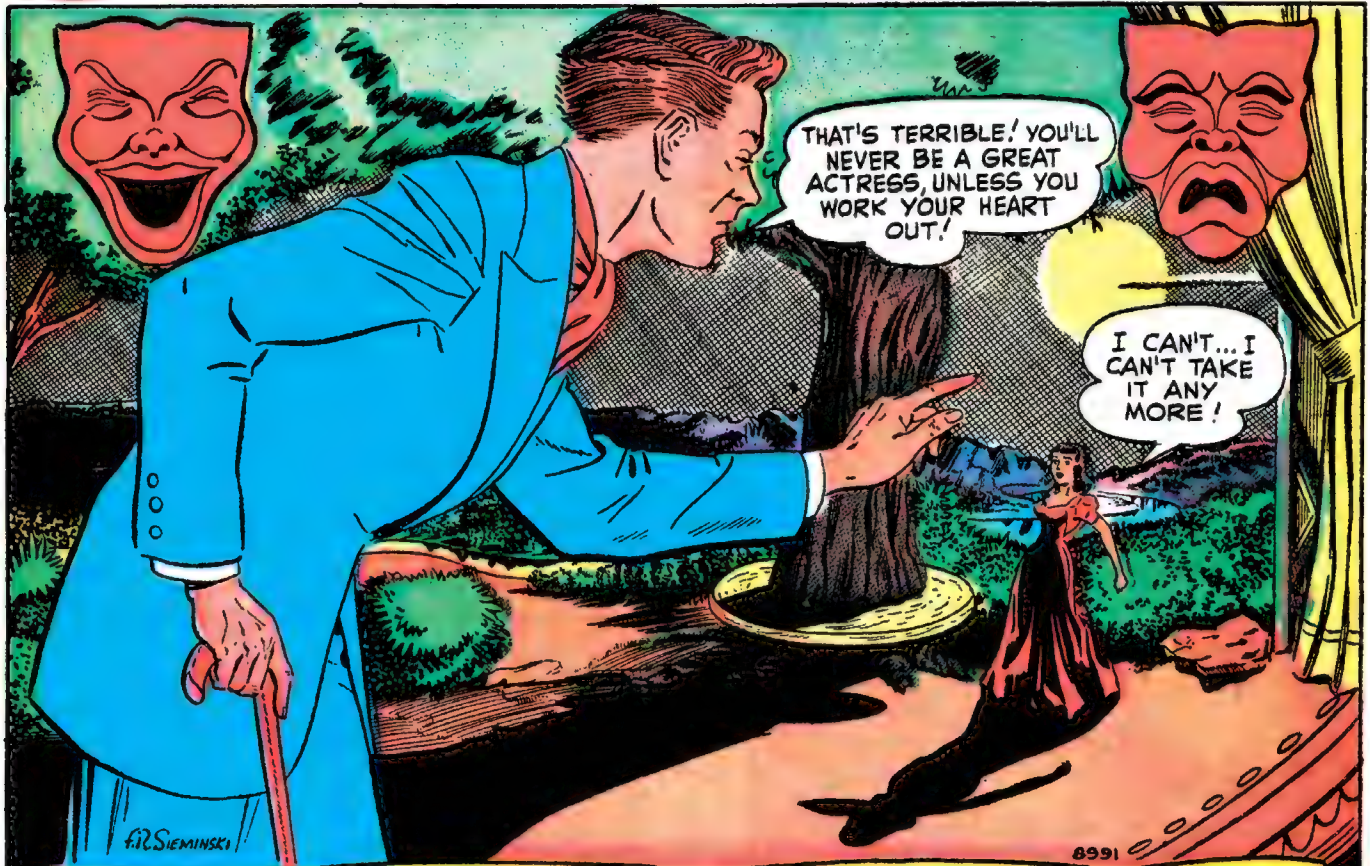
City.....Zone.....State.....

Guaranteed Money Back in 10 Days if Not Satisfied!

PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!—THOUSANDS PRAISE KAL-X!—PROVEN AND TESTED BY THOUSANDS!

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1951 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 11 NOVEMBER 1951 issue. Price 10¢ per copy. Subscription rate \$1.20 for 12 issues. Published bi-monthly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institution appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

THE **B**REAKING **P**POINT!



MY MOTHER WAS JUDY TOWNSEND, THE FAMOUS ACTRESS, AND WHEN SHE DIED THERE WERE NO RELATIVES TO TAKE ME IN... BUT THERE WAS RODERICK BARRAT, ONCE BROADWAY'S GREATEST DRAMATIC STAR, WHO WAS NAMED MY GUARDIAN IN MY MOTHER'S WILL! THE FABULOUS BARRAT THEY HAD CALLED HIM! ... JUST REACHING THE PEAK OF HIS CAREER... HE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE BROADWAY SCENE! THIS WAS THE MAN IN WHOSE HOUSE I LIVED, WHOM I LOVED FOR HIS BRILLIANT MIND AND ART, AND HATED FOR HIS TYRANNY AND CRUELTY, UNTIL I COULD STAND NO MORE... THEN CAME

THE BREAKING POINT!

I WAS 17 WHEN I CAME TO THE HOUSE ON CONVENT STREET WHERE RODERICK BARRAT HAD LIVED IN SECLUSION FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS!

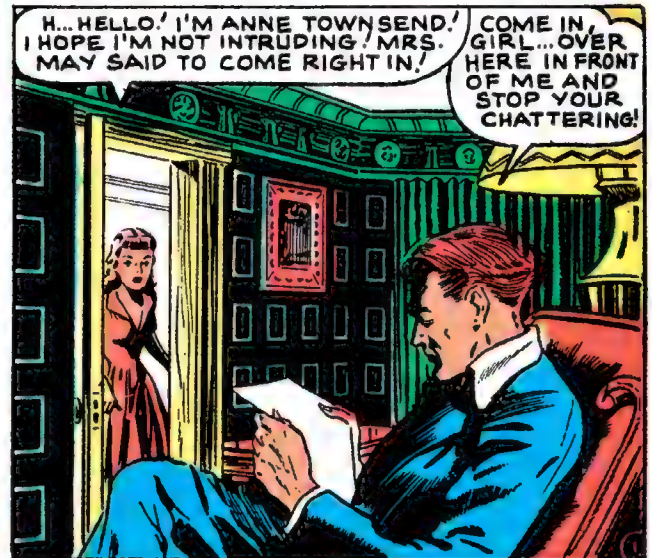
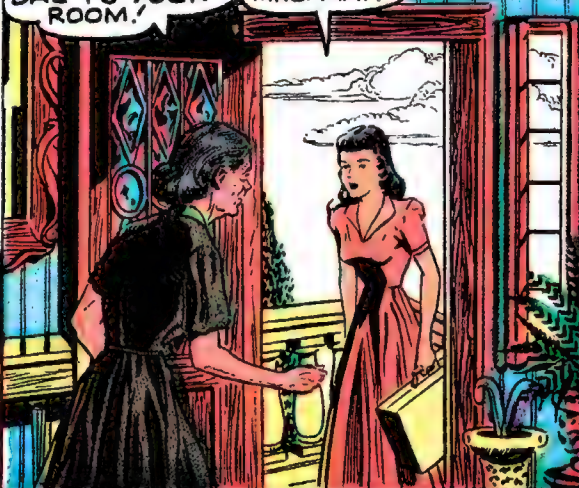
SO THIS IS JUDY TOWNSEND'S DAUGHTER, ANNE! WELCOME, MY CHILD! I'M MRS. MAY, THE HOUSEKEEPER. MR. BARRAT IS WAITING FOR YOU IN THE STUDY! GO RIGHT IN, ANNE! I'LL TAKE YOUR BAG TO YOUR ROOM!

THANK YOU, MRS. MAY!

I ENTERED THE STUDY AND SAW HIM SLUMPED IN A HUGE CHAIR, HIS FAMOUS PROFILE ETCHED LIKE A CAMEO IN THE GLOOM!

H...HELLO! I'M ANNE TOWNSEND! I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING! MRS. MAY SAID TO COME RIGHT IN!

COME IN, GIRL... OVER HERE IN FRONT OF ME AND STOP YOUR CHATTERING!



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL





YES, IT IS... ESPECIALLY SINCE HE WAS SUCH A GREAT ACTOR! PERHAPS YOU'LL BE GOOD FOR HIM. WORKING AND TEACHING YOU WILL MAKE HIM FORGET HIS OBSESSION!

I HOPE IT WILL! I CAN UNDERSTAND HOW HE WOULD FEEL ABOUT HIS LOSS! HE MUST HAVE BEEN A TRULY BRILLIANT ACTOR!

FOR TWO DAYS I NEITHER SAW NOR HEARD FROM RODERIC BARRAT! HE ATE AND SLEPT IN HIS LIBRARY KEEPING THE DOORS LOCKED AGAINST INTRUSION! THEN, AT BREAKFAST THE THIRD DAY, HE SUMMONED ME TO HIM!

MR. BARRAT WANTS YOU IN THE LIBRARY TO BEGIN YOUR LESSONS! DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM, DEAR, BUT LISTEN TO HIM WELL! IF ANYONE CAN MAKE AN ACTRESS OF YOU, HE CAN!

I KNOW THAT, MRS. MAY! THAT'S THE ONLY REASON I'VE STAYED! YOU SEE, EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE CHILD I WANTED TO BE A GREAT ACTRESS... TO FOLLOW IN MY MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS! IT MEANS MORE TO ME THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD!... AND I KNOW THAT MR. BARRAT CAN DO MORE FOR ME THAN ANYONE!



LOCK THE DOOR! WE MUST NOT BE DISTURBED!

YES, SIR..!



STOP SAYING "YES, SIR!" CALL ME RODERIC! NOW... FIRST YOU MUST BE TAUGHT TO SPEAK WITH THE PROPER DICTION! I WILL ALSO GIVE YOU EXERCISE TO GIVE YOU THE STRENGTH AND POWER THAT THE THEATRE DEMANDS OF ITS DISCIPLES!

I HAD THOUGHT THAT I KNEW HOW TO SPEAK, THAT I HAD POISE AND GRACE, BUT AS THE EXHAUSTING HOURS DRAGGED BY, HE MADE ME FEEL LIKE A CHILD, AN IMBECILE WHO KNEW NOTHING!



STAND UP STRAIGHT AND USE YOUR VOICE... DON'T MEW LIKE A PULING INFANT! NOW, REPEAT ONCE AGAIN AFTER ME... "THE WIND HOWLED IN THE EAVES WITH A DEVIL'S WHINE, AND THE OLD CASTLE SWAYED AND MOANED IN THE GALES GUSTS."

I... I CAN'T... WE'VE BEEN AT IT HOURS... I'M EXHAUSTED!



HMMM! SO WE HAVE! THAT WILL BE ALL TODAY! TOMORROW WE'LL BEGIN AGAIN! LEAVE ME NOW!

GOOD NIGHT, RODERIC!

DAY AFTER DAY IT WENT ON. HE WAS A GREAT MAN OF THE THEATRE AND I ADMIRER HIS KNOWLEDGE AND MASTERY OF THIS DIFFICULT ART, BUT HE DROVE ME UNTIL SOMETIMES I COULD STAND NO MORE!



SING! IT WILL DEVELOP YOUR VOICE! SING!

I CAN'T SING ANOTHER NOTE ... I CAN'T ... I CAN'T!

AS THE WEEKS FLOWED INTO MONTHS, HE MOLDED MY LIFE IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS LIKE A SCULPTOR. HE TOLD ME WHAT TO EAT, HOW TO EAT, HOW TO WALK, HOW MANY HOURS TO SLEEP... HE DICTATED MY EVERY MOVE.



AND ALWAYS THERE WERE THE LONG-HOURS OF TEACHING! READING LINES, VOICE CULTURE, POISE, STUDY OF GREAT PLAYS...



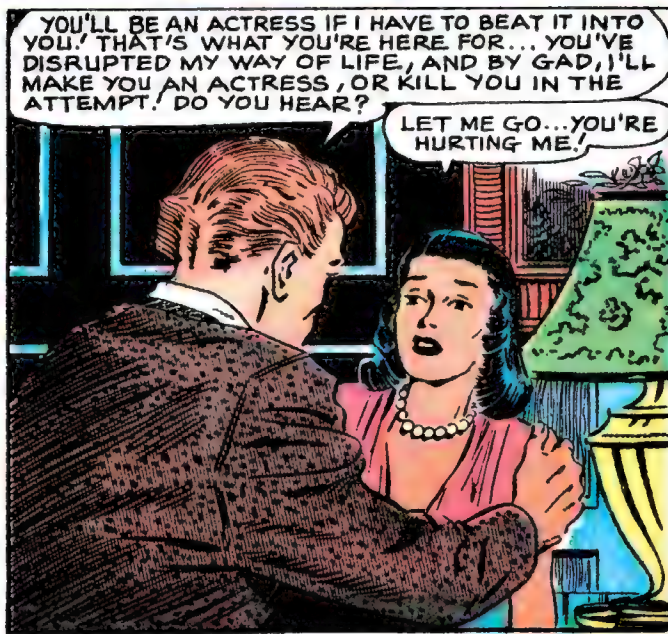
HOW CAN I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND MY LONGING FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE AGAIN... TO HEAR THE WHISPER OF THE WIND THROUGH THE TREES...

SOFTLY! YOU SOUND LIKE A FOGHORN! AND WALK GRACEFULLY! GLIDE! YOU ARE PLEADING WITH A LOVER, ENTICING HIM TO TAKE YOU BACK TO THE PLACE YOU LOVE! YOU MOVE WITH THE GRACE OF AN ELEPHANT!



OH, WHAT'S THE USE? EVERYTHING I DO IS WRONG. I'LL NEVER BE AN ACTRESS!

STOP THAT NONSENSE!



YOU'LL BE AN ACTRESS IF I HAVE TO BEAT IT INTO YOU! THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE HERE FOR... YOU'VE DISRUPTED MY WAY OF LIFE, AND BY GAD, I'LL MAKE YOU AN ACTRESS, OR KILL YOU IN THE ATTEMPT! DO YOU HEAR?

LET ME GO... YOU'RE HURTING ME!

A YEAR PASSED AND THE LONG-TORTUROUS HOURS OF WORK WENT ON. HE DROVE ME LIKE A MADMAN! EACH NIGHT I FELL INTO BED EXHAUSTED AND WEEPING! I MADE A DECISION, AND THE NEXT DAY IN THE STUDY!



READ THAT SCENE AGAIN! THIS IS A VERY POWERFUL PASSAGE, AND MUST BE INTERPRETED CORRECTLY OR THE WHOLE MEANING IS LOST!

WAIT, RODERIC... THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO ASK YOU! YOU'VE RIDICULED MY EVERY EFFORT... WILL I EVER BE AN ACTRESS, AND IF SO, WHEN WILL I BE READY TO ACCEPT A ROLE?



WHY, YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU'VE JUST BEGUN.

I THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT! OTHERS IN THE THEATRE DON'T THINK AS YOU DO! EARL CORBEN IS CASTING A NEW PLAY, AND YESTERDAY I READ FOR HIM, AND HE'S GIVING ME THE PART! I'M GRATEFUL FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, BUT I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE. I'M LEAVING!



NO, I WON'T LET YOU GO... I WON'T!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME... OHHH!

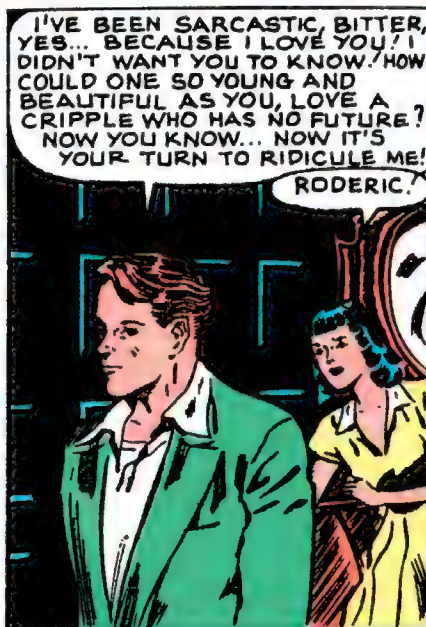


ANNE, ANNE, WHAT HAVE I DONE? I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU... YOU MUST FORGIVE ME, ANNE!

FORGIVE YOU? I HATE YOU... YOU'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR BITTERNESS OUT ON ME... YOU'VE DRIVEN ME BEYOND ENDURANCE, AND TAKEN PLEASURE IN IT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU OR HEAR YOUR NAME AGAIN!



I'VE DRIVEN YOU FOR A REASON! I KNEW THE FIRST DAY THAT YOU READ FOR ME. THAT YOU HAD THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT ACTRESS! I WANTED YOU TO BE PERFECT! THAT'S WHY I'VE DRIVEN YOU... NO WONDER YOU HATE ME!



I'VE BEEN SARCASTIC, BITTER, YES... BECAUSE I LOVE YOU! I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW COULD ONE SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL AS YOU, LOVE A CRIPPLE WHO HAS NO FUTURE? NOW YOU KNOW... NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO RIDICULE ME!

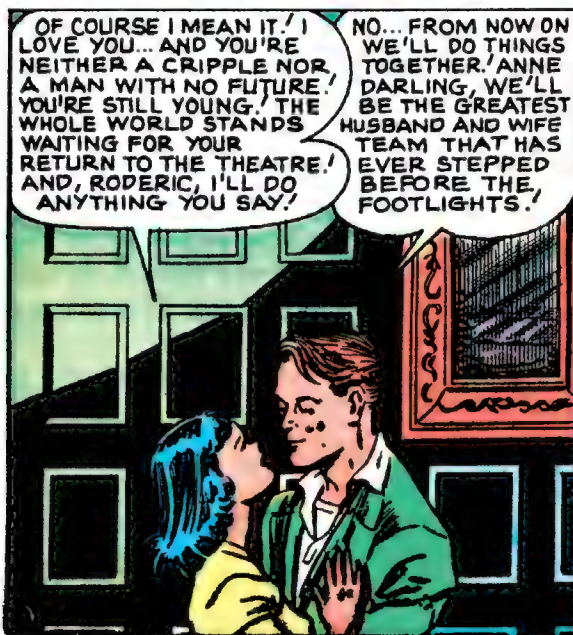
RODERIC!



I'D THOUGHT I HATED HIM...AND I HAD! BECAUSE I LOVED HIM AND COULD NOT PULL DOWN THE BARRIERS BETWEEN US TO SHOW HIM MY LOVE! NOW I KNEW THE TRUTH!

WHAT FOOLS WE'VE BEEN! YOU SEE, I LOVE YOU TOO, BUT I THOUGHT YOU HATED ME!

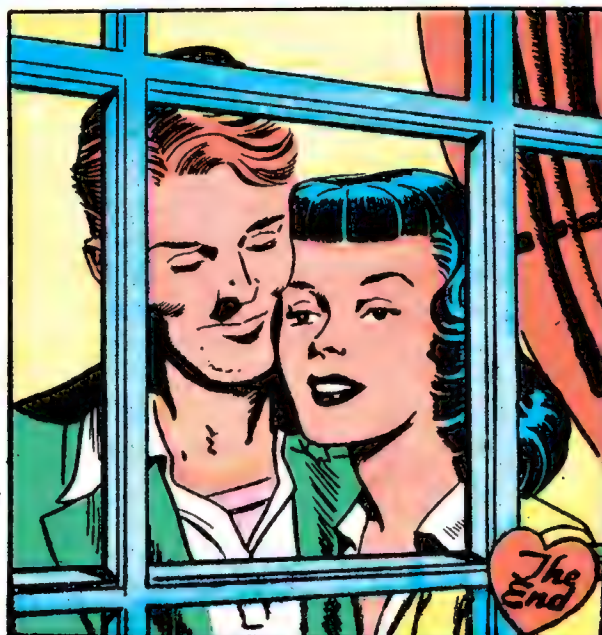
HATED YOU! ANNE, YOU CAN'T MEAN IT!



OF COURSE I MEAN IT! I LOVE YOU... AND YOU'RE NEITHER A CRIPPLE NOR A MAN WITH NO FUTURE! YOU'RE STILL YOUNG! THE WHOLE WORLD STANDS WAITING FOR YOUR RETURN TO THE THEATRE! AND, RODERIC, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

NO... FROM NOW ON WE'LL DO THINGS TOGETHER! ANNE DARLING, WE'LL BE THE GREATEST HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM THAT HAS EVER STEPPED BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS!

WE LET THE SUN... INTO THE ROOM, AND INTO OUR LIVES! THE BREAKING POINT THAT WAS TO BE THE END, HAD COME AND GONE! NOW THIS WAS TO BE THE BEGINNING... THE OVERTURE IS FINISHED, THE CURTAIN RISES, AND A GREAT AND WONDERFUL ROMANCE BEGINS.



The End

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY 11

MURDER ON THE MESA

AS Dad turned the buckboard into the half mile road that led directly to the ranch, a feeling of happiness to be home again, filled my entire being. I had been away for a year, to school in the East, but with every passing week, felt glad that it was that much shorter to the time I would return to the country I loved, to Dad, and to Bob Blake.

They were all I had left now. Mother had died twenty years ago, shortly after I was born. And three months back, Aunt Emmy, Dad's sister, and the only mother I had known all my life, passed on. Now Dad and I, were alone. I was going to help him run the Circle J, the greatest ranch in the country.

Jam and Dandy, the team, seemed to feel my wish to get home as quickly as possible, and put on an extra burst of speed, after the long run from Ybra, and soon we were in the corral. I jumped down as Homer, the handy man, came out of the house, a big grin on his homely face. After greeting me he went to the buckboard and took my bags into the house. Another hand soon appeared, and with a warm, "Welcome home, Miss Willa," jumped on the seat and drove the buckboard away, as Dad and I went into the house. I was home again! Dad took off his Stetson, and sat heavily in his chair by the fire. For the first time, I saw by his face that he was worried.

"Is anything wrong, Dad?" I asked, as I sat on the arm of his easy chair.

"Nothing's wrong, Willa dear," Dad said slowly. "At least, nothing that can't be

fixed, and will be . . . pronto! There's nothing for you to worry about, my dear."

I got up from the arm of Dad's chair and went to the window. "Here comes Bob! I'll go freshen up. I must look a sight."

I went into my bedroom, off from the large living room, and busied myself repairing the ravages of the dusty seventeen mile ride in the buckboard. I heard Bob's horse gallop into the corral and a moment later his hearty voice greeted Dad, asking for me. Just like a woman, I kept him waiting for another minute, then came into the living room. My heart warmed at the way his eyes lighted up when he saw me. Yes, I certainly was glad to be home again.

"How are you, Willa darling?" asked Bob, his happiness showing in his face, as he smiled, "My, but you've grown, young lady. This past year at school has done you a world of good!"

"I'm glad you think so, Mr. Blake," I said with mock severity. "I would say that a year without seeing you is what has done me the most good—like wanting to come home to the Circle J, and Dad, and you, and never leave here again!"

As Bob's lips melted against mine, my happiness was complete, until over Bob's shoulder, I caught a glimpse of Dad's face! It was the face of a man who was worried, and I determined to find out what was troubling him. Gently detaching myself from Bob's arms, I pointed to an easy chair near the fire, and asked him to sit down. Then I turned around,

so I was facing Dad.

"Daddy, you and Bob are all I have left in the world. I love you both dearly," I said as I moved over to the front of the fire. "I want you to tell me what is worrying you! I am no longer a child, and I think I should share the burdens of running the Circle J, as well as its pleasures. Now, won't you please tell me?"

I looked from Dad to Bob, saw him give Dad an almost imperceptible nod, and a look of relief came over Dad's rugged, windburned face. He started to tell me a tale of horror, robbery and violence, rustling, and even murder, that had swept this country in the year I had been away, that was hard to believe.

"It all started when I fired Buck Green as Foreman of the Circle J, about two months after you left for school. He had been drinking heavily on the job, and I heard that he was gambling with Manuel Pasquel's gang in Ybra. A short time before that I had chased this Pasquel off the Circle J, and he threatened to get even with me. When I told Buck to stop running around with that wild bunch, he told me to mind my own business! Well, no man talks like that to John Wallace, so I gave him his time!"

Here Bob interrupted, taking up the tale, as he got up from his chair, and came over, stood close to me, with his arm around my shoulder.

"One day, in Ybra," he began, "a stranger named Davis, who said he represented a large Eastern syndicate, started buying up all the land he could lay his hands on, this side of the Ybra Mountains. He offered,

what to the small rancher, seemed a fair price. But there were some who didn't want to sell, and these people suddenly found themselves in the midst of happenings that were designed to scare them off. Their homes were burned, their cattle rustled, they were shot at. Two men have already been killed, and nobody knows where it is going to stop!

Suddenly there was a pounding of hoofs outside and Bob and I ran to the window and looked out. Buck Green and Manuel Pasquel were dismounting in the corral, while another rider sat on his horse, by the other two horses. Green and Pasquel walked towards the house. I saw Dad buckle on his gun belt, and at the same time I saw Bob check his gun.

Just then there was a loud knock on the front door. Bob, his finger to his mouth to denote silence, jumped to the wall so that he would be behind the door when it was opened. I walked to the door and opened it, swinging it all the way back, so as to hide Bob. Dad sat in his chair like a statue. Buck and Pasquel were standing in the open doorway. Buck seemed ill-at-ease, as though he was scared of what he was doing. The outlaw, Pasquel, was calm, a sneer on his dark face, his icy blue eyes staring steadily at Dad and me, swaying on the balls of his feet, his arms hanging loosely at his sides, ready to reach for his two guns at less than a moment's notice.

"What do you want?" asked Dad, staring at Pasquel. "I told you two to stay off the Circle J."

"I weel answer Senor Wallace," said Pasquel, his face breaking into an almost fiendish grin. "We 'ave come to make a deal weeth you, Senor. Our own Senor Davis, our boss, 'ave

asked you to name the price for your Circle J Rancho. We 'ave come to get your answer. If you give it to us quietly, there will be no trouble. If not," he shrugged his shoulders suggestively, "we are busy men, Senor, Senorita, so please to make up your mind what you weel do, pronto!"

That last word came through his clenched teeth, his hatred for Dad showing in his face, his eyes. Here Buck Green took up the talk, with a nervous clearing of his throat.

"Mr. Wallace, all we want from you is a figure we can take back to Davis, so he can make you a counter proposition. You and Bob Blake are the only two ranchers holding out against the syndicate, and the few small owners on the other side of the mesa will fall in line as soon as you and Bob Blake do!" Buck,



no longer nervous, was now all business. "It's the easy way to do it, without trouble and bloodshed. Davis is determined to get the land, one way or another, and the hard way, for you, will mean killing, rustling and running you off!"

Dad was remarkably self-controlled in the face of this bald-faced ultimatum. Ignoring Pasquel, he looked straight at Buck, and in a quiet, almost conversational tone, talked to him as though they were the only one in the room.

"Buck, you should know better than to threaten me!" he almost smiled as he put his left arm about my shoulder. "Ten years ago, I took you in, treated you almost like a son, made you

my foreman. You almost broke my faith in men when you made it necessary for me to fire you! But," and here his voice started to rise, and soon it was like a lion's roar, "did you ever know me to knuckle under to threats, from anyone, and do you think I'm going to start now?"

"Senor, all thees is very touching," Pasquel said. "But let us get on with our business. Weel you give us the figure, or do I 'ave to take eef weeth my pistols?" And, with a lightning like movement, his guns were in his hands, pointing at us, "Now, Senor, do not make it necessary for me to shoot, the Senorita!"

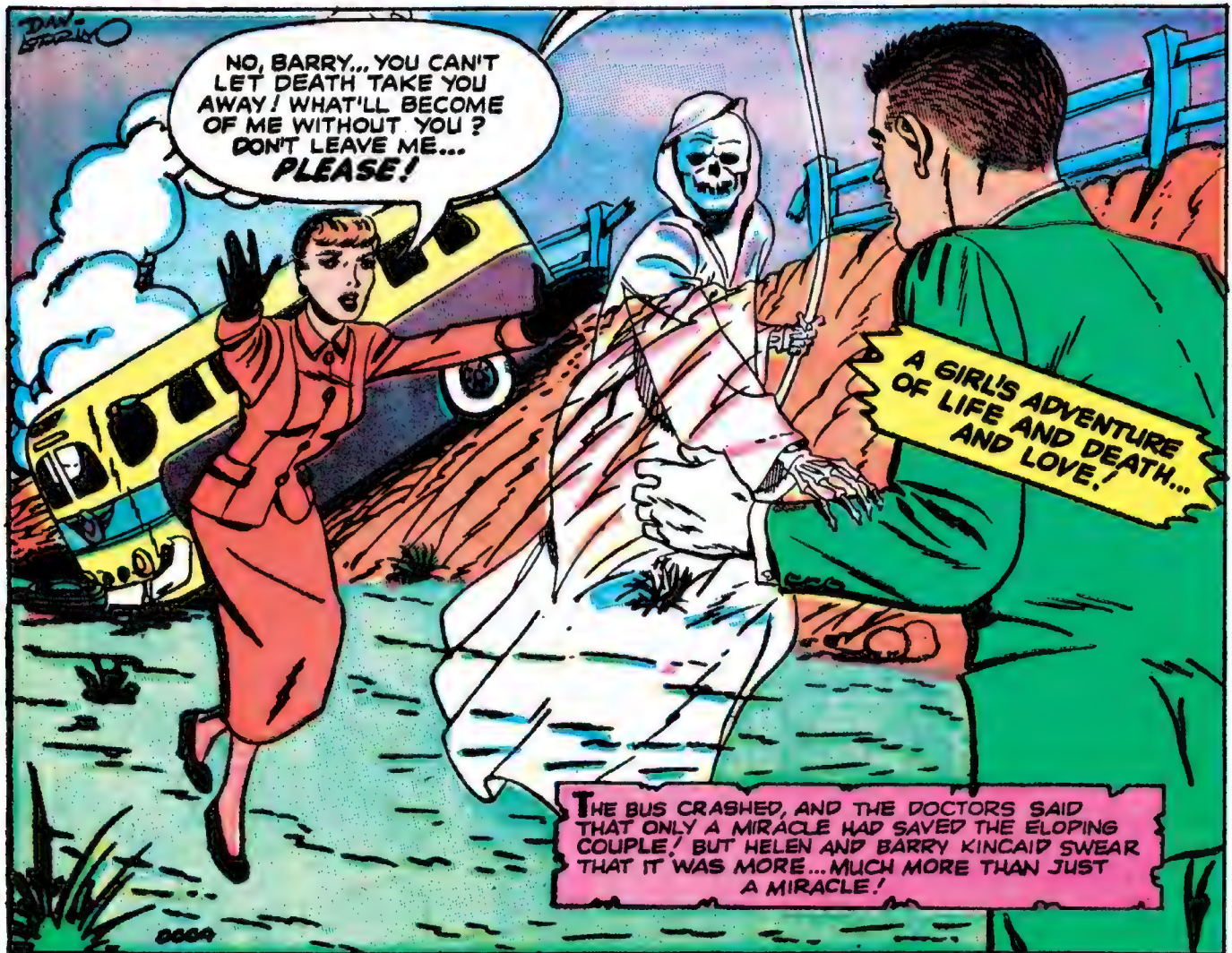
Glancing past him, I saw Bob make his move. "Alright, Pasquel, drop those guns!" The click of his gun hammer was quite audible in the suddenly quiet room. "And turn around, slowly! John, take Buck's gun!"

But Pasquel was not done. As he turned, he fired. Bob fired almost at the same split second, and through the smoke, I saw Pasquel sink slowly to the floor, a look of amazement on his face. The door burst open, and the third man rushed into the room, too fast for his own good, for as he passed, Bob crashed his gun butt down on his head, and he was out cold!

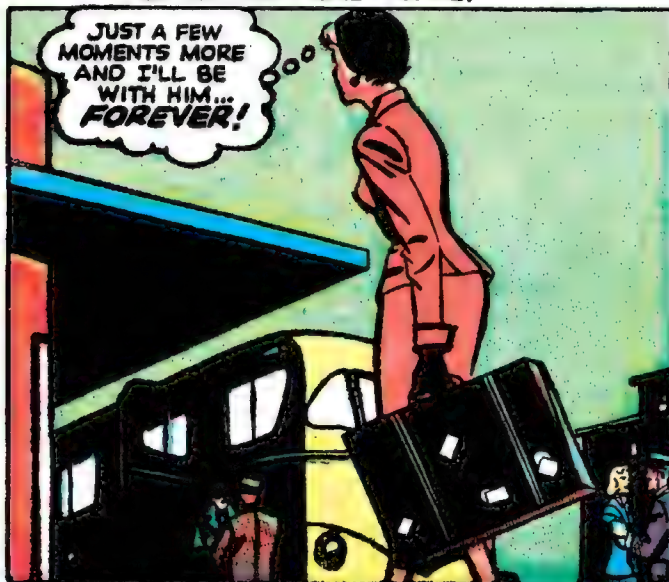
It was some time later. Pasquel's body had been removed, the unconscious one had come to, to find himself securely bound, and Buck was telling us what we knew all along. That Davis was the real head of the Pasquel gang, and that he was trying to buy or steal the entire Ybra Mesa, to sell to the Railroad, at a tremendous profit. John had planted Buck with the gang months ago. All we had to do was take Davis. Then we'd have peace on the Circle J once again.

THE END 8935

TILL DEATH DO US PART



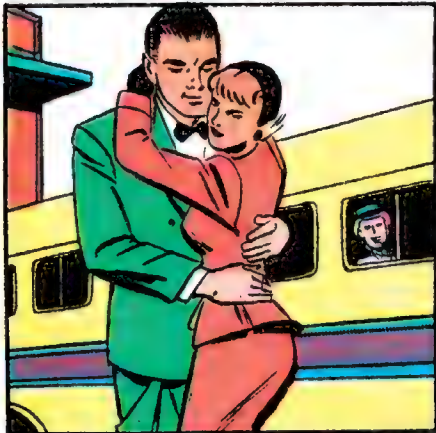
"I HURRIED TO THE BUS STATION...TO BARRY, WHO WOULD BE WAITING THERE FOR ME!"



"WE WERE ELOPING TODAY, BARRY AND I! MY MOTHER WANTED ME TO MARRY A WEALTHIER MAN, SO WE WERE RUNNING AWAY...TO BARRY'S FOLKS, TO BE MARRIED!"



"I NEVER KNEW THAT ANYONE COULD LOVE SO DESPERATELY, SO INTENSELY AS WE LOVED/WE WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER...SO CLOSE IN THOUGHT AND SPIRIT THAT WE COULDN'T LIVE APART! OURS WAS ONE OF THOSE RARE MEETINGS OF KINDRED HEARTS AND SOULS! PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED LATER!"



COME ON, DEAR... I'VE GOT THE TICKETS AND THE BUS IS WAITING! BY TONIGHT YOU'LL BE MRS. BARRY KINCAID!



OH, DARLING, IT'S STARTING TO RAIN! WHY COULDN'T IT BE A BEAUTIFUL DAY FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL MARRIAGE!

RAIN OR SHINE, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I HOPE WE HAVE GOOD SEATS... IT'S A LONG RIDE!

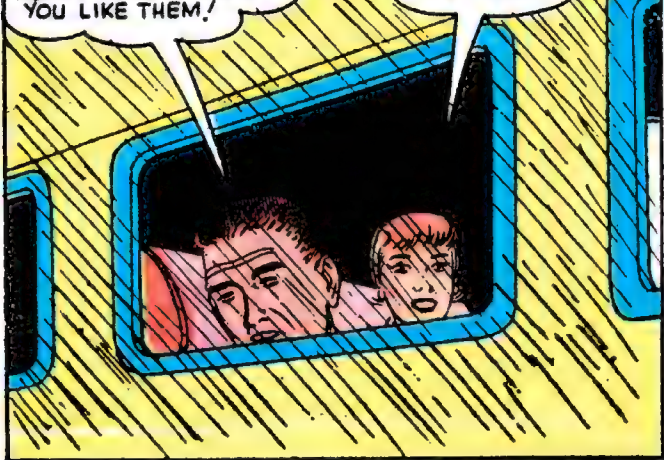
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO CARRY ME OVER THE THRESHOLD OF THE BUS...OR DON'T BUSES HAVE THRESHOLDS?



"THE BUS WAS FULL! THE DRIVER SETTLED IN HIS SEAT, AND WE WERE OFF! THE RAIN HAD INCREASED, RIPPLING THE WINDOW IN SHEETS THAT OBSCURED VISION!"

GOSH, IT'S COMING DOWN CATS AND DOGS! SAY, THAT REMINDS ME, I'M NUTS ABOUT DOGS! I HOPE YOU LIKE THEM!

CRAZY ABOUT THEM! LET'S HAVE A KENNEL AFTER WE'RE SETTLED!



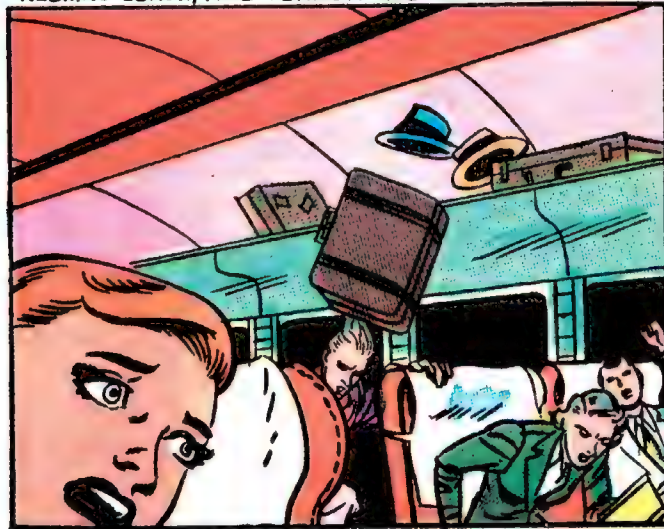
"THE HUGE BUS THUNDERED THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR, THE DRIVER PEERING THROUGH THE QUICKLY RADDLED PATHS MADE BY HIS WINDSHIELD WIPERS! BARRY AND I FORGOT THE CHILL WETNESS OUTSIDE IN THE WARMTH OF OUR CLOSENESS!"

I HOPE YOUR PARENTS LIKE ME, DARLING!

HOW CAN THEY HELP IT? THEY'LL BE JUST AS CRAZY ABOUT YOU AS I AM!



"IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY! ONE MOMENT WE WERE SMILING AND WITHOUT FEAR, THE NEXT, THERE CAME THE SICKENING SKID, THE HOARSE SCREAM OF THE DRIVER AS THE WHEEL SNAPPED FROM HIS HAND... THE AWFUL, RUSHING LURCH, AND TERROR RUSHED IN..."



"THEN THE TERRIBLE CRASH... THE WORLD TURNING UPSIDE DOWN, AS I WAS TORN FROM BARRY'S ARMS... INTO OBLIVION!"





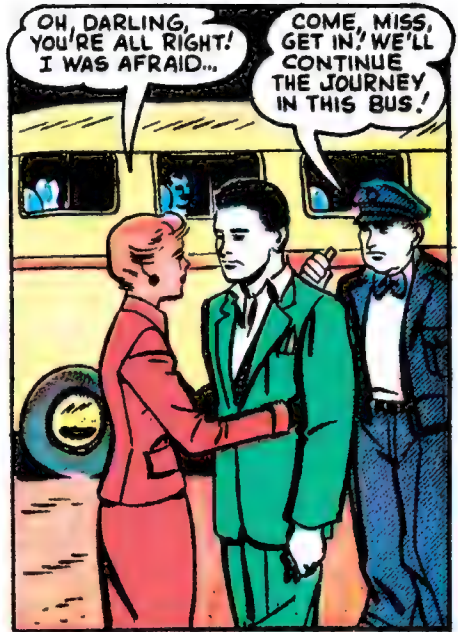
WHAT...? THE BUS...IT CRASHED!
BARRY...WHERE'S BARRY?
BARRY?

"THEN I SAW BARRY! HE WAS STANDING
AT THE END OF A LINE OF THE OTHER
PASSENGERS, AND THEY WERE ALL
FILING INTO ANOTHER BUS! BARRY
WAS HOLDING HIS ARMS OUT TO ME,
AND CALLING!"



HERE I AM,
HELEN!

HURRY FOLKS,
FILE RIGHT IN!
WE'RE LATE NOW!



OH, DARLING,
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
I WAS AFRAID...

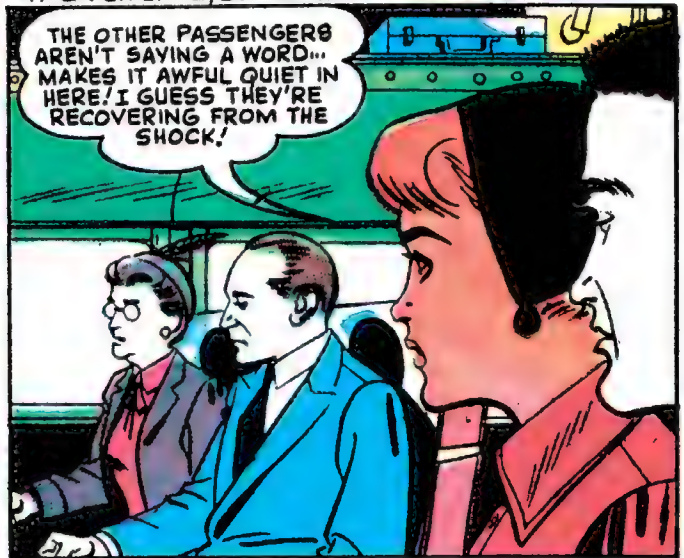
COME, MISS,
GET IN! WE'LL
CONTINUE
THE JOURNEY
IN THIS BUS!



EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE ALL
RIGHT! I MUST'VE BEEN
KNOCKED OUT...WHEN I
CAME TO AND DIDN'T
SEE YOU...

I KNOW! I THOUGHT
I'D LOST YOU, TOO!

"THE BUS STARTED OFF, AND I MADE MYSELF COMFORT-
ABLE NEXT TO BARRY! I FELT SOME VAGUE ACHES FROM
MY EXPERIENCE, BUT NOTHING WORTH SPEAKING OF!"



THE OTHER PASSENGERS
AREN'T SAYING A WORD...
MAKES IT AWFUL QUIET IN
HERE! I GUESS THEY'RE
RECOVERING FROM THE
SHOCK!



"I LOOKED AROUND AT THEM! THEY SAT SO STILL, AND
SEEMED SO PALE!"

THEY SHOULD CHANGE
THE LIGHTS IN THIS BUS!
IT MAKES EVERYBODY
LOOK LIKE THEY'RE
DEAD!

SHHHH, DEAR!
DON'T SAY
THAT!



SILLY, THEY CAN'T HEAR ME! WHY, YOU LOOK THE
SAME WAY! I'M GOING TO WRITE TO THE COMPANY
AND ADVISE THEM TO CHANGE THE LIGHTS ON
THEIR BUSES! I'LL TELL THEM IT MADE MY
VIRILE, HUSBAND-TO-BE LOOK LIKE A GHOST..
AND THAT'S NOT VERY COMFORTING TO A
NEW BRIDE!

"MY EYES STRAYED TO OUR LOCKED HANDS...THE SMILE DIED FROM MY LIPS, AND AN UNUTTERABLE SENSE OF TERROR GRIPPED ME."

HIS HANDS ARE WHITE, BUT MINE... MINE ARE PINK, GLOWING, ALIVE! HIS HANDS ARE LIKE THE HANDS OF A...A...!

WE HAVE TO MAKE A SHORT STOP HERE! PLEASE REMAIN IN YOUR SEATS!

"I HEARD THE BUS DOOR OPEN...HEARD THE NEW ONES ENTER...BUT I WAS LOOKING AT BARRY, WANTING TO SCREAM, BUT UNABLE TO...AND NOW PAIN GREW IN MY BODY, MOUNTING TO MATCH THE INTOLERABLE PAIN IN MY HEART!"

THERE'S THE ONE!

MISS, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OFF, NOW!

NO, NO! NOT UNLESS BARRY GOES WITH ME!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MISS! HE'S DEAD... HE'S GOT TO STAY!

WE'RE SORRY, MISS! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE MADE! YOU'RE NOT DEAD, AND THIS IS THE BUS OF THE DEAD! YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE...YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE!

NO! I WON'T LEAVE HIM...I WON'T...I WON'T!

PLEASE, MISS...YOU MUSTN'T KICK UP A FUSS! WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE AS IT IS!

"I FOUGHT THEM, WITH ALL THE STRENGTH IN MY RACKED AND ACHING BODY! THEY COULDN'T DETACH ME FROM BARRY...I HUNG ON WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF CRAZED DESPERATION!"

LET ME STAY... LET ME STAY WITH BARRY! I WON'T LEAVE HIM!

NOW MISS, THIS IS VERY IRREGULAR! YOU CAN'T STAY WITH HIM!

LET HER GO FOR A MINUTE! WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING... THE BUS IS TERRIBLY LATE!

"THEY RELEASED ME AND WALKED A LITTLE WAY DOWN THE AISLE, AND I HEARD THEIR VOICES MURMURING!"

HELEN, DARLING...GO WITH THEM...GO BACK TO LIFE! OUR LOVE WILL NEVER DIE! THAT I PROMISE YOU! GO, MY DEAREST!

NO! I CAN'T FACE LIFE ALONE...IT WOULD HAVE NO MEANING! I'M STAYING HERE WITH YOU!



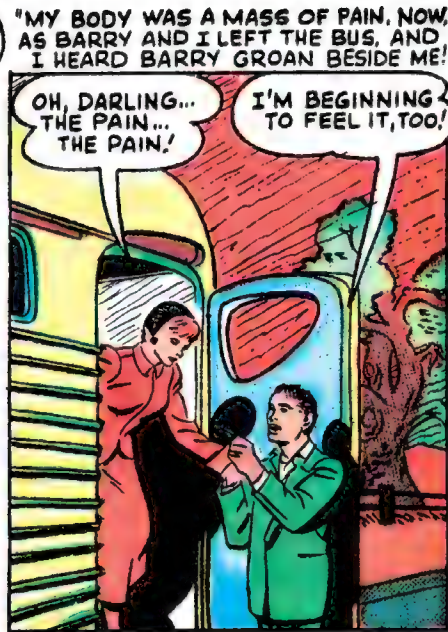
MISS, WE'VE REACHED A DECISION! WE CAN'T ALLOW ONE ISOLATED CASE TO DISRUPT OUR WHOLE SCHEDULE!

AND WE CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH US! IT'S DEFINITELY AGAINST THE RULES!



SO WE'VE DECIDED THAT YOU WILL BOTH HAVE TO GET OFF! THERE SEEMS TO BE NO OTHER SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM!

COME ALONG, NOW, AND PLEASE, LET'S NOT HAVE ANY MORE FUSS!



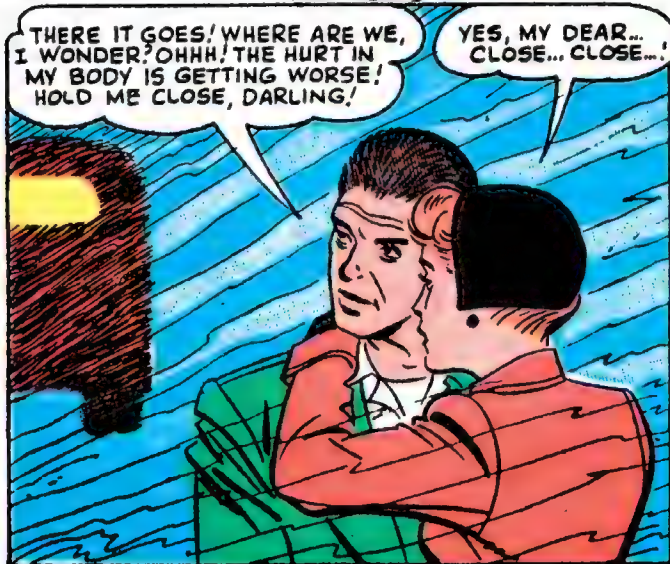
"MY BODY WAS A MASS OF PAIN, NOW, AS BARRY AND I LEFT THE BUS, AND I HEARD BARRY GROAN BESIDE ME!"

OH, DARLING... THE PAIN... THE PAIN!

I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL IT, TOO!

"WE STOOD THERE IN THE DARKNESS, AND THE FOG, WATCHING THE BUS DRIVE AWAY! WE WERE ALONE, IN A GREAT VASTNESS!"

"THE FOG SWIRLED AROUND US, AND WE SEEMED TO SINK INTO IT... BECOME PART OF IT... THEN EVERYTHING WAS GONE... EVERYTHING BUT BARRY, AND OUR LOVE!"

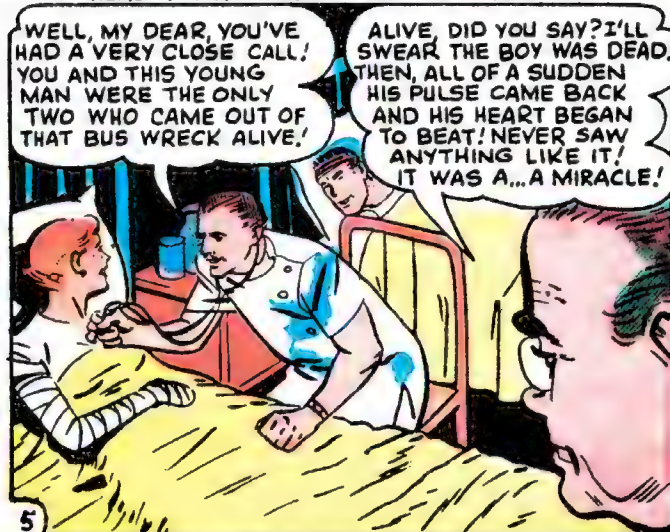


THERE IT GOES! WHERE ARE WE, I WONDER? OHHH! THE HURT IN MY BODY IS GETTING WORSE! HOLD ME CLOSE, DARLING!

YES, MY DEAR... CLOSE... CLOSE...

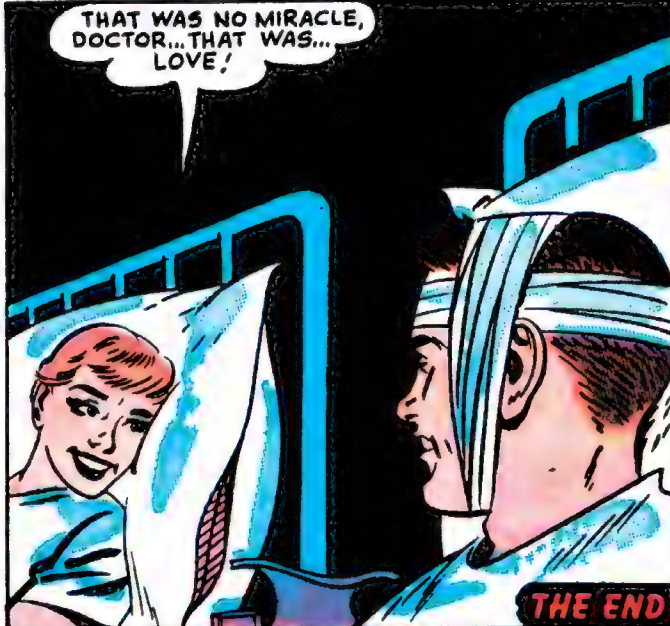


"IT SEEMED LIKE YEARS HAD PASSED, BEFORE I CAME OUT OF THAT FOG, AND FOUND MYSELF IN A HOSPITAL BED! MY HAND HELD ANOTHER HAND, AND I SLOWLY TURNED MY HEAD TOWARD BARRY IN THE OTHER BED!"



WELL, MY DEAR, YOU'VE HAD A VERY CLOSE CALL! YOU AND THIS YOUNG MAN WERE THE ONLY TWO WHO CAME OUT OF THAT BUS WRECK ALIVE!

ALIVE, DID YOU SAY? I'LL SWEAR THE BOY WAS DEAD! THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN HIS PULSE CAME BACK AND HIS HEART BEGAN TO BEAT! NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT! IT WAS A... A MIRACLE!



THAT WAS NO MIRACLE, DOCTOR... THAT WAS... LOVE!

THE END

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS SUITE 1404
350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY(1)

Miss Lee - Fashions

Style #633 MISTY LACE

Sheer enchantment with the magic of lace! . . . Exquisitely lovely sheer net clings lovingly over bared shoulders to a figure-caressing bodice of imported Chantilly Lace that falls into a graceful peplum and cascades helplessly to the hemline of the widest of wide filmy dancing skirts (over its own slip). Colorful blushing flowers highlight a tiny waist. In Superb Quality Celanese Taffeta and Marquisette net

Imported
Chantilly
Lace

IN BEWITCHING COLORS:

- BLACK • AQUA
- WHITE • ROSE

IN ALL SIZES

9-11-13-15-17
10-12-14
16-18-20

only **9⁹⁸**

16½-18½-20½
22½-24½-26½
38-40-42
44-46-48

only **10⁹⁸**



Style #585C DARE DEVIL

Head for his heart in a dress that rises to every occasion . . . Striking red, white and black checks enhance spreading bat wing sleeves and the coquettish kick pleat. Pert Peter Pan collar tops a row of bosom-flattering buttons parading to the nipped in waist . . . Sultry stem-slim skirt.

IN CHECKS
OR STRIPES



IN ALL SIZES

10-12-14-16-18-20

only **7⁹⁸**

16½-18½-20½
22½-24½-26½
38-40-42-44-46-48

only **8⁹⁸**

Style #585S

Black and White
Red and White
Stripes

Send 10¢
for our
latest
catalog!

Style #585S

SENT ON APPROVAL - 10 DAY FREE TRIAL!

MISS LEE-FASHIONS, Inc., Dept. 1112
22 West 48th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me the following dresses in styles, sizes and colors indicated. If not delighted I may return dress within 10 days for refund.

Style No.	Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00 deposit. I'll pay postage balance plus postage.
☐ I enclose full amount. Use any postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I HATE Janet Briggs



MOTHER DIED WHEN I WAS VERY LITTLE, AND DAD BROUGHT ME UP! I LOVED HIM SO MUCH, AND WAS SO PROUD OF BEING THE DAUGHTER OF THE BEST KNOWN DOCTOR IN GREENVALE!

DADDY...YOU PROMISED TO GO WITH ME TO THE FOOTBALL GAME! I HURRIED HOME SO WE COULD GET THERE ON TIME!

I'M SORRY, JANET, BUT JOHNNY COCHEK IS JUST COMING DOWN WITH MEASLES!

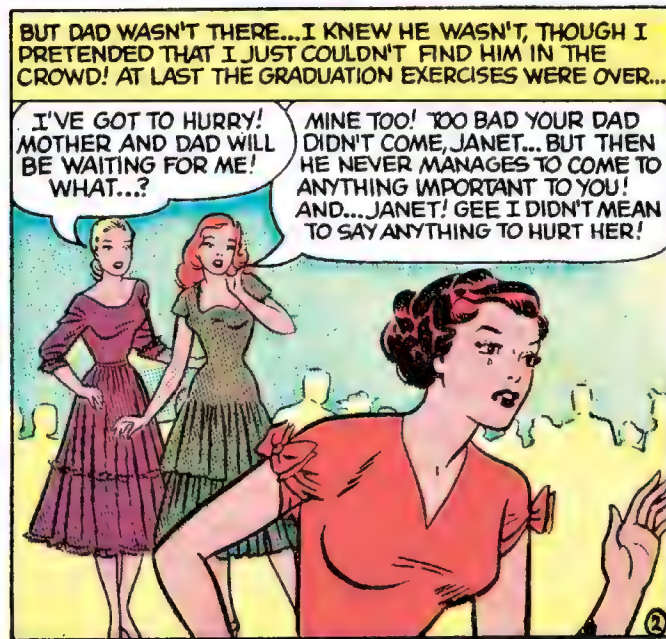
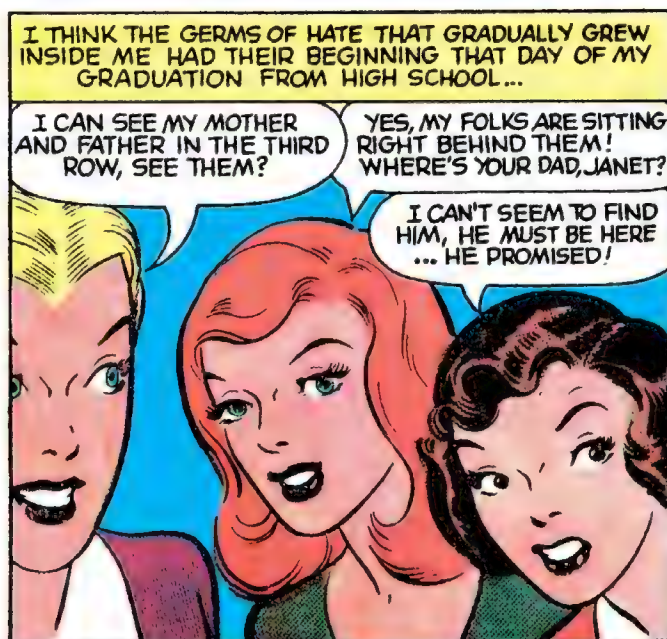
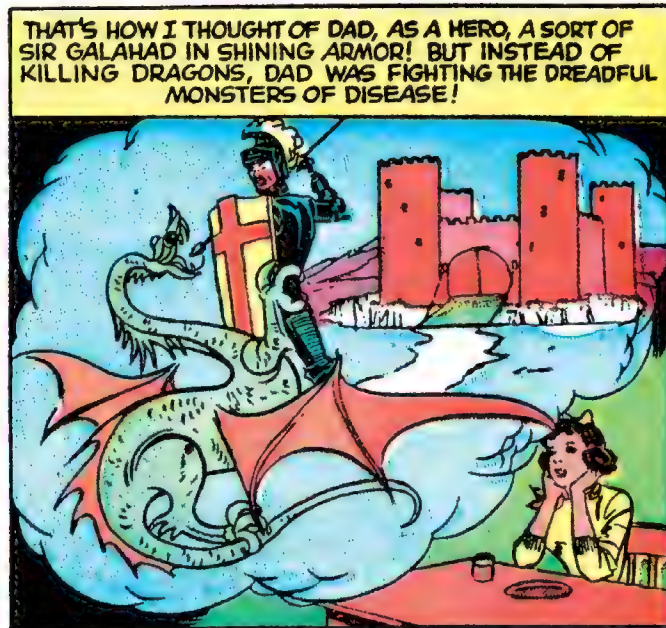
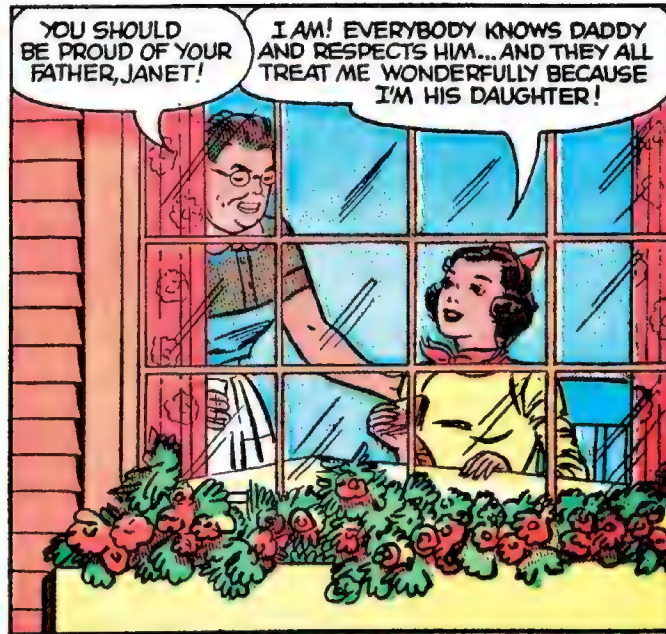


OH, GOSH, DADDY!

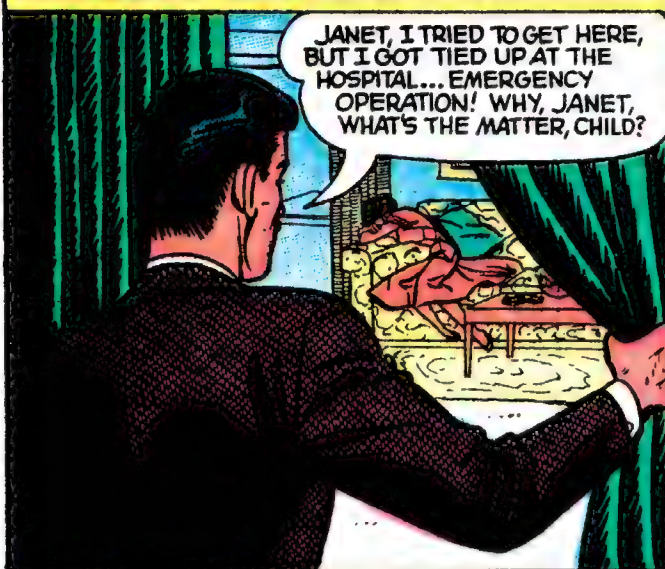
I MAY BE ABLE TO JOIN YOU BEFORE THE GAME'S OVER! EAT SOME OF THE SANDWICHES MRS. MAPES MADE FOR YOU BEFORE YOU LEAVE, DEAR!

I'LL SEE SHE FILLS HER STOMACH, DOCTOR!





DAD FOUND ME IN THE HOUSE, CRYING AS THOUGH MY HEART WOULD BREAK... FEELING ALONE AND DESERTED...



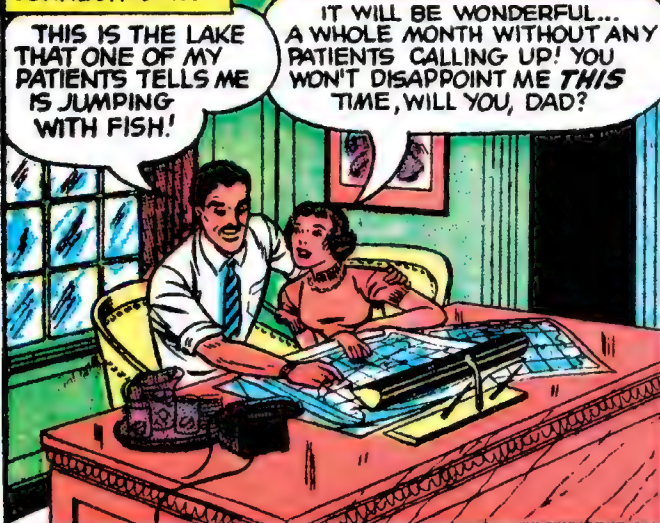
JANET, I TRIED TO GET HERE, BUT I GOT TIED UP AT THE HOSPITAL... EMERGENCY OPERATION! WHY, JANET, WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHILD?

OH, DADDY, I DID SO WANT YOU TO BE THERE!

I KNOW DEAR, AND I WANTED TO BE THERE TO SEE MY GIRL GRADUATE! I'M A DOCTOR, HONEY, AND A DOCTOR'S TIME IS NEVER HIS OWN!



I FORGOT MY DISAPPOINTMENT IN OUR PLANS FOR A VACATION. DAD AND I WERE GOING TO MAINE FOR A MONTH, TO FISH AND TRAMP THE WOODS BEFORE I LEFT FOR COLLEGE IN CONNECTICUT...

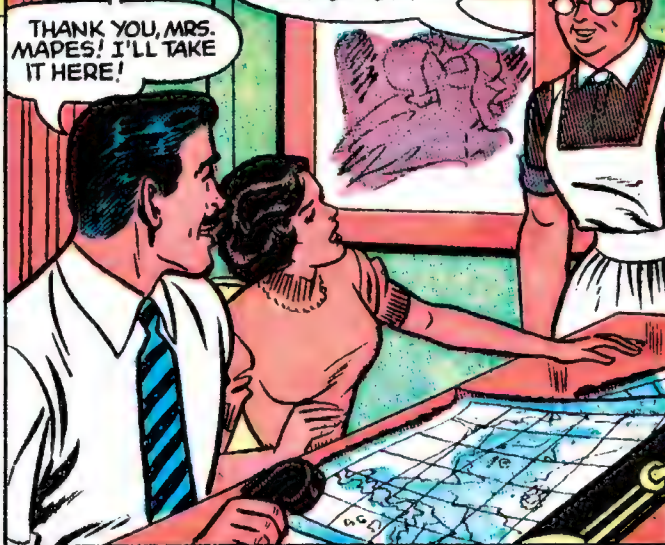


THIS IS THE LAKE THAT ONE OF MY PATIENTS TELLS ME IS JUMPING WITH FISH!

IT WILL BE WONDERFUL... A WHOLE MONTH WITHOUT ANY PATIENTS CALLING UP! YOU WON'T DISAPPOINT ME *THIS* TIME, WILL YOU, DAD?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, JANET!

THE HOSPITAL IS ON THE PHONE, DOCTOR!



THANK YOU, MRS. MAPES! I'LL TAKE IT HERE!

WHAT WAS IT, DAD?

I DON'T KNOW, THE DIRECTORS OF THE HOSPITAL WANT TO SEE ME RIGHT AWAY! I'LL BE BACK SOON, MEANWHILE YOU GO AHEAD WITH THE PLANS FOR OUR TRIP!

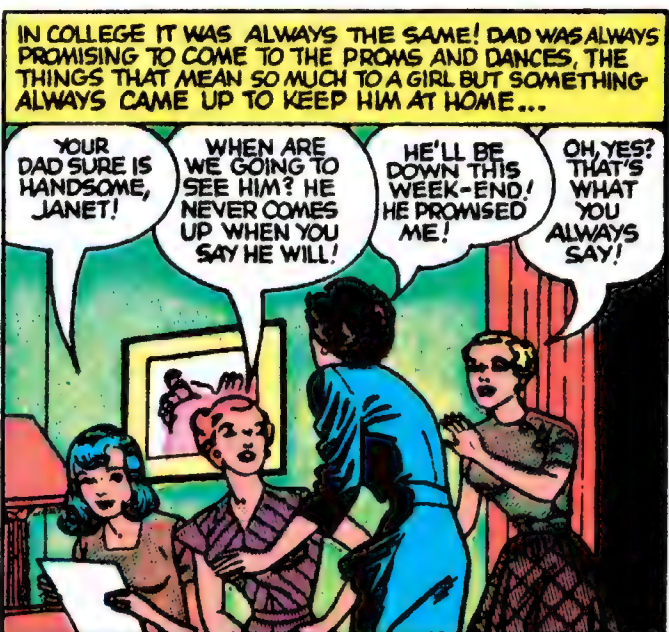
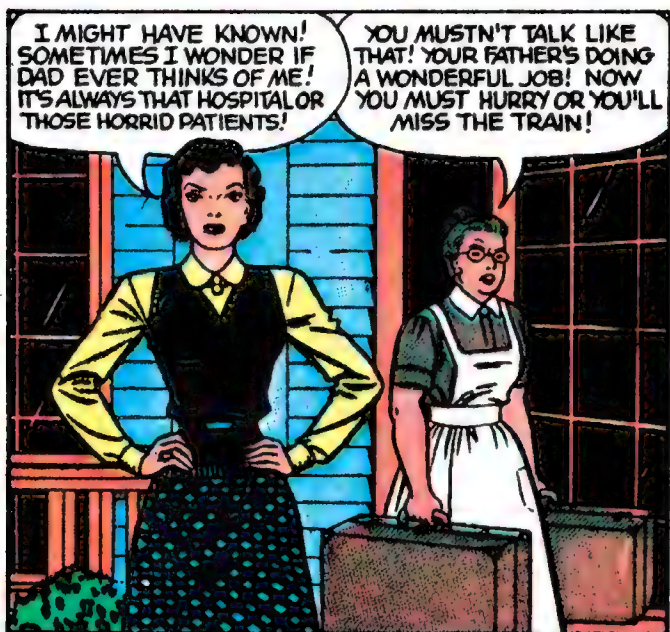
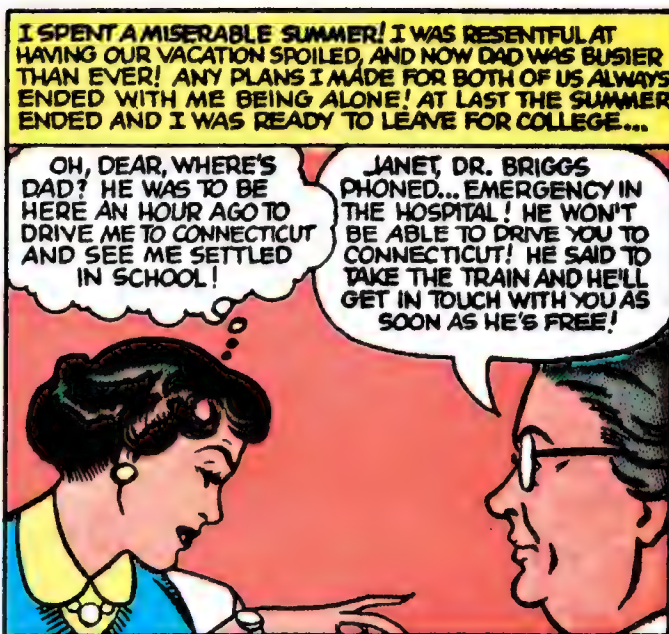
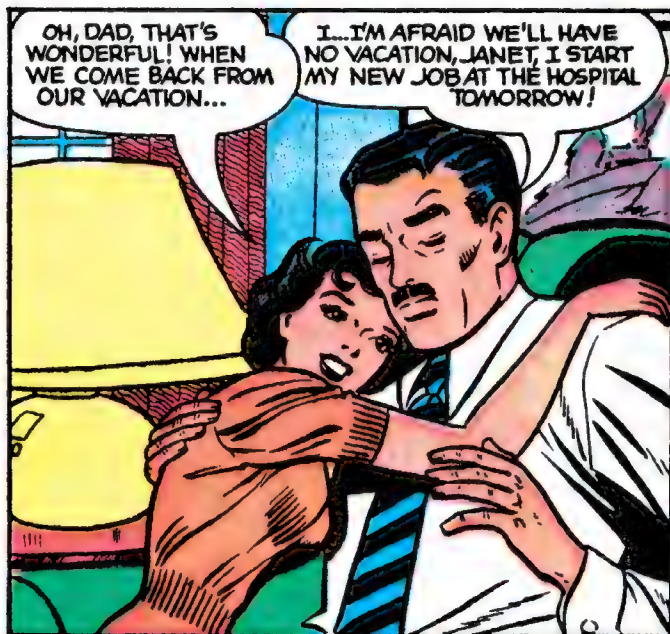


I WAITED FOR DAD TO COME HOME, AND DREAMED OF US TOGETHER WHERE A TELEPHONE COULDN'T CALL HIM AWAY! DAD WAS MY WHOLE LIFE, IN THOSE DAYS! HE TOOK THE PLACE OF A MOTHER I DIDN'T REMEMBER! A FATHER AND DAUGHTER IN THE WORLD ALONE GENERALLY GROW VERY CLOSE!

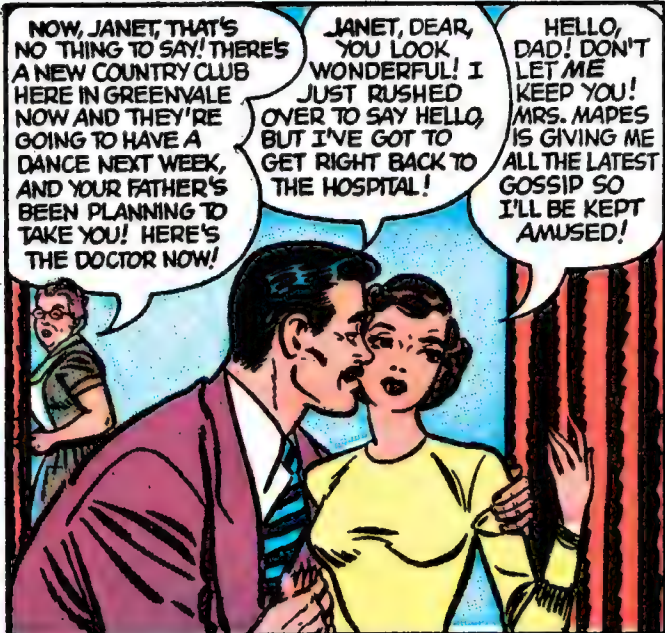
DAD, YOU'RE BACK! WHAT HAPPENED? WAS IT GOOD OR BAD NEWS?

GOOD, JANET! YOU'LL BE PROUD OF YOUR DAD! I'VE JUST BEEN MADE HEAD SURGEON AT THE HOSPITAL! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?

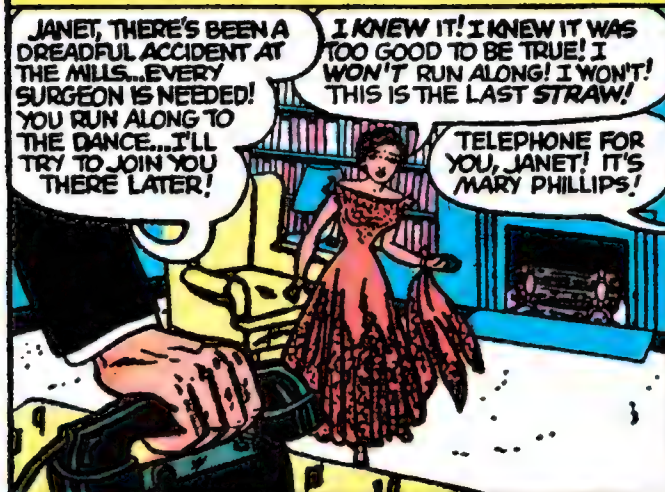




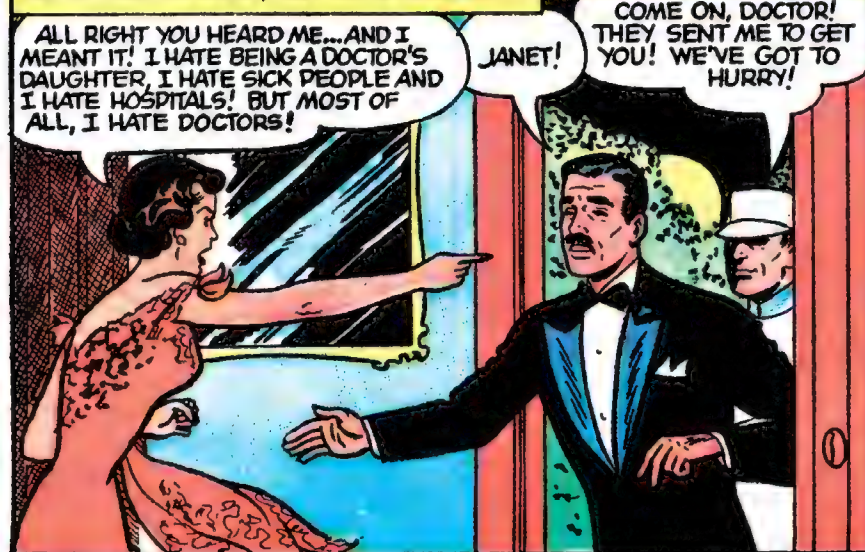
I CAME HOME THAT SUMMER FOR MY VACATION! I DIDN'T WANT TO COME HOME BUT THERE WAS NOWHERE ELSE TO GO! I HAD BECOME MOROSE AND SNAPPISH AT SCHOOL DUE TO THE HATE THAT WAS BEGINNING TO GROW IN ME AND HAD RECEIVED NO INVITATIONS FROM THE OTHER GIRLS!



I DIDN'T SEE DAD MUCH, BUT WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER WE TALKED ABOUT THE DANCE! DAD SAID WILD HORSES COULDN'T KEEP HIM AWAY! I WAS HAPPIER THAN I'D BEEN IN MONTHS! THEN JUST AS I WAS ALL DRESSED AND READY TO START TO THE DANCE...



I SLAMMED DOWN THE RECEIVER AND TURNED AND SAW DAD STANDING THERE SAW THE TERRIBLE HURT LOOK ON HIS FACE! BUT THERE WAS NO MERCY IN ME AT THAT MOMENT, ONLY HATEFULNESS...



MY ESCORT WAS KEITH TABBERT! HE WAS HANDSOME AND NICE, AND GRADUALLY AS THE EVENING WORE ON, HE CHASED THE GLOOM FROM MY HEART!

WELL, THAT'S BETTER... THE SMILE, I MEAN! YOU'VE BEEN SO GLUM ALL EVENING, I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME!



OH, KEITH, YOU'RE FINE! I'M SORRY IF I WAS SUCH A WET BLANKET... FORGIVE ME!

KEITH DROVE ME HOME! I LIKED HIM A LOT... THE FIRST MAN I HAD EVER MET WHO INTERESTED ME!

HOW ABOUT TENNIS TOMORROW, JANET, THEN AN EARLY SHOW? I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU JUST WALK OUT OF MY LIFE, YOU KNOW!

I'D LOVE IT, KEITH! PICK ME UP ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK!



SO KEITH AND I FELL IN LOVE... BUT MADLY! WE BECAME ENGAGED AND I BROUGHT HIM HOME TO MEET DAD...

I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET YOUR DAD! I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT HIM!

I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE HIM! HE SAID HE'D WAIT FOR US TONIGHT!

OH, THERE YOU ARE, JANET, MR. TABBERT! THE DOCTOR WAS CALLED AWAY, MAY BE GONE ALL NIGHT!



I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED IT! DOCTORS HAVE NO TIME FOR THEIR OWN, ONLY FOR STRANGERS... PATIENTS! I HATE DOCTORS AND ANYTHING CONNECTED WITH THEM!

DARLING, YOU MUSTN'T SAY THAT! YOUR FATHER IS A FINE DOCTOR... HIS LIFE BELONGS TO THE WORLD OF HURT AND SUFFERING HUMANITY!



OH, PLEASE, KEITH, I'VE HEARD THAT BOSH ALL MY LIFE! I DON'T SAY IT AGAIN! I'M SICK OF IT!

JANET, WHEN YOU'VE ASKED ME ABOUT MY WORK I'VE NOT GIVEN YOU A DEFINITE ANSWER BECAUSE I KNEW YOUR HATRED OF YOUR FATHER'S PROFESSION! NOW I MUST TELL YOU! I AM A MEDICAL STUDENT AND HOPE TO BE A DOCTOR... HOPE SOME DAY TO APPROACH YOUR DAD'S STATUS IN THE FIELD!



IT STRUCK ME LIKE A BLOW! SUDDENLY THE MAN I LOVED BECAME PART OF THE BLACK HATE IN MY HEART! I PUSHED THE GAS DOWN AS I DROVE, MY EMOTIONS RULING ME! I RIPPED THE ENGAGEMENT RING FROM MY FINGER...

YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME BEFORE! THAT WAS AN ABOMINABLE TRICK! I WOULDN'T MARRY A DOCTOR IF HE WERE THE LAST MAN ON EARTH! TAKE BACK YOUR RING, KEITH, I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU...



LOOK OUT FOR THAT DOG!



I SAT IN THE SCREAMING AMBULANCE WITH HIM AS HE WAS RUSHED TO THE MERCY HOSPITAL! THEN THROUGH THE CORRIDORS TO THE OPERATING ROOM, AND THERE WAS ONE MAN I WANTED AT THAT MOMENT MORE THAN ANYONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD...



HE'S IN A BAD WAY, JANET, BUT I'LL DO ALL I CAN! AND THEY TELL ME I'M A FAIRLY GOOD DOCTOR! MAYBE NOT A GOOD FATHER, BUT...WELL, A MAN HAS TO BE GOOD AT SOMETHING, AND DOCTORING IS MY JOB! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

OH, DAD, SAVE HIM! I LOVE HIM SO! HE'S GOING TO BE A DOCTOR TOO, DAD! I... I HAVEN'T BEEN A GOOD DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER BUT I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU...AND I DO WANT TO BE A GOOD DOCTOR'S WIFE!



THEN I WAS ALONE! WAITING, THINKING, AND TAKING A GOOD LOOK AT MYSELF! AND WHAT I SAW WASN'T PRETTY...

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND ALL THESE YEARS? NOT TO HAVE SEEN DAD AS HE REALLY IS...UNSELFISHLY GIVING HIS LIFE TO ALLEVIATE PAIN? I'VE HURT INSTEAD OF HELPED THE FINEST MAN I'VE KNOWN! AND NOW MY HATE MIGHT DESTROY KEITH! OH, PLEASE MAY MY FATHER'S HAND BE GUIDED SO THAT KEITH CAN COME BACK TO ME!

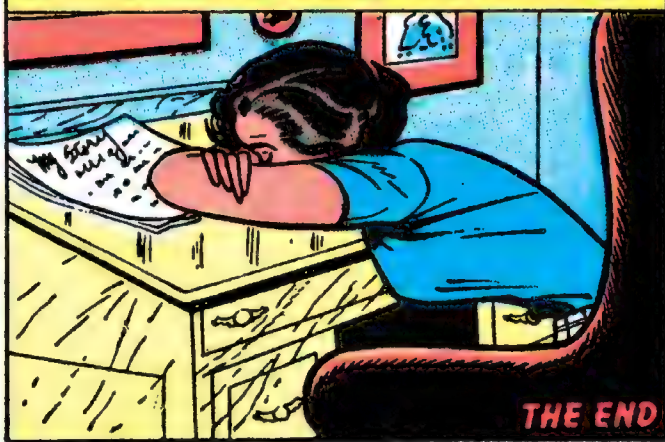


OH, DAD, CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR THE WAY I'VE ACTED? I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL, DAD!

THERE'S NOTHING TO FORGIVE, MY DEAR! ALL THAT MATTERS IS THAT YOU'RE MY GIRL AGAIN! BACK WITH YOUR LOVE, AS IT USED TO BE WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG! WELCOME HOME, DAUGHTER!



THAT'S MY STORY! KEITH IS ALMOST WELL, AND WE ARE TO BE MARRIED NEXT MONTH! YES, DAD AND KEITH FORGIVE ME, BUT I CANNOT YET FORGIVE MYSELF! I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT UP TO THEM BUT UNTIL I FEEL THAT I HAVE, I SHALL CONTINUE TO SAY, "I HATE JANET BRIGGS"! SOMEDAY, I SHALL HAVE MADE PEACE WITH MYSELF THROUGH MY NEW LOVE AND COMPASSION, AND ON THAT HAPPY DAY I SHALL FORGIVE JANET BRIGGS!



THE END

SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

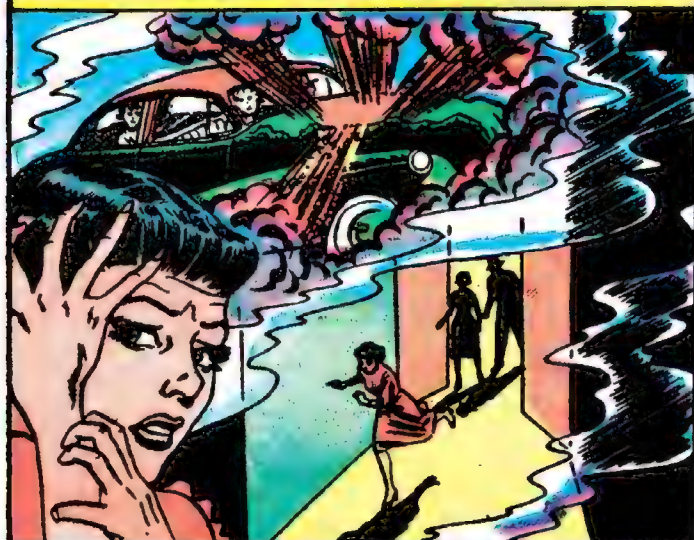
GIRL COMICS SUITE 1404
260 E 57 AVE. NEW YORK CITY 22

UNWANTED!

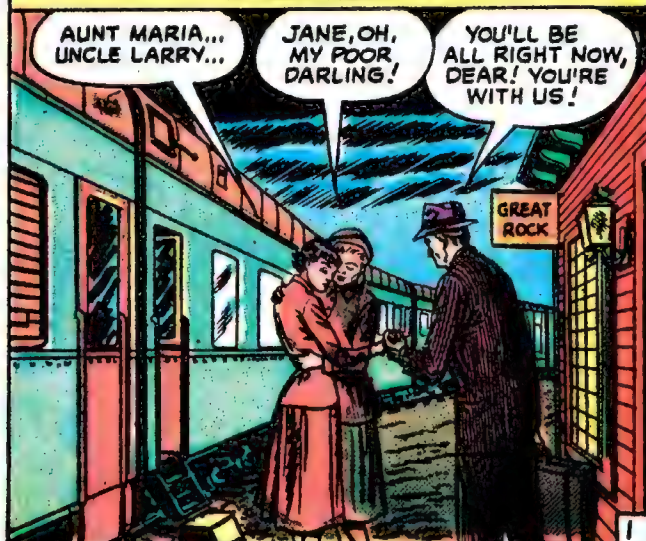
MURDER STALKED BY DAY AND BY NIGHT! SHE WAS TRAPPED IN A HOUSE OF DEATH WITH EVEN THE MAN SHE LOVED, SWORN TO A PACT OF DEATH! THERE WAS NO ONE SHE COULD TURN TO... NO WAY OF ESCAPE WHEN JANE DEARING FOUND HERSELF A PRISONER WAITING FOR THE KILLER TO STRIKE FROM THE SHADOWS! THIS IS ALL THE TERROR OF THE MYSTERIES OF THE NIGHT AND THE VISIONS OF THE DAY! THIS IS THE HORROR OF BEING MARKED FOR MURDER AND OF BEING--"UNWANTED!"



LET ME REMEMBER... LET ME REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED... SO I CAN TELL IT ALL RIGHT... EVERY WORD... EVEN THOUGH IT'S LIKE TRYING TO REMEMBER A NIGHTMARE YOU'D GIVE YOUR LIFE TO FORGET...



I THINK I CAME OUT OF MY DAZE A LITTLE WHEN UNCLE LARRY AND AUNT MARIA MET ME AT THE STATION! AT LEAST THAT'S WHEN THE THREADS OF MY LIFE STARTED TO PICK UP ONCE AGAIN...



AUNT MARIA...
UNCLE LARRY...

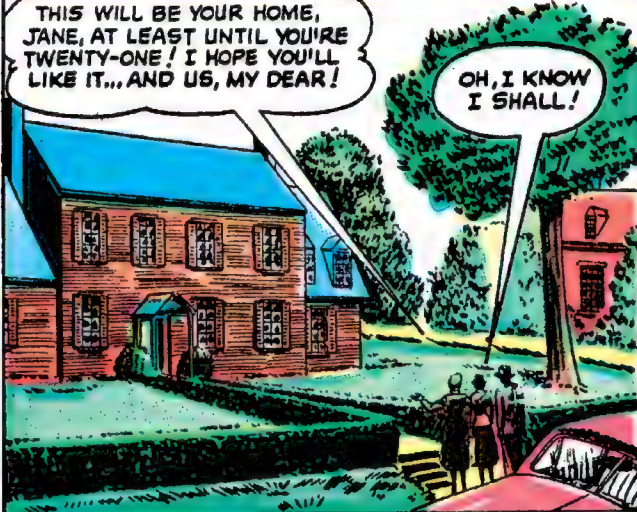
JANE, OH,
MY POOR,
DARLING!

YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT NOW,
DEAR! YOU'RE
WITH US!

THEY WERE VERY KIND TO ME! THANK HEAVENS THEY DIDN'T TALK ABOUT THE...THE ACCIDENT...THE HORRIBLE CAR EXPLOSION THAT HAD KILLED DAD AND MOTHER AND SENT ME TO THE HOSPITAL FOR TWO MONTHS!

THIS WILL BE YOUR HOME, JANE, AT LEAST UNTIL YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE! I HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT...AND US, MY DEAR!

OH, I KNOW I SHALL!



UNDER THE TERMS OF DAD'S WILL, I WAS TO LIVE WITH THEM FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS! THEN I WOULD COME INTO HIS MONEY! BUT I DIDN'T CARE ANYTHING ABOUT THAT... I HAD LOST THE TWO DEAREST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD AND I WISHED I HAD DIED WITH THEM...

WELCOME, JANE!

JANE, THIS IS ROY STANDISH, MY LAW-PARTNER! HE'S LIVING WITH US!

HELLO...MR. STANDISH!



THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT ROY... I DON'T KNOW WHAT... BUT SOMETHING THAT DREW ME TO HIM! I FELT THAT IN HIM I HAD SOMEONE WHO WAS A TRUE FRIEND...OR EVEN MORE THAN JUST A FRIEND...

THAT "MISTER" STUFF IS FOR THE BIRDS, JANE! I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO DIFFICULT TO PRONOUNCE THE NAME "ROY," TRY IT! IT'S EASY!

VERY EASY, ROY!

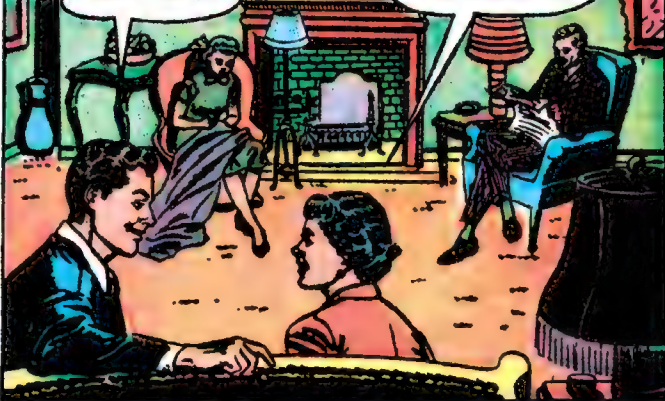
AH! GOOD! NOW THAT THAT'S SETTLED, HOW ABOUT DINNER?



EVERYTHING WAS SO WONDERFUL IN MY UNCLE'S HOME! THEY WERE ALL VERY SWEET TO ME, MAKING SURE I NEEDED NOTHING, AND THAT I WAS ENTERTAINED... ESPECIALLY ROY...

HMMM! YOU KNOW, I NEVER SUSPECTED AN OLD CODGER LIKE LARRY WOULD HAVE SUCH A PRETTY NIECE, JANE! HE'S YOUR FATHER'S BROTHER, ISN'T HE?

THAT'S RIGHT! ROY, WILL YOU TAKE ME FOR A WALK AROUND THE GROUNDS? I HAVEN'T BEEN OUTSIDE YET!



NO!...ER, I MEAN IT'S VERY DAMP OUTSIDE THESE EVENINGS, JANE! YOU'LL CATCH COLD IF YOU GO OUT NOW!

OH, I NEVER CATCH COLD! COME ON, ROY!



UNCLE LARRY SPRANG TO HIS FEET, BLOCKING MY EXIT! HIS LIPS WERE STILL SMILING POLITELY, BUT HIS EYES WERE COLD AND HARD AND...DANGEROUS! I HAD NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS!

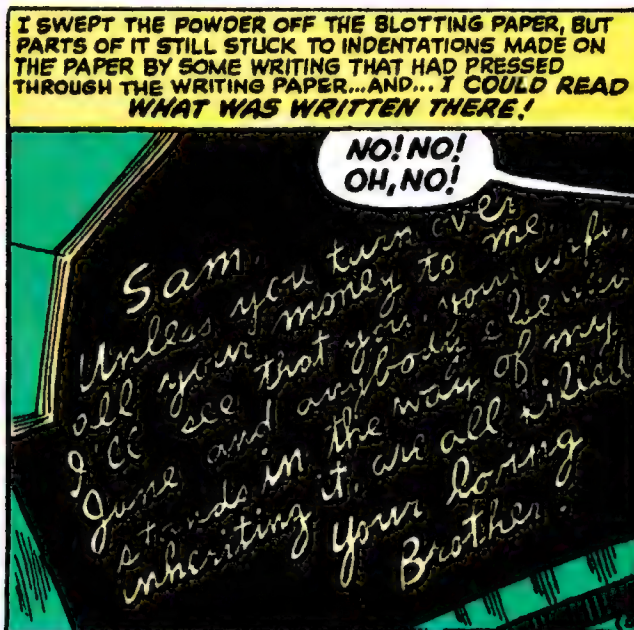
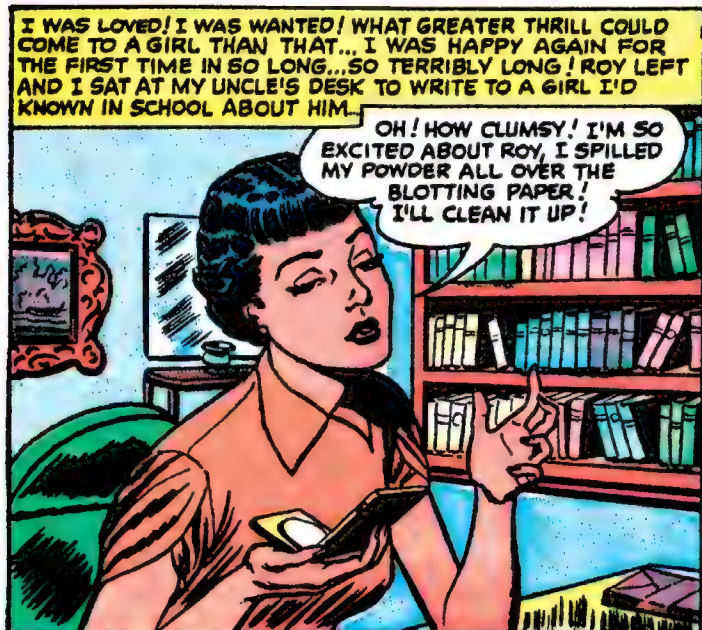
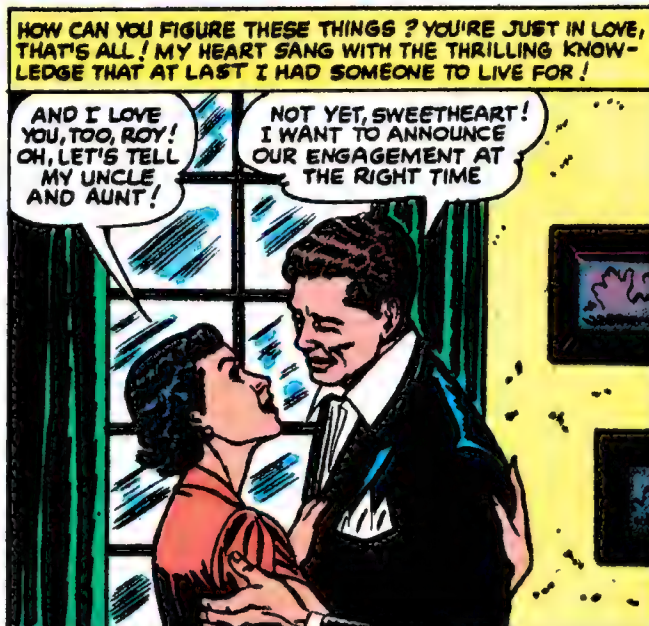
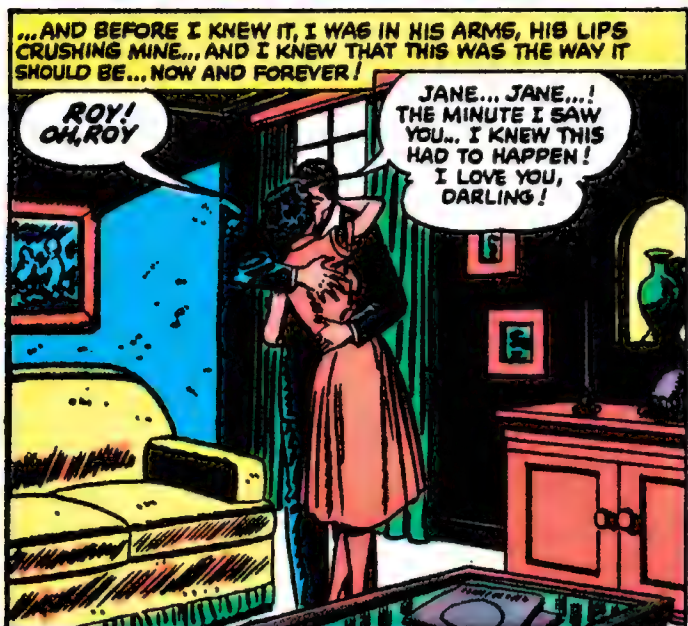
I SAID NO, JANE! I'M SORRY... BUT I MUST INSIST YOU STAY INDOORS!

DO AS YOUR UNCLE SAYS, MY DEAR!

YES, JANE! HE KNOWS BEST!



WHY...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EVERYBODY?



I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! BUT THERE IT WAS... RIGHT BEFORE ME... THE EVIDENCE THAT MY PARENTS' DEATH WAS NO ACCIDENT... BUT **MURDER**...

UNCLE LARRY DID IT... AND NOW HE WANTS TO KILL ME, TOO! THAT'S WHY HE WON'T LET ME LEAVE THE HOUSE!... AND ROY...! HE'S IN ON IT, TOO! HE MADE LOVE TO ME TO THROW ME OFF THE TRACK... AND TO MAKE ME THINK OF LOVE INSTEAD OF... OF... OH! NO! HOW COULD HE? HOW COULD HE?



BUT WAIT! I MUSTN'T LOSE MY HEAD! IF THEY KNOW I SUSPECT, THEY'LL KILL ME THAT MUCH SOONER! I'VE GOT TO ACT AS IF I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING! BUT... SOMEHOW I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!



I CLEANED OFF THE EVIDENCE ON THE BLOTTER AND WENT TO MY ROOM TO TRY TO SLEEP! BUT MY NIGHT WAS A FITFUL, RESTLESS NIGHTMARE! WHEN I CAME DOWN FOR BREAKFAST THE NEXT MORNING...



YOU'RE LATE, DEAR! WE'VE ALREADY HAD OUR BREAKFAST! BUT I'VE KEPT YOUR PANCAKES HOT FOR YOU!

GOOD MORNING, JANE!

I COULDN'T LOOK AT ROY... OR MY UNCLE... OR MY AUNT! ALL I SAW WAS THOSE PANCAKES! AND I WAS AFRAID TO EAT THEM! MAYBE **THIS** WAS THE WAY OF MY DEATH! MAYBE THEY WERE POISONED!



YOU'RE NOT EATING, JANE!

I'M... I'M NOT HUNGRY! I'LL JUST HAVE SOME COFFEE, PLEASE!

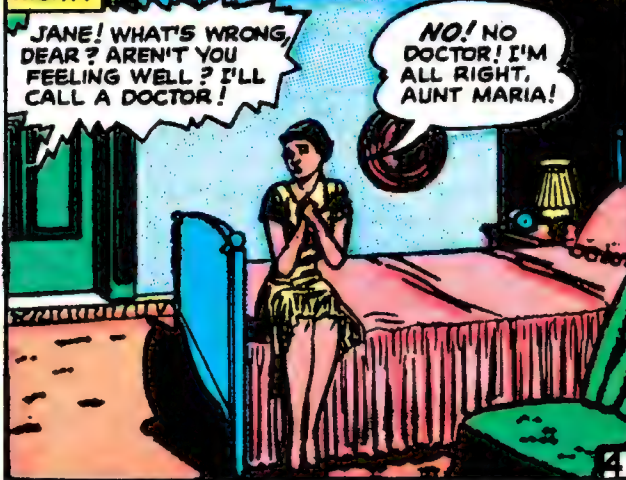
YOU DO LOOK A BIT PALE, POOR DEAR! DIDN'T YOU SLEEP WELL?

NO, I HADN'T, AND I WAS AFRAID I NEVER WOULD AGAIN! AFTER BREAKFAST I EXCUSED MYSELF AND WENT TO ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE! I HAD TO GET OUT! I HAD TO GET OUT... BUT...!



IT'S LOCKED! THIS DOOR IS LOCKED LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! THE WINDOWS, TOO! I'M A PRISONER! OH, WHAT WILL THEY DO TO ME?

TERROR! I NEVER KNEW THAT ANYONE COULD KNOW SUCH AWFUL FEAR! I AVOIDED ROY AND THE OTHERS AFRAID THAT MY EYES WOULD BETRAY MY KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT THEY PLANNED TO DO TO ME! I LOCKED THE DOOR OF MY ROOM AND STAYED THERE TREMBLING IN FEAR THROUGHOUT THE DAY AND ALL OF THE NEXT NIGHT!



JANE! WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR? AREN'T YOU FEELING WELL? I'LL CALL A DOCTOR!

NO! NO DOCTOR! I'M ALL RIGHT, AUNT MARIA!

A DOCTOR! SOMEBODY IN WITH THEM ON THE MURDER PLOT! HE'D KILL ME... SCIENTIFICALLY... WITHOUT A TRACE OF SUSPICION! MY NIGHT WAS AN AGONY OF TORTURE AND FEAR!

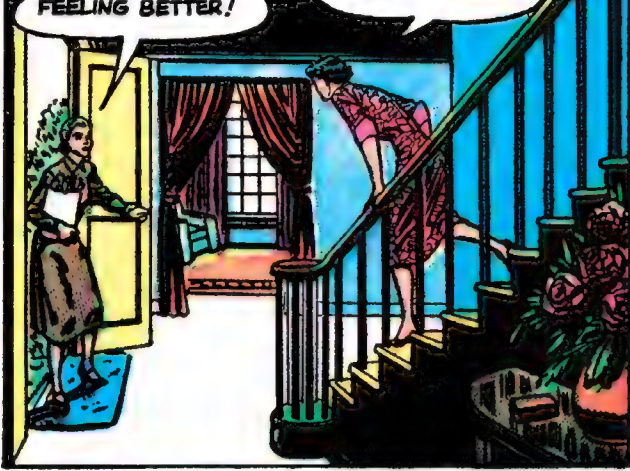
OH, DAD! MOM! THEY KILLED YOU AND NOW THEY WANT TO KILL ME, TOO! YOUR OWN BROTHER!... AND THEY ACT SO SWEET AND INNOCENT! HOW COULD PEOPLE BE SUCH MURDERERS AND ACT LIKE THAT? I THOUGHT THEY WANTED ME... BUT ALL THEY WANT IS MY MONEY... AND MY DEATH! HELP ME! HELP ME!



I WASN'T GOING TO WAIT ANY LONGER! THE NEXT MORNING I STOLE DOWN THE STEPS, READY TO CRASH MY WAY OUT OF THE HOUSE! LUCK WAS WITH ME! AUNT MARIA WAS COMING IN THE OPEN DOOR!

OH! JANE! GOOD MORNING, DEAR! I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER!

GET OUT OF MY WAY, AUNT MARIA!



YOU CAN'T KEEP ME HERE TO KILL ME! I'M GETTING OUT!

WHAT?... ROY! LARRY! HURRY!



I WAS HYSTERICAL WITH FEAR AND LIKE A TIGER TO HOLD! I FOUGHT THEM OFF WITH THE FURY BORN OF SHEER DESPERATION, SCREAMING WHAT I KNEW!

YOU KILLED THEM! YOU KILLED MY PARENTS AND NOW YOU WANT TO KILL ME! I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! LET GO OF ME! LET GO!

JANE! WAIT! PLEASE!

DON'T! DON'T TRY TO GO OUT THERE!



BUT I TORE OUT OF THEIR GRASP AND AS I RAN OUT THE DOOR I SAW ROY PULL A GUN OUT OF HIS POCKET!

YOU! YOU MADE LOVE TO ME... AND ALL THE WHILE YOU... YOU... OH! MURDERERS! KILLERS!

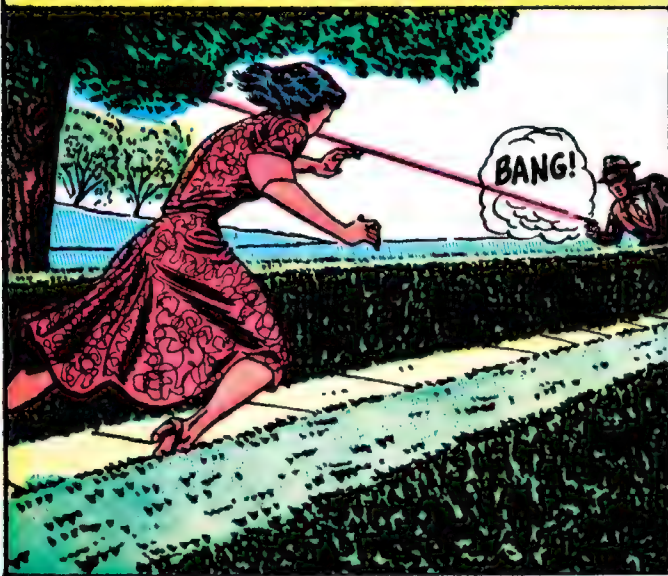
JANE, I WARN YOU! DON'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE!



I STUMBLED OUT IN A PANIC! AT LAST, AFTER THREE DAYS, I WAS OUTSIDE... BUT RIGHT BEHIND ME WAS ROY... WITH A GUN!



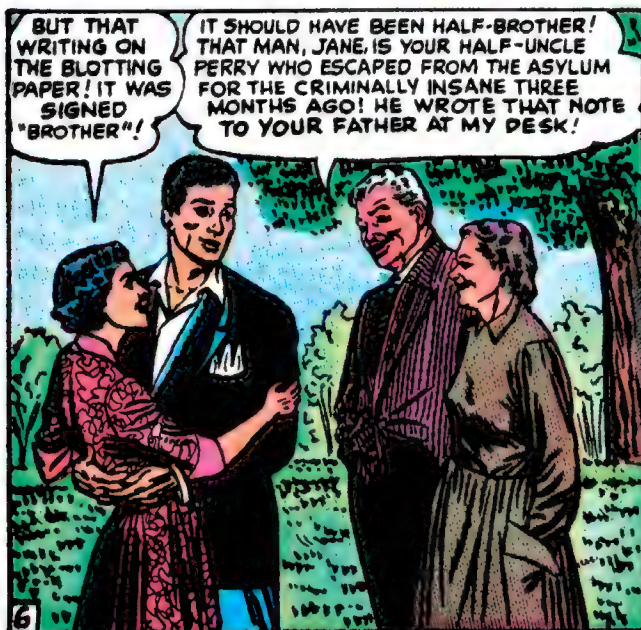
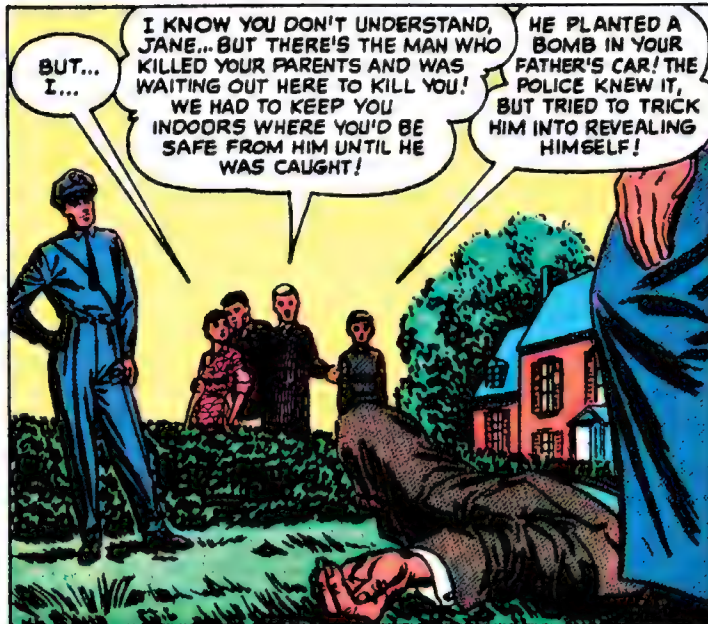
THEN...A SHOT RANG OUT...AND SOMETHING ZINGED PAST MY FACE! BUT...THE SHOT HAD COME FROM **AHEAD** OF ME!



ANOTHER SHOT...BUT THIS TIME FROM **BEHIND** ME! THEN...A WHIRLPOOL OF VISIONS AND FACES...AND BLACKNESS!



THEN...THE BLACKNESS CLEARED...AND THROUGH THE MAZE OF MIST I SAW ROY, UNCLE LARRY AND AUNT MARIA BENDING OVER ME!



SUBSCRIBE NOW! \$1.20 FOR NEXT 12 ISSUES!

GIRL COMICS, SUITE 1604
260 17 AVE. NEW YORK CITY 100

GIRL
COMICS

MYSTERY • ROMANCE • SUSPENSE •

JAN.
NO. 12

ATLAS



GIRL

COMICS

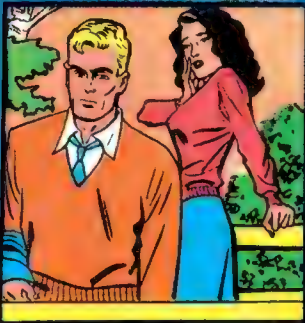
10¢

REAL EXPERIENCES OF REAL GIRLS!

ALSO IN THIS
ISSUE!

"DESERTED!"

AN ACTUAL EPISODE
BASED ON A LETTER FROM
ONE OF OUR READERS!



"NONE ARE SO BLIND!"
AS THOSE WHO CAN SEE



"AFTERMATH!"

...A STORY YOU
WILL NEVER FORGET!



DRESSES and UNIFORMS by **F.C.A.**



STYLE
NO. 623
\$3.98

NO. 623
Exciting shirred neckline. Pert puffed sleeve-
lets and pockets with dainty bow knots. Flare
skirt, solid bodice. Washes and irons beau-
tifully.
COLORS: Multicolor set off by MAIZE Butter-
cups. Multicolor set off by ROSE Buttercups.
SIZES: 12 to 20 and 40 to 44.



STYLE
NO. 390
\$3.98

NO. 390
Flattering neckline, adorable shoulder ruffles.
Beautiful fabric. Handsome workmanship.
Launders like a dream.
COLORS: MAIZE flowers against Black. ROSE
flowers against Black.
SIZES: 12 to 20 and 40 to 44.

... leaders in
★ **quality**
★ **styles**
★ **fabrics**



STYLE
NO. 400
\$3.98

NO. 400
Youthful, smart . . . ideal for wear in
street or at home. Beautiful, washable
checked material.
COLORS: BLACK check, Dusty Pink trim.
GREEN check, Maise trim. BLUE check,
Dusty Pink trim.
SIZES: 12 to 20 and 40 to 44.

BUY BY
MAIL



STYLE
NO. 210
\$3.98



STYLE
NO. 207
\$3.98

SANFORIZED POPLIN UNIFORMS

by *Kay Woodbury*

NO. 210—SANFORIZED POPLIN.
Smart, dressmaker design. Full
length zipper. New bi-swing back.
Easy to slip on and off.
COLORS: WHITE... AQUA... BLUE.
SIZES: 12 to 20 and 40 to 44.

NO. 207—Handsome new checked
fabrics in an easy to slip on 'n off
design. Gripper fasteners. Full
cut. Launders beautifully.
COLORS: BLACK check, BLUE check,
GREEN check with scalloped white
collar and cuffs.
SIZES: 12 to 20 and 40 to 44.

NO. 206—Same as above in solid
color. SANFORIZED POPLIN.
COLORS: White, Rose, Aqua, Blue
and Black.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

FASHION CORP. OF AMERICA Dept. MC-1
Montclair, N. J.

Please send the following order at once.

Style No.	New Many	Size	Color	2nd Col. Choice
623				
390				
400				
210				
207				
206				

☐ Send C. O. D.—I'll pay postman plus charges.
☐ Check or M. O. enclosed. You pay delivery costs.

Name _____

Address _____

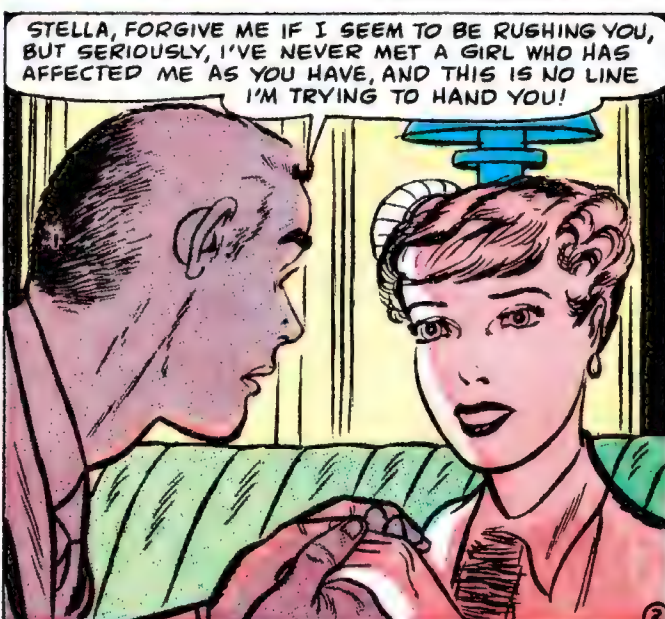
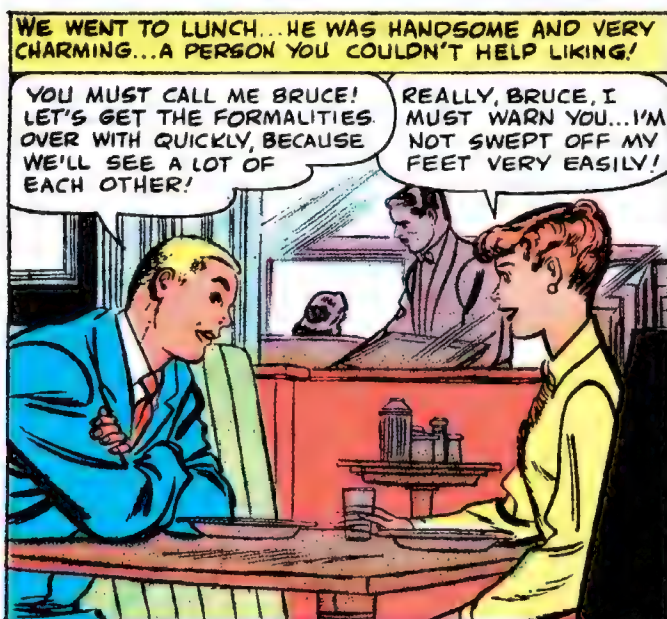
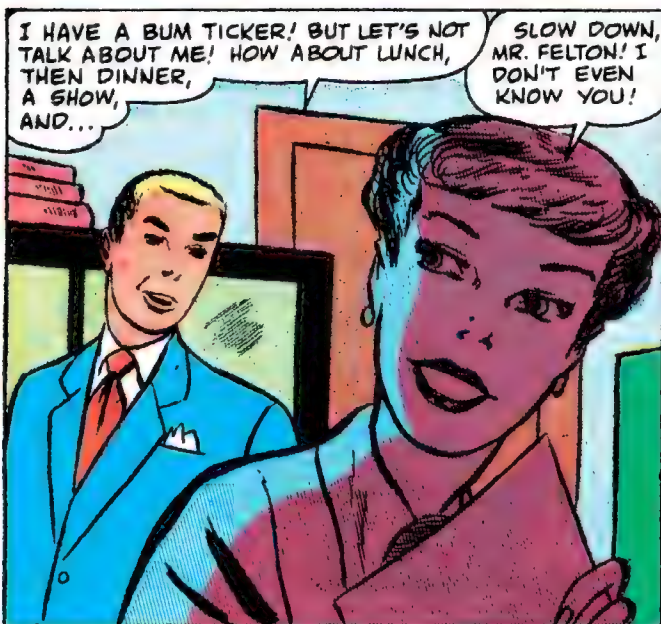
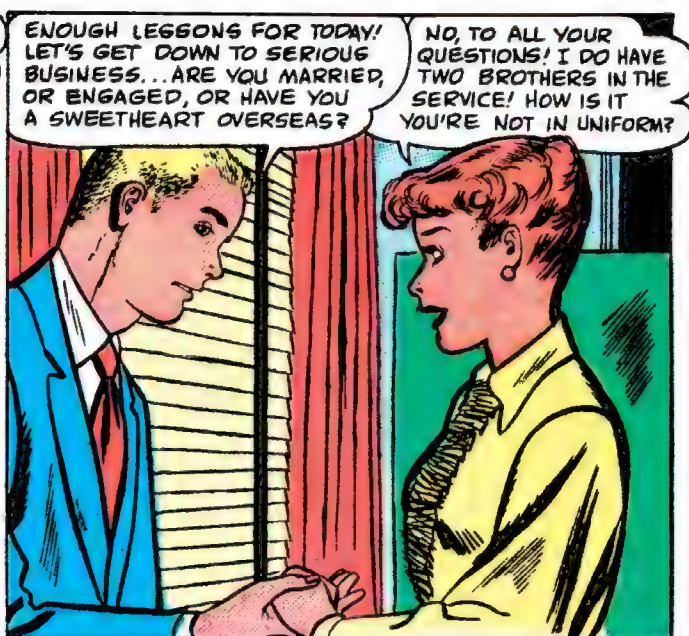
City _____ State _____

GIRL COMICS is published by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP. Office of Publication: 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Holyoke, Mass. Copyright 1951 by CORNELL PUBLISHING CORP., 350 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Vol. 1 No. 12 JANUARY 1952 issue. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate \$1.20 for 12 issues. Published bi-monthly. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institution appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U. S. A.

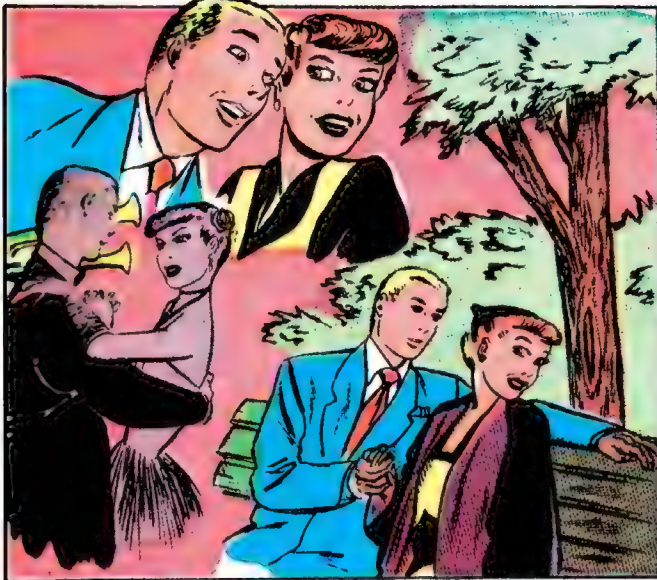
THE DARK HALLWAY!



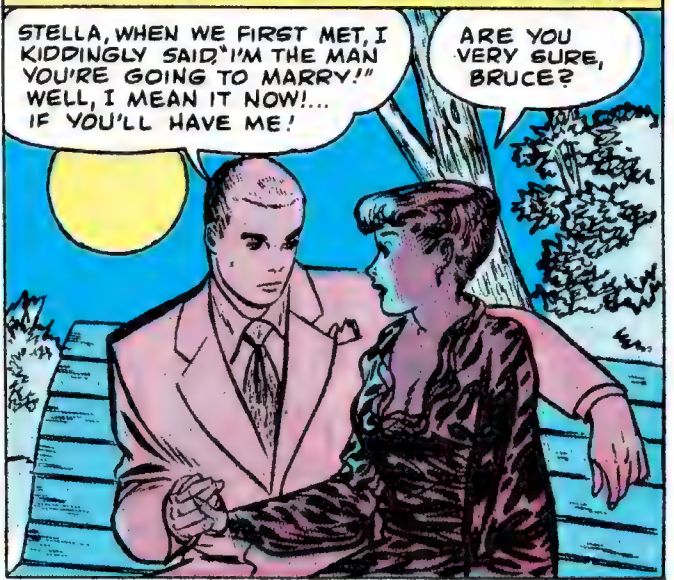
ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



WE WERE TOGETHER CONSTANTLY AFTER THAT FIRST DAY! DINING, DANCING, OR JUST SITTING AND TALKING!



I KNEW I WAS FALLING IN LOVE, AND I SAW THE LOVE THAT WAS IN MY HEART MIRRORED IN HIS EYES!



SURE? DARLING, I LOVE YOU MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD!

I HAD TO ASK YOU, DEAR, BECAUSE I LOVE **YOU** MORE THAN I CAN SAY! I HAD TO BE SURE **YOU** WERE SURE BEFORE I TOLD YOU!

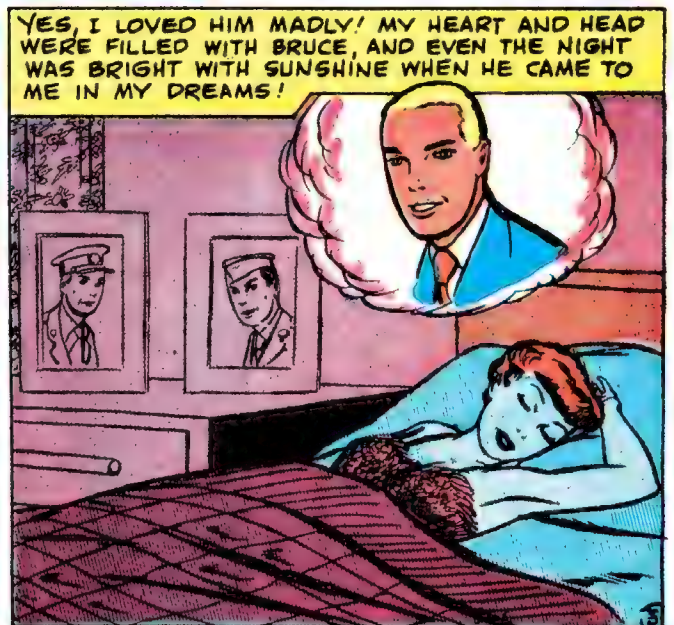


FOR THE FIRST TIME OUR LIPS MET, AND THAT LOVERS' CONTACT RIPPED ASIDE THE VEIL FROM MY HEART! I KNEW THEN THE GREAT MEASURE OF MY LOVE FOR HIM!

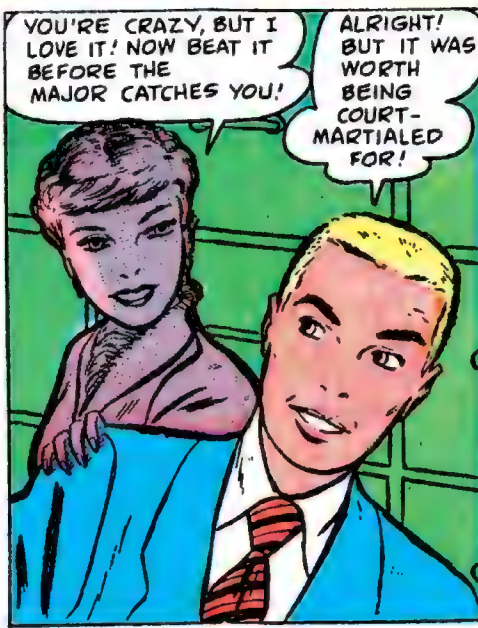
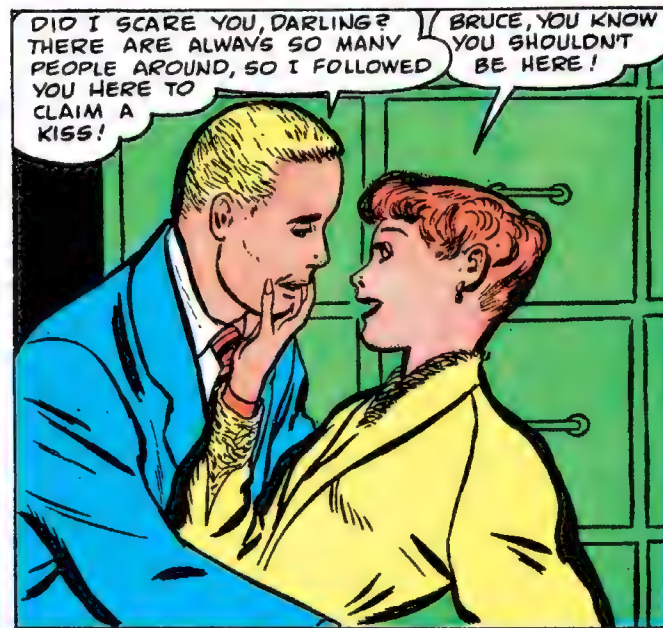
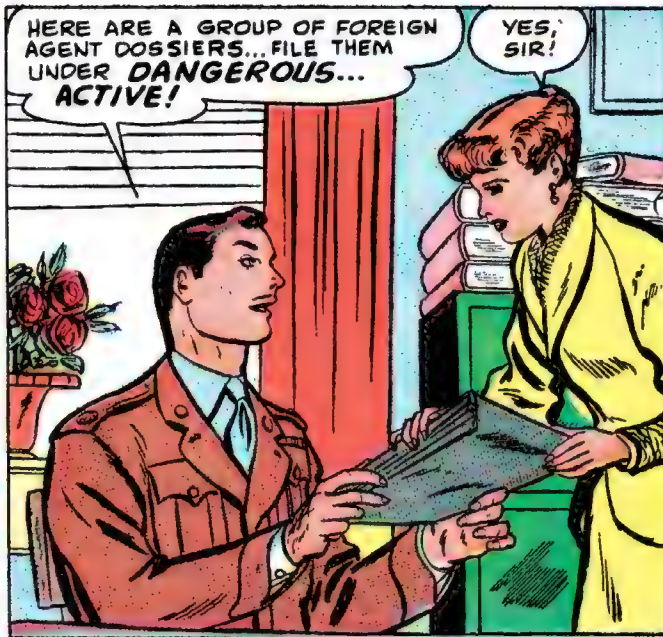
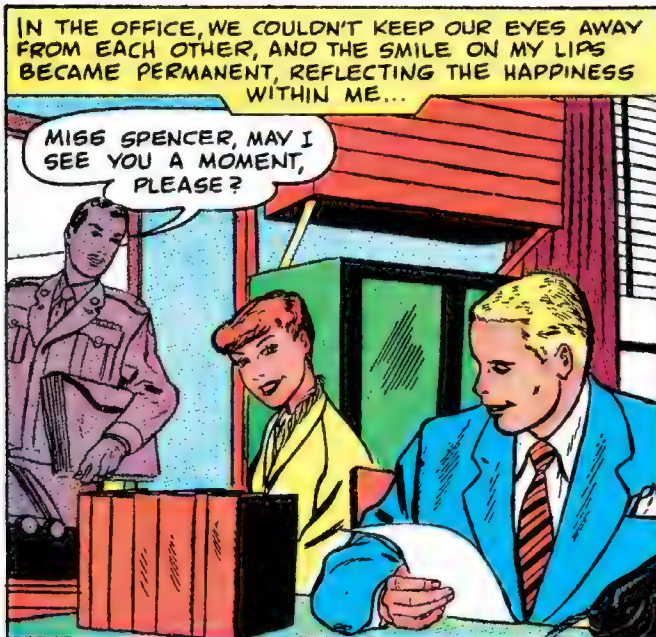


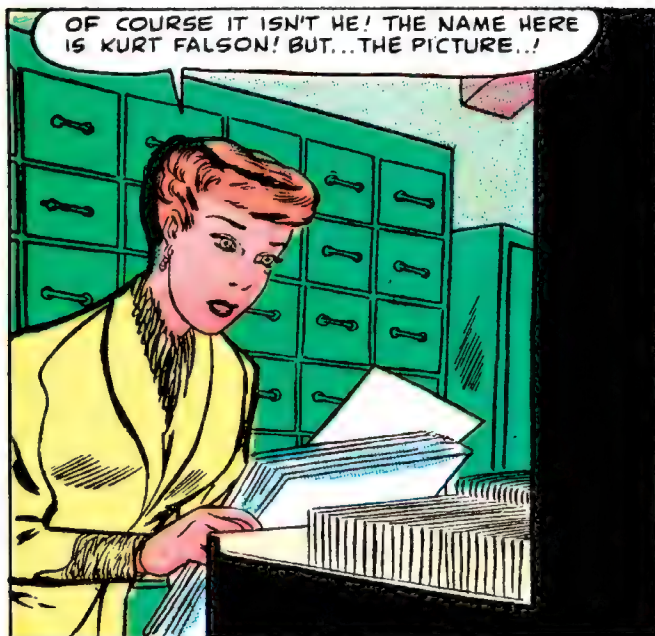
I NEVER KNEW IT COULD BE LIKE THIS...SO WONDERFUL!

OH, DARLING, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH IT HURTS!

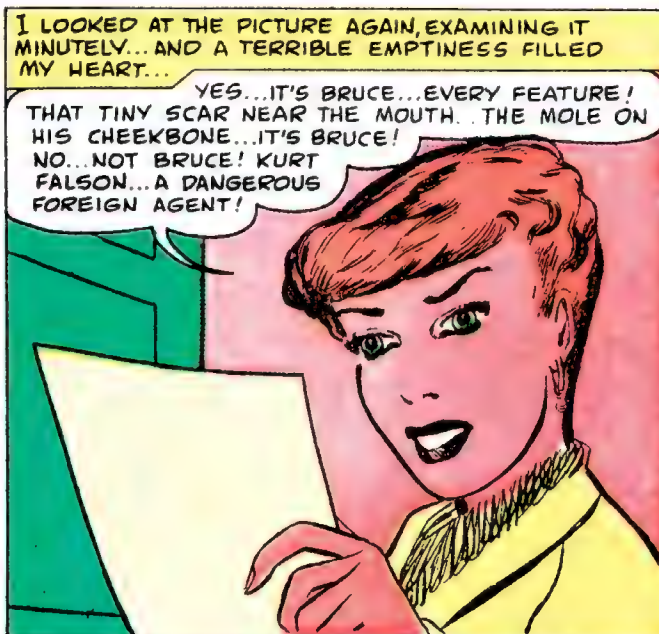


YES, I LOVED HIM MADLY! MY HEART AND HEAD WERE FILLED WITH BRUCE, AND EVEN THE NIGHT WAS BRIGHT WITH SUNSHINE WHEN HE CAME TO ME IN MY DREAMS!





OF COURSE IT ISN'T HE! THE NAME HERE IS KURT FALSON! BUT...THE PICTURE...



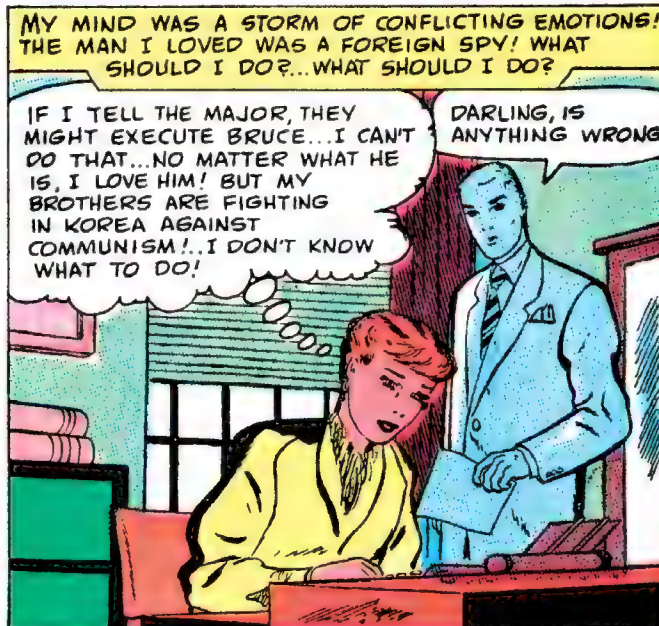
I LOOKED AT THE PICTURE AGAIN, EXAMINING IT MINUTELY... AND A TERRIBLE EMPTINESS FILLED MY HEART...

YES...IT'S BRUCE...EVERY FEATURE! THAT TINY SCAR NEAR THE MOUTH... THE MOLE ON HIS CHEEKBONE...IT'S BRUCE! NO... NOT BRUCE! KURT FALSON...A DANGEROUS FOREIGN AGENT!



ARE YOU FINISHED IN THERE, MISS SPENCER?

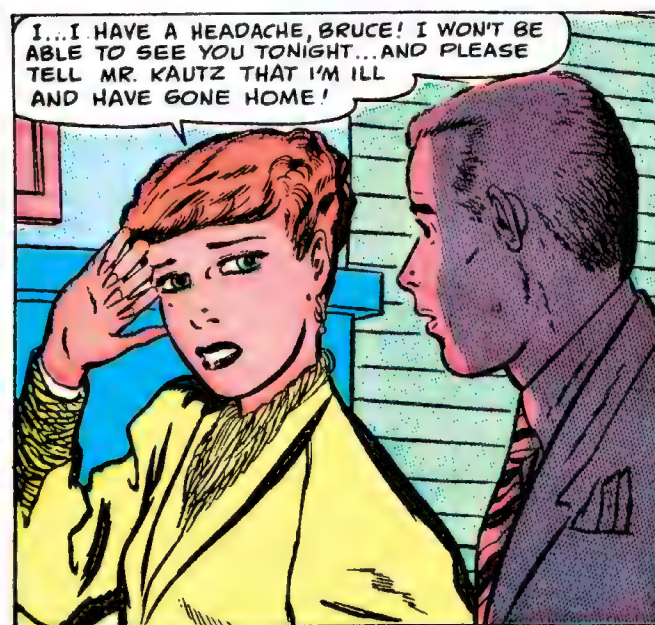
YES...YES, I'M FINISHED!



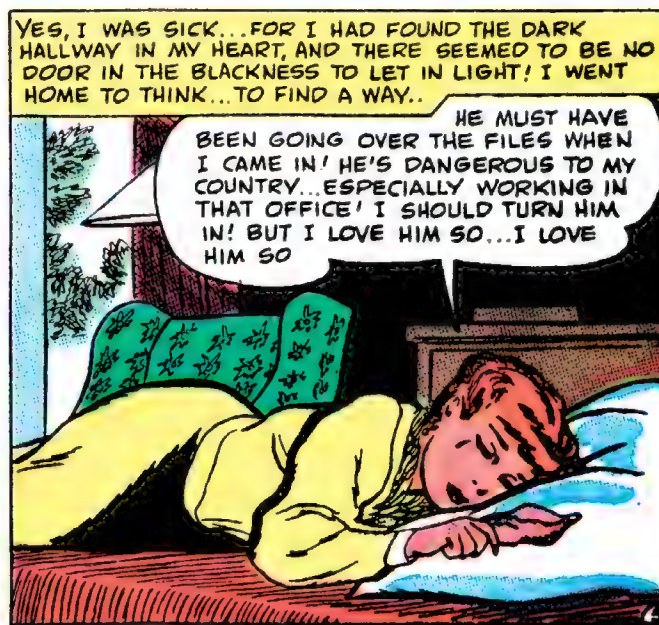
MY MIND WAS A STORM OF CONFLICTING EMOTIONS! THE MAN I LOVED WAS A FOREIGN SPY! WHAT SHOULD I DO?...WHAT SHOULD I DO?

IF I TELL THE MAJOR, THEY MIGHT EXECUTE BRUCE...I CAN'T DO THAT...NO MATTER WHAT HE IS, I LOVE HIM! BUT MY BROTHERS ARE FIGHTING IN KOREA AGAINST COMMUNISM!...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

DARLING, IS ANYTHING WRONG?



I...I HAVE A HEADACHE, BRUCE! I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU TONIGHT...AND PLEASE TELL MR. KAUTZ THAT I'M ILL AND HAVE GONE HOME!



YES, I WAS SICK...FOR I HAD FOUND THE DARK HALLWAY IN MY HEART, AND THERE SEEMED TO BE NO DOOR IN THE BLACKNESS TO LET IN LIGHT! I WENT HOME TO THINK...TO FIND A WAY...

HE MUST HAVE BEEN GOING OVER THE FILES WHEN I CAME IN! HE'S DANGEROUS TO MY COUNTRY...ESPECIALLY WORKING IN THAT OFFICE! I SHOULD TURN HIM IN! BUT I LOVE HIM SO...I LOVE HIM SO

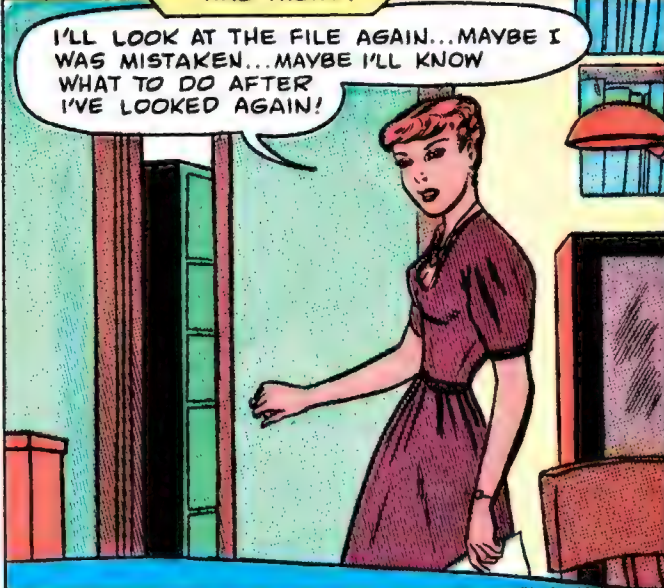
THE MORNING CAME...A DULL, RAINY MORNING, LIKE THE AWFUL GRAYNESS INSIDE OF ME! I HAD NOT YET REACHED A DECISION!

MY DUTY IS CLEAR! IF ONLY HE WERE A STRANGER...THERE WOULD BE NO DOUBTS! BUT BRUCE...HE'S NO STRANGER...HE'S THE MAN I LOVE!



I ARRIVED AT THE OFFICE EARLY...NO ONE ELSE WAS THERE!

I'LL LOOK AT THE FILE AGAIN...MAYBE I WAS MISTAKEN...MAYBE I'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO AFTER I'VE LOOKED AGAIN!



I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND IT! COULD IT BE THAT I IMAGINED IT ALL? NO...THAT'S JUST WISHFUL THINKING! I SAW THAT PICTURE...IT WAS HERE...BUT NOW IT'S GONE!



BRUCE MUST HAVE TAKEN IT! I THINK IF IT HAD BEEN HERE, I WOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT! BUT IT ISN'T...AND FOR THE SAKE OF MY BROTHERS, AND BOYS LIKE THEM, AND MY COUNTRY, I MUST DO MY DUTY!



I WALKED TO MAJOR CARRAWAY'S OFFICE, IN MY THROAT THE TASTE OF BITTERNESS AT WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO DO...IN MY HEART THE BROKEN SHAMBLES OF A LOVELY DREAM, TORN TO SHREDS BETWEEN DUTY AND LOVE!

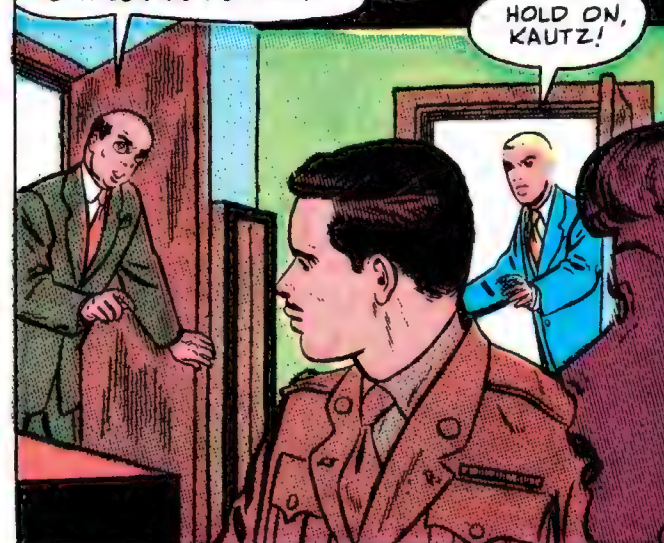
YES, MISS SPENCER?

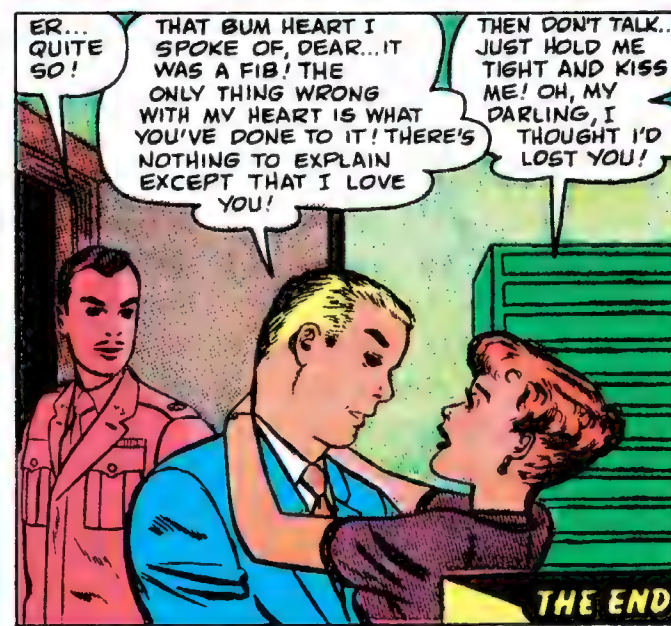
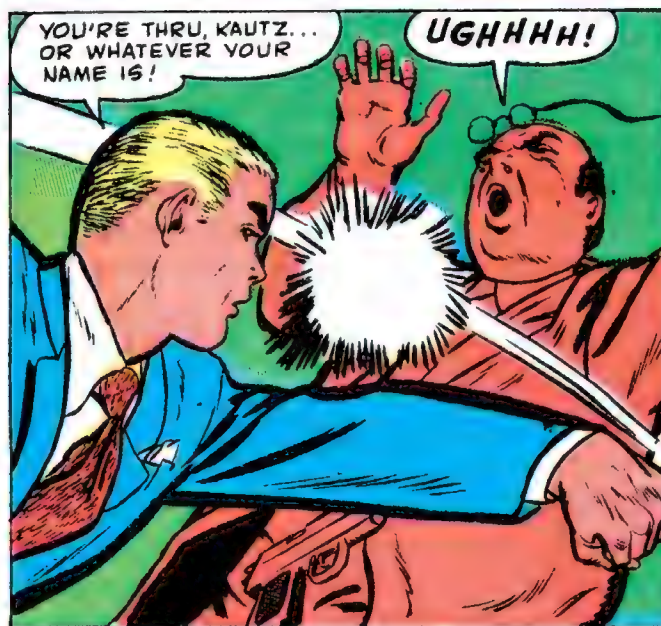
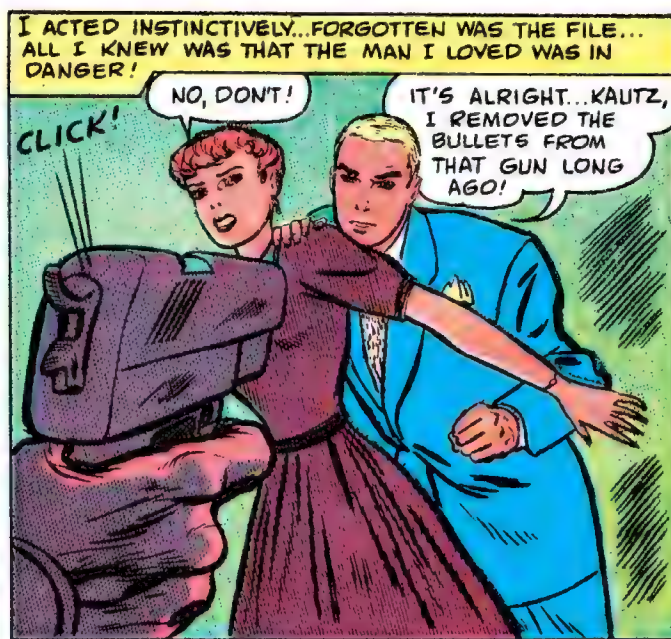
TO SEE YOU...ABOUT...
MAJOR, I CAME
BRUCE
FELTON!



MAJOR, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THE MAN WE KNOW AS BRUCE FELTON IS A COMMUNIST SPY!

HOLD ON, KAUTZ!







ADVENTURE ROUND-UP



BETTY NEWTON stormed into the bunkhouse office where Wayne Carter was going over the latest tally-reports. She stood in front of him, eyes flashing, with her hands on her hips.

"Wayne Carter, what kind of nonsense is this about you firing old Tim Hawkins?"

"Tain't no nonsense, Miss Newton. He's getting too old to do his share of the work, so I fired him. I'm ramrodding this spread, and I guess I can decide who I hire and who I fire."

"But — but, Wayne, not Tim . . . Old Tim. He was on the Bar-Q when I was a baby. Before my father died he made me promise to take care of Tim. You — you can't fire him."

"Are you telling me I don't know my job, Miss Newton?"

"No, Wayne. Look, I'll tell you what. Take him off the payroll, if you want, and I'll pay him personally. He—"

Wayne Carter stood up. "I don't work on a spread with a split crew. Either he goes, or I go."

Betty felt her temper rising. She didn't understand what had gotten into Wayne lately. This kind of thing wasn't like him. He and Tim had been closer friends than any other two men of different ages ever have been.

But she wasn't going to let him boss her around like that. And, no matter what, she would never let Old Tim be sent away from the ranch. He had been like a second father to her.

"If you're looking for an excuse to leave . . . if that's the way you want it, I guess there's nothing I can do about it."

Wayne stared down at the papers on his desk. "I guess that's it then, Miss Newton. You can get yourself another foreman. I'll finish the round-up and then I'll take off."

Betty didn't answer him. She turned on her heel and walked out.

Back at the ranch-house, she was sitting in her living room staring into the crackling fire. It was hard to understand. She loved Wayne Carter as she had never loved a man before in her life. Yet she had never been able to tell him about it, and he had never come close enough to her to give her a chance to show how she felt. It was a man's job to make the first advances. How could she, a woman, throw herself into his arms and tell him how she loved him? Well, that was ended. He was leaving, because he was a pig-headed fool, and that was that.

"Miz Newton—"

Her thoughts were broken by the sound of Old Tim Hawkins' voice.

"Yes, Tim?"

"I heerd, from the boys at the bunk-house, what happened. You can't do it. You can't let Wayne leave."

"I can't let you leave either, Tim. That's the way he wants it. There's nothing else I can do."

"But — but," sputtered Tim. "I know, fer a gol'danged fact that ain't what he wants. That boy's in love with you, sure as shootin'. An' the only reason he made out like he was goin' tuh fire me was so's he'd have an excuse to up and quit. Why, he told me that he couldn't stand bein' so near yuh and not bein' able tuh take yuh in his arms. He's afraid tuh tell yuh, but I'll be pickled in beer effn I'll let you two bust up like this."

He stopped for a minute and scratched his stubbly beard. "Gosh, Miz Newton. Don't you go and tell Wayne I let you wise to what he said. He'd tar and feather me, sure as shootin'."

Betty had been listening silently. "But what can I do to stop him? I can't go and throw my arms around him."

"That's right," said Tim, "but you c'n fix things to happen so that he'll be obliged to throw

his noose around you. Women is supposed tuh be smart. Rope the gol'danged coyote."

When Tim had left, and she was alone, Betty mulled over what the old timer had said. Then, almost immediately, a plan came into her mind. During the round-up tomorrow she'd ride out with Tim and Wayne. She'd fall from her horse, and Wayne would come to her rescue. He'd take her up in his big strong arms . . . he'd hold her close . . . he'd . . . Betty went to sleep and had a very pleasant dream.



The next morning, before going out on the round-up, Betty loosened the saddle-cinch. It would work its way open later and she'd slip to the ground. She mounted, and rode out to where the men were.

Wayne gave her a polite, "Good morning, Miss Newton," and they rode off after the herd. Some of the boys, including Wayne and Tim, had to go off quickly after a couple of steers that had broken loose from the herd, and suddenly Betty found herself alone. She started after them, urging her palomino forward, when suddenly the horse

lurched. It had hit a gopher hole, and as it twisted about violently, the loosened saddle broke, throwing Betty to the ground. Her ankle was twisted, and an unbearable shooting pain coursed through her leg. She called out feebly a few times, but no one was near enough to hear her. Then she passed out . . .

When she came to, the pain had lessened a little. She called out a few times and then she heard an answering voice. She wondered if it would be Wayne.

"Help! Help!"

A voice answered: "I'm comin' Mis Newton. Hang on, I'm comin'."



Her heart sank, and she lay there on the ground. The tears came to her eyes. After all this, Wayne wouldn't be there to help her. To pick her up in his strong, muscular arms and carry her off to the ranch . . .

"Gosh, a'mighty, Miz Newton. Whut happened. We thought—"

"Oh, Tim," she wailed, "it didn't do any good. I fixed the

saddle so that I'd slip and fall while Wayne was near, so that he could pick me up and carry me, and I could let him know how much I really love him—"

"Miz Newton, I—"

"But now it's too late. The horse really slipped and fell, and — and I think I've broken my ankle. Oh, why couldn't it have happened at least when he was near me. Now he'll leave and I'll never see him again—"

"But Miz Newton, I gotta tell yuh I—"

"I don't want you to feel sorry for me, Tim. You did every thing you could. I want to thank you for telling me why Wayne has been acting the way he has. At least I'll know he loves me, and that means everything."

"Miz Newton, Wayne is here!"

"Where?"

"Standin' right behind yuh. Please, Wayne. I hadda tell her. Now don't go lookin' at me like that, Wayne. Uh-uh. I'd better git."

Tim jumped for his horse, and rode out. Betty looked up at Wayne's tall figure as he came near her. "I — I'm sorry I got Tim into trouble I—"

"Is it all true, what you just said?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then," he said, picking her up in his strong arms, "what are you worrying about."

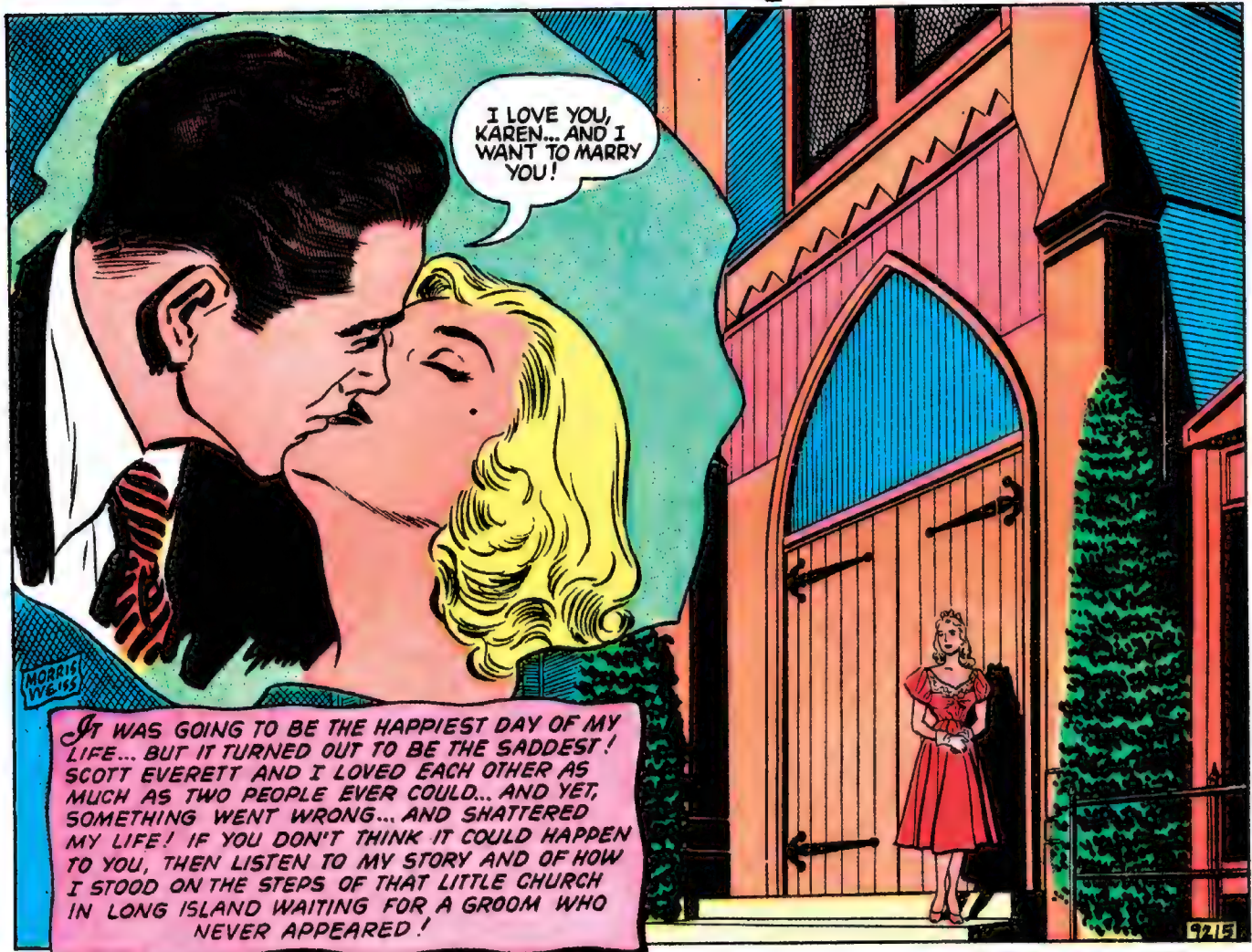
So saying, he kissed her . .



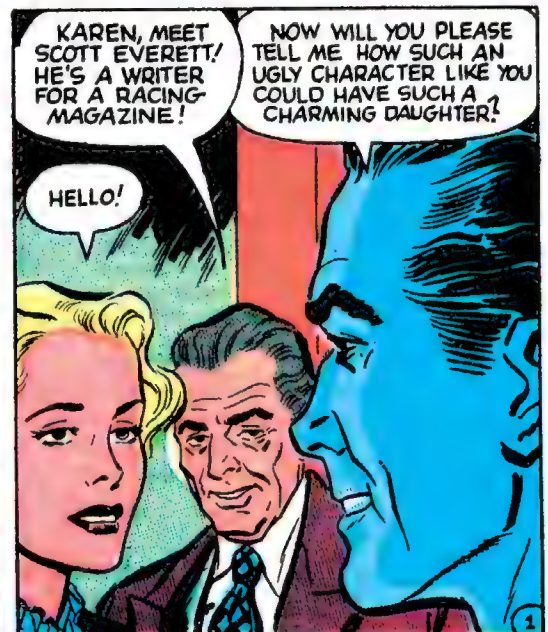
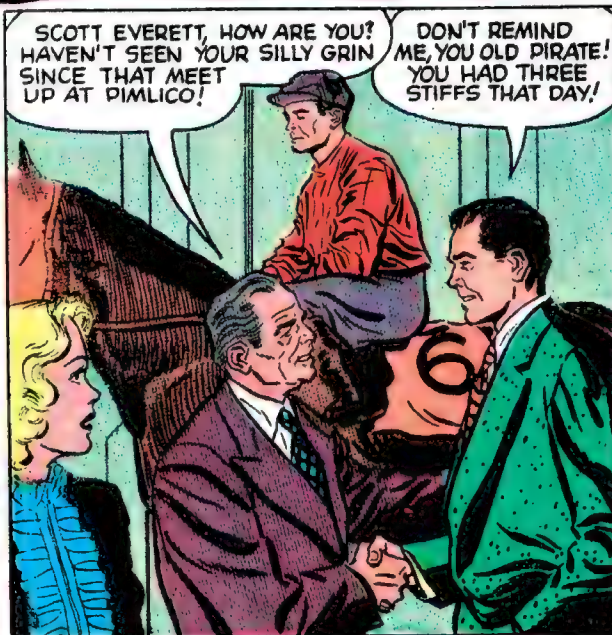
THE END

9034

♥ DESERTED ♥



IT WAS A WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON IN MAY OF 1948 AT BEAUTIFUL BELMONT PARK WHEN I FIRST MET SCOTT EVERETT! DAD WAS A TRAINER OF HORSES FOR THE BROOKDALE STABLES, AND THAT DAY TWO OF THE BROOKDALE HORSES WERE ENTERED IN CLAIMING RACES, SO I WENT DOWN TO "ROOT" THEM IN... I WAS STANDING NEAR THE Paddock WHEN I SAW THIS TALL, HANDSOME YOUNG MAN WALK OVER TO DAD...

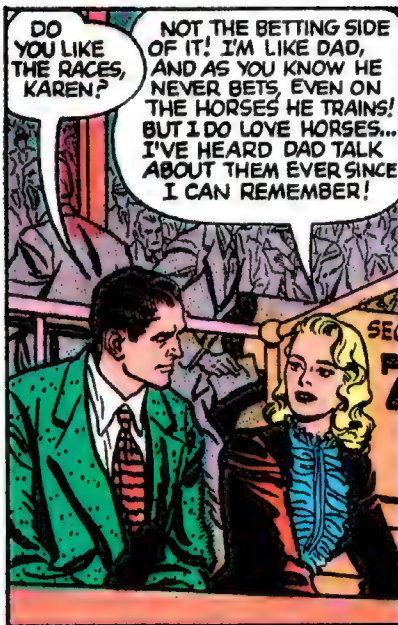




YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME NOW, KAREN... I'VE GOT TO TALK TO THE JOCKEY!

SURE, DAD!

WILL YOU WATCH THE RACE WITH ME FROM MY BOX, KAREN... AND WHILE YOU LOOK AT THE HORSES, I'LL LOOK AT YOU!



DO YOU LIKE THE RACES, KAREN?

NOT THE BETTING SIDE OF IT! I'M LIKE DAD, AND AS YOU KNOW HE NEVER BETS, EVEN ON THE HORSES HE TRAINS! BUT I DO LOVE HORSES... I'VE HEARD DAD TALK ABOUT THEM EVER SINCE I CAN REMEMBER!

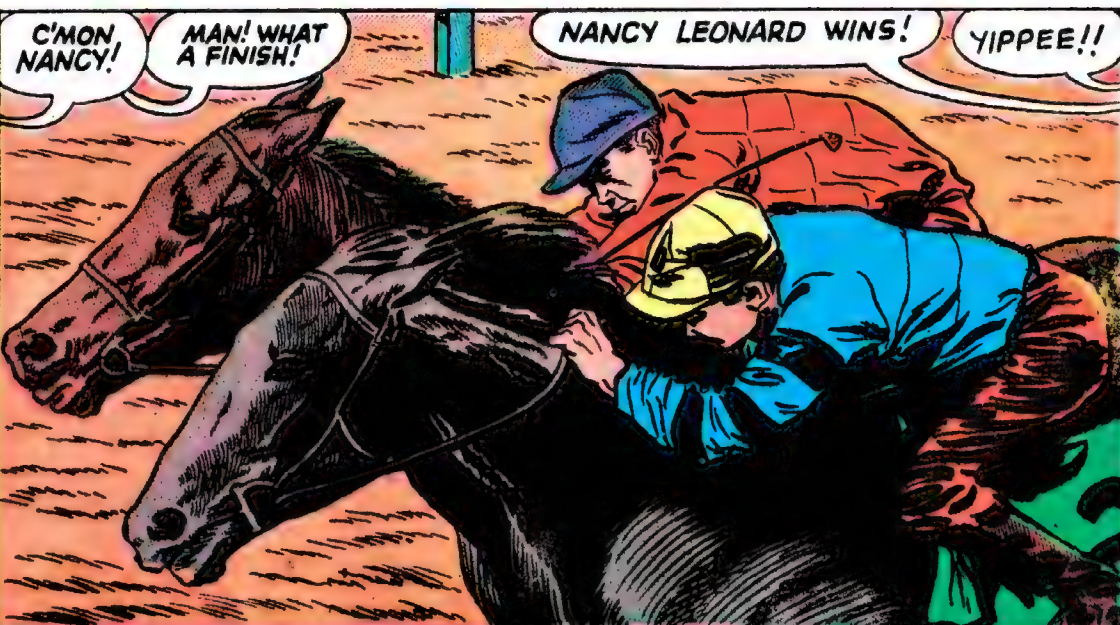


AND THEY'RE OFF!

SAY, YOUR DAD HAS A MARE IN THIS RACE!

I KNOW! HER NAME IS "NANCY LEONARD"!

AND IT WAS A THRILLING RACE... NANCY LEONARD WAS FIFTH AT THE TURN FOR THE STRETCH, AND I YELLED FOR ALL I WAS WORTH AS SHE CAME UP LIKE A FLASH ON THE OUTSIDE, PASSING THE OTHER HORSES! THEN IT WAS STRIDE FOR STRIDE WITH THE PACE-SETTER, AND AT THE FINISH, NANCY LEONARD WAS IN FRONT BY A NOSE...

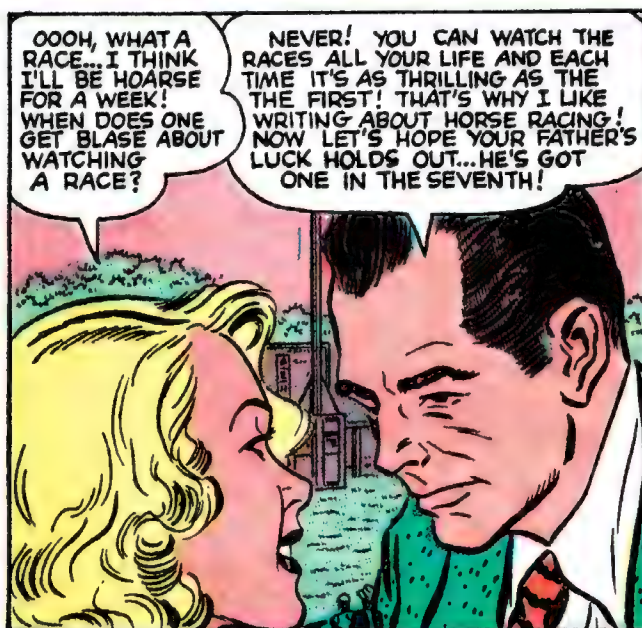


C'MON NANCY!

MAN! WHAT A FINISH!

NANCY LEONARD WINS!

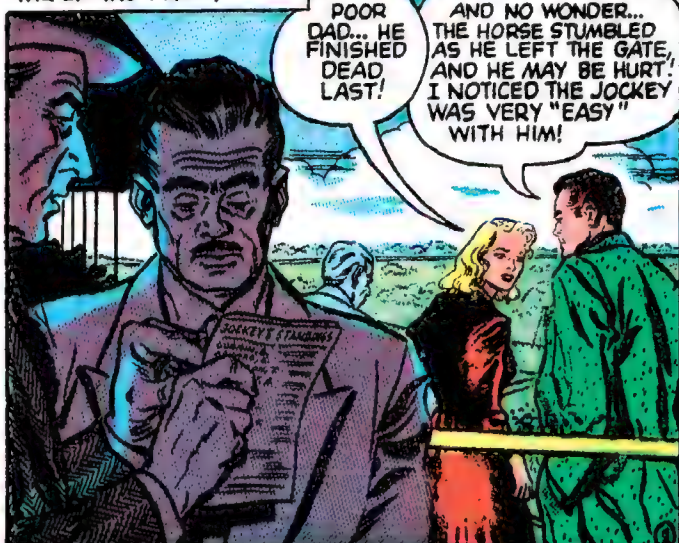
YIPPEE!!



OOOH, WHAT A RACE... I THINK I'LL BE HOARSE FOR A WEEK! WHEN DOES ONE GET BLASE ABOUT WATCHING A RACE?

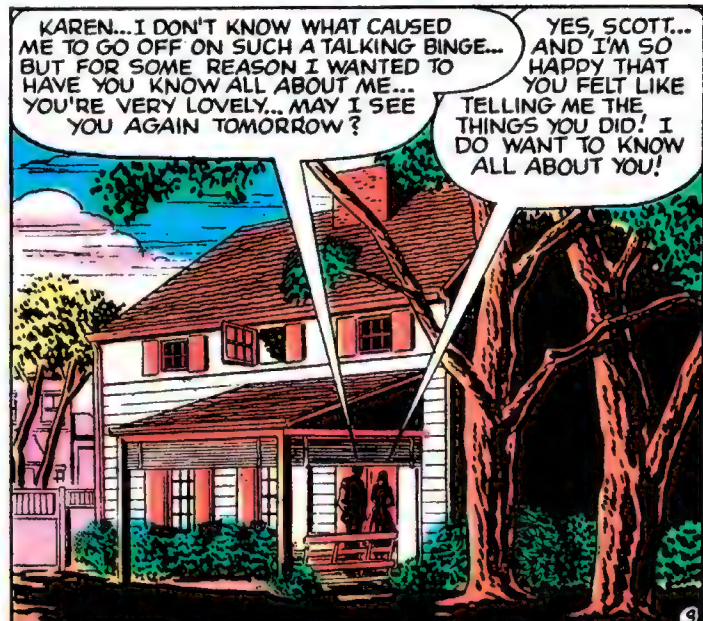
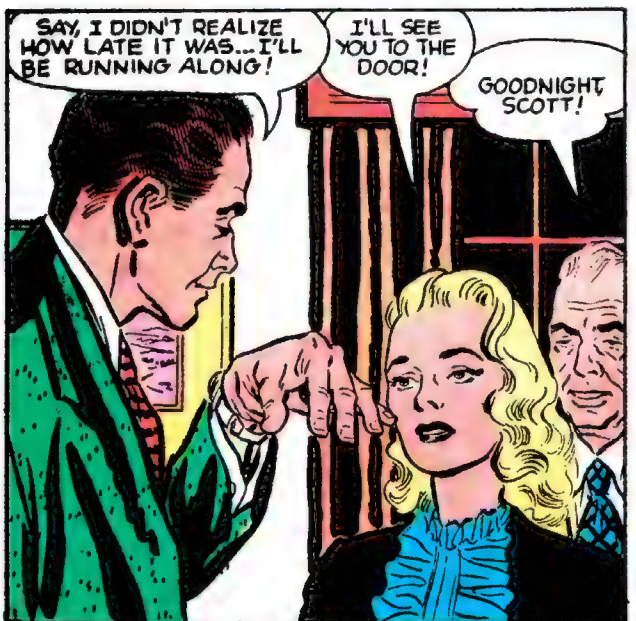
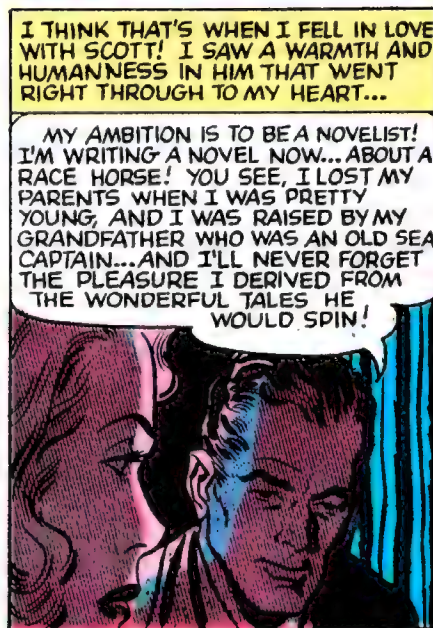
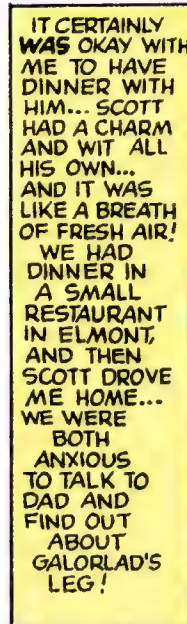
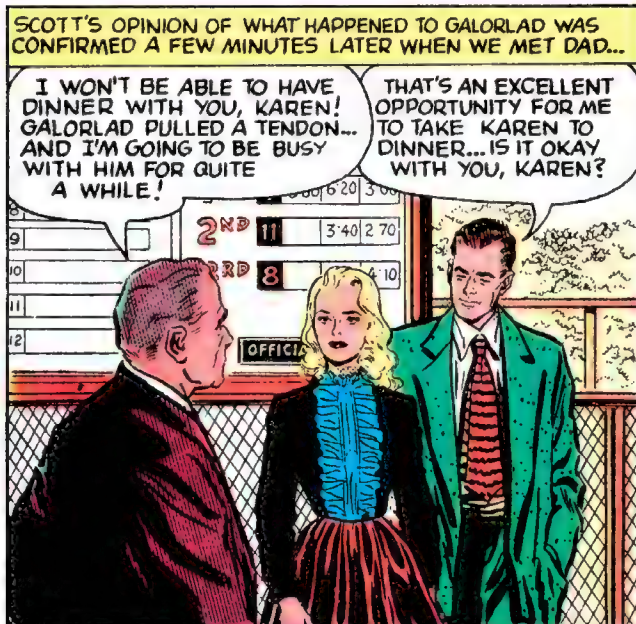
NEVER! YOU CAN WATCH THE RACES ALL YOUR LIFE AND EACH TIME IT'S AS THRILLING AS THE FIRST! THAT'S WHY I LIKE WRITING ABOUT HORSE RACING! NOW LET'S HOPE YOUR FATHER'S LUCK HOLDS OUT... HE'S GOT ONE IN THE SEVENTH!

BUT DAD'S LUCK DIDN'T HOLD OUT! HIS HORSE, GALORLAD, GOT OFF TO A SLOW START AND NEVER MADE UP GROUND... I MOANED AT DAD'S BAD LUCK! ALL GALORLAD DID WAS TRAIL THE ENTIRE FIELD!

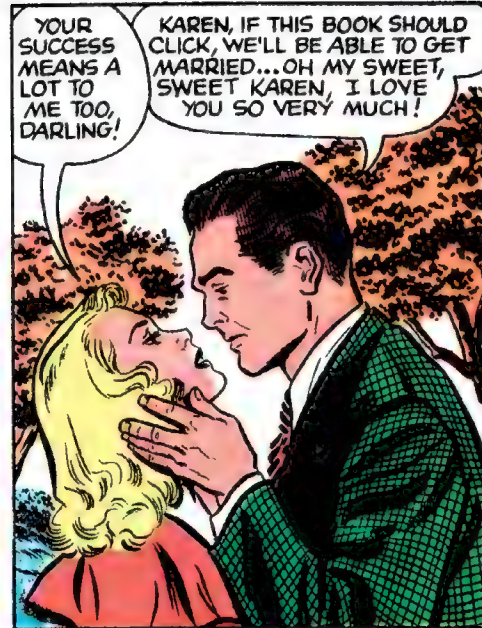
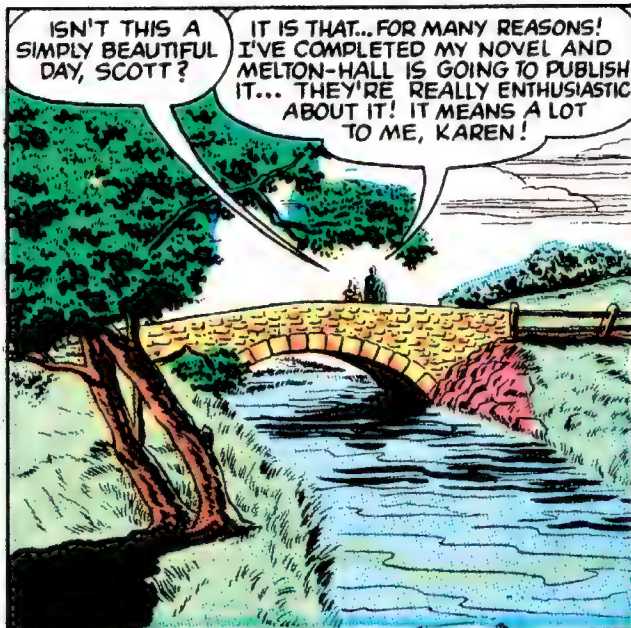


POOR DAD... HE FINISHED DEAD LAST!

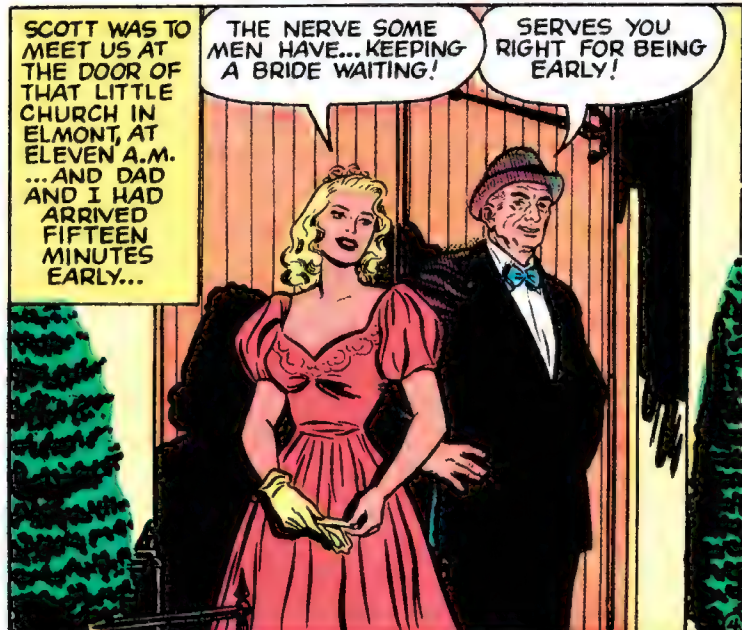
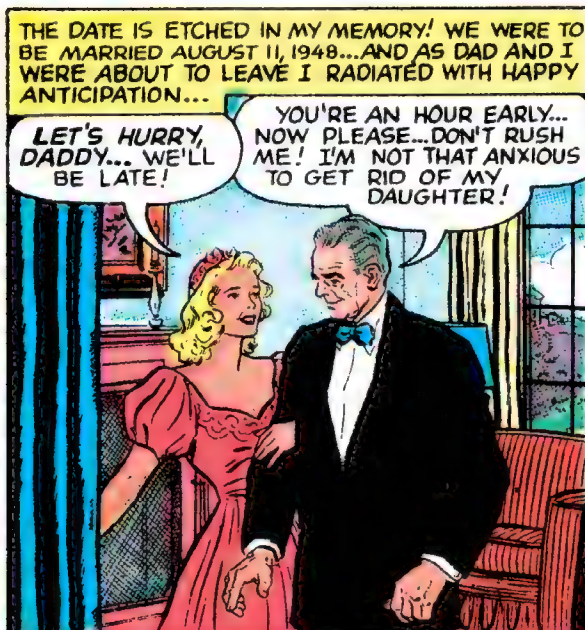
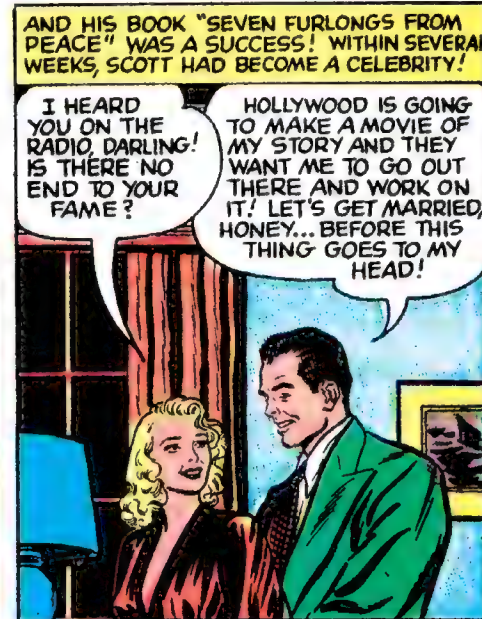
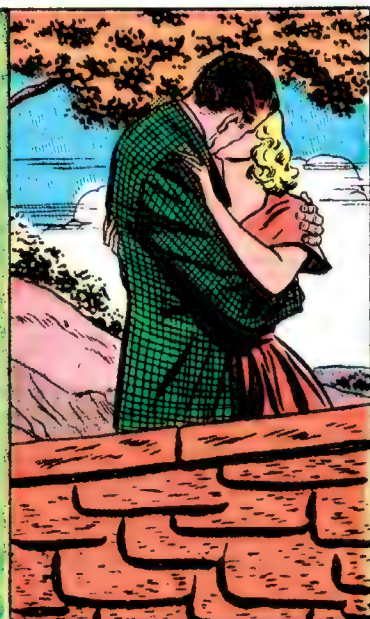
AND NO WONDER... THE HORSE STUMBLERD AS HE LEFT THE GATE, AND HE MAY BE HURT! I NOTICED THE JOCKEY WAS VERY "EASY" WITH HIM!

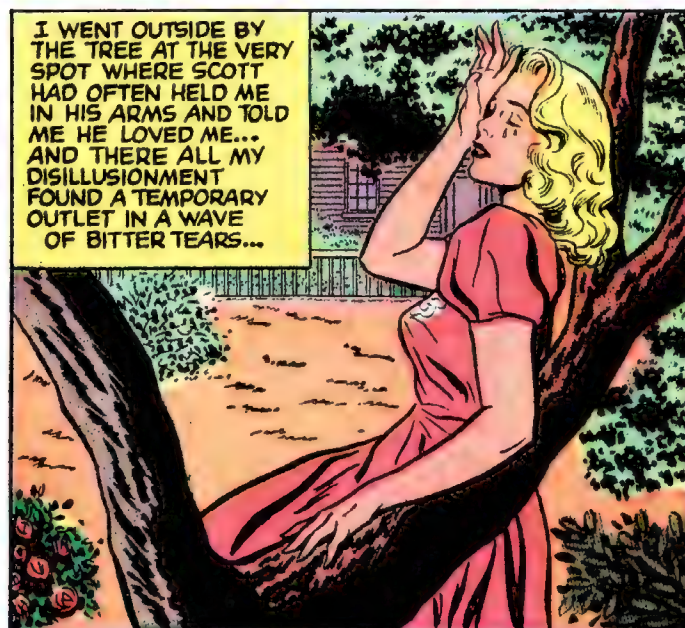
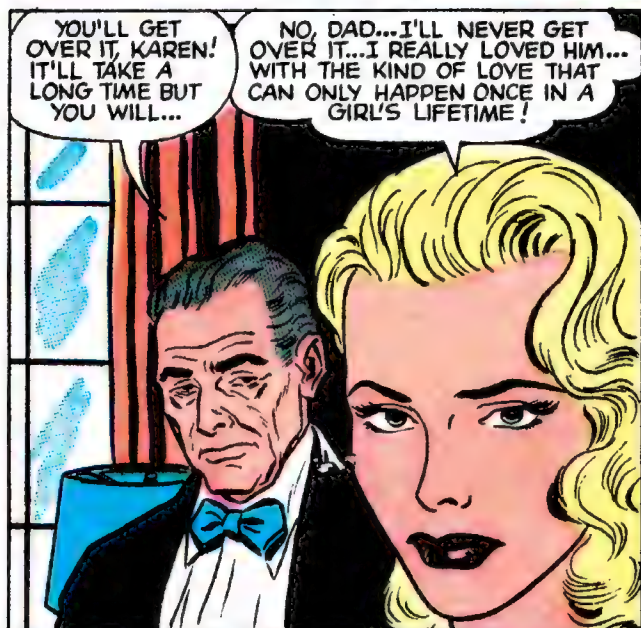
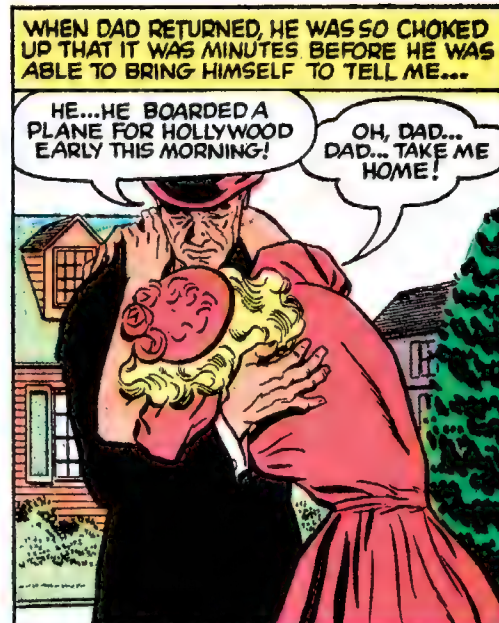
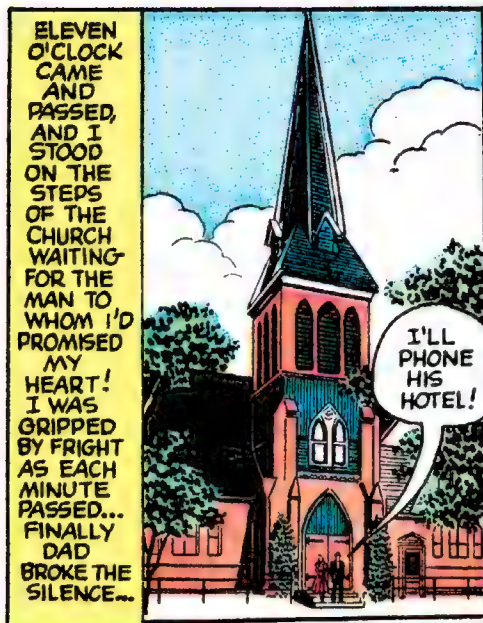


I SAW SCOTT THE NEXT DAY AND MANY MANY DAYS IN THE ENSUING WEEKS... AND THE MORE I SAW HIM THE DEEPER MY FEELINGS FOR HIM BECAME! IT WAS LOVE... AND I KNEW IT, AND I LOOKED IT... EACH DAY WAS A BEAUTIFUL AWAKENING FOR ME AND EACH TIME I LOOKED AT SCOTT, I FELT THAT THE BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD WERE CREATED FOR US ALONE! AND THEN THERE WAS THAT SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN FOREST HILLS...

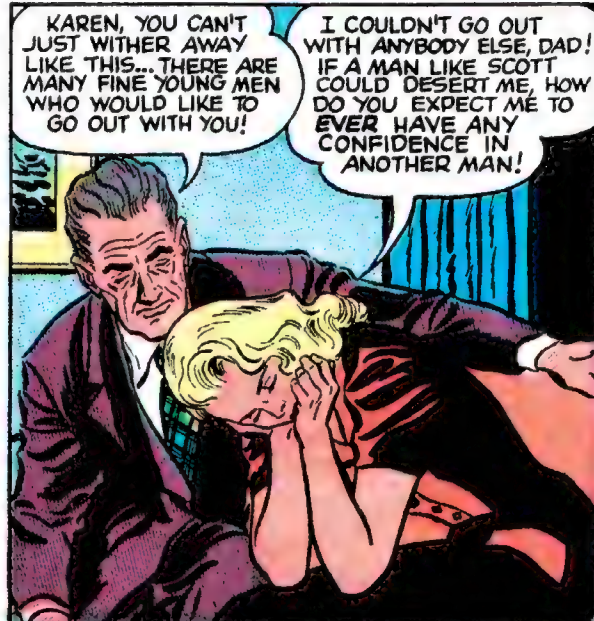


AND AS SCOTT DREW ME CLOSER AND PRESSED HIS LIPS TO MINE, I REALLY KNEW JUST HOW MUCH I LOVED HIM! WE POURED OUR HEARTS INTO THAT KISS, AND OUR HEARTS WERE OVERFLOWING WITH DEEP EMOTION...

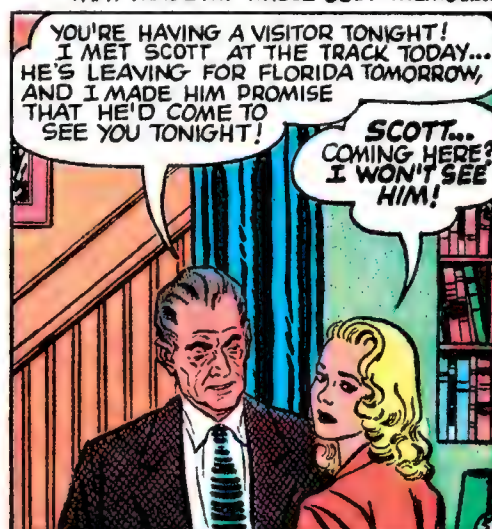


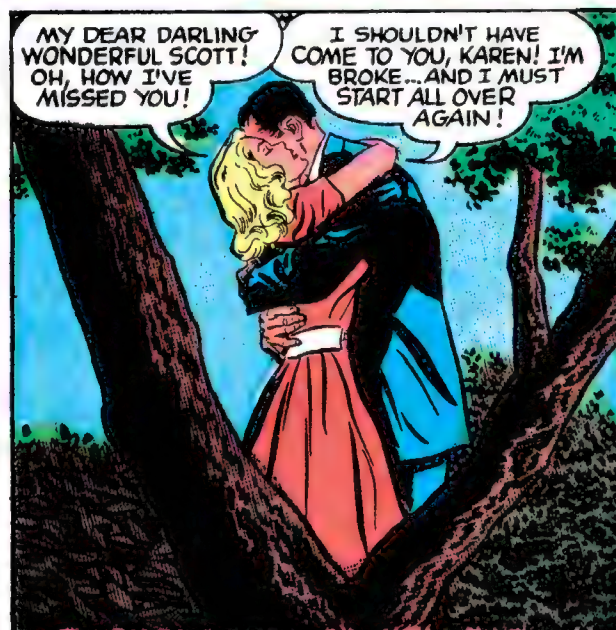
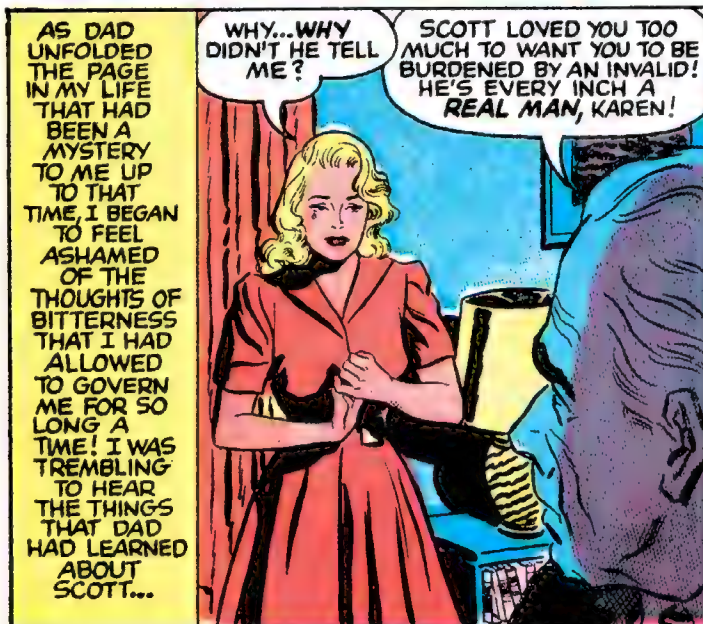
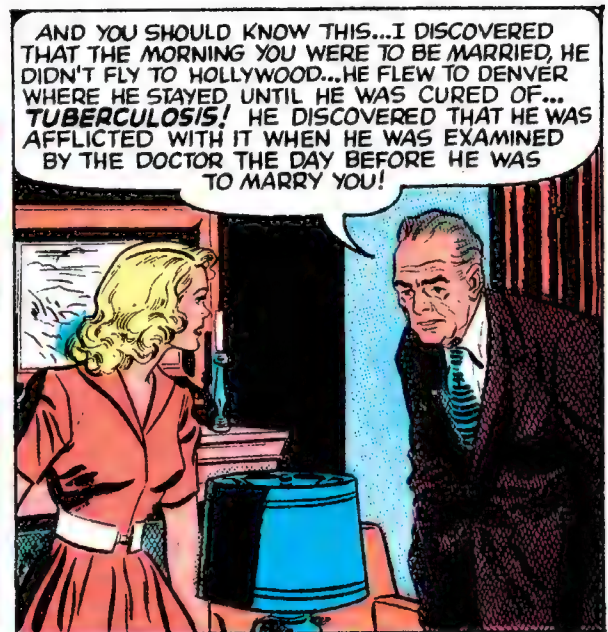
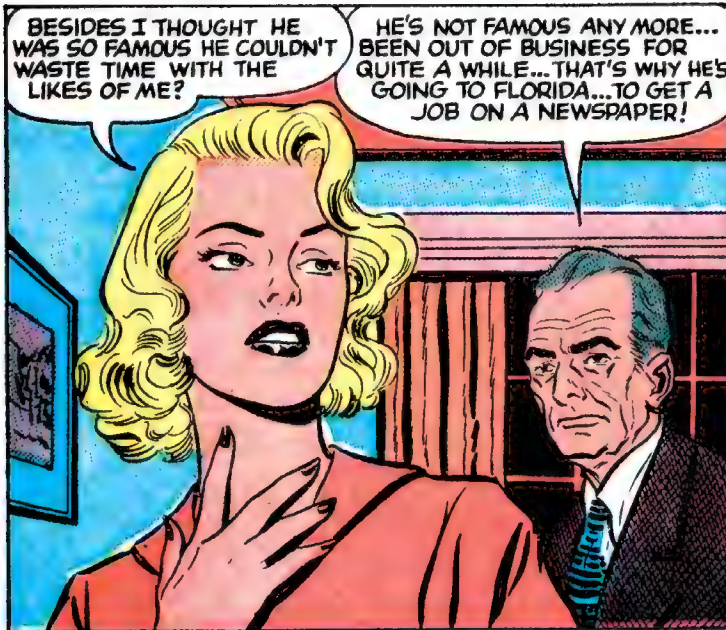


AND I DIDN'T GET OVER IT... THREE YEARS WENT BY... I HAD BECOME BITTER AND MOROSE! I FELT THAT THERE WAS NO PURPOSE TO MY LIFE... I COULDN'T WORK UP ANY INTEREST IN ANYTHING! DAD HAD BECOME CONCERNED AND MADE EVERY EFFORT TO GET ME TO GO OUT... BUT I CHOSE TO REMAIN ALONE... ALONE WITH MY MEMORIES...



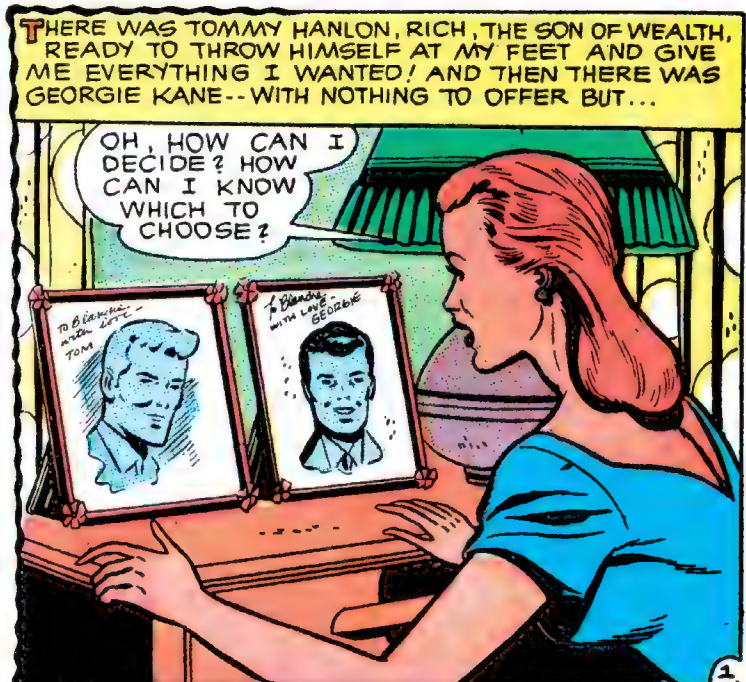
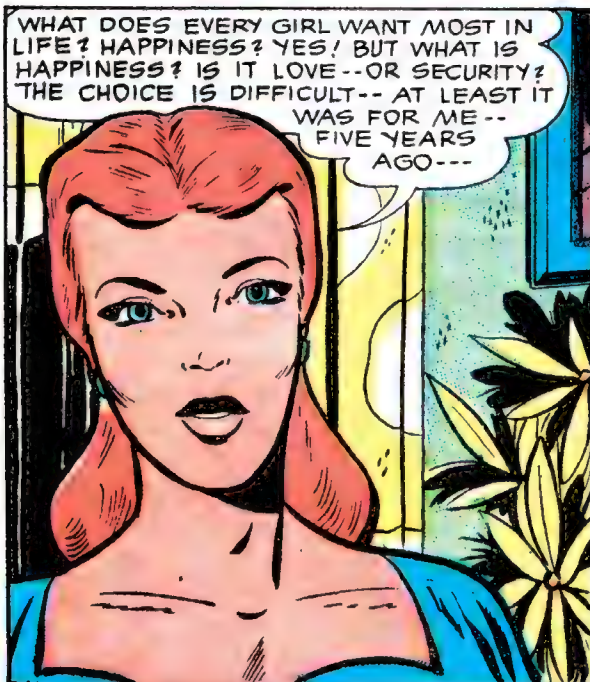
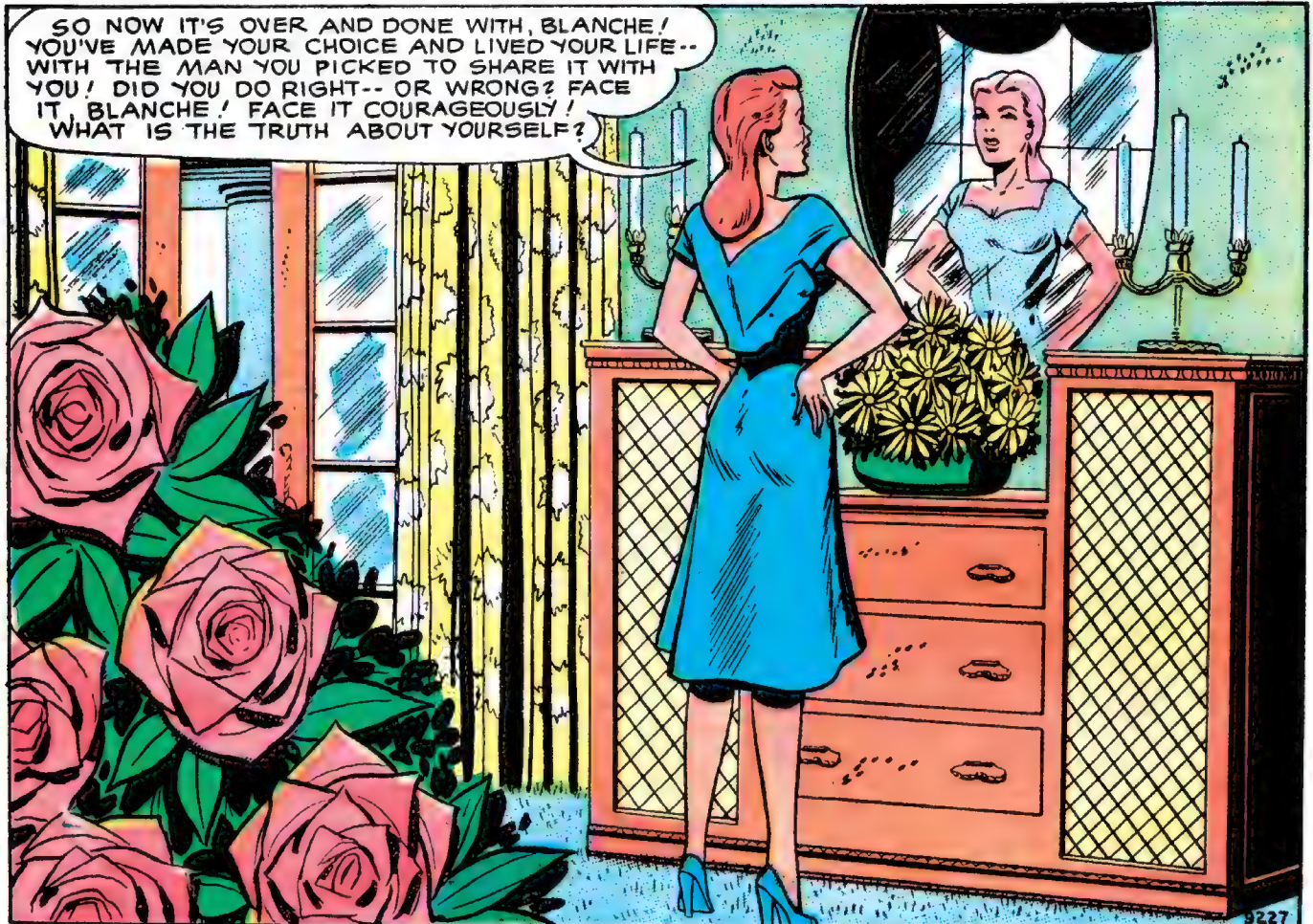
IT WAS A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER THAT DAD RETURNED HOME FROM A DAY OF RACING AT AQUEDUCT AND TOLD ME SOMETHING THAT MADE MY WHOLE BODY TREMBLE...





"AFTERMATH!"

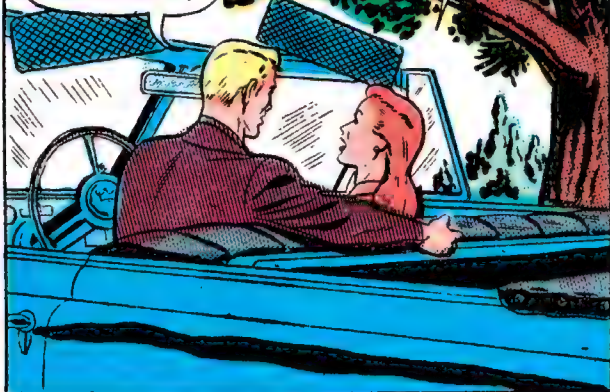
THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN SHE MUST STOP TO THINK...TO DECIDE WHETHER SHE MADE THE RIGHT CHOICE IN THE MAN SHE LOVES...FOR IN EVERY LOVE THERE IS AN.....AFTERMATH!



I SUPPOSE I WAS LIKE MOST YOUNG GIRLS AT THAT AGE-- IN LOVE WITH LOVE! BECAUSE WHEN I WAS WITH TOMMY, HE WAS THE ONE!

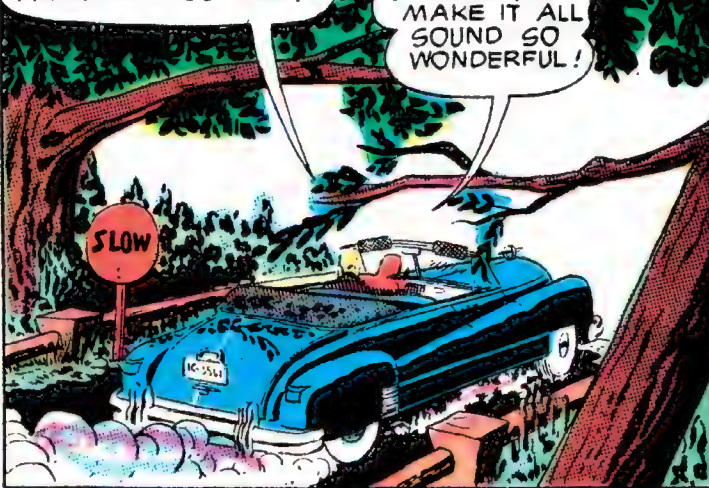
YOU'VE GOT TO SAY YES, BLANCHE! SAY THE WORD AND WE'LL BE MARRIED!

OH, TOMMY! I DON'T KNOW---



YOU DESERVE THE BEST, SWEETHEART, AND I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU! A BEAUTIFUL HOME-- CLOTHES--SERVANTS! I'M NOT PARADING MY MONEY, BUT I WANT TO SHARE IT WITH YOU-- GIVE YOU EVERYTHING LIKE THE PRINCESS YOU ARE!

DARLING, YOU MAKE IT ALL SOUND SO WONDERFUL!



HIS KISS WAS WARM AND TENDER, AND I KNEW THAT HE LOVED ME-- AND WOULD LOVE ME FOREVER! WHAT MORE COULD A GIRL ASK FOR?

AND IT'LL STAY WONDERFUL!

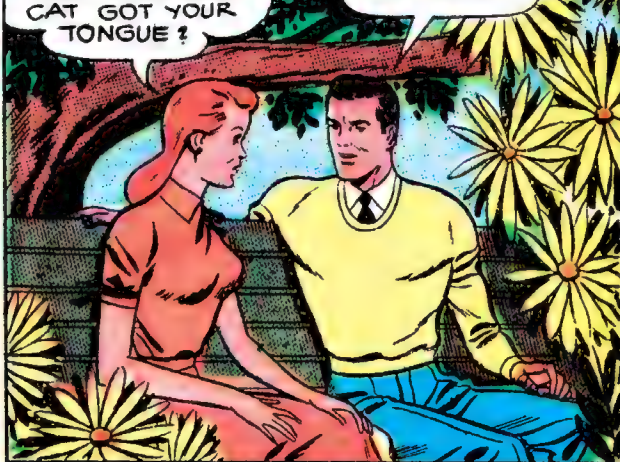
OH -- TOMMY!



WHERE TOMMY WAS ALL GAIETY AND CHARM, GEORGIE WAS A QUIET BOY, MOODY AND SERIOUS-- AND VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH ME...

YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD IN THE PAST HOUR, GEORGIE! CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?

IT'S ENOUGH JUST TO BE WITH YOU, BLANCHE!



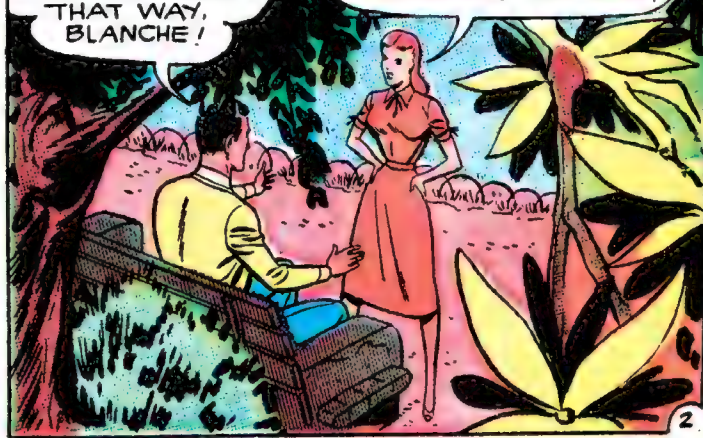
IS THAT ALL? GEORGIE, YOU--NEVER MAKE LOVE TO ME AND TELL ME SWEET THINGS--LIKE OTHER BOYS DO!

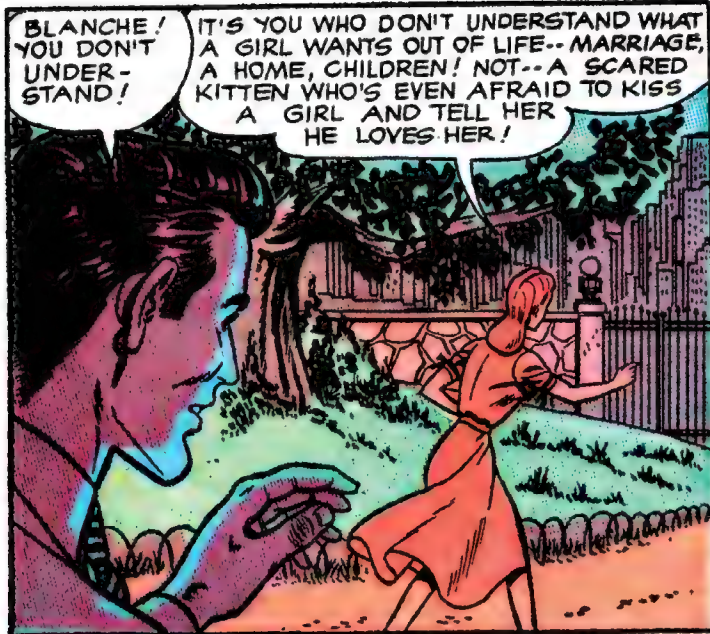
IS THAT WHAT THEY DO? IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT FROM ME, BLANCHE?



I WISH I HAD THE COURAGE... BUT WHAT I FEEL FOR YOU IS TOO DEEP TO BE SPOILED BY MEANINGLESS CHATTER AND STOLEN KISSES! I'M NOT MADE THAT WAY, BLANCHE!

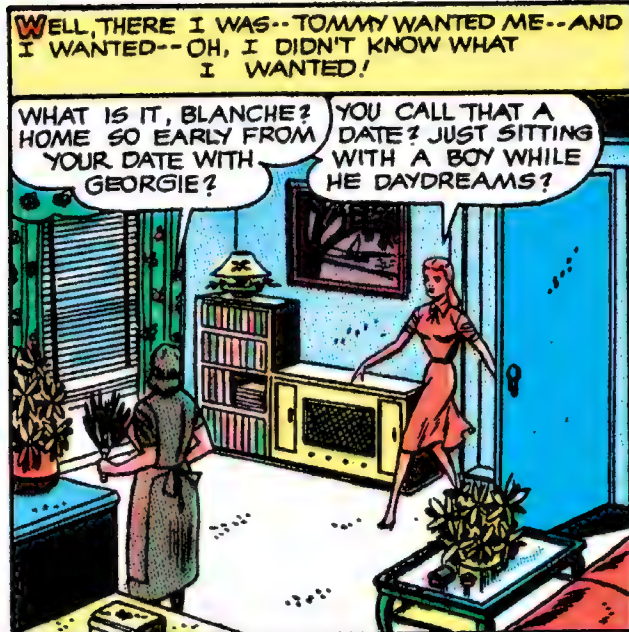
OH, IS THAT SO? WELL, IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BE A BIG SISTER TO YOU, GEORGIE, YOU'RE ALL WRONG! LIFE IS TOO SHORT FOR YOUR KIND OF ROMANCE! GOODBYE!





BLANCHE!
YOU DON'T
UNDER-
STAND!

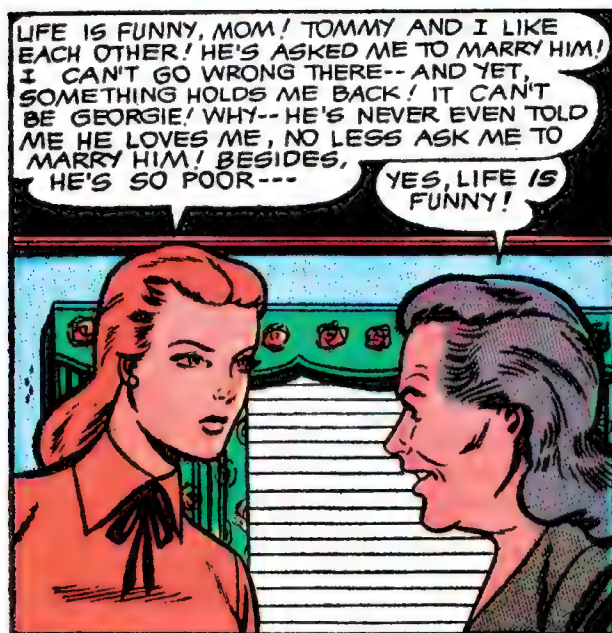
IT'S YOU WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT
A GIRL WANTS OUT OF LIFE-- MARRIAGE,
A HOME, CHILDREN! NOT-- A SCARED
KITTEN WHO'S EVEN AFRAID TO KISS
A GIRL AND TELL HER
HE LOVES HER!



WELL, THERE I WAS-- TOMMY WANTED ME-- AND
I WANTED-- OH, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT
I WANTED!

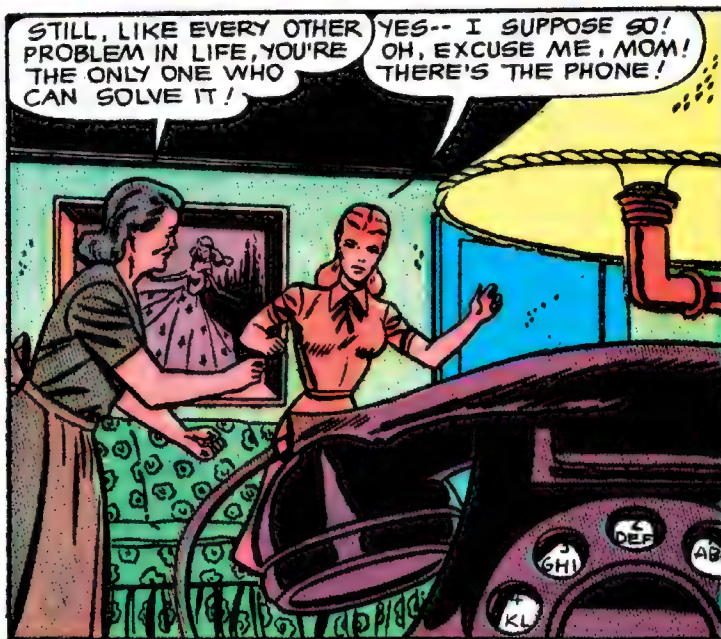
WHAT IS IT, BLANCHE?
HOME SO EARLY FROM
YOUR DATE WITH
GEORGIE?

YOU CALL THAT A
DATE? JUST SITTING
WITH A BOY WHILE
HE DAYDREAMS?



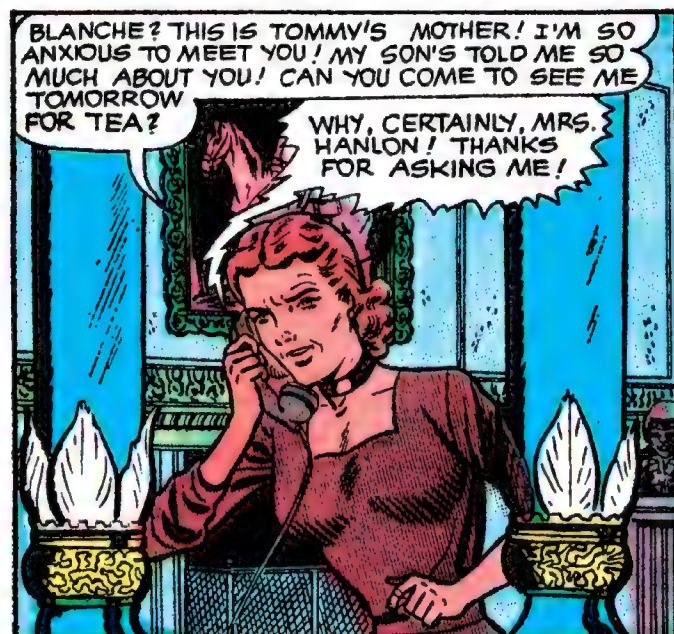
LIFE IS FUNNY, MOM! TOMMY AND I LIKE
EACH OTHER! HE'S ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM!
I CAN'T GO WRONG THERE-- AND YET,
SOMETHING HOLDS ME BACK! IT CAN'T
BE GEORGIE! WHY-- HE'S NEVER EVEN TOLD
ME HE LOVES ME, NO LESS ASK ME TO
MARRY HIM! BESIDES,
HE'S SO POOR---

YES, LIFE IS
FUNNY!



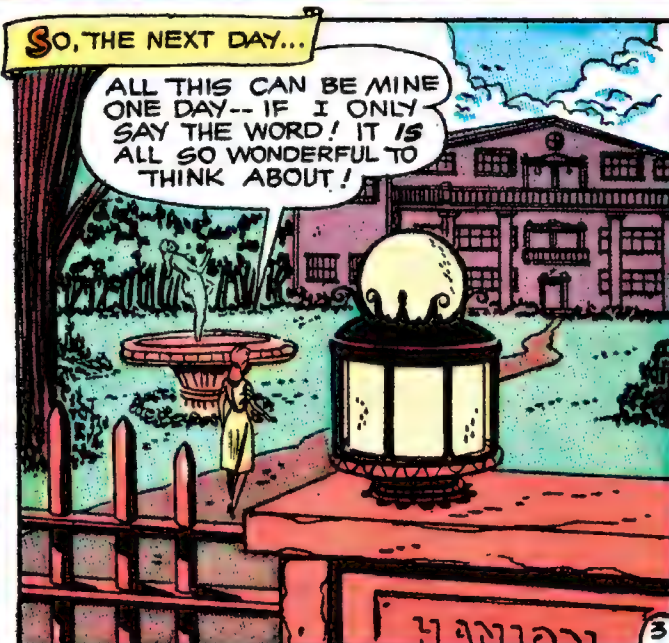
STILL, LIKE EVERY OTHER
PROBLEM IN LIFE, YOU'RE
THE ONLY ONE WHO
CAN SOLVE IT!

YES-- I SUPPOSE SO!
OH, EXCUSE ME, MOM!
THERE'S THE PHONE!



BLANCHE? THIS IS TOMMY'S MOTHER! I'M SO
ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU! MY SON'S TOLD ME SO
MUCH ABOUT YOU! CAN YOU COME TO SEE ME
TOMORROW
FOR TEA?

WHY, CERTAINLY, MRS.
HANLON! THANKS
FOR ASKING ME!



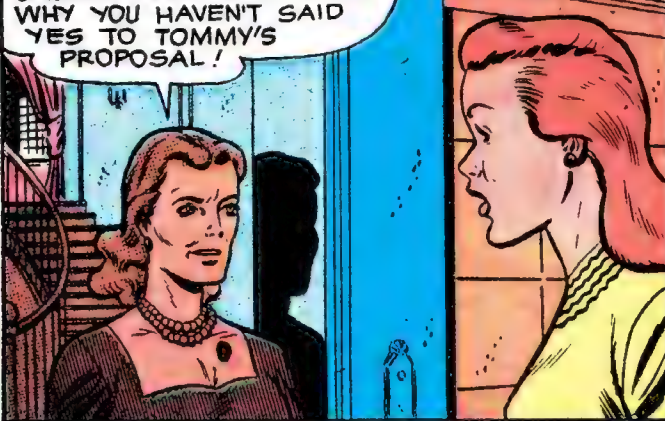
SO, THE NEXT DAY...

ALL THIS CAN BE MINE
ONE DAY-- IF I ONLY
SAY THE WORD! IT IS
ALL SO WONDERFUL TO
THINK ABOUT!

MRS. HANLON WAS THE PICTURE OF DIGNITY AND ARISTOCRACY...

HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR! TOM DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE! I WANT YOU TO THINK OF ME AS YOUR FRIEND! THAT'S WHY I'VE CALLED YOU-- TO FIND OUT WHY YOU HAVEN'T SAID YES TO TOMMY'S PROPOSAL!

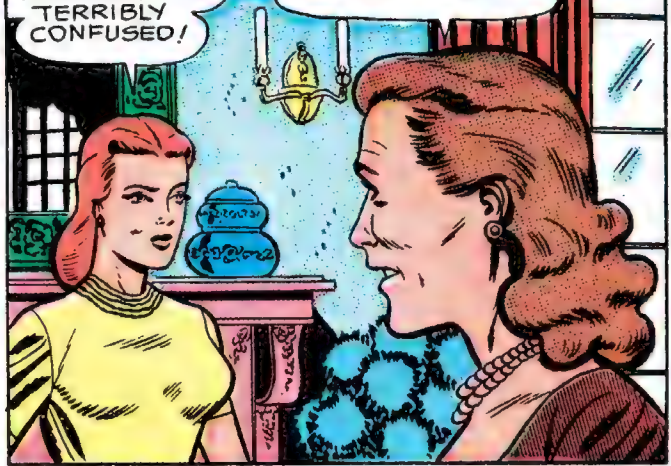
I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU, MRS. HANLON---



I POURED OUT ALL MY CONFUSION TO THAT WONDERFUL WOMAN! I TOLD HER ABOUT GEORGIE-- AND TOMMY-- AND EVERYTHING...

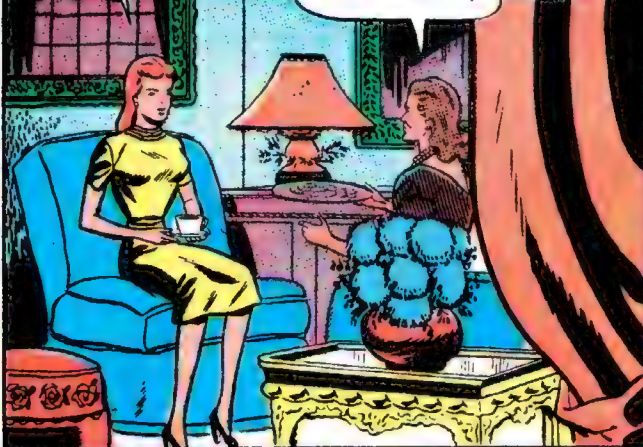
THAT'S HOW IT ALL IS, MRS. HANLON! I'M TERRIBLY CONFUSED!

OF COURSE YOU ARE, MY POOR CHILD! SO WAS I-- AT YOUR AGE---



YOU? YOU HAD A DECISION TO MAKE ALSO?

EXACTLY LIKE YOURS! A RICH MAN -- AND A POOR ONE! BOTH LOVED ME, ALTHOUGH I THOUGHT THE POOR ONE DIDN'T! YOU SEE, HE WANTED ME TO MARRY THE RICH ONE FOR MY OWN SAKE, THINKING I'D BE HAPPIER THAT WAY!

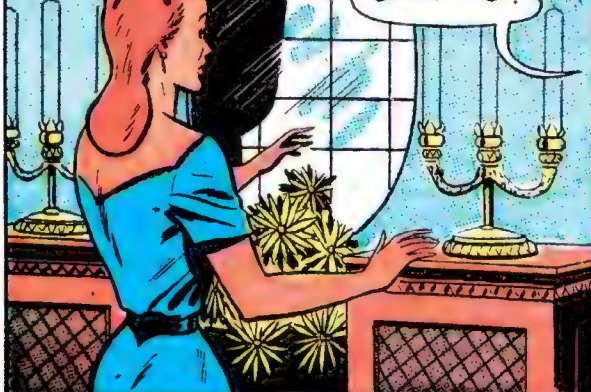


I FOUND THAT ALL OUT, AFTER IT WAS TOO LATE! YES, I MADE MY CHOICE AND MARRIED THE RICH BOY, MR. HANLON! THE OTHER, FRANK, WENT AWAY, NEVER TO RETURN! MY HUSBAND DIED SOON AFTER, LEAVING ME NOTHING BUT TOM AND MONEY-- EMPTY MONEY!



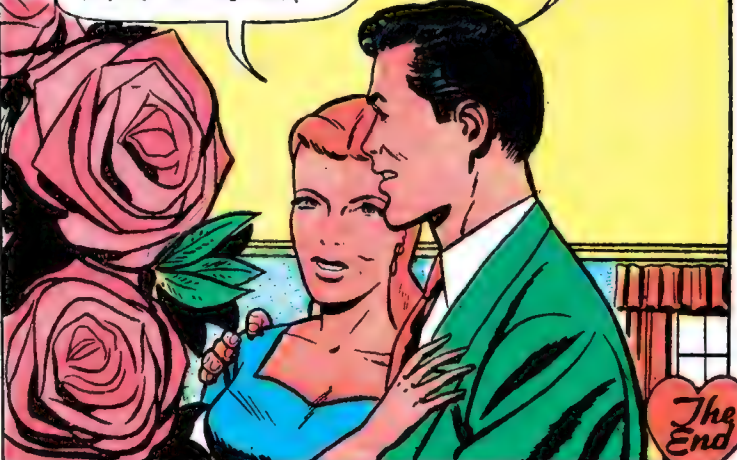
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, BUT I LEFT HER WITH HER BITTER MEMORIES! NOW I'M MARRIED-- AND I'M RICH-- BUT I KNOW I'VE DONE RIGHT! I MADE THE CORRECT CHOICE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE ALL BY YOURSELF DARLING?



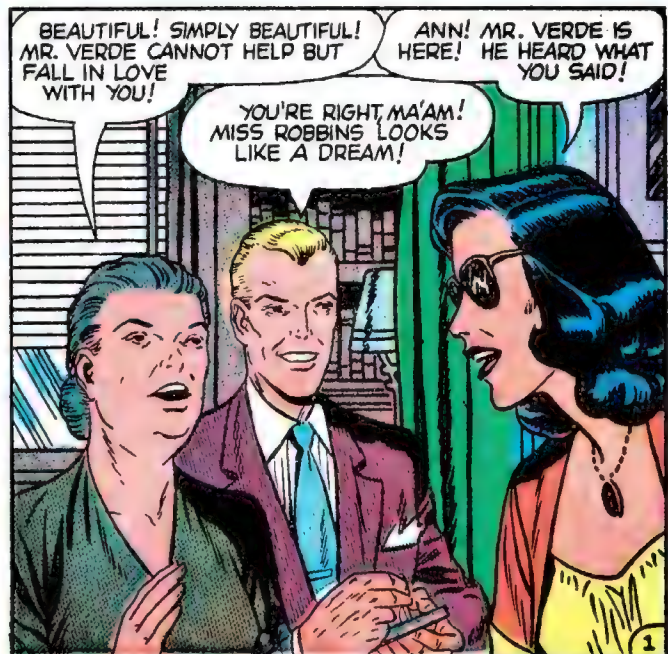
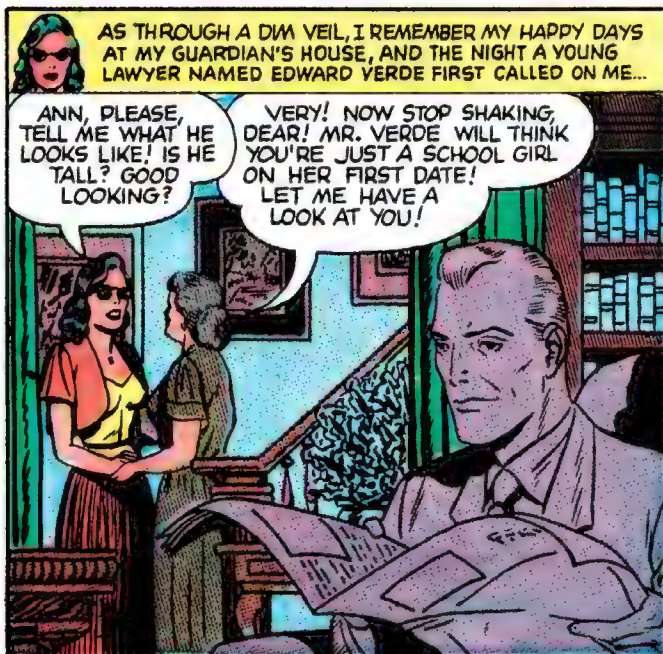
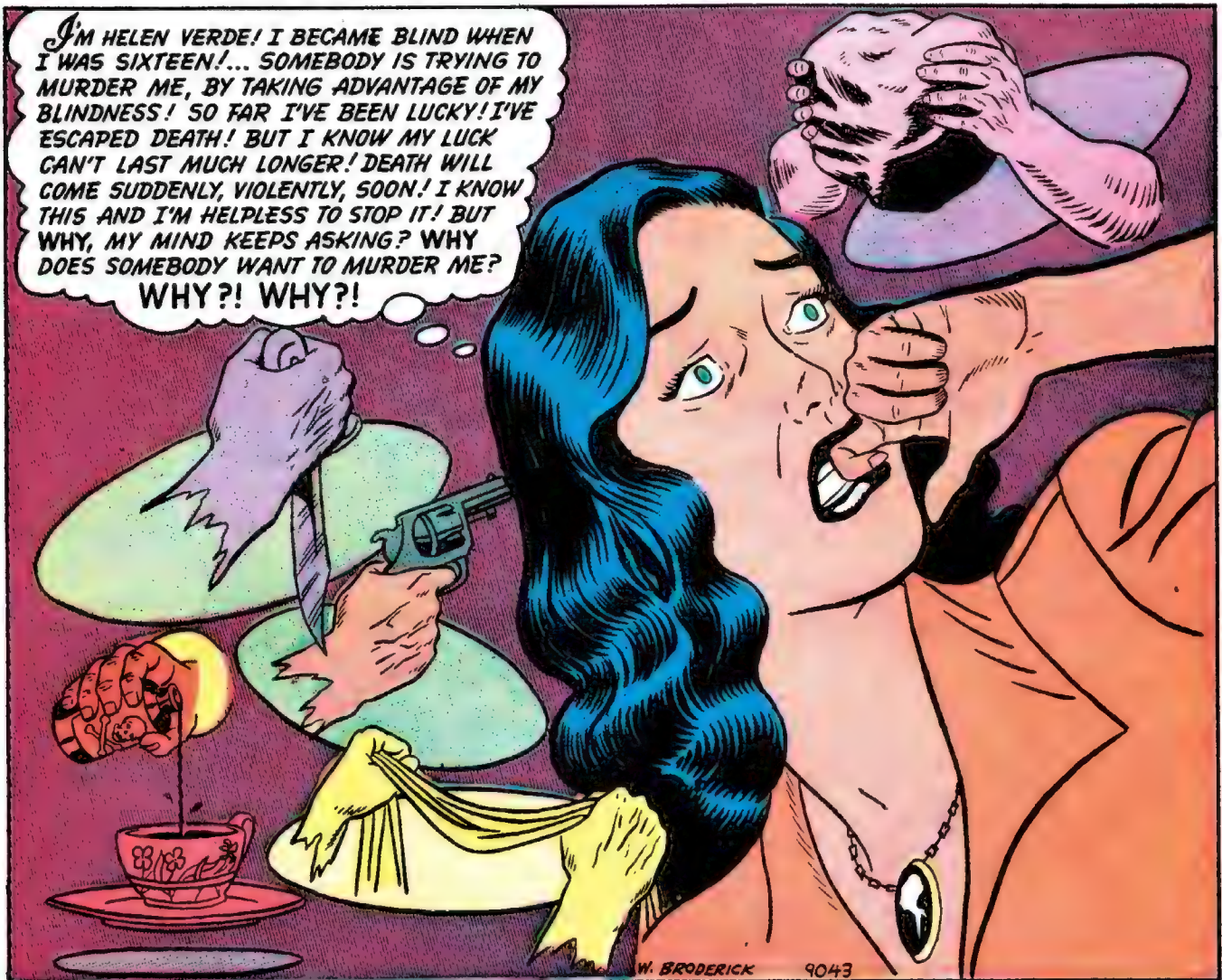
JUST REMEMBERING, GEORGIE! ABOUT A POOR BOY WHOM I HAD TO PROPOSE TO, AND WHO WORKED SO HARD TO GIVE ME EVERYTHING I WANTED, AND BECAME THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN!

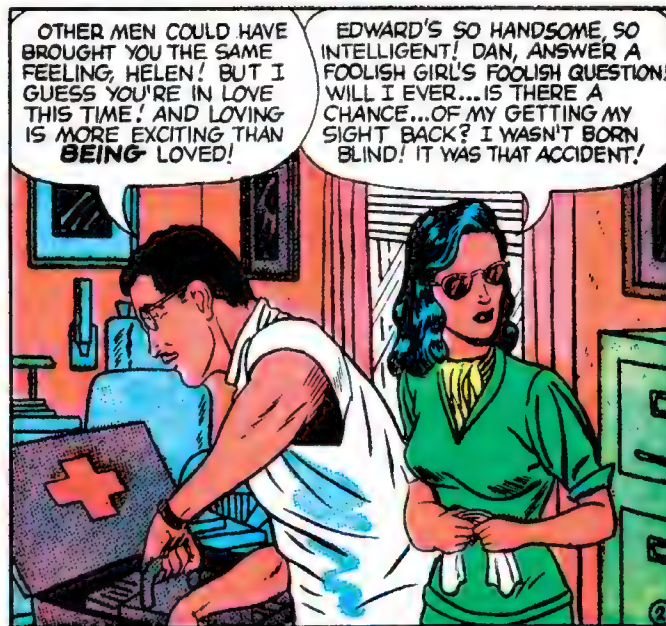
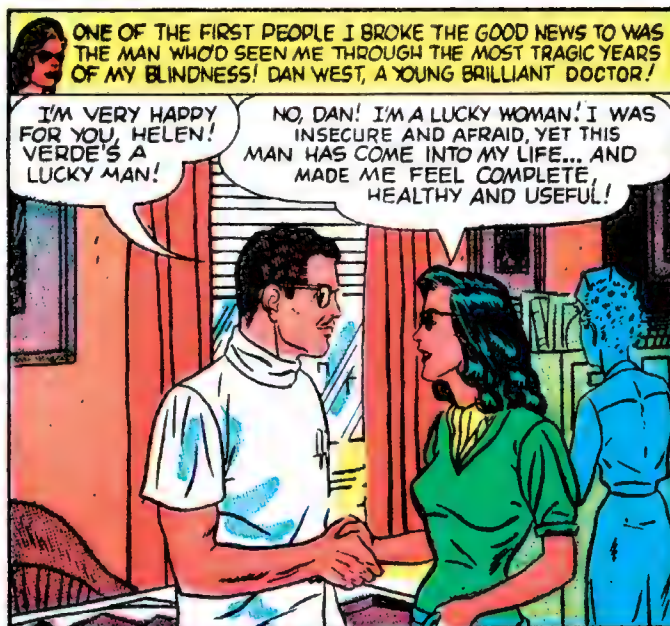
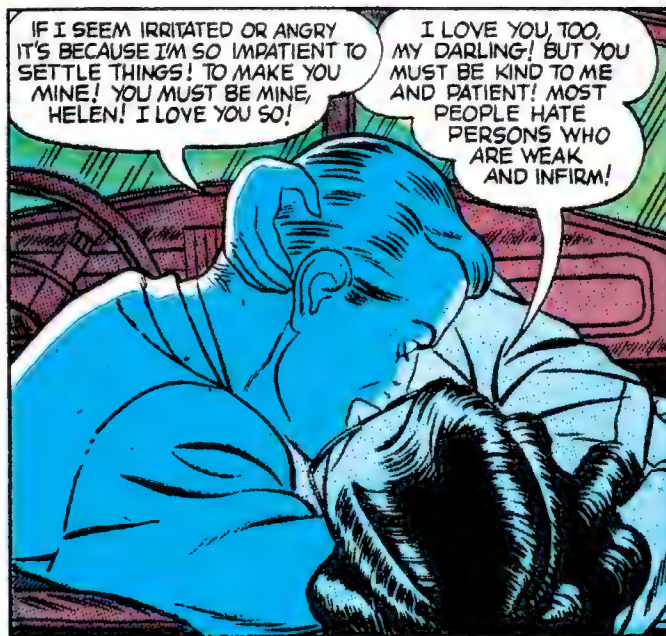
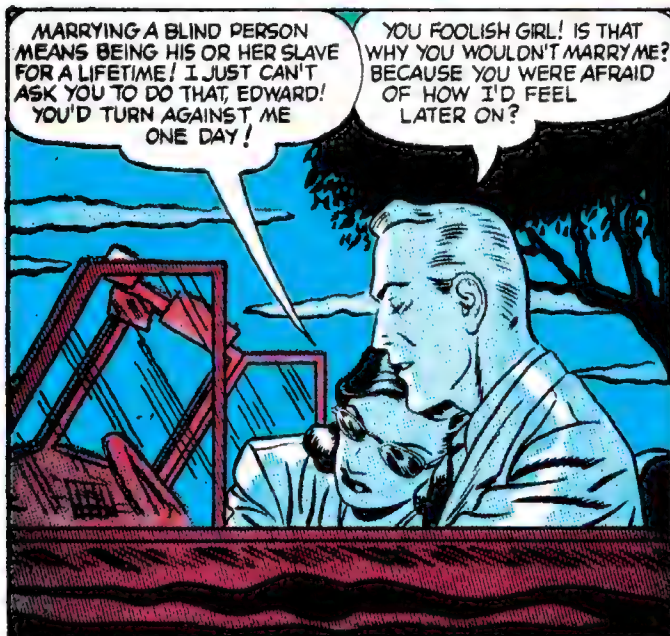
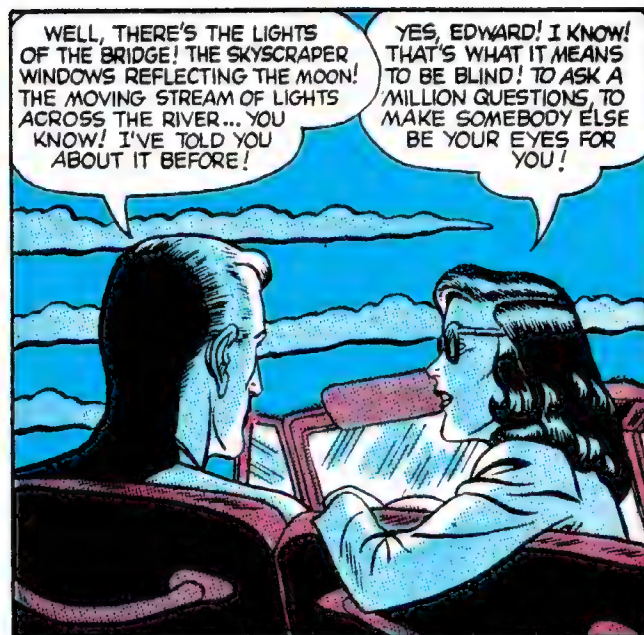
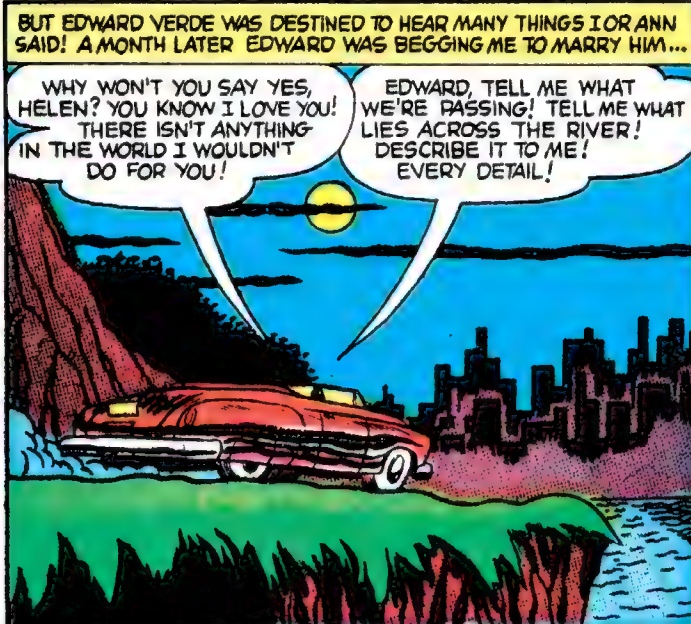
SOME AFTERMATH TO AN UNCERTAIN ROMANCE, WASN'T IT, SWEETHEART?

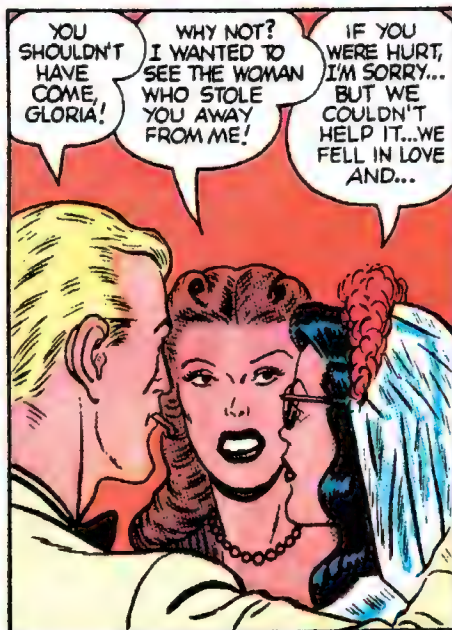
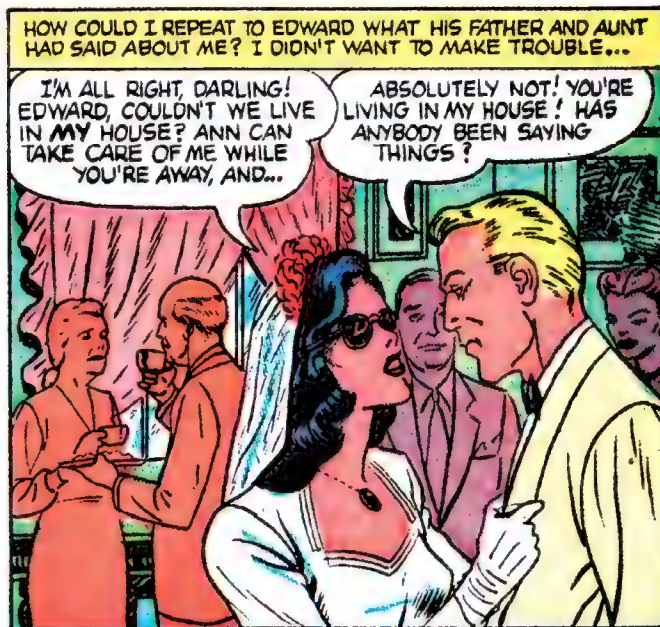
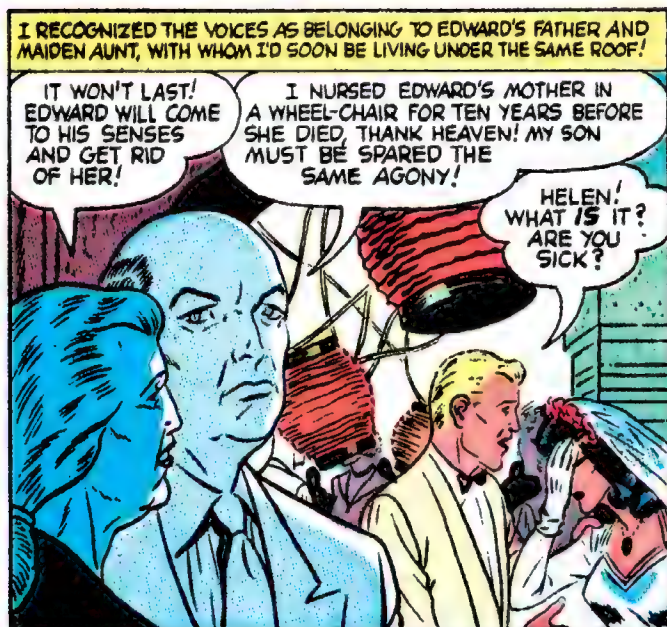
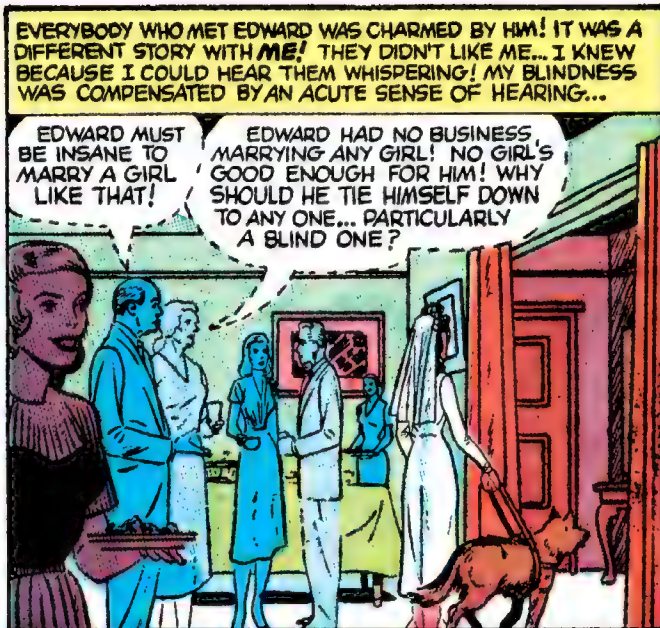
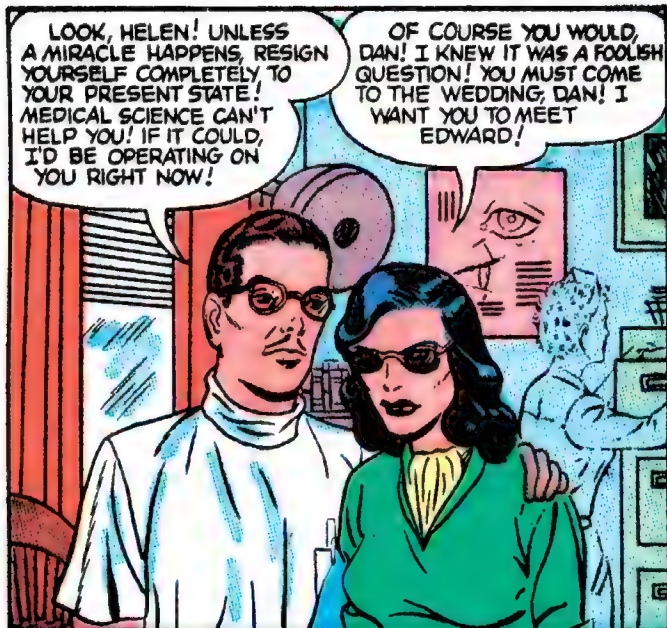


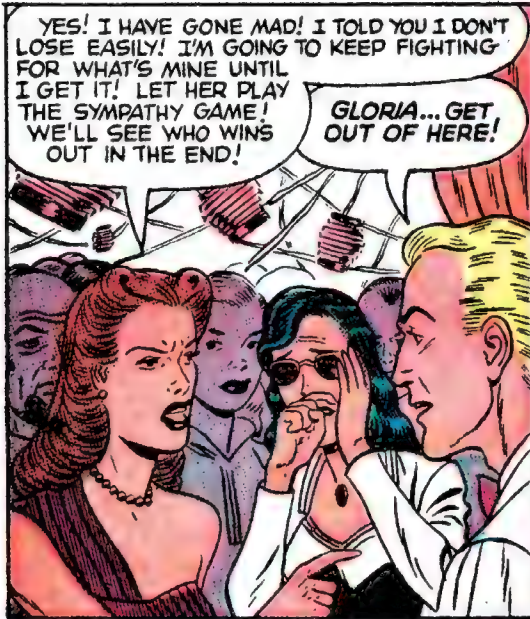
The End

None are so BLIND









YES! I HAVE GONE MAD! I TOLD YOU I DON'T LOSE EASILY! I'M GOING TO KEEP FIGHTING FOR WHAT'S MINE UNTIL I GET IT! LET HER PLAY THE SYMPATHY GAME! WE'LL SEE WHO WINS OUT IN THE END!

GLORIA... GET OUT OF HERE!



BUT THE EXPERIENCES OF THAT HORRIBLE WEDDING DAY SEEMED PALE BY COMPARISON WITH THE THINGS THAT BEGAN TO HAPPEN AFTER I CAME TO VERDE VISTAS!

COMPOSE YOURSELF, DARLING! YOUR DOCTOR FRIEND IS COMING UP THE DRIVE NOW!

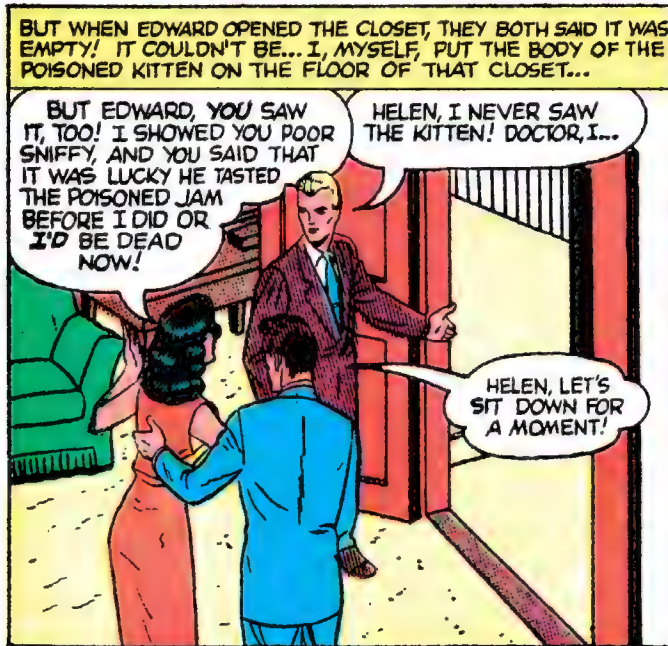
NICE HAUNTED HOUSE HELEN HAS SETTLED IN! IT'S A BLESSING SHE CAN'T SEE ITS RACK AND RUIN!



HOW COULD I TELL DAN THAT FOR WEEKS I FELT SOMEBODY WAS WATCHING ME! FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWED ME THROUGH THE HOUSE... BUT WHEN I ASKED WHO IT WAS... THE FOOTSTEPS STOLE SOFTLY AWAY...

EDWARD'S BEEN TELLING ME YOU THINK SOMEONE'S BEEN TRYING TO KILL YOU!

YES, DAN, IT'S TERRIBLE BUT IT'S TRUE! EDWARD, SHOW DAN WHAT'S LYING IN THE CLOSET!



BUT WHEN EDWARD OPENED THE CLOSET, THEY BOTH SAID IT WAS EMPTY! IT COULDN'T BE... I, MYSELF, PUT THE BODY OF THE POISONED KITTEN ON THE FLOOR OF THAT CLOSET...

BUT EDWARD, YOU SAW IT, TOO! I SHOWED YOU POOR SNIFFY, AND YOU SAID THAT IT WAS LUCKY HE TASTED THE POISONED JAM BEFORE I DID OR I'D BE DEAD NOW!

HELEN, I NEVER SAW THE KITTEN! DOCTOR, I...

HELEN, LET'S SIT DOWN FOR A MOMENT!

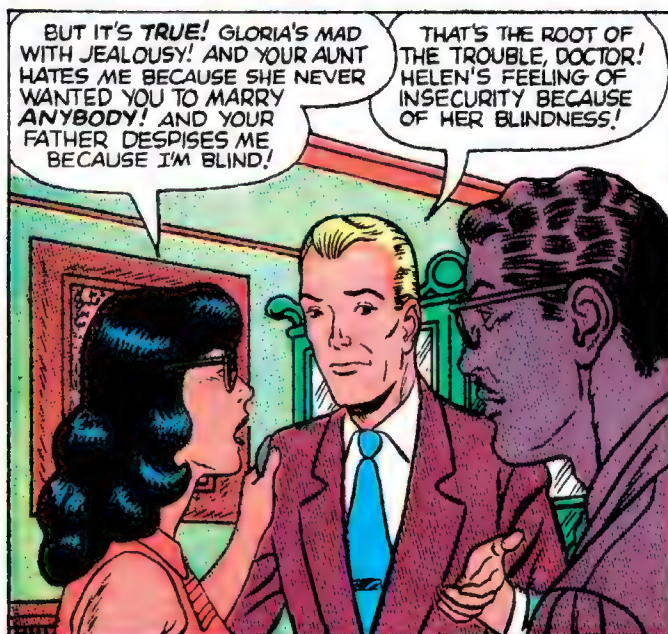


DAN GENTLY EXPLAINED THAT MY OVERWROUGHT CONDITION WAS MAKING ME IMAGINE THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED! EVEN THE POISONED JAM WAS A TRICK MY MIND HAD PLAYED ON ME...

BUT HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?

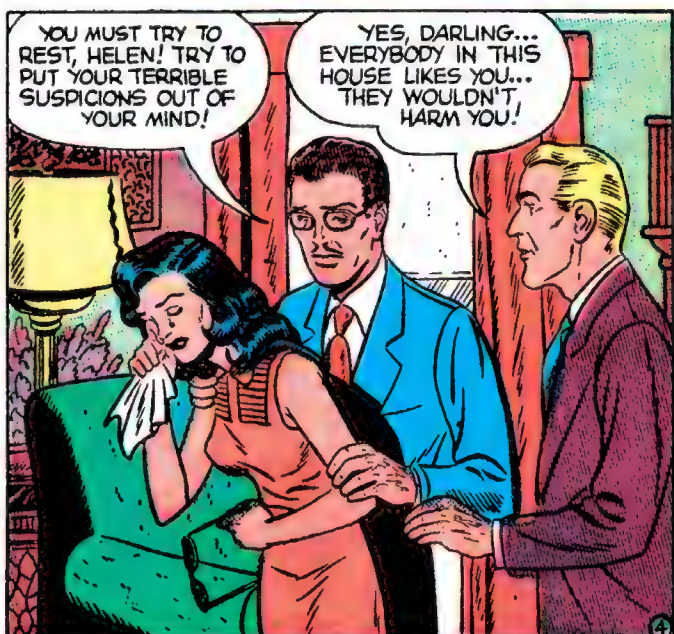
YOU ARE TENSE, WORRIED, NERVOUS! YOU THINK PEOPLE LOOK DOWN UPON YOU, SNEER AT YOU... YOU'VE DEVELOPED A COMPLEX, HELEN!

HELEN THINKS MY FATHER AND AUNT HATE HER! AND THAT MY FORMER FIANCEE WOULD LIKE TO KILL HER!



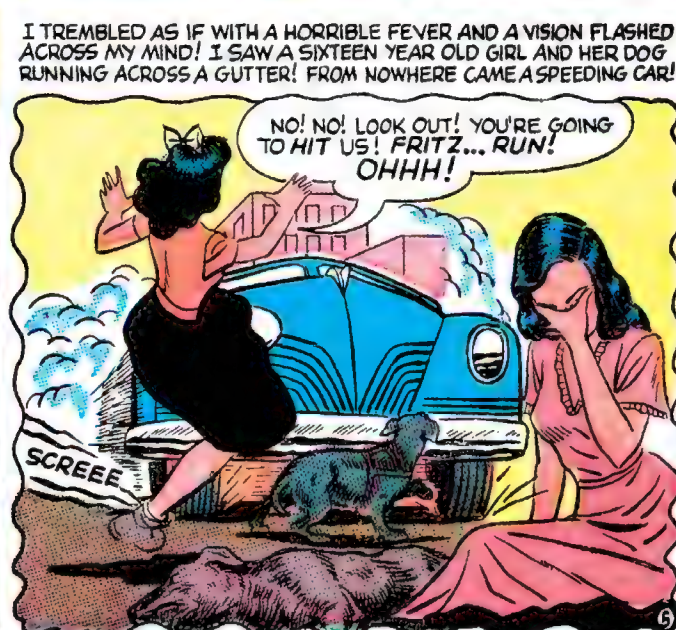
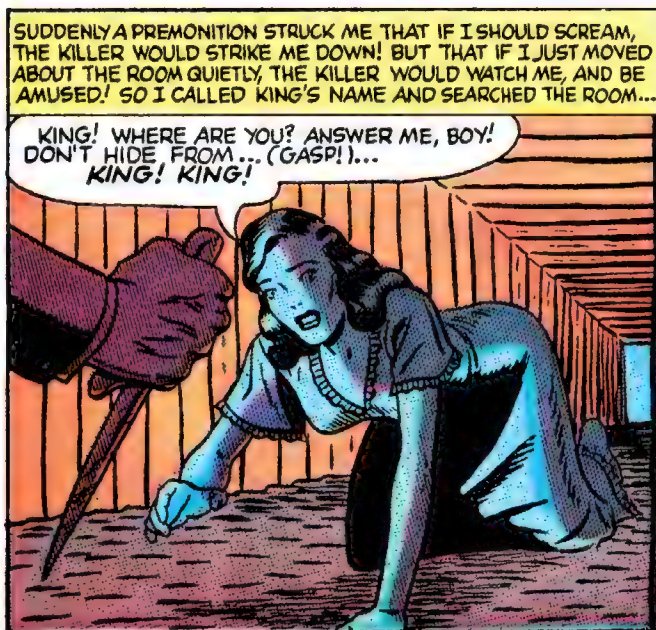
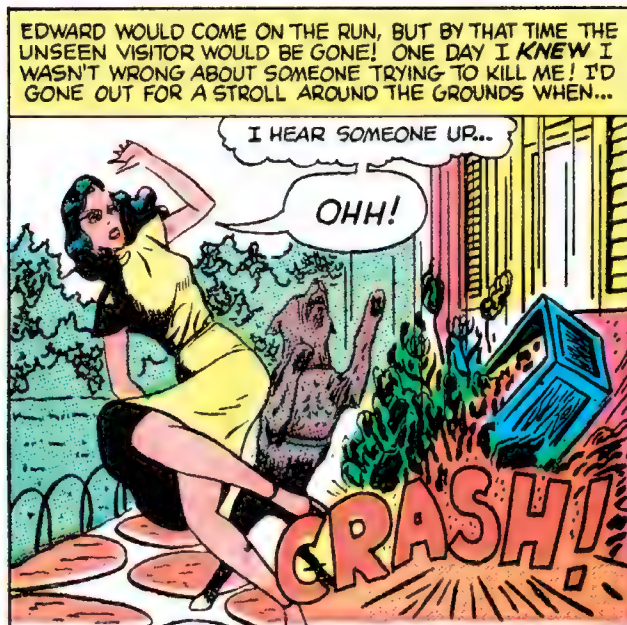
BUT IT'S TRUE! GLORIA'S MAD WITH JEALOUSY! AND YOUR AUNT HATES ME BECAUSE SHE NEVER WANTED YOU TO MARRY ANYBODY! AND YOUR FATHER DESPISES ME BECAUSE I'M BLIND!

THAT'S THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE, DOCTOR! HELEN'S FEELING OF INSECURITY BECAUSE OF HER BLINDNESS!



YOU MUST TRY TO REST, HELEN! TRY TO PUT YOUR TERRIBLE SUSPICIONS OUT OF YOUR MIND!

YES, DARLING... EVERYBODY IN THIS HOUSE LIKES YOU... THEY WOULDN'T HARM YOU!

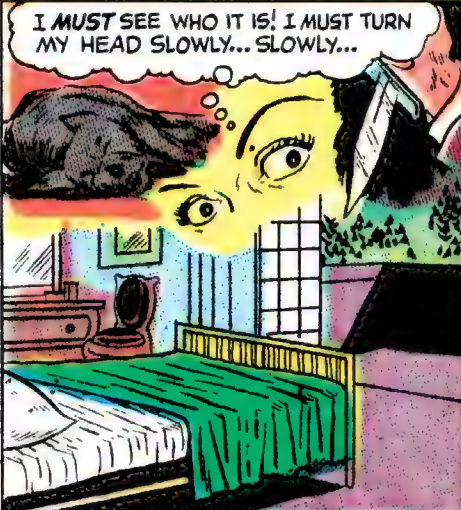


THEN I WAS ON MY KNEES, CRYING, BROKEN-HEARTED...**SHOCKED** BY THE DEATH OF MY DOG KILLED BY THE SPEEDING CAR! BUT, WHAT WAS I DOING INSIDE OF A HOUSE? AND THE DOG ON THE FLOOR WASN'T FRITZ... IT WAS KING...



GOOD HEAVENS...I...I CAN SEE! I'M NOT BLIND ANY MORE!

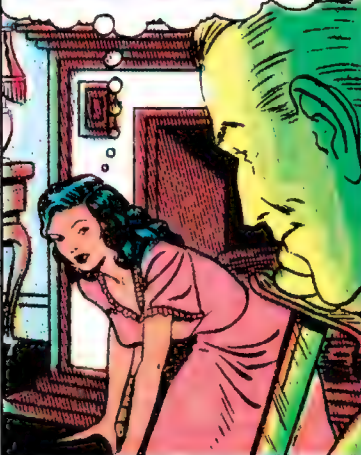
SUDDENLY IT ALL CAME BACK TO ME! I REALIZED WHERE I WAS... AND THAT I WAS TRAPPED IN MY ROOM WITH THE PERSON WHO WANTED TO KILL ME...



I MUST SEE WHO IT IS! I MUST TURN MY HEAD SLOWLY... SLOWLY...

... IT WAS EDWARD... MY HUSBAND!!

HE'S COMING CLOSER! HE'S GRINNING AS IF HE'S ENJOYING A HUGE JOKE! HE DOESN'T KNOW I CAN SEE HIM NOW!



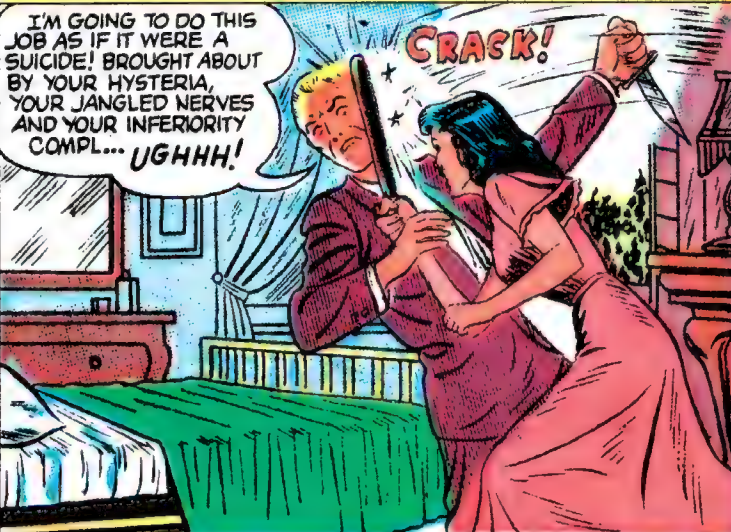
I BACKED UP, INCH BY INCH, TO THE FIREPLACE AND I GRIPPED A POKER LYING IN THE ASHES! HORRIFIED I WATCHED EDWARD CREEP CLOSER AND CLOSER...



DON'T...PLEASE, DON'T KILL ME WHOEVER YOU ARE... DON'T, PLEASE...

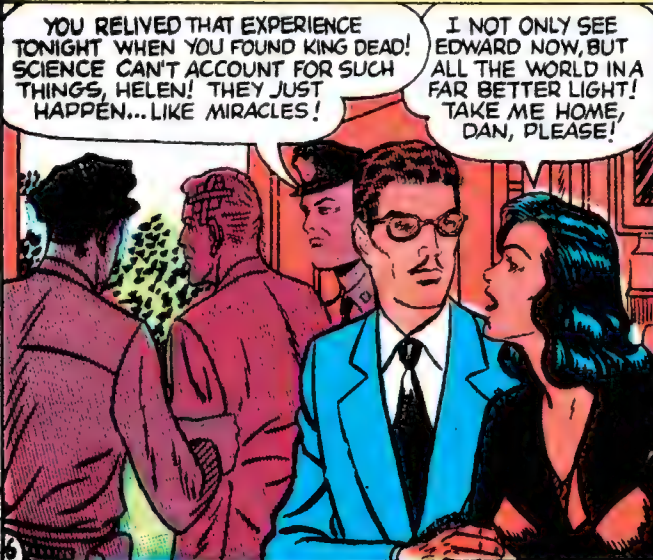
IT'S ME, HELEN! I'VE PUT UP WITH YOU LONG ENOUGH! I NEVER LOVED YOU... YOU SENTIMENTAL FOOL!

HE RAVED ON ABOUT HOW HE MARRIED ME SO THAT HE COULD GET MY INHERITANCE...AND THEN MARRY THE GIRL HE REALLY LOVED... **GLORIA!** HE RAISED THE KNIFE IN HIS HAND AND...



I'M GOING TO DO THIS JOB AS IF IT WERE A SUICIDE! BROUGHT ABOUT BY YOUR HYSTERIA, YOUR JANGLED NERVES AND YOUR INFERIORITY COMPL... UGHHH!

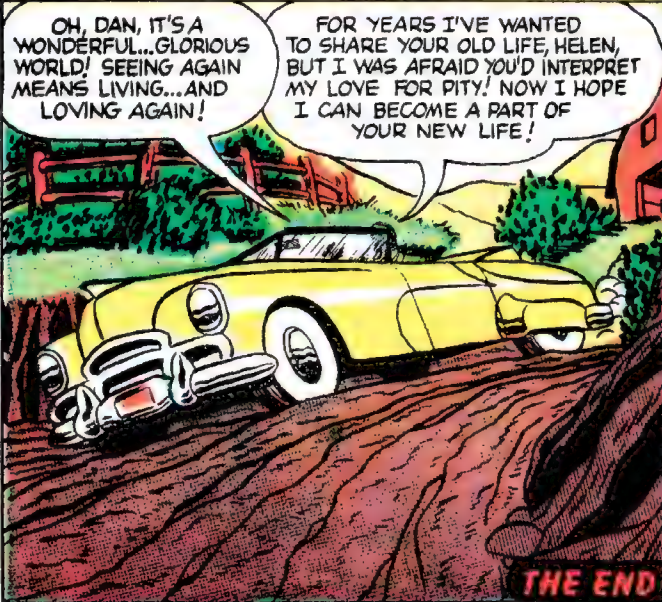
LATER, WHEN DAN ARRIVED WITH THE POLICE, HE EXPLAINED THE AMAZING SIGHT RECOVERY ON THE GROUNDS THAT THE SHOCK FOLLOWING MY AUTO ACCIDENT NINE YEARS AGO WAS REPEATED!



YOU RELIVED THAT EXPERIENCE TONIGHT WHEN YOU FOUND KING DEAD! SCIENCE CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR SUCH THINGS, HELEN! THEY JUST HAPPEN... LIKE MIRACLES!

I NOT ONLY SEE EDWARD NOW, BUT ALL THE WORLD IN A FAR BETTER LIGHT! TAKE ME HOME, DAN, PLEASE!

AND AS WE DROVE BACK TO TOWN IN THE COOL, CLEAR MORNING...



OH, DAN, IT'S A WONDERFUL...GLORIOUS WORLD! SEEING AGAIN MEANS LIVING...AND LOVING AGAIN!

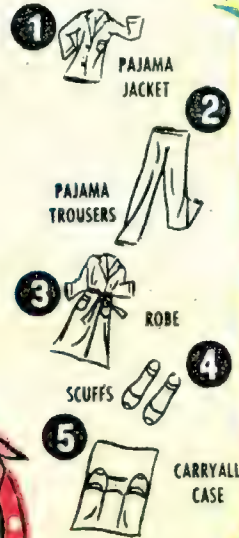
FOR YEARS I'VE WANTED TO SHARE YOUR OLD LIFE, HELEN, BUT I WAS AFRAID YOU'D INTERPRET MY LOVE FOR PITY! NOW I HOPE I CAN BECOME A PART OF YOUR NEW LIFE!

THE END



Glamour set

5 piece ensemble



you
get
all
5 pieces
for
only
\$9.98

**SMART!... FOR TRAVELING,
SLEEPING, LOUNGING... FOR YOURSELF
...FOR EVERYONE ON YOUR XMAS LIST!**

LOOK TWICE! (Everyone does!) This glamorous 5-piece set looks easily twice its price.

LOOK AGAIN! (Everyone will!) No, it isn't cotton, but all pure **LUXURIOUS RAYON CREPE!** Matched and mated with coin-dots everywhere. Color-fast, washable, wonderful!

LOOK, SEE! Entire ensemble packs away in the quilted, plastic-lined 4-compartment carryall case. Terrific for traveling. Handy as a lingerie case. Matching plastic-lined quilted scuffs complete the head-to-toe flattery!

A GIFT IN ITSELF!
**LUXURIOUS 4-COMPARTMENT
CARRYALL CASE** (1)
with cunning scuffs, both
quilted and plastic lined

TAILORED OF
LUXURIOUS
RAYON CREPE

Colors: Red or Navy
with white dots.

Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 \$9.98
Sizes 42, 44, 46 \$11.98

Fenway Fashions
10 W. 18 St., New York, N. Y.

**ORDER TODAY
AT OUR RISK!**

**SEND
NO
MONEY!**

FENWAY FASHIONS, INC.
10 W. 18 St., New York, N. Y.
Dept. 36 B

Please send me 5-PIECE GLAMOUR
SET at \$9.98. (Sizes 32 to 40) or
\$11.98 (Sizes 42 to 46).

Your Size.....Color Choice.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage ☐ I enclose \$..... You pay postage.

IF NOT DELIGHTED, I MAY RETURN IN 10 DAYS FOR FULL
PURCHASE PRICE REFUND

ORDER ON 10 DAY APPROVAL



NINA ALBRIGHT (1907-1997) had a busy Golden Age comics career beginning in 1941 at Jerry Iger's shop. Her first published comics art was for Harvey's *Champ Comics* #14, followed by a 1943 run on Fiction House's *Jumbo Comics*, drawing such features as *Captain Terry Thunder*, *Hooks Devlin*, and *Inspector Devlin*. Other 1940s work included *Suspense Comics* for Temerson Heintz/Continental, *Lover's Lane* for Lev Gleason, *Intimate Love* for Archie, *Teen-Age Romances* for St. John, and *Thrilling Romances* for Pines. She was a staff artist at Novelty Press, where she had lengthy runs on *Young King Cole*, *Target Comics*, and *4Most*. At Timely/Atlas, she drew four stories, appearing in *Girl Comics* (1951), *Junior Miss* (1949), and *Love Adventures* (1951). In the 1950s, she turned to illustration work for magazines and textbooks.

MIKE BECHER (?-?) was an artist whose distinctively posed figures and expressively designed faces appeared in a wide range of genres at Timely and Atlas from 1947 to 1951, as well as in Martin Goodman's sports pulp magazines. Becker could be found in nearly every Western, crime, and romance title, penciling and often inking. Titles include *All-True Crime*, *Amazing Mysteries*, *Casey Crime Photographer*, *Cowboy Romances*, *Crime Can't Win*, *Crime Fighters*, *Love Adventures*, *Love Tales*, *Love Trails*, *Lovers*, *My Own Romance*, *Red Warrior*, *Sports Action*, *Spy Cases*, *Spy Fighters*, *Two Gun Western*, *War Comics*, *Western Outlaws and Sheriffs*, and *Wild Western*. He also drew for Avon (*Eerie*), Better-Redor (*Exciting War*), Hillman (*Frogman Comics*), Ziff-Davis (*GI Joe*), and, in the late 1950s, Charlton (*Wyatt Earp*).

ALLEN BELLMAN (1924-2020) joined the Timely staff in 1942 as a background artist on Syd Shores' *Captain America Comics*, graduating to his own feature, *The Patriot* and others, as well as his own one-page crime feature *Let's Play Detective*. For Atlas, he contributed to pre-Code horror, crime, Western, and science-fiction titles before leaving the industry in the 1960s. After 40 years away from the industry, he was rediscovered by fans and became a fêted representative of the Golden Age at comics conventions, receiving an Inkpot Award in 2007.

ANN BREWSTER (1918-2005) began her comics career in the early 1940s, working through various shops, including the Binder studio (1942-43), the Chesler studio (1944), the Iger studio (1944-48), and the Simon/Kirby studio (1949 and 1955-56). After her first stint at Simon/Kirby, she drew for a number of Atlas titles, mostly romance, including *My Own Romance*, *Love Romances*, *Girl Comics*, *Lovers*, *Stories of Romance*, *True Secrets* and *True Tales of Love*. She was not limited to romance comics, however. She drew stories for *Crime Cases Comics* and *Space Worlds* at Atlas, and *Bob Swift* and *Bulletman* at Fawcett Comics. She also inked *Rip Carson* and *Jane Martin* at Fiction House Comics. Between 1958 and 1961, she drew for Gilbertson's *The World Around Us* and inked on the same publisher's Classics Illustrated titles. She transitioned from comics to doing illustrations for *Children's Digest* magazine in the 1950s and 1960s.

WARREN BRODERICK (1923-1996): In a Cartoonists and Illustrators School class photo, c. 1947, a young Black man is seated at the back of a room full of otherwise white faces, directly behind Wallace Wood. Though not confirmed, this is believed to be the only surviving photo of Warren Broderick, who had enrolled in the school after completing his wartime tour of duty in the Army in 1946. His comics career began at the Jack Kirby/Joe Simon studio, with his first published art apparently appearing in Prize Comics' *Justice Traps the Guilty* Vol. 1 #2 in 1948. His first signed art was published by Feature Comics in *Headline Comics* Vol. 4 #1 that same year. He had a fluid and intricate style that appeared mostly in Atlas romance titles in the early 1950s, including *Girl Comics*, *Love Romances*, *Love Tales*, and *True Secrets*. Broderick also specialized in Westerns at Atlas, drawing for *Kid Colt Outlaw*, *Western Thrillers*, *Western Outlaws and Sheriffs*, *Tex Taylor*, and *Wild Western*. Beyond Atlas, he also drew for *Crimes by Women* (1948, Fox) and *True Life Secrets* and *Romantic Story* (both 1954, Charlton). Not much more is known about Broderick, whom comics historian Ken Quatro identified as one of the comics industries "invisible men" of color.

SOL BRODSKY (1923-1984) was a prolific Atlas crime artist and post-Code cover artist, often working in conjunction with Carl Burgos on covers. After initial work as an artist in the 1940s and 1950s, including gag strips for Timely, a Blue Beetle cover for Holyoke and covers and stories for Atlas ranging from supernatural titles like *Strange Tales* to Westerns like *Kid Colt Outlaw* to superhero titles like *Sub-Mariner Comics*, he became Stan Lee's one-man production department. In that capacity, he had a hand in every comic book published by Atlas in the 1950s. Brodsky founded the humor magazine *Cracked* in 1958 and launched the Warren-esque horror-magazine line, Skywald, in the early 1970s. By the end of the 1970s, he had returned to Marvel where he was made Vice President of Operations.

BOB BROWN (1915-1977), born William Robert Brown, had a comics career that extended from the 1940s through the 1970s, with long runs on DC's *Challengers of the Unknown*, *Tomahawk*, and *Space Ranger*, as well as Marvel's *Daredevil*. After a youth spent performing in a song-and-dance act with his siblings and a young adulthood flying missions as a much-decorated bombardier during WWII, his first credited comics work was writing and drawing the *Criss Cross* back-up feature and a text story in Fox Comics' *Meet Corliss Archer* in 1948. His earliest art for Timely/Atlas was probably on *Young Hearts* and *My Own Romance* in 1949. He alternated between mostly DC (*Vigilante*, *House of Mystery*) and Atlas (*Man Comics*, *Love Tales*, *Mystic*) in the early 1950s. As an artist at Atlas in the 1950s, he had a hand in almost every genre from Western (*Cowboy Action*) to war (*Marines in Battle*) to jungle (*Lorna the Jungle Girl*) to crime (*Justice Comics*) but frequently returned to romance (*Lovers*). He didn't enter the super-hero genre in a big way until the 1960s and 1970s, when he drew some core titles for DC and Marvel. Other DC work included *Teen Titans* and *Bat-*



man. At Marvel, in addition to his run on *Daredevil*, Brown drew for *The Avengers*, *Luke Cage/Power Man*, *Lilith*, and others. He had just been assigned to take over the art on *Wonder Woman* at the time of his early death from leukemia.

JOHN BUSCEMA (1927-2002) If Jack Kirby's work was the model for Marvel's house style in the 1960s and beyond, Buscema's art was the quintessential refinement of that style. He captured the earth-shaking force of Kirby's bold line, but gave it a slicker, lighter touch. He is best known for the defining look that he gave to core Marvel titles, and his career rarely strayed from Marvel's pages from the time he began at Marvel/Timely in 1948. At Timely, he drew stories in all genres, learning from editor Stan Lee and fellow artists Carl Burgos and Syd Shores. With horror and crime comics under siege by social critics in the 1950s, Buscema went freelance, branching out to produce mostly milder fare at Dell, Hillman, and other publishers. In 1966, he was welcomed back to Marvel, where he remained until his semi-retirement 30 years later. His work on Conan was especially prolific, appearing in both color comics and black-and-white magazines — and, in 1978, the *Conan the Barbarian* newspaper strip. He also drew storyboards for the 1982 Conan movie. He was a recipient of all the major comics art honors and was inducted into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame in 2002. When he passed away from cancer at the age of 73, he was buried with an artist's pen in his hand.

HANK CHAPMAN (1915-1973): The full extent of Chapman's comics writing between 1940 and 1967 is unknown because his work was usually uncredited, but he has been identified as the author of several hundred stories. In the 1940s, he was one of the creators who worked on the serialized battles between The Human Torch and The Sub-Mariner in *Marvel Mystery Comics*. He was also an editor at Fox Comics from 1949 to 1953, but is most known for his war stories while on staff at Atlas in the 1950s and at DC in the '50s and '60s. In addition to Atlas titles like *Battle*, *Battlefront*, *Combat Casey*, and *War Action*, Chapman wrote for a variety of genres, including horror (*Adventures Into Terror*), Westerns (*The Texas Kid*), crime (*Justice*), and romance (*Love Romances*). Beginning in 1955, Chapman is estimated to have written more than a hundred war stories for DC titles like *Our Army at War* and *G.I. Combat*.

GENE COLAN (1926-2011) Colan's sleek, shadowy, cinematic style is well known from his long runs on *Daredevil*, *Tomb of Dracula*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Doctor Strange*, *Iron Man*, and other core Marvel series, but his career began with *Wings Comics* in 1944 and includes an extensive body of varied Golden Age work. He joined the Timely staff in late 1947, drawing stories for *Lawbreakers Always Lose*, *Captain America Comics*, *Amazing Mysteries*, *Black Rider*, and more. When the Timely staff disbanded in 1949, Colan began freelancing for Atlas in all genres, titles including *Adventures Into Terror*, *Battle Action*, *Gunsmoke Western*, *Kid Colt Outlaw*, *Marines in Battle*, *My Own Romance*, *Mystic*, *Police Action*, *Spellbound*, *War Comics*, *World of Fantasy*, *Young Hearts*, *Young Men*

on the Battlefield, and many more. Colan was especially prolific in the post-Code war titles, drawing 100 stories between 1955 and 1957. Following the Atlas Implosion in 1957, he turned to National Periodicals/DC, where he specialized in accurately detailed war comics before returning to post-Atlas Marvel in the 1960s. Colan's late-career work included stories for DC (*Nathaniel Dusk*), Eclipse (*Detectives Inc.*), Archie (*Life with Archie*) and Marvel (*Captain America* #601). Honors include a 1978 Inkpot Award, a 2010 Eisner Award, and induction into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame in 2005.

MIKE ESPOSITO (1927-2010) was best known as the inking half an art partnership with Ross Andru that produced long runs on *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Wonder Woman*. Esposito's first comics work was on staff at Timely from 1948 to 1949. He was a solo penciler and inker (and letterer) for Fox in 1949, and he worked on staff for Lev Gleason (*Crime and Punishment*) that same year. His first confirmed collaboration with Andru was in Hillman Periodicals' *Western Fighters* Vol. 2 #12 (1950). In the 1950s, he found steady assignments, mostly as an inker, at DC and Atlas. He penciled five stories (*Girl Comics*, *Men's Adventures*) at Atlas, but the bulk of his Atlas work was inking Andru's pencils — approximately 120 stories in titles that included *Annie Oakley*, *Cowboy Action*, *Navy Action*, *Spy Thrillers*, *Wild Western*, *War Comics*, *Astonishing*, *Mystic*, and many more. The team also provided art for several DC titles, becoming regular artists on Superman-related (*Lois Lane*, *Superboy*) and war (*All-American Men of War*, *G.I. Combat*) titles. They co-created *Metal Men* with Robert Kanigher in 1962. While under contract at DC in the 1960s, Esposito also did work at Marvel (*Human Torch* and *The Thing* in *Strange Tales*, *Iron Man*) under the name of Mickey Demeo. Esposito was highly prolific, and over the next couple of decades, he was paired with nearly all of Marvel's core pencilers on all the core titles, accumulating more than 2,000 credits during his career. When Romita took over *The Amazing Spider-Man* with issue #39 (1966), with the exception of three issues on which he inked himself, he was inked by Esposito continuously over the next two years, sometimes uncredited, sometimes as Demeo, and finally under his own name. Andru and Esposito drew Spider-Man in *Marvel Team-Up*, then took over *The Amazing Spider-Man*, drawing most issues between 1975 and 1979. In the early 1970s, the pair also drew stories for Skywald's line of black-and-white comics magazines (*Psycho*). Andru and Esposito's most personal aesthetic investment was probably seen in their self-published parody titles *Get Lost* (1954) and *Up Your Nose (and Out Your Ear)* (1970). Their last published collaboration before Andru's death in 1993 was on Archie's *Zen*, *Intergalactic Warrior*, and Esposito continued to do regular inking for Archie during the 1990s, often over Stan Goldberg's pencils. He was inducted into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame in 2007 and the Inkwell Awards Joe Sinnott Hall of Fame in 2021.

JERRY FASANO (1920-2011) started out as a comics artist for the Funnies Inc. Shop in 1945 and continued in the industry through the mid-1950s. His work appeared in Eastman Color Printing titles such as *New Heroic Comics*, *Sugar*



Bowl and *Club 16* between 1948 and 1954. He also drew for Ziff-Davis Comics, Quality Comics, Parents' Magazine Press and others. Atlas work included stories in *Girl Comics* in 1949 and in *Suspense* in 1952.

HENRY ALLEN "AL" HARTLEY (1921-2003) had studied at the Art Students League and written and drawn several issues of the *Tecumseh* Western series for Street & Smith, when World War II interrupted his budding comics career. He joined the Army Air Corps flying 20 missions over Europe as a B-17 bomber pilot. After the war, his first published comics credit was a 1946 Roger Dodger story for Better Comics' *Exciting Comics*. He drew a few stories for Standard Comics, Michel Publications, American Comics Group, and Ace Comics, before beginning a long working relationship with Stan Lee at Timely in 1949. His military background may have informed his war comics at Timely, but he also drew, and sometimes wrote, Western, crime, fantasy/horror, and, especially, teen-humor comics. As Timely became Atlas, Hartley followed Al Jaffee as the principal artist on *Patsy Walker* and its spin-offs and stuck with the character until *Patsy and Hedy* came to an end in 1967. He co-created Leopard Girl with Atlas writer Don Rico. Other work at Atlas included the Cliff Mason series in *Jungle Tales*, *The Black Rider* in *Western Tales*, *Adventures Into Terror*, *Combat Kelly*, *Mystic*, *Love Romances*, *Spellbound*, and *Strange Tales*. When Joe Maneely died in 1958, Hartley took over the art on Lee's syndicated *Mrs. Lyon's Cubs* strip. In 1967, while working on the sexploitation comic strip *Pussycat* for Atlas/Marvel publisher Martin Goodman's men's magazines, Hartley became a "born again" Christian, immediately dropping *Pussycat* and turning to comics adaptations of religious biographies like *The Cross* and *the Switchblade* and *God's Smuggler*. He helped launch the Spire Christian Comics line in 1972 with Archie publisher John Goldwater, incorporating Archie characters into spiritually oriented stories. He also worked on core Archie titles like *Archie*, *Betty and Veronica*, and *Jughead* in the 1960s and early 1970s. He received an Inkpot Award in 1980. Hartley's father Frederick Hartley Jr. was a Republican congressman who co-authored the impactful 1947 Taft-Hartley Act restricting the powers of unions.

RUSS HEATH (1926-2018) Heath's 70-year career as a comics artist began with a 1948 story for Timely/Marvel's *Hid Colt Outlaw*. Though he worked briefly with Carl Burgos on *The Human Torch* in 1953, he rarely ventured into super hero territory. Instead his eye for grit and detail made him especially well suited for Westerns (*Tex Morgan*, *All Western Winners*, *Rex Hart*), Western-Romance hybrids (*Love Trails*, *Cowgirl Romance*), and war comics (*War Adventures*, *Combat Kelly*, *Young Men on the Battlefield*, *Combat*). His work frequently appeared in Atlas war titles, but he also drew assignments from the publisher across its full range of titles, including *Adventures into Terror*, *Journey into Unknown Worlds*, *Suspense*, *Spy Fighters*, *Girl Comics*, *Crazy*, *Lorna the Jungle Girl*, and more. He worked on Harvey Kurtzman projects *Mad*, *Humbug*, *Help*, *Trump*, and *Playboy's Little Annie Fanny*. Despite his versatility, he is most known for his

war comics, which included a story for EC's *Frontline Combat* in 1951 and for Warren's *Blazing Combat* in 1966, but his most prolific work in the genre was at DC beginning with *Our Army at War* #23 in 1954. He captured the look, atmosphere, armaments, and logistics of WWII in titles like *Star-Spangled War Stories*, *All American Men of War*, *Our Fighting Forces*, and *G.I. Combat*, eventually taking over the *Sgt. Rock* series from Joe Kubert. Among his many honors, Heath received an Inkpot Award (1997), induction into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame (2009), the Comic Art Professional Society Sergio Award (2010) and the National Cartoonists Society Milton Caniff Award (2014).

VERNON HENHEL (1917-2009), an artist who sometimes wrote his own scripts, began in the 1930s at the Iger-Eisner studio and worked on titles for Quality Comics, DC/National, Magazine Enterprises and Harvey Comics, before settling, in the mid-1940s, at Timely/Atlas, where he was primarily a crime and war artist. He's best known for a run on *Rocky Jorden*, *Private Eye*, in *Private Eye* and *Casey Crime Photographer*, a licensed title from the CBS radio and television series. He also worked on *Daredevil Comics* and *Crime Does Not Pay* for Lev Gleason, but primarily focused on Atlas titles until the mid-1950s, when he opened his own studio (with artist Hal Lockwood) and began selling gag cartoons, as well as educational film strips and some industrial animation. He worked in advertising through the 1960s, and as late as the 1990s, turned up as a producer of coloring books.

GEORGE KLEIN (1915-1969) Known primarily for his Silver Age inking at Marvel and DC, Klein began his career in the 1940s, as an artist on *The Defender* in Timely's *USA Comics* and a member of the crew that worked on the first 10 issues of Simon and Kirby's *Captain America*. In addition to his work on Timely hero titles, he was a regular staff inker on the funny-animal line, collaborating with Mike Sekowsky and Ed Winiarski. He also contributed illustrations to Martin Goodman's pulp magazines. During the Atlas era, he penciled and inked romance (*Girl Comics*, *Venus*) and science-fiction/horror stories (*Suspense*), but also branched out to other publishers like ACG, Ace Comics, and Prize Comics/Crestwood Publications. Beginning in 1955, Klein became a regular inker of Curt Swan's work for various Superman titles at DC. At Marvel, he inked the first two issues of Jack Kirby's *Fantastic Four* in 1961 and went on to ink John Buscema on *Avengers*, Gene Colan on *Daredevil*, and Kirby on *Thor*. His career was cut short by liver cirrhosis.

BERNARD KRIGSTEIN (1919-1990), perhaps more than any other comics artist, represented the tension between the comic book's popular storytelling conventions and its potential as an art form. He is best known for his boundary-stretching classic work for EC, including "Master Race" in *Impact* #1 and "The Flying Machine" in *Weird Science-Fantasy* #23. He started out in the Bernard Bailey shop, drawing and inking a Liberty Lads story in *Champ Comics* #25 for Harvey Comics. After a few more stories for Harvey and for Crestwood's



Prize Comics, his career was interrupted by World War II. After his tour of duty, he worked through Lloyd Jacquet's Funnies Inc., drawing *Golden Arrow* for *Whiz Comics* and *Nyoka the Jungle Girl* in *Master Comics*. He worked with a range of genres and publishers, including Timely, Ziff-Davis, Novelty Press, Hillman Publications, National Periodicals, and St. John Publishing. For Atlas alone, he drew seventy-eight stories through 1957, forty-seven of them before his EC tenure. His career hit a slowdown in 1952 when he co-founded The Society of Comic Book Illustrators, a short-lived labor union for comics artists. EC's William Gaines was one of the few publishers who would give him work, and his forty-seven EC horror, fantasy, science-fiction, and war stories show him at the top of his form. Frustrated by the comics industry's artistic limitations, he turned to book illustration and album covers in the 1960s. Krigstein was posthumously inducted into the Jack Kirby Hall of Fame in 1992 and the Will Eisner Hall of Fame in 2003.

WILLIAM LACAVA (1925-1991), the son of Hollywood movie director Gregory LaCava, worked for the Iger Studio and drew stories for a range of genres at Atlas/Marvel, including horror, crime, sports, romance, and war. Among the titles that featured LaCava's art were *Sports Action*, *Strange Tales*, *Astonishing*, *Battle*, *Combat Kelly*, *Kent Blake of the Secret Service*, *Young Men*, *War Combat*, and *Love Adventures*.

DAN LOPRIENO (?-?) [sometimes credited as Dan Loprino] apparently started his career at Ace Magazines, drawing for the *Mr. Risk* series in 1950, though details are uncertain. The bulk of his work as a penciler was done for Atlas in the 1950s, including such titles as *Girl Comics*, *Man Comics*, *Men in Action*, *All True Crime Cases*, *Crime Can't Win*, *Crime Exposed*, *Crime Can't Win*, *War Action*, and *Suspense*. He went on to ink stories for Archie Comics and for Disney properties at Dell, with Disney and Archie credits appearing as late as the 1990s. Not much else is known about his career or biography.

JOE MANEELY (1926-1958) The Philadelphia native and Navy veteran, broke into the industry on Street & Smith's line of comic books, producing 237 pages of story art between 1948 and 1949 in titles as varied as *Red Dragon Comics*, *Shadow Comics*, *Top Secrets*, *Ghost Breakers*, and *Supersnipe Comics*. Maneely landed at Timely in 1949 following the Street & Smith line's collapse, and freelanced for Timely/Atlas for the next eight years, becoming one of the most prolific and important artists of the Atlas period. Character-based features launched by Maneely included *Whip Wilson*, *Texas Kid*, *Ringo Kid*, *Wyatt Earp*, *Battleship Burke*, *Matt Slade*, *Speed Carter*, and his signature series, *Black Knight* and *The Yellow Claw*. With strong cartooning skills, Maneely also thrived on Atlas' humor titles *Crazy*, *Riot*, *Wild*, and *Snafu*. Following the Atlas Implosion in 1957, Maneely went to DC (*House of Mystery*, *House of Secrets*, *Gangbusters*) and Charlton (*Cowboy Western*, *Tex Ritter*, *Six-Gun Heroes*, *Lash Larue* and *Wyatt Earp*). He appeared in the first five issues of

Cracked, and was drawing the syndicated Stan Lee strip *Mrs. Lyons' Cubs* when he died at the age of 32, a death that may have changed the course of Marvel's history.

CAL MASSEY (1926-2019), born Calvin Levi, was a comic-book artist from the late 1940s to the mid-1950s, before becoming a highly respected painter of African American portraiture, illustrator for *Saturday Evening Post*, and sculptor of bas-relief plaques and commemorative Olympic medals. Though early confirmed credits are sparse, Massey's first comics work was apparently for Cross Publications and Superior Publishers, done while he was still in school. After he graduated from Philadelphia's Hussain School of Art in 1950, his work continued to appear briefly in Cross titles (*The Perfect Crime*, *Tales of Justice*), but he soon became a regular Atlas artist on a wide range of titles and genres, including *Girl Comics*, *Spy Fighters*, *Crime Exposed*, *Man Comics*, *Battle*, *Journey Into Unknown Worlds*, *Astonishing*, *Western Outlaws and Sheriffs*, *Suspense*, *Adventures Into Terror*, *Spellbound*, *Crimson Avenger* in *Masked Ranger*, *True Secrets*, and many others.

HEN RICE (?-?) was primarily known as a penciler/inker for Ace Magazines from 1949 to the mid-1950s, but he also penciled and inked stories for Atlas' *Girl Comics*, *Apache Kid*, and *Men's Adventures*, all in 1951. At Ace, his work appeared in *The Beyond*, *All Love*, *Crime Must Pay the Penalty*, *The Hand of Fate*, *Baffling Mysteries*, and many other titles.

DICK ROCKWELL (1920-2006), nephew of painter Norman Rockwell, was Milton Caniff's ghost art assistant on the *Steve Canyon* strip from 1953 until Caniff's death in 1988, continuing the strip solo for a few weeks beyond that. His first comics work, however had been done in 1948 for Atlas (*Blaze Carson*). Over the next three years, he worked as a penciler/inker on several Atlas titles, including *Wild Western*, *Girl Comics*, *Sports Action*, *Man Comics*, *Suspense*, *Crime Exposed*, *Western Outlaws and Sheriffs*, and *Combat Kelly*, sometimes inking Pierce Rice's pencils. Other comics work before going to work for Caniff included stories for Lev Gleason (*Crime Does Not Pay*), Street and Smith, (*Shadow Comics*), Quality Comics (*Blackhawk*). Late career work included penciling for Charlton's *Space Adventures* (1958), writing and drawing for Gold Key's *Twilight Zone* comic (1964), and drawing a *Wild Dog* series in DC's *Action Comics Weekly* (1988).

HY ROSEN (1921-1992) worked on *Bonnie* (1948) for DC Comics, *Hollywood Confessions* (1949) for St. John Publications, and *I Love Lucy* (1954-1962) for Dell Comics. At Atlas, he tackled the full spectrum of genre stories, drawing for not only *Georgie* and *Homer Hooper*, but also *Apache Kid*, *Complete Mystery*, *Justice Comics*, *Men's Adventures*, *Battlefront*, *The Texas Kid*, *Riot*, and *Snafu*. He returned to comics in the 1990s to draw issues of *New Kids on the Block* and *Saved by the Bell* for Harvey Comics.



CHRISTOPHER RULE (1894-1983) was primarily an inker, especially known for working with Jack Kirby at Atlas in the late 1950s. Starting out in the 1920s, he did advertising and book illustration (including Ogden Nash's first book in 1925) and apparently worked on unidentified comic strips before joining Jack Binder's studio, where he immediately connected with Kirby, inking the penciler's work on *Mr. Scarlet*. His long association with Timely/Atlas began in the mid-1940s. He was initially on staff in the "animator" half of the Timely bullpen, working on licensed funny-animal comics like *Terrytoons Comics* and *Mighty Mouse*. He inked/assisted Pauline Loth on the *Miss America* feature running in *Marvel Mystery Comics* and became the Patsy Walker artist in *Miss America Magazine*, moving over to the Atlas romance line as both a penciler and inker when Al Jaffee took over the writing and art on Patsy. Rule inked Syd Shores on *Black Rider* and *Black Knight*, penciling the occasional story in Fantasy/SF titles. After a brief period freelancing for Charlton, he returned in 1959 to ink Kirby on the newly launched pre-hero science-fiction titles, as well as Jack Heller on the revamped *Kid Colt*.

BILL SAVAGE (?-?) drew about fifty stories for Atlas between 1951 and 1954 in such titles as *Strange Tales*, *Battle Action*, *All-True Crime*, *Suspense*, and *Adventures Into Weird Worlds*, as well as a long run on *Doug Grant*, *Secret Agent* in *Spy Cases*. Prior to Atlas, he drew *Mr. Risk* in *Super Mystery Comics* and *Captain Courageous* in *Four Favorites*, both for Ace Magazines in 1944, as well as a number of funny-animal stories for *Taffy Comics* (Rural Home and Orbit-Wanted, 1945-46). He also contributed art for *Mysterious Adventures* published by Story Comics in 1954. After that, the trail of his comics career ends.

MIKE SEKOWSKY (1923-1989) remained a strong presence in the comics industry in the Silver Age, co-creating one of the period's signature titles, *Justice League of America*, as a tryout in *The Brave and the Bold* in 1960. But he began at Timely, drawing everything from *Ziggy Pig and Silly Seal* to *The Human Torch* and *The Sub-Mariner*. He had a rapid, distinctive style and racked up a large number of mostly unsigned credits over a couple of decades, making him possibly the most prolific penciler at Timely. During the Atlas era, Sekowsky drew stories for *Apache Kid*, *Marvel Tales*, *My Own Romance*, *Crime Must Lose!*, *Black Rider*, *Adventures Into Terror*, *Mystic*, *Journey Into Unknown Worlds*, *Love Adventures*, *True Secrets*, *Men in Action*, *Strange Tales*, *Battle*, *Patsy and Her Pals*, *Crazy*, and many more. He followed Joe Maneely on *Speed Carter*, *Spaceman* and penciled two 30-page romance stories in *Love Classics* #1 and #2, inked by Christopher Rule. Alongside this prolific 1950s output, Sekowsky managed to work with Frank Giacoia as a ghost artist on the *Sherlock Holmes* daily strip (1954-1956). He also did ghost work on *Flash Gordon* and other strips. In the 1960s, Sekowsky became a regular writer-artist on DC's *Wonder Woman*. He shifted to animation work in the 1970s, designing characters for Hanna-Barbera cartoons, including *Scooby Doo* and *Super Friends*.

FRANK R. SIEMINSKI (1918-1992?) is a comics artist who was active from 1948 through most of the 1950s. Most of his work between 1948 and 1952 was on Atlas titles, including *Justice* (1948), *Two-Gun Kid* (1948), *All True Crime Cases* (1948-'49), *Crimefighters* (1949), *Love Romances* (1951), *Girl Comics* (1951), and *Love Tales* (1951-'52). He also drew for American Comics Group (*Forbidden Worlds*, *Out of the Night*), St. John (*Wartime Romances*), and Ace Magazines (*Crime Must Pay the Penalty*). His last credited work was a two-page humor piece parodying folksingers for *Loco*, a *Mad*-style magazine published by Satire Publications in 1958. Little else is known about his biography, and the death date of 1992 has not been confirmed.

CHIC STONE (1923-2000) mostly skipped the Atlas era, but before taking a hiatus from the comics field during the 1950s, he drew stories in 1951 and 1952 primarily for Atlas Westerns, including *The Gunhawk*, and some pre-Code horror. Stone began as an assistant with the Eisner-Eiger studio in 1939. During the 1940s, he worked on *Blonde Phantom Comics* and *USA Comics* for Timely, *Captain Marvel* for Fawcett, and *Boy Comics* for Lev Gleason. During the 1950s, he focused on commercial art and magazine art direction, but returned to comics in the 1960s, becoming a regular inker for Jack Kirby on covers and stories featuring Marvel's core super hero characters. He freelanced for DC, ACG, Tower Comics, Dell, and Skywald before embarking on a long run with Archie's Red Circle and Archie Adventure super hero series in the 1970s and '80s.

PETE TUMLINSON (1920-2008) started as an assistant to Ray Bailey on the *Bruce Gentry* syndicated newspaper strip in 1947, worked on *Gangsters Can't Win* for D.S., and then joined the Timely staff in 1948. *Blonde Phantom* art was apparently the first of approximately 75 Timely/Atlas assignments, some done on staff (1948-'49) and most of them on romance stories, Westerns, and Western romance stories. From 1948 to 1955, he drew for *Love Romances*, *Love Tales*, *My Own Romance*, *Lovers*, *Kid Colt Outlaw*, *Two Gun Western*, *The Westerner*, *Wild Western*, *Texas Kid*, *Cowboy Romances*, *Rangeland Love*, and other titles. Other genre work at Timely/Atlas included crime (*Complete Mystery*), SF/horror (*Mystic*, *Suspense*, *Astonishing*), super hero (*Captain America*), and war (*Battle*). Tumlinson left comics in the mid-1950s to concentrate on book illustration.

MORRIS WEISS (1915-2014) started out assisting on classic humor comic strips such as *The Katzenjammer Kids*, *Mutt and Jeff*, and *Minute Movies* in the 1930s, before becoming penciler and inker on the *Boxie Weaver* comic-book back-up series in Holyoke Publications' *Blue Beetle* in 1943 and a regular teen-humor and romance artist on titles like Timely/Atlas' *Tessie the Typist*, *Nelly the Nurse Comics*, *Hedy Wolfe*, *Margie*, *Girl Comics*, *Love Tales*, *Girl Confessions*, and *Patsy Walker* throughout the 1940s and 1950s. Coming out of the newspaper-strip medium, he was fast and prolific (drawing nearly 40 romance stories for Atlas in 1952 alone) and had a clean, uncluttered style that com-



municated character and story at a glance. He returned to newspaper strips in the 1960s, including Lank Leonard's *Mickey Finn*, on which he had inked and assisted from 1936 to 1943. When Leonard retired in 1968, Weiss took the strip over until it ended in 1976. From 1962 to 1970, he provided the plotting for the *Joe Palooka* strip. He helped develop the Milt Gross Fund for Indigent Cartoonists, which was continued by the National Cartoonists Society. In later years, he amassed a major collection of cartoon art, which formed the basis of several museum exhibitions.

CARL WESSLER (1913-1989) was an animator and comics writer and artist, whose career(s) ran from 1932 to 1985 and encompassed everything from ACG funny-animal stories to EC and Warren horror scripts. He worked on cartoon shorts for the Fleischer Studios through the 1930s, shifting to comics in the 1940s. Official credits for early comics are hard to come by, especially for writers, but it's known that he worked as a writer and artist on titles like *Ha Ha* and *Hoppy Hare* for ACG and *Barneyard Comics*, and *Supermouse* for Better Publications. Although he drew some comics for Timely in the 1940s, the bulk of his Marvel work was as a scripter for Atlas in the 1950s, where he wrote more than 700 stories (160 of them crime scripts from 1951-1953), in *Amazing Detective Cases*, *Police Action*, *Mystic*, *Astonishing*, *World of Fantasy*, *Tales of Justice*, and more. He was Atlas' go-to writer for crime stories and was part of the Atlas editorial staff. In 1953 and 1954, he wrote for EC's *Crime Suspensstories*, *Tales From the Crypt*, and other titles. He also wrote scripts for Harvey's *Casper the Friendly Ghost*, *Richie Rich* and others in the 1950s and 1960s. In the 1970s and 1980s, he primarily wrote for DC (*Ghosts*, *G.I. Combat*) and Warren (*Creepy*).

BILL WILLIAMS (1918-1986), born Alfred O. Williams, was a humor comics artist, whose career spanned from the 1940s through the 1970s. His Timely/Atlas work included penciling and inking *Lana* and *Little Lana* stories, *Judge*, and *Girl Comics*. During the 1950s, he also penciled and inked Dell's *Henry Aldrich* and Stanhall/Trojan Magazines' *G.I. Jane*. In the 1960s, he drew *Millie the Model* for Marvel, *Tippy Teen* for Tower, and *Debbi's Dates* for DC. His work was primarily seen in Charlton comics versions of children's TV cartoons in the 1970s, including *Scooby Doo*, *Speed Buggy*, *Popeye*, and *The Flintstones*. He also drew *Dennis the Menace* stories for Fawcett in 1975.

Forget everything you thought you knew about romance comics of the 1950s! This new volume in Fantagraphics' and Marvel's collaborative Atlas Library presents Girl Comics #1-12 a long unseen subversion of the genre beautifully designed and collected for a new generation of readers!

This sister-companion to the publisher's men's adventure comics featured empowering girls' – adventure stories. A blurb above the title promised MYSTERY ADVENTURE SUSPENSE and below the title: REAL ADVENTURES OF REAL GIRLS!

A stellar artistic line-up, including John Buscema, Mike Sekowsky, Bill Everett, Joe Maneely, Russ Heath, and Bernard Krugstein, transformed the title's content from heart-stricken love stories to hair-raising girl-power thrill rides like "The Death Plunge!" "The House of Shadows!" "I was a Murderer's Daughter!" "They Called me a Spy!" "The Dead Hands at the Controls," and "The Dark Hallway."

Also featuring: editor Dr. Michael J. Vassallo on the background behind Marvel publisher Martin Goodman's enthusiastic relationship with romance comics and magazines.

